

Mountain View



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

Heather Wiley cast her first vote as a United States Citizen at the Randolph Town Meeting on March 10, 2010

By Dede Aube

Heather Wiley was born in the once sleepy village of Carndonagh, in County Donegal, Ireland. On November 22, 2008, Heather became a citizen of the United States of America.

After graduating from Trinity College in Dublin, Ireland with a degree in Natural Sciences, Heather went on to attend the University Hospital of Wales where she majored in Physical Therapy. Heather's desire to live and work abroad brought her to the Androscoggin Valley Hospital in Berlin. She intended to give her job as a physical therapist, one year; that was 15 years ago. Soon after her move to a small apartment in Gorham, Heather meandered into Moriah Sports shop, then owned by Mike Miccuci of Randolph. Mike introduced her to Ray Cotnoir who was house-sitting for Albie Pokrob on Durand Rd. Ray and Heather met by chance several times that day. Each time the couple exchanged polite conversation leading Ray to invite Heather to go fly fishing; Heather decided to accept the invitation. The rest is history. Ray and Heather have

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Heather Wiley with husband Ray Cotnoir and daughter Danielle Cotnoir .
Photo courtesy of Ray Cotnoir.

An Unlikely Family Treasure

Submitted by Robert F. Ross, Jr.

While going through some of the many effects of my mother's estate, I came across an article published in a small eight page magazine called COUNTRY LANE , Autumn, 1962. This story took place about a hundred years ago when my paternal grandmother, then Estelle Lynch, was working at Broad Acres Farm as a maid. "Father" in this story was Francis (Frank) Wood, for whom both my dad and I got our middle name. "Mother," Florence (Birdie) Farrar Wood, was my grandfather, Ernest Farrar's sister. The four small children would have been, Richard, Effie, Frances, and Katherine Wood. For the past thirty years my family has lived in the Sherman and Frances Wood Brown house. Now that I have set the scene, you can probably see why this story was of so much interest to me, and I only hope you will enjoy it as much as I did.

White Mountain Oyster Stew

by Richard G. Wood

Father always went to Gorham on Fridays. His father had gone on Saturdays but, when a younger brother attended High School and lived in Gorham, Monday through Friday, Father made the shift to bring the lad home for the week-end. But the custom survived long after Uncle Harry had completed his education. So, down Hodgdon Hill came father and his white horse until the white house and the red barn came into sight. Clad in a black calfskin coat with mittens to match, the driver brought the laden pung to a halt outside the kitchen door. Four small children swarm out to unload with the usual question: "Did you bring me something?" Yet they knew full well that the cargo contained four bags of candy. Soon the load was stowed and the impatient horse was off to the barn.

Among the items was a quart jar of oysters. What ever their origin may have been, they had come up from Portland on the old Grand Trunk Railway to Gorham where father had purchased them.

Soon all was busy with the preparations. A brisk fire burned in the range, but this was not enough. "Bring in some more wood, "the small boy was directed and he hastened to the shed. He returned

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Meeting notices, inquiries, comments, and ideas are welcomed and encouraged. Please send materials for the *Mountain View* to Diana Aube, Nekel Lane, Randolph, NH 03593 or daube@ne.rr.com by the 15th of the month preceding publication (publication is quarterly: September, December, April & June). The *Randolph Weekly* is published weekly in July & August. Send notices by Tuesday of each week to Gail Scott at 603-466-5498 (call or FAX); or mscott1@ne.rr.com; or 162 Randolph Hill Road, Randolph NH 03593. The *Blizzard* is published the first of each month except July and August. Please send all notices for the *Blizzard* to Barbara Arnold, 466-2438; barnold@ne.rr.com or 403 Randolph Hill Road, Randolph, NH 03593. *Blizzard* materials by the 24th of the preceding month. If you are not receiving the *Blizzard* and wish to, please let Barbara know. A grant from the Randolph Foundation makes all these publications possible.

Mountain View Publications

Randolph Foundation
PO Box 283
Gorham, NH 03581

Laurie Archambault, *Publisher*
Diana (Dede) Aube, *Editor*
Barbara Arnold, *Design / Production*

Town Directory

- AMBULANCE 911**
- BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT** (Chair, Ted Wier) 466-3970
meets at 7 PM the 3rd Thursday of the month.
- BOARD OF SELECTMEN** (Chair, Ken Lee) 466-2392
Secretary, Rodney Hayes; Treasurer Connie Chaffee
Meets at 7 p.m. at Town Hall every other Monday, call for schedule. 466-5771
- BUILDING PERMITS.** See Board of Selectmen
- CEMETERY TRUSTEES** Jim Baldwin, Suzanne Santos & Steve Hartman
- CONSERVATION COMMISSION** (Chair, Jim Meiklejohn) 466-3818
- DOG LICENSES** See Town Clerk. Obtain or renew by the end of April.
- FIRE DEPARTMENT - ALL ALARMS - CALL 911**
Randolph Chief, Dana Horne
- FOREST FIRE WARDEN** (Rebecca Parker) Call for Burning Permits 466-2332
- GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD** Meets at 6:30 p.m. on the 3rd Tuesday of the month; location alternates between the 3 towns. Contact the SAU Office 466-3632
- LIBRARY** (Librarian, Yvonne Jenkins) 466-5408
Open Mon. 10 – noon; Wed. 3 -8 p.m., Thur. 3-8 p.m.; Sat. 10 –noon; trustees meet the 3rd Mon. of each month
- LIFELINE** (Jean Malick) 466-2547
- PLANNING BOARD** (Chair, John Scarinza) 466-5775
Meets at 7 p.m. at the Town Hall on the first Thursday of the month.
- PLATFORM TENNIS ASSOC.** (President, Craig Malick) 466-2547
- POLICE** (Randolph Chief, Alan Lowe) 466-3950
- RANDOLPH CHURCH** (Moderator William May)
Sunday morning services July & August (10:30 a.m.).
- RANDOLPH COMMUNITY FOREST COMMISSION** (chair, John Scarinza) 466-5775
Meets at 7 p.m. at the Town Hall on the 1st Wednesday
- RANDOLPH FOUNDATION** (President, Cathy McDowell) 466-5105
- RANDOLPH LIFE SQUAD — Call 911 in an emergency**
Co-Directors Bill & Barbara Arnold 466-2438
- RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB** (President, Michelle Cormier) 466-5841
- ROAD AGENT** (Mike Gray) 586-7840
- SUPERVISORS OF THE CHECKLIST**
Denise Demers, Michael Sewick & Angela Chakalis-Pfeffer
- TAX COLLECTOR** (Scott Robinson) by appointment; call the Town Hall 466-9856
- TOWN CLERK** (Anne Kenison) 466-2606
Town Hall hours: Mondays 9 - 11 a.m. ; Wednesdays 7 - 9 p.m.
- TOWN HALL** (Secretary, Rodney Hayes) Mon. - Fri.; 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. 466-5771
- TRASH COLLECTION** Must be at roadside by 7 a.m.
Trash - every Tuesday; Recycling, sorted & bagged - 1st Saturday of every month.
- TRUSTEES OF THE TRUST FUND** Judy Kenison, Michelle Cormier, Michael Sewick

Community Calendar
(NOTE: For recurring meeting schedules see "Town Directory" on the left)

Beginning in April, recycling pick up will change to the first **Saturday** of each month

April
20 GRS schools closed this week for vacation.

22 Earth Day
27 GRS Schools reopen

May
22 Early release day for GRS schools

25 Memorial Day observed

June
12 Graduation Day for GRS Schools

18 Last day of school for GRS schools (tentative)

20 Pot Luck with Dolly Copp, Town Hall; 6:30 PM

Real Estate Transactions
December 12, 2008

From: Harold and Elaine Eichel
To: Raymond F. Cotnoir and Heather Wiley
Warranty deed

January 27, 2009
From: Kristin L. Mix
To: Edwin H. Richardson
Corrective Quitclaim

February 2, 2009
From: Edwin H. Richardson
To: Nathan Peters
Warranty deed

Building Permits
02/23/09 Mark and Joan Jebson will build a new house

REMINDER
Randolph property owners are responsible for ensuring that they or their builders receive any necessary permits before beginning any construction. Building permits must be approved by the Selectmen. The Selectmen need time to review all permits, so please remember to submit them early enough to allow that process.

It was a year ago this May, when 4 Randolph women, sharing a passion for food, wine and walking, took a trip to Italy. The following are excerpts from Nancy Penney's journal.

Walking in Tuscany 2008

Friday – May 9 –Arriving in Florence on schedule and without difficulty we met our guide, Valerio, a hefty 39 year old, with an Australian accent. We were delivered to the Hotel Minerva Palace in Montecatini Terme. This is an older hotel with sparse furnishings and a nice marble bathroom. The afternoon was spent exploring this beautiful old spa town that has offered thermal baths since the 14th century. People came to drink the water, still sold in spas, for individual treatments of stomach, intestinal and liver ailments. We didn't buy the water, but we did buy two bottles of wine, thus beginning our daily pre-dinner happy hour. Upon returning to our room, Roberta found a tick in her ear that must have journeyed from Randolph. This well-traveled tick was quite anchored. At the same time, her bed collapsed when she sat on it. Finally, with the bed repaired and minus the tick, we joined our tour group for introductions, libation and a dinner of barley soup, pesto filled ravioli, chicken and vegetables and tiramisu.

Saturday – May – 10 - After 3 hours of walking through Florence, we split from our tour group and crossed the Arno River, hiking high above the city and stopping to eat lunch in a beautiful, public rose garden, lush and green with abundant blooms. We had a wonderful picnic with food confiscated from the breakfast buffet, took pictures of the views of Florence and walked about 9 miles, arriving at the Boboli gardens. With no time to explore, we headed over the Ponte Vecchio and back to our group. After "happy hour," we walked to the Funicular. We traveled up this electrically powered rail to the 12th century town of Montecatini Alto where we enjoyed a wonderful meal of gnocchi and shrimp, lasagna, wine and gelato and a spectacular view of Montecani.

Sunday – May 11 –We traveled by rail from Montecatini to Cinque Terre, changing trains at La Spezia. Jean and Roberta were able to decipher the directions in Italian for automated purchases of tickets. This was a miraculous feat. It was a pleasant ride to La Spezia but, the train to Cinque Terre was a mob scene. Masses piled out of the train to walk the paved path from Riomaggiore to Manarola. The crowd thinned as we walked single file on a sometimes stony path and climbed 382 steps to approach Corniglia. The hike was more strenuous

than we anticipated, but it was well worth the effort. There were many varieties of wild flowers and the scene of terraced gardens on the steep hillside and the blue green water far below was beyond description. Back on the train, we passed the town of Carrara and saw mountains of marble, where much of the world's marble has been quarried. Michelangelo came to Carrara in person, to choose the blocks for his masterpiece. The quarry was so white it appeared to be snow clad.

Monday – May 12 - After breakfast we headed to the town of Vince, the birthplace of Leonardo (born April 15, 1452). En route we stopped at the Florence World War II Memorial to American soldiers. This was a spectacular setting with the hills of Tuscany in the background. 72 manicured acres are maintained by America where 4,402 soldiers are buried. Individual graves are marked with white crosses bearing their names. Those same names are engraved on a wall along with the 1,000 plus soldiers whose remains were never found. This was an extremely emotional experience for everyone. We traveled on to the world famous regions of Monti del Chianti, home of world famous Brunella wines. Two miles of walking through panoramic valleys, olive trees and grape vines led to the town of Vinci. Here we found olive trees that were 500 to 1000 years old and three stone houses where Vinci "may" have lived.

We walked through the town of Vince and stopped at the Il Palagio castle for a tour of the wine chapel, a wine tasting and a light lunch. Seated at tables we were served baskets of bread and plates of cheese and had our first introduction to Pecorin, a cheese made from the milk of sheep that graze and feed on strong aromatic herbs. The flavor of these herbs emerges from the cheese itself. Traditionally, Pecorin is eaten with walnuts and pears. There were also many bottles of wine – Chianti Classico and Mercatalino with the Black Rooster label representing the symbol of peace between Florence and Siena. We bought 3 bottles of Mercatalino 2006, Tuscan Red Table Wine for 9 Euros. A group of very relaxed people trod down the hill to Vinci.

Tuesday, May 13 – Traveling the routes of old pilgrims, we walked from northern Tuscany to Monteriggioni and Siena. Having been warned of

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"Tuscany", continued

of the occasional wild boar and even rarer poisonous snake, we were still unprepared for the grunting of a wild boar in woods beside us. Petrified, would be an apt description of Jean's reaction, immediately calmed as one of the men from our group appeared from the same direction. He was delighted at the reaction of his prank. The village of Monteriggioni, built in 1203 as an outpost against the Florentines, is surrounded by a circle of walls from which fourteen towers arise. We arrived at Hotel Garden in Siena. This hotel, once a private home, had beautiful grounds and wonderful back patios for our happy hour. In a sun filled dining room, we were served an elegant lunch of poached chicken and spinach with tiny cubed oven fried potatoes. The tiramisu for dessert was the best we tasted yet. Lunch was served on pretty plates from Villery and Boch with double tablecloths and cloth napkins. All was very lovely. Our Siena guide was a petite, delightful "older" lady, dressed in a pale pink coatdress with matching pink print shoes. She wore a print scarf around her neck and a lightweight red sweater around her shoulders while carrying a large purple bag. She told us that a retake of the new James Bond movie was being done here at the racetrack in Siena. (James Bond is racing away from the city dangerously ahead of the horses.)

Wednesday, May 14 –A fantastic breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon, hard boiled eggs, beautiful pastries, fruit, cereal and coffee was followed by a spectacular ride to San Gimignano. We walked around and up to this "medieval Manhattan." Known as the town of a "thousand towers," San Gimignano still consists of 14 of the original 72 "tower house" representations of power and wealth. This is one of the oldest towns in the area, named after the bishop who saved the city from Attila the Hun. We then hiked up to Volterra, another Etruscan walled town with modest archaeological sites, mysterious alleys and calf blasting stone stairways. Four main gates lead to central Piazza dei Priori, the oldest seat of local government in Tuscany. Alabaster has been quarried there since Etruscan times.

Thursday, May 15 – It was a hefty climb to the town of Cortona (home of author of "Under the Tuscan Sun") that clings to steep slopes of hills clad in olive groves. We drove from Cortona to Lake Trasimonto for a lake side lunch of wine and cheese. This is the biggest inland stretch of water on the Italian peninsula and the fourth largest in Italy. It is

never deeper than 7 meters, hence bath-like warm water in the summer. Valerio told us it was inhabited by water snakes, though we didn't see any. In Montepulciano where half of the Brunella wine produced is sold to the US, we began the steep walk uphill to reach the last breathtaking view of the day. The town is perched on a narrow ridge of limestone surrounded by mighty town walls. Most of the sights are clustered around the Piazza Grande, the town's highest point. We happened upon the end of a wedding and the accompanying church bells from the domed Chiesa di San Biagio. In Chianciano, a spa town with an entrance sign that reads "The Town that will cure your liver" we found our hotel fairly new but also quite stark. Roberta and Nancy had a tiny balcony which opened onto the front street. We enjoyed our happy hour on the hotel's 5th floor patio, with views of Chianciano. Supper, in a cafeteria like atmosphere, offered many delicious courses: cheese soufflé, bean and pasta soup, tortellini with basil stuffing, pork sausage and beans and cake with cream filling.



Wine in Tuscany
Nancy Penney, Jean Malik and Marie Beringer enjoy roof top "happy hour." Photo by Roberta Arbree

Friday, May 16 –Walking through breathtaking scenery in the Orcia Valley, we reached the walled castle of Montalcino, where the steep streets were brutal on our calf muscles. The real attraction in Montalcino is the internationally coveted wines, Brunello and Rosso di Montalcino. The town is literally one wine shop after another. With surrounding views of the area, we enjoyed a glass of wine and pasta with artichokes.

Saturday, May 17- Walking through Tivoli gardens, we spent the afternoon viewing the incredible

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"Tuscany", continued

unending waterfalls and fountains at the country estate of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. This park was created when Pope Gregory XVI diverted the flow of the river to ease the periodic flooding of the town in 1831. We moved on to the Mecure Hotel in Rome for our last night. After dark we had a walking tour of Rome, stopped outside the Vatican and dined at an old theater once visited by Julius Caesar.

Sunday, May 18- With Marie's newly created lyrics, we departed for the airport at 9:15 a.m., singing, "I left my heart, in dear old Tuscany.... High on a hill, it calls to me."

Randolph Election Results March 10, 2009

Submitted by Anne Kenison, Town Clerk

Selectman	John Turner
Treasurer	Connie Chaffee
Trustee of Trust Funds	Judy Kenison
Cemetery Trustee	Suzanne Lowe-Santos
Board of Adjustment	Alison Tomlinson Paul Cormier
Auditor	Ted Wier
Town Clerk	Anne Kenison
Library Trustee 3 yr term	Jean Malick
Library Trustee 2yr. term	Diana "Dede" Aube
Planning Board	John K. Scarinza Roberta Arbree

Randolph School District Election Results, March 10, 2009

Randolph Board Member	Ron Ouellette
Randolph At Large Member	Mike Waddell

Introduction to Town Meeting, March 10, 2009

*By David L. Willcox
Town Moderator, Randolph, NH*

In the year 1824, the New Hampshire legislature passed a law to *"incorporate a town by the name of Randolph"* and to declare that the inhabitants of the town *"be, and they hereby are, made a body, corporate and politic, with all and the same rights, powers, privileges, immunities and liabilities of similar corporations ..."*

This is the charter of our Town.

It gets little attention today. Perhaps it should get more.

In colonial times charters were vital documents. Have you ever wondered, for instance, why there is no State or Commonwealth of Plymouth? Why did the first permanent New England settlement disappear? The answer has everything to do with charters.

Plymouth started with a handicap. The difference between Massachusetts and Plymouth has been described in this way;

"The Puritans, under Gov. John Winthrop ... had an advantage over Plymouth in that first, they had a charter, and second, they hit upon an idea of genius in bringing that charter to the New World with them rather than keep it with a corporation in England. In effect, they brought with them the legal right to govern themselves, while the Plymouth settlers had a more shadowy claim through their patent to a delegated right of self government."

The Pilgrim's sailed under a patent which was a grant of authority not directly from the King but from a chartered corporation and it did not carry the same weight. Worse still, that corporation did not have jurisdiction over New England and, when they settled here, that patent was rendered void. This posed an immediate problem described by Governor Bradford:

"I shall ... begine with a combination made by them before they came ashore, being ye first foundation of their governmente in this place; occasioned partly by ye discontented & mutinous speeches that some of the strangers amongst them had let fall from them in ye ship – That when they came ashore they

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“Introduction’, continued

would use their owne libertie; for none had power to command them, the patente they had being for Virginia, and not for New-england”

“Strangers” was Pilgrim-speak for those passengers on the Mayflower who did not share their separatist beliefs. It was where they usually found troublemakers.

The “combination,” which Bradford mentions was a social contract the settlers agreed to and signed, pledging to obey adopted laws and ordinances. It is celebrated in American history as the Mayflower Compact, our first popularly adopted constitution.

The Compact established a system for internal governance of the Colony, but did nothing to legitimize it to the outside world, so a new authorization was needed. Instead of using the opportunity to seek a royal charter, however, the Pilgrims merely asked for a new patent from another corporation with proper jurisdiction. In 1629, they received it. Known as the “Warwick/Bradford Patent,” it was signed by the Earl of Warwick and issued in the name of William Bradford, “his heirs and associates.” Although an improvement, this was still only a patent and not a charter.

During the next 25 years England was caught up in the turmoil of the Civil War at the end of which, in 1660, Charles II ascended his father’s throne. The New England colonies were uncertain of their future under the new monarch. Most of them took decisive action. Massachusetts sent an emissary to England to ask that its royal charter be reaffirmed by the new King. The governors of Rhode Island and Connecticut, which had charters granted by Oliver Cromwell, sailed to England to humbly beg for new royal charters. Charles granted all three requests.

But Plymouth, which had never had a royal charter, did not ask for one. Instead, Plymouth sent – not the governor, not even a deputy – but a letter, asking that the Warwick/Bradford Patent be reaffirmed. And the letter was lost.

A similar lethargy seemed to affect the Colony thirty years later. It was 1689. James II had been ousted and was succeeded by William and Mary. Once again, there was a need to secure new charters from the new monarchs, doubly so because they had been nullified during James’ rule, and some

confiscated by his appointed governor, Sir Edmund Andros. The eloquent and persuasive Increase Mather was in London to lobby for the Massachusetts Bay Colony and Plymouth should have been similarly represented.

But Plymouth was suffering. Having lost soldiers during an unpopular attack on Quebec, many residents were protesting by refusing to pay taxes. Debt was high, taxes rose, the currency became depreciated and matters were not improved by a drought. The Colony seemed headed for a breakdown in authority.

So, the outcome was predictable. Increase Mather wrote to the governor of Plymouth saying that if Plymouth wanted a charter, it needed to send money right away to pay the fees. The matter was urgent. *“You may do it too late.”* Mather wrote, *“You cannot do it too soon.”* A request for the money was placed before the Plymouth General Court which turned it down.

This time the lack of concern for its constitutional status proved fatal to the Colony’s separate existence. When Massachusetts was granted a new royal charter in 1681, Plymouth had been included as part of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Another dramatic charter moment in colonial history involved the Connecticut Colony and has been described in this way:

“With the succession of James II to the throne, Connecticut’s troubles began in earnest. Sir Edmund Andros, His Majesty’s agent, followed up failure of various strategies by arriving in Hartford with an armed force to seize the Charter. After hours of debate, with the Charter on the table between the opposing parties, the candle-lit room suddenly went dark. Moments later when the candles were re-lighted, the Charter was gone. Captain Joseph Wadsworth is credited with having removed and secreted the Charter in [a] majestic oak....”

That is the Charter oak of Connecticut history.

So, you see, we should pay more attention to our charter. In fact, if history is to be our guide, we need to grab it, bring it here and stuff it into a tree on the Community Forest.

Now, I declare what I assume to be Randolph’s 185th annual Town Meeting to be open.

"New Citizen" from page 1

been married for ten years and have a nine year old daughter, Danielle. The family lives on Durand Rd. but is currently in the process of building a house at Raycrest.

When Heather first arrived in the United States she held a temporary work Visa, called an H1B. With time, she graduated to a "green card" granting her lawful permanent residence and more job flexibility. It became obvious to Heather that she and her family would remain in the United States and she began to hunger for the opportunity to become involved in policies that could shape the town and country in which she lived and worked. "In order to vote, even in town elections, citizenship seemed inevitable, especially if I wanted to have any influence regarding town concerns," stated Heather.

The process of citizenship is extensive and time consuming. Heather completed a lengthy form that asked specific questions about family, work, and trips out of the country. She was given a criminal background check, was fingerprinted, and met with an immigration officer. Immigrants who are eligible to become citizens must pass a test of English proficiency in reading and writing as well as a civics exam. Heather felt comfortable and prepared to pass these tests and she did so with ease.

She became a citizen on November 22, 2009 in a naturalization ceremony that included 87 immigrants representing more than 30 countries. The ceremony took place in Concord, NH and Heather described it as serious, formal and uplifting. With her right hand raised, Heather took an oath of allegiance to the United States, promising, among other things, to serve the military if called. Today, Heather possesses dual citizenship. Dual citizenship means that an individual is a citizen of two countries at the same time. Nationality laws and policies differ from country to country, and some nations, including Ireland, recognize dual citizenship. The U.S. government allows its citizens to hold dual nationality, but it does not encourage it as a matter of policy. Heather feels lucky to have the best of both worlds.

Heather's husband Ray Cotnoir and daughter Danielle are excited and thrilled that she has undergone this process. Heather says that it is very meaningful to be part of a country that has offered her so many opportunities. Heather's first voting experience was this March, at Town Elections.

Here's An Idea That Can Strengthen Your Family

Submitted by: Joan Rising, Author Unknown

Tonight at the dinner table, read something out loud to your family. Tomorrow night, let another member read something.

A news story

A Bible Verse

A Robert Frost Poem

A cereal box panel

History

Humor.

Anything

Each night a different family member can read a selection. Imagine the wide range of subjects your family will read in 365 days. What a stimulating way to have your children develop good reading habits. We have 23 million illiterate adults in America. We wouldn't have one, if each of them had been served reading as part of their nightly diet. It's non-fattening, but enriching. And it doesn't cost a dime.



John Miccuci enjoys Sledding at Town Bonfire, March 7, 2009
Photo by Angela Brown

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only to find further instructions from Stella, the hired girl, who commanded: "Go out to the barn and get some milk and tell that no-good McGinnis to get a move on."

The small boy was aware of Stella's feud with McGinnis whom she always managed to outwit. He recalled the time that Father had painted the stairs leading to the hired man's bedroom and had placed a ladder under the window to allow McGinnis an entrance to his room. Stella had quietly removed the ladder and poor McGinnis jumped the entire length of the stairs to make an exit.

Once in the barn there was some delay as there were others waiting. These were the three barn cats who, as a reward for their mousing, received a large dish of milk each morning and evening. When the first two cows had been milked, there was enough liquid to carry back to the kitchen.

When he returned the boy found that the quart of oysters was already heating in a fry pan. His gallon of milk was soon scalded and a pound of butter was dissolved therein. Then the oysters were added and the stew was seasoned. By the time the men came in from milking and separating, the stew was ready to serve.

In the meantime there were more commands: said Mother: "How would you like to go down to the cellar, Franny, and bring up a jar of strawberries?" "But, I'm afraid of the bees", was her rejoinder. "They won't hurt you if you move quietly".

The reference to the bees was due to the fact that Father stored his hives of bees in the cellar during the winter. As long as it was dark they remained quiescent, but a glimmer of light aroused their exploratory instincts. This, plus a feminine re-action to insects, was the cause of Franny's alarm. So, she lighted a kerosene lamp and set out. Actually a light was not needed if you had skill in reaching into a barrel for an apple, but the selection of a jar of strawberries meant the reading of a label. Franny hastily threaded her way between a barrel of apples and one of turnips and began her selection. There was always a little difficulty in determining raspberries from strawberries since both had the same color. As she hesitated, a low hum was heard. She snatched a jar and fled upstairs. In her haste the lamp went out, but she arrived in the kitchen, breathless but unstrung.

For some reason it was customary in this family to eat oyster stew from bowls rather than soup plates. At

See "Oyster Stew"

"Oyster Stew", continued

times even bowls of antique vintage were pressed into service. Nor were the large pilot crackers eaten with the stew but smaller oyster crackers, usually round, but sometimes square. For dessert the above mentioned strawberries (in those days called "sauce") were produced.

With this fortification against the bite of a cold winter night the family relaxed for the evening. "I like oyster stew", said little Kay, "because we don't have to wash so many dishes."

Sarah Brockett Cycles Across the Country

One week after graduation from St. Paul's School in Concord, Sarah Brockett will be flying to Seattle, Washington where she will begin a 7 week trek across country on a bicycle. Sarah is one of seven St. Paul students whose initiative for this trip is to raise money for the Jimmy Fund branch of the Dana Farber Cancer Institute. This branch is focused on helping children suffering from Cancer and has helped tens of thousands of Children. Sarah will arrive on the Coast of Maine in late July with thousands of miles under her wheels as well as a sense of accomplishment for a worthy cause.

"What better way to finish off my high school years," says Sarah, "than to travel the country with a determined and fun group of St. Paul's students? I am thrilled to be dedicating the majority of my summer to benefit a cause in which I am very much invested. I know that this trip will be demanding but the rewards will far outweigh the hard work."

Sarah is the daughter of Peter and Laura Brockett of Randolph Hill Road.

Should anyone want to learn more about this program, they may contact Sarah at: sbrockett@sps.edu or St. Paul's School: www.sps.edu .

Randolph Colloquy Summer Reading

By Julie Barrow

This year's discussion books will take us to the countries of Israel and India.

The first book will be discussed sometime during the month of July. **The Lemon Tree: an Arab, a Jew, and the Heart of the Middle East**, by Sandy Tolan, 2000 (available in paper back) is the true story of a remarkable relationship between two families, one Arab, one Jewish. While giving much information about the history of the country, the book is especially good at conveying the emotions of the people involved and hope for a peaceful solution.

During the month of August we will discuss, **A Fine Balance**, by Rohinton Mistry (available in paperback). This long Dickensian work of fiction is set in Mumbai, India during the 1970's when Indira Gandhi was Prime Minister. First published in 1995, this book won the Giller Prize and it was a Booker Prize Finalist in 1996. The novel traces the unlikely friendship of a group of people from different backgrounds, and presents their lives with vivid realism. This book presents an amazing view of India and a compelling story.

The Randolph Public Library will welcome readers to the White Mountain room for these two book discussion meetings this coming summer. Please join the groups, whether you are an all-summer resident or here for a shorter vacation. Meeting times will be announced at a later date. There is no admission charge.



Bob Kruszyna,
Introduction to
Opera; *Der Ring
des Nibelungen*,
Richard Wagner.
Photo: D. Aube,
March, 2009.

Randolph Library News

By Yvonne Jenkins

Welcoming, cozy, busy, movies, computers, cool, exciting, snowbound, volunteers, awesome and overwhelming are just a few of the words I would use to describe the first winter of year-round operation at the Randolph Public Library. The combination of library staff and a faithful crew of volunteers have kept the library running smoothly. Behind the scenes and during non-operating hours library staff, trustees and volunteers have been busy preparing the collection for the new automated circulation and cataloging system, as well as continuing the process of moving and settling into the new space. Patrons can now search our online card catalog, located in the library, and check out materials at the new circulation desk using the streamlined circulation system.

Donations of books and other materials have increased and many additions have been made to the collection including art, cooking, history, and health & wellness. An on-going book sale has been established in the vestibule of the library, with plenty left over for what looks like will be a great Book Sale this summer.

The Fred Hubbard DVD collection has been very popular over the winter months and interlibrary loans have increased significantly. The children's non-fiction section has been updated with many new topics, including, animals, sports, world culture, geography and more. Plans are underway for a children's summer reading program entitled, "Summertime, and the Reading is Easy". Such a lovely thought right about now.

We have many new library users, and are looking forward to many more. The next time you are looking for a good book, want to watch a good movie, going on a trip and need something to listen to on your long drive, need help finding some information on the Internet, are tired of reading your child the same book every evening, or just feel like getting away from the distractions at home, consider a visit to the library and take advantage of the many resources that are available to everyone and are only minutes away.

Randolph Remembers

Wilbur and Alice Canaday

Sources include *Boston Globe*/GB/, www.newenglandconservatory.edu/faculty/canaday, *Boston Globe*, 12/24/08, Frederick Phinney, friend, 01/09

The Reverend Wilbur (Bill) Canady passed away on November 4, 2008. He was predeceased by his wife Alice Gregson who died on September 24 of the same year. Alice and Bill were married in 1946. They leave behind two sons, Peter G. of Dakota Dunes, S.D.; and John (Woody) of Cos Cob, Conn.; as well as, four grandchildren, Miles, Brooks, Rachel and Nathan Canaday.

Bill held degrees from several notable colleges including Harvard, Yale Divinity School, Union Theological Seminary and Northeastern University. He played a prominent leadership role in the Congregational Church and later he became executive director of the Melrose Council on Aging. Bill was one of the founders and participants in the Harvard Institute for Learning in Retirement, serving as curriculum chairman and vice president of the governing council. Throughout his life, Bill was involved in societal and community affairs such as fair housing, civil rights, and helping the "no longer young" live with dignity.

Alice was a graduate of Smith College and of the Yale School of Music. She was a member of the piano faculty at the New England Conservatory in Boston and The Rivers School, in Weston and served as past president of the New England Piano Teachers Association. Alice was author of *Contemporary Music and the Pianist*. Written in 1974, this book was reprinted in 1997.

In the early 1950's the Canadays built the house on Stearns Road (now Pasture Path) currently owned by the Brintons. Sons, Woody and Pete, were active members of the Randolph Mountain Club as hikers in the junior hike program and later as trail crew. In the woods between the Brintons and Lees, are the remains of "The House in Pooh Corner," built for and with Pete and Woody and named after the house in the story of Christopher Robin, by A.A. Milne.

Lynn Martin

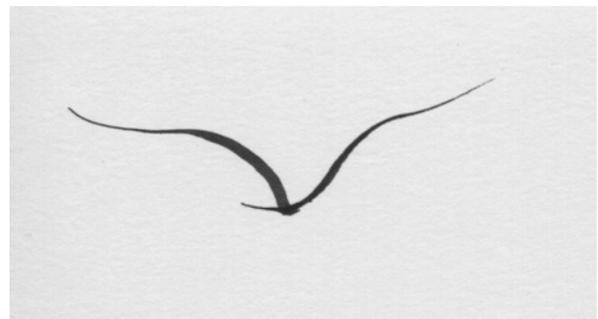
Reprinted in part and with permission from the Berlin Reporter, 1/28/09

Johnnie Lynn O'Reagan Lowman Martin passed away on January 28, 2009, from complications following surgery at Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center. She bravely survived a stroke seven years ago and breast cancer two years ago. Lynn was born on Oct. 26, 1949, in Miami Fla.

Lynn leaves behind her husband of forty years, Larry Martin; her son, Larry Thomas Martin, II; her daughter, Lisa May Martin Cairns; and two grandchildren, Hunter Gregory Coulombe and Trinity Lee Cairns, all of Randolph. She is survived by her mother Margie Arnest of Coos County Nursing Home in Berlin; two half brothers, Howard Lowman and his wife Marcy of Westford, Mass., and Thomas Lowman of the Philippines; two half sisters, Penny Sue Lowman, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Karen Lowman. Lynn also leaves behind four very special friends, Betsy Steele, Mary White, Sharyl Graham and Diane Bertin.

Lynn will be remembered for her ability to make people laugh, her total dedication to her family, especially her grandchildren, her willingness to lend a listening ear and her love of the ocean, lighthouses, and the state of Maine. She will be greatly missed by all who knew and loved her. Lynn was employed as a personal caretaker for Bishop Robert Hatch and his wife, Helen, of Randolph

This spring, Lynn's ashes will be scattered in the Atlantic Ocean near her beloved Steuben, Maine.



Drawing by Chên Sun Campbell

Rajni Saxena

Rajni Saxena, 65, passed away, surrounded by her immediate family on December 13, 2008, at Beth Israel Deaconess Hospital in Boston, of uterine cancer discovered only two months earlier. Her body was cremated at the Forest Hills Cemetery in Boston after a traditional Hindu ceremony. Her ashes were flown home to India and immersed in the holy waters of the Ganga (Ganges) river in Haridwar, at the foothills of the Himalayas.

Rajni was born May 5, 1943 to Janardhan and Kunti Diesh in New Delhi. She graduated from the Convent of Jesus and Mary in New Delhi, and she completed her Bachelors in Arts in English with Honors from Miranda House College in New Delhi. Her favorite activity was reading, and she was well-versed in English literature, poetry and classical texts – both Western and Indian. When her husband took a sabbatical in 1969 to work at the East-West Center in Hawaii, she taught English at the Sacred Hearts Convent in Honolulu. Thereafter, when her husband studied at Harvard and Columbia Universities in 1970-1971, she worked in Boston and New York. This was the time when she first lived in New England, including a visit to the White Mountains.

She and her husband returned to India in 1971 and as his work took him to a succession of rural communities and major metropolitan cities around the country as well as a two-year stint in Tanzania, she devoted her time and energy to raising their two sons, Samarjit and Sidharth. She enjoyed traveling, music, painting and sketching. But most of all, she enjoyed taking care of her family – she had the rare ability in today's fast paced world to relish frequent, long and lazy conversations about the daily affairs of her family and their friends. Once her sons ventured overseas, she made it a point to visit them in the UK, Europe, the Far East and the United States. Though she was not physically adventurous, she was once observed mounting a camel in order to be closer to her children, who had left for the desert on another camel! She also traveled extensively within India, visiting the game parks, historical sites, and many of the most holy temples and sites. Traveling with her was edifying as she had a deep memory for names and events, and could recount the many stories that surrounded important sites with accuracy and sensitivity.

Having grown up near the Himalayas, she immediately fell for the special charms of Randolph. She especially loved listening to the mellifluous songs of the hermit thrush at dusk as she walked the roads and paths on the hill and in the valley – one of the few places she truly enjoyed walking and outdoor exercise. The pine needles and spruce/fir forests reminded her of the chir and deodar trees she smelled as a child when visiting her grandfather's lodge in Kasauli and Shimla in the Himalayas. She would often remark how the mountains around Randolph had a powerful presence and a mind of their own. Over the years, she made many friends in Randolph and enjoyed being part of the community's activities. She especially loved the flowers, ferns and streams, and many happy moments over the past decade were spent there with members of her family.

Rajni is survived by her husband of 44 years, Sada Shankar Saxena; her sons Samarjit Shankar and wife Tara of Randolph, NH and Arlington, MA, and Sidharth Shankar of Guangxi, China; and her much awaited and beloved granddaughter Uma Devi Grace. She was predeceased by her parents.



Rajni Saxena
Submitted by Samarjit Shankar

Lotusland, Part 2 of 3

By Robert Krusyna, June 4, 2008

Our trip, entitled "Khmer Kingdoms", was intended primarily to visit the ruins of the Khmer civilization which, centered in the Angkor complex in Cambodia, dominated Southeast Asia from about 800 AD to 1400 AD. But it was impossible to separate and isolate it from the historical and current importance of religion, both Hindu and Buddhist. Thus the huge amount of information we received did not form a coherent story; there was no thread, just bits and pieces as unfortunately, is often the case with this article.

The original proto-Khmer civilization was situated in the delta region of the Mekong River (now in Vietnam) as a way-station for sea trade between India and China. Goods were shipped across the Bay of Bengal, carried across the Malay Peninsula to the Gulf of Siam, and put on vessels sailing the South China Sea to ports in southern China, and vice-versa. This route avoided going around via Singapore and the Strait of Malacca, because of the danger of shipwreck in the narrow passage and of pirates. As a result of this trade, the Khmer people were subjected to influences from the more advanced societies of China and in particular, India. In the early centuries AD, Hinduism gradually became the principal religion and Sanskrit the language of the elite. Because their coastal cities were vulnerable to attack and invasion, over time the Khmers moved their capital farther inland, ultimately ending in the heartland north of the Tonle Sap, a huge inland lake of more than 1000 square miles. Here in 600 AD King Jayavarman II declared himself universal monarch and began the development of the stupendous political-religious complex called Angkor. For some 800 years, subsequent rulers added buildings, public works like reservoirs, and shrines which were intended to demonstrate their connection to the divine. In the meantime, they expanded the territory of the Khmer empire to include most of present-day Cambodia, to the south and east parts of Laos and Vietnam, and a considerable area of central Siam (Thailand) to the north. We visited Khmer sites as far afield as Wat Phu on the Mekong near the Thai-Laos border, Phimai in central Thailand, nearly 200 miles from Angkor, and Phnom Rung, on the ancient paved (!) road connecting Phimai to Angkor.

Hinduism is still the major religion of India and is important in other South Asian countries. It spread into Sri Lanka (Ceylon), Myanmar (Burma, in the British corruption of the actual name of the country, "m'yama") and Southeast Asia. Centuries later, Buddhism followed the same path. By western standards, it could hardly be described as a religion at all. It consists of a huge number of beliefs, practices, and sects. It has no creed or hierarchy. Its central tenet is a commitment to an "ideal way of life" (dharma), but even this has many interpretations dependent on one's place in the caste system. Unlike Christianity, which is linear - birth, life, death, afterlife - Hinduism is circular - birth, life, death, rebirth *ad infinitum* - one's soul transmigrates from body to body until it breaks out of the cycle. There are innumerable gods, demy-gods, spirits and demons, all of whom have human characteristics and foibles. Perhaps the closest parallel is the pantheon of gods of ancient Greece. At the top are Brahma, the Creator, Vishnu, the Protector, and Shiva, the Destroyer. Most of the temples we encountered were dedicated to Shiva, probably because he is the one most needing to be placated. He also possesses the most amusing and antic personality; many of the bas-reliefs feature the "Dancing Shiva". In the two great epic poems of Hinduism, the Mahabarata and the Ramayana, the gods interact with humans, taking sides and affecting outcomes. These stories are more similar to Homer's Iliad and Odyssey than to the Bible. It is of interest that Hinduism unabashedly exhibits a strong erotic streak whereas the other major religions of the world actively try to suppress the carnal.

Intolerance is the dark face of Hinduism, mostly as a result of the caste system. There are five principal castes and innumerable sub-castes, which immutably determine one's place in society and what one can do with his life. Mobility doesn't exist. Another aspect of intolerance is the position of women, who are treated as inferior beings, expected to serve their husbands without any independent life. This attitude culminates in the barbaric practice called "suttee", in which a widow is expected to commit suicide on her husband's bier (but not vice-versa!). While no longer universal, suttee is not uncommon even in today's "modern" India, the "world's largest democracy". Hah!

"Lotusland", continued

Back to the Khmer empire. For most of us, the word Angkor means Angkor Wat, which is one of the most stunning sites in the Angkorean region, comprising some 50 or more square miles. The reason these monuments remain is because they are constructed of stone. Many are now overgrown by jungle, sometimes being held together by huge tress and sometimes being destroyed by those very trees. The basic material is laterite, a soft, damp material vaguely resembling peat, but which dries and hardens when exposed to air. The facings are of sandstone, which lends itself to carving. The primary architectural influence comes from Hinduism, although many of the shrines were conceived as Buddhist. Everywhere project towers in an idealized form of the **lotus bud**. The carvings and statues are a hodge-podge of Hindu and Buddhist mythology and theology.

At Angkor Wat, the central shrine represents the Hindu (and Buddhist) cosmos. In the middle, the highest tower symbolizes Mount Meru, the apex of the universe, while the four corner towers are peaks subsidiary to Meru. The outer wall, with many smaller towers, stands for the mountains at the edge of the world and the moat represents the seas beyond. The temple was built around 1150 by Suryavarman II and served as his mausoleum. It was dedicated to the god Vishnu, one of the Hindu trinity, but for the last 600 years has been a Theravada Buddhist shrine. Because it faces west, the ideal time to visit is sunset, when it is suffused with a reddish glow. So Harriet and I hired a rickshaw and did it properly! Another evening we attended a performance of the Royal Cambodian Ballet on the grounds, dancing an episode from the Hindu epic poem The Ramayana. To see this monument is an overwhelming artistic experience, comparable only to perhaps the Taj Mahal, the Athenian Acropolis, or the Registan in Samarkand.

Along with Angkor Wat, the most impressive monument we visited was the Bayon, a Buddhist temple in the center of the walled capital city called Angkor Thom, built around 1200 AD by Jayavarman VII, probably the greatest Khmer king. The most immediately striking feature is the four heads, each facing in a cardinal direction, carved onto the 54 towers of the temple. With their hooded eyebrows and benignly serene smile, they could be taken for images of the Buddha, but scholars agree that they portray the king. Indeed, there are literally hun-

dreds of such faces adorning myriad temples in the region.

However, the exquisite bas-reliefs are the main attraction. They adorn the galleries along the sides of the inner shrine, arranged on three levels, not unlike comic strips. The top tier depicts events in the realm of the gods, the middle historical scenes from the reign of the king, and the bottom scenes from daily life. This last is the only information archeologists have about ordinary life in the Khmer era, as written records are practically nonexistent. Two beautifully carved panels from the middle depict the king leading his troops in battle. In one, he rides an elephant, umbrella over his head, against foes who are probably Chinese because of the type of hat they wear. (We did not ever see an elephant on our trip; they have been rendered obsolete by power machinery.) The other panel shows a naval battle on the Tonle Sap against the Cham people from Vietnam, complete with combatants falling overboard and being devoured by crocodiles. Since the temple faces east, dawn is the best time to visit.

In these lands, the lives of ordinary people are played out along the rivers: the Mekong in Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam, the Mae Nam Chao Phraya and its tributaries in Thailand, and the Irrawaddy in Myanmar. To get a feeling for daily life, we took a number of river cruises. The practices we observed did not differ much from those in the bas-reliefs carved a thousand years ago. Everywhere people live in shanties, which need to be relocated to higher ground during the rainy season when the rivers flood. The "fields", mostly rice paddies, are washed away as well and must be reestablished afterward. Impermanence governs life. Nevertheless, the waterways provide the transportation network as well as fish, the only protein these people ever get.



Angkor Wat showing Lotus Shaped Flowers. Robert Krusyna photo.

3-Day- 60 Mile Walk to Help Fight Breast Cancer

Randolph's Louise Cote, is preparing to walk 60 miles in the 3-day fundraiser sponsored by The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation. This event lasts a full weekend in select cities across the United States. Louise will walk in Boston on July 24 – 26. She was inspired to join this event when her daughter told her about a friend who had breast cancer, but who also had a good chance of survival. "Research makes this possible," Louise said, "I had a friend who was not as lucky and she passed away two years ago. I will be walking in her memory." Louise and her daughter, who lives in southern Massachusetts, have been working hard to follow a training schedule in order to get fit for this 60 mile walk. Anyone interested in learning more about this event may call Louise at 466-2609 or e-mail her at LCOTE@ne.rr.com.

INVITATION TO ALL RANDOLPHIANS

Jackie and Hersh Cross
&
Laurie and Pat Archambault
wish to commemorate the
marriage of their granddaughter

Corinne
to
Bradley Cartwright IV

With a reception at
HIGHACRES
Saturday, July 25, 2009
4pm to 7pm

ALL RANDOLPHIANS ARE INVITED
Please mark your calendars

Historical Prints

By Meg Meiklejohn

In 1962 Peter Perrin generously gave the Randolph Town Library a copy of *Scenery of the White Mountains*, with 16 plates from the drawings of Isaac Sprague and descriptions of the scenes written by William Oakes, published in 1848. Although the book was in poor condition, the plates were mostly undamaged and the library trustees have had seven of them framed. Four scenes of Crawford Notch and three scenes of Franconia Notch have been hung in the White Mountain Room where they are a handsome and appropriate addition to the library's collection of historical material. The remaining nine plates from the book have been matted with the intention of selling them by silent auction at future Annual Book and Bake Sales. Further information will be available in the library.

Note from the editor:

At the Town Meeting on March 10th, the Trustees of the Randolph Town Library presented Meg Meiklejohn with one of these framed and matted prints in recognition of more than 16 years of dedication to the town library. Meg retired as a trustee in March. The Friend's Group also acknowledged Meg's services by presenting her with a Hydrangea plant and at an earlier trustee's meeting; Meg's tenacious efforts were recognized with a plaque dedicating the work room of the library in her name.



Jean Malick presents Meg Mikeljohn with a framed print from the "Oakes" collection. Photo by Angela Brown .

Mount Crescent Trailhead Project Underway

By Doug Mayer and Ben Phinney

For the past two years, members of the Randolph Community Forest Commission, the Randolph Mountain Club, and the Town of Randolph have quietly been laying the groundwork on securing a permanently-protected trailhead, at the end of Randolph Hill Road, for the many trails in the Crescent Range. Thanks to the generosity of Becky Boothman and Wayne Parker, we now have an option for 10 acres of land, which would serve as a perfect location for a trailhead area, including parking and a small, informational kiosk.

The town of Randolph has until the end of December, 2009, to secure funding and exercise the option to buy the land. Realizing that time is of the essence, representatives of the Community Forest Commission, the town, the Randolph Foundation and the Randolph Mountain Club, came together this spring, to develop a strategy. The town needs to raise \$150,000 to cover the appraised value of the land, and complete the simple, rustic parking area and kiosk for hikers, skiers and snowshoers. In order to purchase the land, the first \$105,000 is needed by December 31, 2009.

Much has transpired in just a few short months. An active committee is now hard at work. Members of the committee represent a broad cross-section of the Randolph community, and include a current and past president of the Randolph Mountain Club, members of the Forest Commission, a representative from the Board of Selectmen, and the current president of the Randolph Foundation. The committee roster consists of Ben Phinney, Paula Bradley, Michele Cormier, Dave Govatski, Ken Lee, Cathy MacDowell, Doug Mayer, John Scarinza and David Willcox.

Since its inception, the committee has developed a project budget, a fundraising plan and a timeline for the endeavor. Members of the Randolph Mountain Club, as well as recipients of the Mountain View, received a mailing about the project a few months ago. In conjunction with a successful grant application to the Fields Pond Foundation, over \$40,000 has already been pledged to the project, including a pledge of \$5,000 each from the Randolph Foundation and the Randolph Mountain Club.

Over \$100,000 remains to be raised, however – a heady goal, in this era of economic unraveling. This spring and summer, the committee hopes to secure a number of meaningful gifts from both foundations and private donors. Gifts of cash or securities can be made to the Randolph Mountain Club, the Randolph Foundation, or directly to the Town of Randolph.

When an opportunity presents itself to help preserve part of Randolph's unique outdoors heritage, its residents have consistently shown themselves to be generous with their time and money; the trails clean-up from the devastating 1998 ice storm, the creation of the Randolph Community Forest, and the construction of Stearns Lodge all come to mind. Now, this out-of-doors community is faced with another great opportunity that, if achieved, will help protect our mountain heritage for future generations. .

We look forward to sharing more information on the progress of this project, this summer. Should you have questions about the Mount Crescent Trailhead project, please don't hesitate to contact one of the members of the committee, or committee Chairperson Ben Phinney at Phinney.ben@gmail.com.



View from hillside above the proposed trailhead area.
B. Arnold photo.



“The Sweet Season”

Jeff Parker and Maria Neal pour sap from one of their best trees in front of the sugar house on Randolph Hill. They are the fourth Boothman generation making maple syrup in Randolph. According to Jeff, this tree produced sap containing 11% sugar a few years ago, 1% shy of the state record.

B. Arnold photo.

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