

# Mountain View



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



*Top left: "July Sunset," 2017, acrylic on canvas by Steve Teczar; Top right: The Pond of Safety by Sarah Gallop.  
Bottom left: A Red Fox by David Forsyth; Bottom right: An Atlantis Fritillary butterfly also by David Forsyth.*



Articles, poems, notices, inquiries, and suggestions are welcomed and encouraged. Send materials for the **Mountain View** to Lucy Sandin, [lucy.sandin@gmail.com](mailto:lucy.sandin@gmail.com) (207)831-7127, by the 15th of the month preceding publication. Publication is quarterly: September, December, April, and 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](mailto:linda.dupont90@yahoo.com) by the 20th of the preceding month. **The Randolph Weekly** is published in July and August only.

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Lucy Sandin, Editor and Design; Jennifer DeMarco, Mailing List

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<b>DOG LICENSES</b> Obtain/Renew end April,	(603)466-5771	<b>TAX COLLECTOR</b> Anne Kenison, by	(603)466-5771
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Varies			

## From the Selectmen's Offices

Michele Cormier

### Please Plan to Attend:

The Selectmen have scheduled a second public meeting on Sept. 19, 2022 at 6:00 pm at the town hall to discuss revisions to designs and plans for the repairs of Durand Road. After our first meeting in June, and thanks to the input of many of you, we have considered other approaches to the project which we believe to be manageable and affordable and provide a satisfactory result.

We trust that the revised recommendations are options that can be approved and that will satisfy the needs and wants of the voters. We also want to get as much feedback from the town's people as possible, so we hope many of the seasonal residents will still be able to attend. Many of you live on Durand Road and most of you are taxpayers, so this is an important decision for everyone. Once we agree on a plan moving forward, we can put the project out to bid this fall and vote next March at Town Meeting on the funding.

Remember, you can always call the selectmen with your concerns: John at (603)723-1604, Paul at (603)915-9195 and Michele at (603)466-5841.



## Summer in Randolph - 2022

Franklin Stone Wenk and Ginny Folsom Umiker

Summers in Randolph hold their own kind of magic! This summer was no different. From porch parties, to nights under the stars, to the age-old tradition of the picnic and charades, this summer was no different. Thank you to the entire Randolph community for making summer 2022 a summer to remember!

Enjoy these photos through the fall and winter, may they keep you warm!



### Spoiler Alert:

This year's Charade words were quite complex. As ever.

Congratulations to any and all who were able to solve the puzzle! The following is a list of the words and their definitions:

**The Valley** - Elongate: *adj.* Lengthened, prolonged, extended; esp. in *Botany* and *Zoology* that is long in proportion to its breadth; that has a lengthened, slender, or tapering form.

**The Midlands** - Deliquescence: *n.* The process of deliquescing, dissolving, or melting away; esp. the spontaneous liquefying of a salt or other solid by dissolving in moisture absorbed from the air.

**The Hill** - Propinquity: *n.* Nearness or closeness in space; neighbourhood, proximity (kinship).

**Trail Crew** - Petrichor: *n.* A pleasant, distinctive smell frequently accompanying the first rain after a long period of warm, dry weather in certain regions. Also: an oily liquid mixture of organic compounds which collects in the ground and is believed to be responsible for this smell.

All definitions provided by the Oxford English Dictionary



## Misguided IV - The Finale

Bob Kruszyna

Even if one does not himself climb with a guide, he often encounters problems on routes with guided parties. In the Alps anyway, guides in general are very pushy and extremely rude. They have exceedingly sharp elbows. In the huts, they demand, and get, priority treatment for their parties although everyone else is also a paying customer. On the climbs themselves, they sometimes practically push unguided parties off the mountain. For them it's just a job and they want to get it over with. To be sure, unguided parties are slower because they are unfamiliar with the route, whereas the guides climb the same set over and over. How boring.



On the Aiguille de Peigne in the Chamonix Needles, a guide actually climbed right up over me, stepping on my shoulder and my hand holding on to a handhold. On another occasion, a guide clipped his rope through my protection hardware rather than use his own. In Switzerland on the Aiguille de

Tsa, we caught up to a guided party at the foot of a steep snow slope that necessitated kicking steps. The guide kept stalling and it became clear that he was not about to let us piggy-back on his effort, forcing me to kick up the slope. Once on the ridge above, his party zoomed past us. I deserved part of his fee!

A similar thing happened in the Canadian Rockies, where conflicts with guided parties are relatively rare. Harriet and I were making the circuit of the French/Haig/Robertson Glaciers, a classic ski-mountaineering tour. A guide and his two clients, a couple, overtook and passed us. At the base of the headwall leading to the col between the Haig and Robertson Glaciers, they stopped "for lunch". To climb this 500-foot high slope, not unlike the headwall of Tuckerman's Ravine, it is necessary to strap ones skis on his pack and kick steps. The guided party dawdled, making me kick steps to the col. They followed us closely, without the guide carrying his female client's skis, which is normally *de rigueur*. But then, he was a European male. At the col, without a word, let alone of thanks, they snapped on their skis and disappeared down the glacier below. Certainly the guide was embarrassed that we two amateurs were doing his job, and

his clients that we didn't need a guide to do the traverse. It really didn't matter, for here we were in this splendid spot, between two massive mountains encrusted in ice and snow glistening in the waning late-afternoon light. Then we too clipped into our telemark skis and began the exciting and dangerous run down the glacier toward the distant trees.

Not all of the problems with guiding can be laid at the door of the guides; many of them are the fault of the clients. They want to short-cut the learning process and get right out there on the "cutting edge" - where the guides can take them. They want to climb the famous things and chalk them up as a trophy. And today they have the money to buy success. For many would-be climbers it is an ego trip, something to brag about. It is not done for the intrinsic merit of the enterprise. In many cases it is the only serious mountain they have ever climbed. (I have met a few.) Krakauer's book, *Into Thin Air*, about an Everest debacle says it all. What makes climbing rewarding is being able oneself to do a difficult and dangerous thing in a controlled and competent fashion. On the other hand, these clients in a hurry for bragging rights do provide employment for those who but a few years ago would have been "climbing bums".

I always derive satisfaction from answering "no" to the inevitable question, "Oh, so you're a mountain-climber. Have you ever climbed the Matterhorn?" Not only is the question ignorant, but it displays a certain demeaning attitude. Anyone who is reasonably fit, needs an ego boost, and has the money to hire one of the Zermatt guides, who do nothing else but take people up the Matterhorn, can do it. Well, not all. In 1999, while climbing the nearby Dent Blanche (like the Matterhorn, rated *assez difficile*), we observed climbers being plucked



off the Matterhorn by helicopter on a sunlit, cloudless afternoon. We had avoided the crowds on the Matterhorn and had the Dent Blanche all to ourselves.

*Photo left: Dent Blanche*

*Photo above: Harriet Telemarking in the Canadian Rockies  
Misguided: April 2008/rev August 2010/again August 2021*

## Mahoosuc Land Trust Update: Town of Woodstock Acquires Buck's Ledge Community Forest

**Barbara Murphy**

WOODSTOCK, ME. On August 25, 2022, the Town of Woodstock took title to what is now the Buck's Ledge Community Forest in Woodstock. Buck's Ledge is a striking geological feature beloved by generations of Woodstock residents and admired by visitors. Its granite cliffs overlooking North Pond provide expansive views of the Mahoosuc and Presidential Ranges. The over six-mile trail network on the 646-acre property connects Lapham Ledge, Buck's Ledge, and Moody Mountain, each with its own rewarding overlooks.

"The Town of Woodstock's acquisition of this property from Bayroot, LLC is a historic achievement for the community," according to Woodstock Conservation Commission member, Ed Rosenberg. "Funds were raised in a remarkably short time—just over a year—thanks to a synergy of partnerships including Mahoosuc Land Trust, Northern Forest Center, and Forest Society of Maine, with the leadership of the Woodstock Conservation Commission (WCC)." According to the Conservation Commission, the project has inspired wide-reaching community support, exceeding the local fundraising goal of \$175,000. More than 270 people contributed, including the Woodstock selectmen and town manager.

The Buck's Ledge acquisition project has also inspired art and connection. Students of Melissa Prescott's community art class designed and constructed four unique

benches that will be placed along the trail network. In addition, Telstar Middle School art students conducted and recorded interviews with a diverse group of four individuals relating to Buck's Ledge. These records are archived at the Bethel Historical Society. Thanks to our donors and funders, Buck's Ledge Community Forest is now a permanent fixture of the community, providing accessible recreation for generations.

The Project Agreement between the Town of Woodstock, the Land for Maine's Future, and the Department of Agriculture, Conservation and Forestry, coupled with the conservation easement, held by Mahoosuc Land Trust, will conserve the land, protect it from development, and grow a treasured "forever forest".

This project would not have been possible without financial support from the state and other conservation organizations. The Town of Woodstock's Buck's Ledge Community Forest land was more than 50% funded by the Land for Maine's Future program to secure public conserved land, and was funded in part through the Open Space Institute's Appalachian Landscapes Protection Fund, which supports the protection of climate resilient lands for wildlife and communities. The Fund is made possible thanks to major support from the Doris Duke Charitable Foundation. Maine Mountain Collaborative funded a portion of the due diligence costs.

**On Saturday October 15th at 1 PM** there will be a celebration of the new community forest and a dedication of a permanent art installation created by Telstar Middle School Art students in the Buck's Ledge Community Forest Parking lot off Rt. 26.

For more information, please contact:

Town of Woodstock:  
townmanager@woodstockmaine.org or  
(207)744-7667

Mahoosuc Land Trust:  
info@mahoosuc.org or  
(207)824-3806



*Photo above: Sunset by Chris Woodward*

## It Takes a Village

Bill Minifie

*Written for and performed at the 2022 Randolph Story Slam*

I know we all have heard of Hillary Clinton And that famous book she once had written About what it takes to raise a child: A Village If I drank enough Wodka I might say Willage

Where to start with so much eminence  
Some will be omitted and and I'll do peminnence I can only speak of those who have, sadly, died More than enough Randolph Village has supplied. But my failure to someone mention

Is not through some lack of attention. Only those who I knew at a younger age Are written about on this page— For I was someone they helped to raise.

First I think of the Rev. Phil Scott  
ho preached more than once from this very spot.  
I remember a sermon he gave  
Comparing God to a boat  
Pieces apart they could never float  
But put together it became so clear.  
I loved hearing him preach year after year. Phil Scott fairly beamed his bonhomie The kind of man I aspired to be.

And can you forget dear Bishop Bob Hatch? He was 99 ere the jaws of death him could snatch. He brought my mother to Randolph in 1939 But he married Helen—which was just fine.  
Bob knew about history, his book on Stark Was impressive reading, it hit the mark He was so steady and sure and wise  
The greatest generation and that's no lies.

And here's a toast to Avery Post  
He was a noble and yet fellow humble  
Never would you hear him grumble  
Truth is he had little to be humble about Head of the UCC church: he had real clout Always kind and patient and good  
I'd nominate him for sainthood  
And let's not omit Peg his dear wife  
Their marriage seemed perfect—no strife Peg Post sounds like some exotic camping gear But she was so kind: a wonderful dear Her voice was so wonderfully mellifluous Both inspirational: any more would be superfluous

Then there was that fellow Hank Folsom He was the essence of manhood—so wholesome He and my Dad at the Waumbek course golf did play I often caddied, oh for one more round: I'd pay And let's salute his dynamic wife Peeko What a pair they were—so unique-o.

And who can ever forget Barbara Wyssessions Smiling lips and eyes—constant expressions So loving supportive and always so kind A sweet and dear soul all combined  
She played the organ with wonderful finessing  
To know her was a wonderful blessing

Once Standing with the great Gordon Lowe I waxed all philosophical just to show How wise I was and about the mountains I told Him that they never changed, they never grew old. He calmly listened and he didn't scold But gently chided me and calmly stated They changed every day, my thinking outdated.

Who can forget Mildred Horton  
She was our Milly of the valley  
Around whom we all did rally  
President of Wellesley not to mention the Waves, Whoever met her always sang her praise. She was such a shaker and such a mover: Never a problem she couldn't outmaneuver. Indomitable, strong and ever so able  
More to offer than any fiber optic cable.

And we would be remiss altogetherlies If we failed to mention the Weatherlys Bruce, moderator here for many a long season His beaming face made church going a reason  
And his dear Peg let us not forget  
And even though they did not Beverly beget She was a bright star but could never forget That married she became Beverly Weatherly Two nicer names could not be put togetherly.

Klaus Goetze will ever be in my mind  
His Scotland's burning was one of a kind He led the trail crew and was an intrepid hiker And on the piano he was superb—no piker

And ever so fondly I recall Auvie Kenison And here I could use Alfred Lord Tennyson Was ever there a finer Randolph denizen? He was Mr. New Hampshire, full of granite and grist  
But generous and kind a smile not to be missed. That craggy, honest face, that hard working ethic Everything about him was amazingly epic.

When John Eusden died I could not believe it So strong and fit His death I could not admit. I bicycled with him and though he had seniority He easily and humbly showed his superiority. I climbed Mt. Moosilauke with him



*It Takes a Village continued...*

Tracing the death of my brother—it wasn't grim Because  
John had such a wise and philosophical bent  
Giving me much to ponder, as we made our ascent.

Do you recall Milton Smith at all?  
Mt Washington at 107 he ascended  
16 times in one morning—how splendid. I'm exaggerating  
a little of course  
But for such a feat who else to endorse? His endurance  
and perseverance were legendary Following him I'd have  
an embolism pulmonary.

Jim and Hattie Baldwin—I say them both at once Was  
ever there a more golden pair  
To compare anyone to them is just not fair They succeeded  
so well in life's tricky game But to me always kind and  
humble I'll acclaim. At Church Hattie started the fund for  
benevolence Jim and Hattie had not an ounce of malevo-  
lence When My brother died they both just appeared And  
silently embraced us, a moment I've revered.

About Beverly May what can I say  
Her memorial service was earlier today Mother, wife,  
accomplished actress supreme Thoughtful and wise and  
always so keen To be supportive. She was our May Queen.

Edward Purcell was a neighbor for a spell It was for mag-  
netic resonance he got his Nobel  
Quiet and so unassuming you'd never guess That MRI's  
exist because of his largess.

Alan Horton was so calm, wise and sage Was he in the  
CIA? The question for the age. Joan his wife had the  
sweetest voice  
They chose our village, we should all rejoice

Clover Koopman was a very old soul

She had a quiet wisdom, that was her role Such a quiet  
and wonderful temperament Her peaceful mien was to my  
betterment.

I used to see Hersh Cross at the auto repair Always so  
friendly his generosity so rare He provided the funds for  
the New Town Hall And helped fund the foundation: But  
that's not all The organ here is in memory to his wife  
What a prosperous, wonderful and generous life.

Steve and Julie Rounds were great neighbors no doubt  
Julie would appear with a plate of newly caught trout  
Steve could row faster and fiercer than a kamikaze And  
would climb up to Madison Hut for morning coffee.  
Freeman Holden in the valley was also a neighbor Mak-  
ing the most beautiful fishing rods became his labor  
His first name spoke of independence and character I  
wish I'd more of his traits: been the inheritor Of that  
solid Northern New Hampshire determination To never  
complain, giving up was not a temptation.

Ann and Louie Cutter, scion of the great map maker  
Owner of houses and many an acre.  
They both were always so incredibly keen To be gracious  
and kind—always supremely serene. Ann at the end was so  
bent over, most likely in pain  
Always managed to smile and never complain.  
There are others I know but five minutes, Not the sky is  
what sets the limits

I miss them all this great village of souls Each in their  
own way playing their roles I'd love to meet them on that  
distant shore. To savor their wisdom, grace and love once  
more What a wonderful collection of rare women and  
men. Will we ever ever see their likes again? It does take  
a village to a community make Maybe we can try be like  
them for goodness sake.



*Photo of a misty mountain morning by Sarah Gallop*

## Porches of Randolph Completes Its Inaugural Season

**Redza Dempster**

In 2022, Randolphians welcomed the return of a vibrant summer season, and with it, a new event that promises to become a recurring tradition: Porches of Randolph!

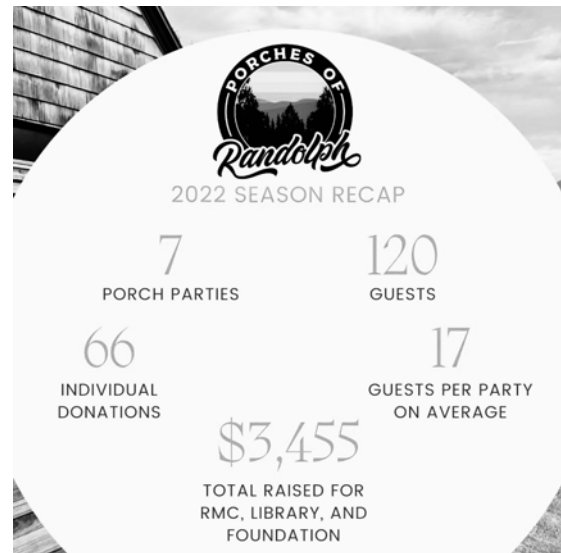
Conceived as a way for neighbors to meet and socialize while admiring our mountain views from the perspective of different residences, the event series also collected donations to benefit Randolph organizations. Host families opened their homes and porches to welcome a collective 120 guests over 2 months. All seven of the Porch Parties were full and all had waitlists. In total, the community-powered initiative raised \$3,455 with 100% of proceeds benefiting the RMC, Library, and Foundation. Porch Party host Lisa Teczar commented “this was a great idea and we are so happy these wonderful Randolph institutions will benefit.”

The Porches of Randolph website served to facilitate the process of scheduling a party and signing up to attend. Hosts chose their evening and the number of guests they felt comfortable entertaining. They also generously provided all the food and beverages. Those interested in attending signed up online and arrived with their donations. Many participants commented that the parties helped them to forge new connections and cement friendships with neighbors who heretofore had been but casual acquaintances. “After each party, I felt more and more drawn back into community with neighbors” said

Kathleen Kelley.

Red and Keith Dempster extend special thanks to fellow inaugural hosts Andy and Sarah Eusden Gallop, Mark and Kathleen Kelley, Mary Minifie, Lisa and Steve Teczar, Ginny and Rick Umiker, and Franklin Stone and David Wenk.

To learn more about hosting a porch party next year, visit <https://porchesofrandolph.org/> or contact Redza Dempster [porchesofrandolph@gmail.com](mailto:porchesofrandolph@gmail.com) with questions



*Photo and graphic above courtesy of Redza Dempster*



## Randolph Remembers

*Celebrating Richard Bean...*

*August 30, 1951 - August 1, 2022.*



Richard D. Bean, 70, of Littleton, NH, passed away on August 1, 2022. He was born on August 30, 1951 in Munich, Germany, the son of Thomas and Marguerite (McMurtrie) Bean. Richard was a lifelong resident of the United States; he resided in Randolph, NH from 1958 till the 1980's, and most recently in Littleton. He was most recently employed as a truck driver for Swift, where he drove cross-country for 15 years.

Richard loved the mountains and was an avid skier, having participated in competitive racing throughout his life, hence his close relationship with Duncan Miller. Richard had a lifelong interest in geology; he enjoyed mining and was known to pan the riverbeds of New Hampshire.

Family includes his siblings, Jeffrey Bean of Bristol, CT, and Jodie Dalvet of Portland, ME; his caregiver and friend, Duncan Miller of Littleton, NH; along with nieces, nephews, and cousins.

A funeral service was held on Friday, August 5, 2022 at 11AM at the Gorham Congregational Church, UCC. Interment will follow in the Lary Cemetery; there will be no calling hours. Those who wish may make a donation in Richard's memory to a charity of their choice.

*Photo and obituary courtesy of Bryant Funeral Home*

*Remembering Judy Kaye Woodward...*

*November 11, 1955 - June 16, 2022*

On June 16, 2022, We lost our beautiful, fun loving mother, sister, wife and friend, Judy Cassidy Woodward suddenly. She passed away surrounded by some of her family at the young age of 66 due to complications of pneumonia and influenza. Judy had developed a lung disease five years ago called Idiopathic Fibrosis (IPF). A condition, which makes breathing increasingly difficult. This lung damage prevented her from surviving influenza and pneumonia.

Judy was born in Brunswick, Ga. She worked for State Farm and MAP International while here. When she married and moved to NH, she became an accomplished mother and housewife who loved gardening and knitting. Having the best birthday parties for her kids, the best costumes and even supplying the high school drama club with their wigs and costumes. Afterwards, she worked at the Family Resource Center and at the White Mountains Community College, running their Work Ready NH Program. Due to her health condition, she left the College and spent winters in GA.

Judy is survived by her husband William J. Woodward, children: Laura Lynch, Elizabeth Woodward, and stepchildren Jennifer Dupuis, Jessica Joy, and Jason Woodward. Her surviving siblings are John Joseph (Joey) Cassidy III and Lisa Durden. Sister-in-laws, Evelyn Smith and Tamara Cassidy. Nephews and nieces: Jason Cassidy, Elizabeth Cassidy, Rebecca Durden, John Durden, Matthew and Josh Hames. Grand children: Georgia Poulin

and Rebecca Lynch. She was predeceased by her parents and her younger sister, Stacy Hames.

At Judy's request, a Celebration of Life will be held on July 10th at Sea Palms on St. Simons Island from 1pm to 4pm. She did not want a funeral with sadness. She wanted it to be a celebration. Fun, laughter, good food, friends sharing good memories of her and, of course, a dance floor.

Rather than flowers Judy would have wanted you to donate to Pulmonary Fibrosis Foundation here: <https://app.mobilecause.com/vf/PFFTribute/JudyWoodward>



*Photo and obituary courtesy of Dignity Memorial*

## Randolph Remembers

*Remembering Barbara A. Simon...*

*May 26, 1937 - July 3, 2022*

The Cookie Lady has died.

The Cookie Lady came into this world on May 26, 1937, in Orange, New Jersey as Barbara Ann Gargalowitz. Her beloved Mother Teresa Sofian undoubtedly inspired and educated her in the art of baking and love. In 1965 she married Matthew Simon and they later had two children, Stephen and Jennifer. When not baking she worked tirelessly in her flower gardens, quilting, sewing, and crafting with her dear friend Sue. Tuesday nights were reserved for phone calls with her sister Gladys, to catch up on the week's events and reminisce on their childhood days.

The Cookie Lady has but one grandchild Emma, daughter of Jennifer and Brian Labonte. Emma was the joy and light of her life. Together they spent countless hours baking, playing, gardening, and doing anything Jennifer would disapprove of, especially if it involved a trip to Chutters. She was a beautiful and strong woman, who loved and loved deeply. She is survived by many but most dearest is her bedfellow Shadow who watched over her faithfully and brought her a deep sense of peace and comfort. The Cookie Lady left this world as she wished, at home, with freshly changed bed linens, a new gown, and her daughter by her side on July 3, 2022.

She and her cookies will be missed and she asked but one thing, that we remember her fondly with much laughter.

The Cookie Lady says goodbye.

Funeral Services were held on Friday July 8, 2022 at 1 PM at the Bryant Funeral Home, 1 Promenade St., Gorham. Interment will follow in the Randolph Hill Cemetery, Randolph, NH. Memories and condolences may be shared online at [www.bryantfuneralhome.net](http://www.bryantfuneralhome.net)



## Pumpkin Chocolate Chip Cookies

### Ingredients:

- ☐ 1 Cup Pumpkin Pureé
- ☐ 1 Cup Granulated Sugar
- ☐ 1/2 Cup Oil (Canola or Vegetable)
- ☐ 1 Tsp. Vanilla
- ☐ 1 Large Egg
- ☐ 2 Cups Flour
- ☐ 2 Tsp. Baking Powder
- ☐ 1 Tsp. Cinnamon
- ☐ 1/2 Tsp. Salt
- ☐ 1 Tsp. Baking Soda
- ☐ 1 Tsp. Milk
- ☐ 1 Cup Semi-Sweet Chocolate Chips

### Instructions:

1. Preheat oven to 375° and line cookie sheets with parchment paper.
2. In the bowl of a stand mixer, combine pumpkin, sugar, oil, vanilla and egg. Mix until well combined.
3. In a separate bowl, stir together the flour, baking powder, cinnamon and salt. In a small bowl, dissolve the baking soda with the milk. Add both the dry flour mixture and the wet baking soda mixture to the pumpkin mixture. Mix well. Add in the chocolate chips and stir until evenly combined.
4. Drop medium (2 tablespoons) mounds of cookie dough on prepared cookie sheets.
5. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes. Allow the cookies to cool slightly before removing to a wire rack to cool completely.
6. Enjoy these perfect-for-fall cookies!





## Critter Corner

Joel Sibley

As colder weather and longer nights move into New England our local animal population dwindles dramatically. Gone are the bright colors of the Baltimore Oriole, Yellow-Rumped Warbler, and the Scarlett Tanager. Trees drop their leaves and winter torpor sets in. Only a few creatures remain thoroughly active year-round in this region. One of them is the Raven.

Through European and colonial history, the Raven was viewed as a harbinger of death and darkness, a group of them even came to be known as an “unkindness”. People, understandably, began to associate these birds with bad luck, bad omens, and developed a serious aversion to them. The key ingredient the colonists were missing in their understanding of this bird is its outstanding genius.

The entire Corvid family (including Crows, Jays, and Ravens) are some of the most intellectual birds on the planet. Jays can cache thousands of seeds over the summer months and relocate more than half of them in the wintertime. Crows can solve complex puzzles with moving parts. Ravens take the crown in this family though. With an innate ability to learn and recognize patterns, solve problems creatively, and communicate with hundreds of sounds, the Raven can accomplish anything it needs to. Ravens have been known to recognize the importance of trash day for scavenging, they learned to associate gunshots with fresh carrion in Wyoming, and work in pairs to distract incubating birds off the nest so the second Raven can sneak behind and steal the eggs or chicks (ruthless, but productive nonetheless). Ravens are also the only bird in this family that overwinters north of the Arctic Circle.

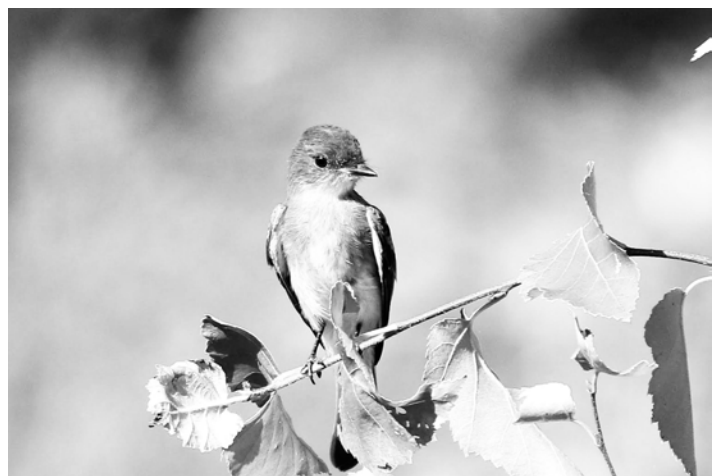
The humans who live alongside the Raven that far north have built it into their culture and spiritual life. The Inuit tribes of Northern Alaska and Canada see the Raven as spirits of their ancestors, having the same

cunning and creativity as their human counterparts. So as the heat of summer fades and we set up for another winter, keep in mind that there are some truly fascinating animals around us all the time.



*Photos above - Top: A Raven, taken by Colleen P. of Newington, NH  
Courtesy of NHPR*

*Bottom August Moon over Madison by David Forsyth*



*Photos above - Left: Belted Kingfisher; Right: Eastern Wood-Pewee. Both photos by David Forsyth.*

## Randolph's Animal Kingdom

There is a being camping at my house.  
I call him Mic, the mighty mouse.  
Aping an acrobat,  
in a cloak and hat,  
He's decided to stay awhile, the louse!



*Photos and limerick by Carol Ryder Horton*

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To: