

area; (b) they are used for direct services but are otherwise unrestricted; (c) they go to agencies of such size and structure that they will make a difference; and (d) congregational gifts for benevolences are separated from gifts to support the operations of the church. They are usually given in "benevolence envelopes" placed in the pews and received with the offering during Sunday services. The practice of the committee - of identifying agencies each summer, developing a budget of expenditures, and reviewing expenditures the following summer - has also continued.

While the Benevolence Committee consists mostly of summer residents, its members have come to know an array of human service agencies led by knowledgeable and experienced experts deeply committed to their work. In visiting each agency, committee members inquire about its activities, its budget, the typical needs of its constituency and how it meets them, and how the agency would use a modest gift from the Randolph Church. Agency leaders are invited to speak to the congregation at meetings held at the church after Sunday services, and they sometimes conduct tours of their facilities for interested church members. Committee members speak briefly during Sunday services, describe their visits to agencies, and encourage generous giving.

In addition the committee has sponsored meetings about the North Country for the Randolph community. Soon after the publication of her book about Appalachian poverty that included an analysis of Berlin, Cynthia Duncan of the University of New Hampshire lectured on "Poverty and Civic Culture in Northern New England." When a state prison opened in Berlin, the committee arranged a lecture by John Kirkpatrick, a specialist in criminal justice at UNH. The NH Commissioner of Corrections and the warden of the prison were guests at the meeting, which was followed by a tour of the prison. And in 2007, Christopher Collucacis, a researcher at UNH's Carsey Center, discussed his statistical survey of social and economic conditions in the North Country.



Japanese Primroses

Marie Beringer found these rare pink and white beauties growing wild on a path behind Sugar Plum Farm early this summer. Japanese primrose bloom in moist, shady conditions in late spring and early summer, producing whorls of flowers. They appear to like the northern weather in the mountains.

Photo by Judy Owen, 2011



Four agencies have received funds from the Randolph Church each year since 1992. *Coös County Family Health Services* provides a wide range of health and social services to residents of Coös County. *The Gorham Community Learning Center* provides a rich pre-school education and after-school care. *The Family Resource Center at Gorham* houses the Gorham Community Learning Center and several agencies that strengthen families, operates programs that serve children, youth, and adults, and provides leadership in community building. *The Mental Health Center* (affiliated with Northern Human Services) has clinics in Berlin and Colebrook, where it provides a wide range of mental health services for persons with chronic mental illness and support services for children and adults.

The church has also supported agencies of smaller scope: food distribution programs, a fund to help families with medical emergencies, hospice programs in Berlin and Gorham, recreational after-school and summer programs for teens in Berlin and Gorham, mentoring programs for teens and an Alzheimer's Day Program in Berlin.

The growing benevolence program of the Randolph Church deepens the pleasure the congregation feels in being a part of Randolph. We are glad that our funds are particularly helpful because they are unrestricted. And we are glad that the agencies are better able to leverage funds from other funding sources because our funds demonstrate community support. We are proud, as William E. May, one of the moderators of the church, once said, to be "more than a gathering place of people who like to hike, read, and talk." "We respond to the needs of the communities on which we depend as part of our worship of God." And, we are always amused to recall the comment of Moderator Bruce Weatherly the first year the church's benevolence expenses exceed its operating expenses. He led us in laughter as he said, "Never before in the two thousand years of the Christian church has a congregation spent more on services to others than it has spent on services to itself."

The rules for an NPR "3 minute fiction" contest last fall were that the piece was required to have a maximum of 600 words and be able to be read in three minutes. The first sentence had to say, "Some people swore that the house was haunted" and the last sentence had to say, "Nothing would ever be the same again." Klover Koopman entered the following selection and read the 3 minute story to a local book group, many of whom requested it be published in the Mountain View.

All Souls Eve

By Klover Koopman

Some people swore that the house was haunted. But I didn't believe in the paranormal. I passed it by on my daily walks, noting a curious sadness about it, when I noticed it at all.

Old and decrepit, the house had four columns holding up the veranda, and weathered gray walls showed under layers of peeling white paint. In an earlier era, the owners had been pillars of the town's prosperity, but their descendents had long since migrated to the economic centers in the south and west, and found the old mansion too expensive to keep up. Now it sat alone in the middle of its rocky acreage, a few stumps of gnarled apple trees remaining from before the ice storm, its back yard encroached by dense firs that darkened in the late October evening.

I don't like feeling afraid, but something other than my will was telling me what to do. Suddenly I felt the urge to trespass, to walk right up to the door and look inside. After all, this might be a good piece of real estate some day. But what a fire trap! Nice lines to it though.

The porch creaked as I stepped up to the front door. Old 1920's sidelights lined the door, their faceted glass dulled by years of dust. A bronze knocker appeared at eye level, and at the side of the door frame a small rectangular box, designed to hold calling cards, caught my eye. I lifted its hinged lid – someone had profaned it with burned wooden matchsticks.

The door opened easily as I pulled the handle – too easily, I thought. I wondered whether anyone was there, squatters perhaps. My hair stood on end and my neck stiffened, despite my earlier resolve.

As I crossed the threshold, the sound of a piano greeted me. In the gloom I saw a wind-up Victrola playing a record. The song was sweet and romantic, evoking lost gaiety, and my shoulders dropped a notch from up around my ears. I felt hypnotized by an echo from the past, by a tune so familiar yet just beyond recognition. As my eyes penetrated to the back of the room, I saw a young lady sitting on a velvet settee, her beaded skirt draped about her knees as she looked at a letter in her hand. Her short, dark hair fitted her head like a helmet. Her eyes were blotchy from tears.

She looked familiar to me – like a picture of some great aunt or relative I'd never met.

As I approached the woman and saw her face more clearly, my skin grew cold under my clothes. Who was this woman, and what had happened? A cold blue light came from the back of the room. The music stopped, and the figure melted away.

The letter had dropped to the floor and landed at my feet. I picked it up. It had two pages – a letter from a soldier she had loved, and a telegram announcing his death. Then I realized I had been looking at myself. That familiar face was mine, ninety years ago.

I don't know how I got home, because the pain of the memory washed over me until my own eyes blurred and I couldn't see the road.

When I read the paper the next morning, I found out the house had burned down overnight. The arson investigators suspected that some squatters had entered the premises and had set the place alight trying to keep warm. But I knew my thoughts on the paranormal had changed forever.

Nothing would ever be the same again.



Rain drop cob web photo by Leslie Morneweck, 6/09

Brewing in New Hampshire:

An Informal History of Beer in the Granite State from Colonial Times to the Present

Friday, October 21

Pot Luck Supper: 6:00

Presentation: 7:00 PM

Randolph Town Hall - Cross Memorial Meeting Room

This program will explore the fascinating history of New Hampshire's beer and ale brewing industry from Colonial days, from when it was home and tavern based, to today's modern breweries and brew pubs. Unusual and rare photos and advertisements document this changing industry and the state's earliest brewers, including the renowned Frank Jones. A number of lesser-known brewers and breweries that operated in the state are also discussed, including the only brewery owned and operated by a woman before the modern era. Illustrations present evidence of society's changing attitudes towards beer and alcohol consumption over the years. Whether you're a beer connoisseur, a "tea-totaler" or a "teetotaler" as Ingrid Graff would spell it, this lecture will be enjoyed by adults of all ages.

Speaker Glenn A. Knoblock, noted author of over 10 books and 70 articles on projects relating to New Hampshire history and other subjects has a B.A. in History from Bowling Green State University. Knoblock has authored and researched projects relating to New Hampshire history and African American military history and served as the main military contributor to Harvard and Oxford University's landmark African American Biography Project. He is an advisory member of the Mayor's Blue Ribbon Cemetery Committee in Portsmouth, NH a group devoted to racial diversity and promoting NH's African American history.

This program is made possible by a grant from the New Hampshire Humanities Council and sponsored by the Friends of the Randolph Public Library.

Lots Soon to be Available in New Cemetery

Submitted by Karen Eitel

During the August meeting, the cemetery trustees voted to open all lots that have been surveyed in the upper most section from the flag pole to the western boundary for purchase in the new cemetery. A single cemetery lot, measuring 6 x 10 feet, will cost \$400, which will include perpetual care. There are some loose ends, however, in the procedural process, as well as rules and regulations regarding number of cremations per single lot, headstones, etc that must be finalized at the September Trustees meeting. In the meantime we encourage anyone who has questions or concerns regarding the new cemetery to contact one of the Trustees listed below. Although it will be the fall season before lots can be purchased, we will be happy to answer any questions you may have. All rules and regulations will be covered at the next Annual Town Meeting.

Suzie Lowe Santos - 466-3950, Karen Eitel - 466-5074, or Steve Hartman, 466-2244



Davis Tree Experts cutting down the big pines on Randolph Hill Road on 7-6-2011
Photos by Bob Leclerc

Editors Note: Many Charade participants and spectators requested we publish Bill's exposition in the Mountain View. As is often the case, Bill obliged.

Sesquipedalian

William Minifie
August 20, 2011

In the Randolph Charades this summer, the 98th season, or so we are told, the word that The Hill chose, which we were absolutely convinced would never be guessed, was sesquipedalian, which literally means 'a foot and a half long,' and is, perhaps, a fancy way of saying 'long-winded.' The late William F. Buckley, Jr. was the inspiration for the following lecture by yours truly.

The set up was that John Brown, who was our emcee, asked me, the 'professor,' which of the three areas of Randolph was the best.

The sesquipedalian answer was:

"In the trifurcated oncidium bereft Randolph there are three non-eponymous, and non discernibly onamonapedic dominions each of which superciliously chants almost hypomixolidianly that their preeminence is indubitable twixt the tripartition. Let us evince these claims.

The Valley, bituminously burdened and asphyxiated in the cacophonous and odiferous emanations of semi-articulated internal combustionated machinations on the arterial-like thoroughfares and whose view is only obtained by strident straining anaphylactic shock inducing neckular muscular contractual contortions is barely worth noting in this contestation.

The Midlands meanwhile, delusively prescient like most intermediaries, finds itself with an inchoate desire to overcome the shibboleths that assure its permanent inculcation as a tepid manifestation of neither ascendancy nor abasement. Their intendment is a frump-filled, quixotic but futile interrogative.

Finally to all who have cognition we must extol the apotheosis of this proprietorship---namely the locale with the succinct appellation: The Hill. Here we are not abased at the foot, nor surreptitiously naval gazing at Regal Ravines but rather find ourselves equanimously surveying our peaks as peers, yeah on a more than equal footing. Furthermore the abstruseness of this iteration will assure our *nulli secundus* because neither the Valley nor indeed the Midlands shall e'er descry our vowel and consonant confabulations.

I hope this elucidation is cogently assuasive.

P.S. The word was guessed in under three seconds with absolutely no clues or help from anyone---as far as we know. Go figure!



Roberta Arbree

"Who cooks for you? Who cooks for me?" Plus a lot of "who boo" and moaning and groaning. "I was in prison for eating mice, says Roberta. "In prison they gave me some rotten food. I got real sick pretending to throw up. Hence "sick owl" for sicol as part of musicology" "It really was fun and I would do it again," said Midland's Roberta.
Charades, August 2011 *Photo by Dede Aube*



Aulivia Kenison & John Miccuci dance for the crowds at the Jazz Picnic on July 13
Photo by Anne Kenison.

RMC Trail System Survived Irene

Note from Mike Micucci, RMC Trails Committee

While it is still fairly early in the assessment process, I and our fall crew have managed to inspect several of our trails and with all due sympathy to those less fortunate, I feel that it's safe to say that the RMC trail system has, by and large survived relatively intact.

On Tuesday after the storm I quickly ran out to inspect our bridges, Memorial and Sanders, over Coldbrook, and the Nepalese Bridge over Carlton Brook are all intact. Likewise, trails to the bridges: Link, Amphibrach, Cliffway, Randolph Path, Burnbrae, Glenside and Groveway show signs of water movement but no harm.

Running along Crescent Ridge Trail, I counted but 3 trees down, and while it's likely, I can't say with 100% certainty that Tropical Storm Irene was responsible. 2 down trees were cleared from Amphibrach while Spur to Crag Camp, Hincks to Gray Knob and Lowe's path showed no serious problems. The Bee Line bog bridges between Durand Road and Durand Lake were moved a good distance to the east, as we expect to happen after every high water event, and I believe I have devised a solution to that vexing problem. The bog bridges are back in place as of Wednesday afternoon. Peeko's Bridge on the Bee Line remains in good condition.

The bottom of Brookside at the Valley Way intersection shows considerable erosion from Snyder Brook jumping the bank at the site where the Caroline Cutter Stevens bridge was formerly located. If we had replaced that bridge as was encouraged by many of the membership when it washed out for the third time, we'd be picking up the pieces of our investment somewhere around Durand Road. The Inlook Trail, Kelton Trail from Dome Rock to the Brookside and Brookside from the Kelton Junction down to Valley Way are all fine, save for the aforementioned erosion on the Brookside.

The fall crew is currently on Howker Ridge and Watson Path and then Lower Bruin and upper sections of Brookside and I'll get the final report of post storm conditions later today, but I'm confident that we'll find those trails are relatively unaffected by Irene. Should anything serious turn up, such as on Israel Ridge Trail or Castle Ravine Trail, I'll let you all know but I anticipate moving the crew ahead with our planned projects on Lowe's and Spur for the remainder of the season.

Drop a note to me should you have any questions, mjmicucci@gmail.com



Usha and Preetinder Vick seem to be enjoying their meal at the Fireman's Breakfast. Photo by Dede Aube.



Ingrid & Walter Graff enjoy their evening at the Jazz Picnic on July 13. Photo by Dede Aube

What's Cooking in Randolph?

"Almost imperceptibly, the glory of summer becomes the dignity of autumn." Jeff Crump, Earth to Table, 2009.

A popular dish in Randolph appears to be Chicken Marbella. So say Clare Folsom and Karen Eitel. "It really is a fantastic recipe, especially when a busy day and company happen to fall on the same day," says Karen who makes this recipe a day in advance. The chicken is first marinated in oil, vinegar, capers, olives, prunes and herbs and then baked with brown sugar and white wine. Both women told me they marinate the chicken for only 2-3 hours. They also use boneless chicken breasts instead of whole chickens. "It's good hot or cold," says Clare. "The chicken keeps and even tastes better the second day; it is easy to pack and is a great picnic food."

Chicken Marbella from the Silver Palate 10th Anniversary Cookbook by Julee Rosso and the late Sheila Lukins, who had a brilliant imagination for new flavors and food combinations

Although the original recipe calls for 2 small chickens to be quartered, you could easily do this recipe with 5 pounds of chicken pieces, thighs and/or breasts.

Ingredients

2 chickens, 2 1/2 lbs. each, quartered, bone-in, skin-on
 1/2 head of garlic, peeled and finely puréed
 2 Tbsp. dried oregano
 Coarse salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
 1/4 cup red wine vinegar
 1/4 cup olive oil
 1/2 cup pitted prunes
 8 large pitted Spanish green olives cut in half
 1/4 cup capers with a bit of juice
 3 bay leaves
 1/4 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup white wine
 2 Tbsp. fresh Italian parsley, finely chopped

Method

1. In a large bowl combine garlic, oregano, salt and pepper to taste, vinegar, olive oil, prunes, olives, capers with caper juice, and bay leaves. Add the chicken pieces and coat completely with the marinade. Cover and let marinate, refrigerated, several hours.
 2. Preheat oven to 350°F. Arrange chicken in a single layer in one or two large, shallow baking pans and spoon marinade over it evenly. Sprinkle chicken pieces with brown sugar and pour white wine around them.
 3. Bake for 50 minutes to 1 hour, basting frequently with the pan juices. Chicken is done when pieces, pricked with a fork at their thickest point, yield clear yellow juice (not pink).
 4. With a slotted spoon, transfer chicken, prunes, olives, and capers to a serving platter. Add some of the pan juices and sprinkle generously with parsley or cilantro. Serve remaining juice in a gravy boat.
- Serves 5 - 8

It was a decent summer for blueberries and perhaps you managed to save a few. Jean Malick's blueberry soup would be wonderfully refreshing on a warm September day. This recipe comes from the Silver Palate Cookbook by Julie Russo and Sheila Lukins.

Blueberry Soup Serve as a first course, dessert or by itself for lunch

Ingredients

5 cups fresh blueberries, plus additional for garnish
 4 cups water
 4 whole cloves
 2-inch piece of cinnamon stick
 2/3 cup honey
 juice of one lemon
 3 Tablespoons of Creme de Cassis (black current liqueur)
 1 Tablespoon blueberry vinegar
 plain yogurt (garnish)

Method

1. Rinse the blueberries and remove stems, leaves or green berries
2. Put the berries in a kettle and add the water, cloves and cinnamon stick. Set over moderate heat and bring to a boil. Stir in the honey, reduce the heat and simmer, partially covered, until berries are very tender, about 15 minutes.
3. Remove from heat and cool to room temperature. Force soup through a strainer or through the medium

blade of a food mill. Stir in lemon juice, Creme de Cassis and vinegar. Cover and refrigerate for at least 6 hours.
4. Serve in chilled bowls, garnished with a few whole berries, a dollop of plain yogurt and a sprinkle of grated orange rind.
Serves 6

I do not always use the liqueur and I make my own blueberry vinegar and raspberry liqueur for this recipe. (both very easy)--Jean Malick



Blueberry Soup Yvonne Jenkins, Anne Wells and Jeanne Malick enjoy "Blueberry Soup." Photo by Dede Aube



Bill Parlett and Sarah Clemmitt dance the night away at the Jazz Picnic on July 13. Photo by Dede Aube



John McDowell blows his horn at the Jazz Picnic on July 13, 2011. Photo by Dede Aube



Carol & Dick Doyle show off their dance moves at the Jazz Picnic on July 13. Photo by Dede Aube

A busy summer on Randolph Hill!



Hide & Seek Construction tractor peeks from the bushes on Randolph Hill. Photo by Anne Kenison



Line Up Construction trucks give due respect to the majestic mountains. Photo by Anne Kenison

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