

Neighbors



Sunnier forecasts ahead.

Financial forecasts, too.

This year hasn't gone according to plan, but you can live your best life despite the obstacles. Our *Plan Well*, *Invest Well*, *Live Well* process can help you prepare for the unexpected, and get back on track when it happens.



STRATEGIC WEALTH ADVISORS

Plan Well. Invest Well. Live Well.™

whzwealth.com | (860) 928-2341

697 Pomfret Street, Pomfret Center, CT 06259

Securities and advisory services offered through Commonwealth Financial Network,®
Member FINRA/SIPC, a Registered Investment Adviser.



Turning Over Rocks and Ecological Dice-rolls

By Bob Grindle

Back in July of 2013 a cockatiel flew into our chicken pen. It's a fairly large pen (50'x50') and not covered, so wild birds fly in and out at will to share spilt grain and various vegetable parings with the flock of several breeds of laying hens. Our property is surrounded on three sides by forest—it's somewhat remote...we knew, and still do, most of our neighbors, so it was not likely that one of them lost a pet cockatiel. For all the world it seemed that a fairly tropical, or semi-tropical bird at least, had just flown in from the woods. My wife, Lin, who discovered the visitor when she was out to gather eggs, called me over, "Could you come here for moment?" We both stared...a bit of amazement as well as a lot of questions rattling around. I went into the pen, scooped the bird up—getting bit several times by a very sharp beak—and, despite efforts to find out where the surprise visitor might have come from, we drew dead ends and after more than seven years, Picasso—the founding's name—has become a part of the family.

We all fashion ways, over time, of adapting to the random drop-ins in our lives. Growing up in a large family, my parents—Mom probably more than Dad—modeled a sort of open and welcoming behavior so that all of us seven kids knew that visitors and friends were always welcome to drop in for after school snacks or dinner or what have you, and despite the scarcities that seem synonymous with large working class families, a little food goes a long way when neighborliness sets the table. Neighborliness, like a comforter against a cold draft, a warm cookie just out of the oven, a smile when there is uncertainty in the air...or smiling eyes over a protective mask in this time of partially hidden faces...a hand offered to help shovel snow from the driveway across the street or to clear a tree from a storm-blocked road or maybe simply volunteer to serve or prepare

or transport a meal to someone whose story is not our own: this act of common humanity is, some anthropologists suggest, a part of what has made our species so successful. This ability to adapt to change and to work together to handle life's unexpected blind spots: to extend a hand when more hands are helpful and to curate the moment for the common thread of our shared predicament...where did all the promising qualities of our species go...I'm quite certain they are not gone. There is a moment in Calvin and Hobbes (gracious I do miss that magical comic strip) when the precocious young Calvin observes "we seem to understand the value of oil, timber, minerals and housing, but not the value of unspoiled beauty, wildlife, solitude and spiritual renewal." Dear me, as simple as that.

As I stand here on the edge of a drought-withering field, my own hand raised to sun-shield my eyes while looking up into a sky that is the very definition of "blue," smelling a nearby pond that will begin to stagnate if the rains don't soon return, and reflecting on the smell of smoke that drifts across Rt. 6 near the Atlantic White Cedar Bog of North Windham, I can't help but smile at the ecological dice roll that doesn't give a damn whether we humans understand the natural laws of science and the cosmic indifference to our plight. Again, from Calvin and Hobbes... "We need to start putting prices on the priceless." And speaking of priceless, the skies of October beckon.

This month that begins with the magic of nature's paintbrush gone psychedelic and ends with the spooky magic of carved pumpkin lanterns and shrub-hung ghosts and goblins also begins with the moon shaded landscape of a Harvest Moon on the 1st and ends with a trick or treat nightlight in the Hunter's Moon on the 31st. Not special enough for you? On the absolutely moonless night of October 20th, into the wee hours of pre-dawn on Wednes-

day, the 21st if you look east into the rising Orion, as Earth passes through the leftover debris of a long gone Halley's comet, you will be treated to an aerial sparkler display as the Orionid meteors create their own psychedelic show. But please don't wait just for the big events...with Venus every morning this month, Mars, Saturn and Jupiter every evening and the ever changing Moon, on its multi-billionth cycle, trying its best to get us to pause and look up and find a bit of balance. I turn again to an exchange between Calvin and Hobbes... "If people sat outside and looked at the stars each night, I bet they'd live a lot differently." "How so?," asks Hobbes. "Well, when you look into infinity, you realize there are more important things than what people do all day." So whether you spend your day turning over rocks down by the slowing receding creek, or designing habitats for the space program don't forget to look up. Be well!



With a lifespan that can approach 20 years, Picasso could be with us for a while. Despite not being a fan of caged animals, we opted to keep the him in a 2'x2'x3' cage and he now spends his days out of doors and nights in the house.

Bob Grindle photo.

Bob Grindle is a Windham Hospital Retiree and 2017 ECSU graduate who concentrated in Astronomy.



The Packing House to Reopen 2021

Participate in Our *Virtual* Talent Showcase

Calling all musicians, film makers, poets, comedians, jugglers, puppeteers, and creative artists of all ages!

"A platform for artists to share their talent"

To participate submit your video by **OCTOBER 10th!**

EC-CHAP *Virtual* Talent Showcase

LIVE STREAM

Thursday, October 15th,
7:00pm

(Deadline for video submission:
OCTOBER 10th)

Call For Info. Access Link Available at:
www.thepackinghouse.us/upcoming



WWW.THEPACKINGHOUSE.US

THE PACKING HOUSE | 156 RIVER ROAD, WILLINGTON, CT 06279 | (518)791-9474

On our cover: Mark Mathew Braunstein's 'backyard collage'. Read Mark's article and photo description on page 10.

This is our time on earth.
What are we doing with it?

Neighbors
P.O. Box 430
Ashford, CT 06278
phone: 860-933-3376
email: neighborspaper@yahoo.com
website: neighborspaper.com

Tom King, Editor & Publisher
Dagmar Noll, Calendar Editor
Steve Woron, Mac Guru
Marisa Calvo, Graphic Design

Writers: Delia Berlin, David Corsini, Phoebe Godfrey,
Bob Grindle, John Murphy, Dagmar Noll, Dennis Pierce,
Mark Svetz, P.K. Willey, Steve Woron, Tom Woron,
Loretta Wrobel

The Purpose of Neighbors:

- To encourage reading
- To provide a place where ideas, writing, artwork and photographs of area residents can be shared
- To encourage people to get involved in their communities
- To begin to solve national and global problems on a local basis
- To provide useful information
- To serve the inhabitants and environment of our region

Neighbors is published monthly by Neighborspaper LLC. Thomas A. King, member

Neighborspaper LLC is a member of the Ashford Business Association.

Neighbors is printed by Rare Reminder Inc. in Rocky Hill, Connecticut

Fear As Fuel

By Loretta Wrobel



These are challenging times for everyone as the traumas continue. The year 2020 has been a stressful and scary year with news flashes blaring out the tragedies of the day and stoking the fires of fear in us. The year was partially manageable until March came round. The winds of March blew us away with the pandemic lashing out with a ferocity, striking down everyone in its path with respiratory and digestive issues and high fever, with all too often fatal consequences. Nothing of this dimension had hit America since the early 1900's, when the influenza of 1918 ripped through our population, killing at will and devastating our country.

As we became more cognizant of the brutal reality that COVID was not going away and we had to adjust to this ongoing public health emergency, spring was bursting out in New England. The new growth and colors helped us tackle the tragic loss of jobs, loss of activities, loss of connections, and isolation.

Just as we were gaining on getting more control of our lives-- employing masks, social distancing and hand washing, George Floyd's death at the hand (or knee) of a policeman, sparked a surge of fear, terror, and political action. Black Lives Matter became the rallying cry as all people stood up against racial injustice and discrimination. The reality of how racist we are as a nation led to ongoing riots, more shootings, and a groundswell of support for examining our racist institutions, practices, and unequal treatment of people of color.

Meanwhile, the Democratic candidates were fighting, as the ubiquitous debates continued seemingly without resolution, and all the political fanfare of a presidential campaign descended upon us. This year, billed as a pivotal election year, escalated anxiety and tension. We somehow managed to get through the process, along with the virtual conventions, and now have opposing party nominees inundating the media.

As the summer progressed in Connecticut, we accepted our new protocols and could easily be outside. This became more complicated as summer ended. We struggled and agonized. What do we do with the children? How to keep them safe? Parents worried, teachers feared sickness and compromised learning, and administrators stressed, as they devised all sorts of hybrid, online only, and in-class options, as the cases in our state crept upwards.

At the same time the hurricanes reared their super storm eyes towards our land, causing flooding and damage, loss of lives and homes, and complications due to COVID. Meanwhile in the West, the forest fires were burning, leaving charred earth where homes, businesses, and majestic trees once stood. Fear enveloped us on a daily basis, never letting up.

Now we face the colder weather, which raises dread and terror as to how we halt the virus. The daily

news feeds our tensions and worries, announcing the countdown to the long-awaited presidential election. We are bombarded with the assorted questions and issues regarding absentee ballots, scarcity of poll workers, voter suppression, and interference from other countries, alongside the political rhetoric about the takeover of America by radicals, gangsters, socialists and communists. As we bite harder on our uncared-for nails, we hear of the death of Ruth Bader Ginsberg, (RGB) Supreme Court Justice, an icon for justice and equality.

To add to the chaos and shock, we hear of the swiftness that our leader of the Senate vows to get a vote on RGB's replacement. How much can we absorb as fragile human beings battered by sickness, climate catastrophes, political instability, loss of income, loss of homes, and loss of trust? Where are our leaders?

Following the news of the loss of RGB and feeling burdened by the heaviness around me, I happened across a video by Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (AOC), US Representative from the Bronx. She was responding to the grief, shock, and fear that many of her constituents were experiencing. Spellbound, I listened as this young woman rose to meet the challenge and responded as a concerned leader. She enumerated what people could do--vote, talk to friends and family about the importance of voting, work for candidates they support, and show up for what you believe. AOC spoke of everyone's unique skill. She challenged people to ask themselves what they wanted to give, not inquire as to what they should do. AOC acknowledged her own feelings. She revealed that she was scared every day, but she did not let the fear freeze her. The fear fueled her. Fear has the potential to mobilize your body for fight or flight. She chose to stay and fight, and encouraged us to use the fire of fear to ignite us into constructive action.

AOC did not deny truth. She addressed the traumas of our lives in America in 2020 and went on to give suggestions and direction to those who felt overwhelmed, depressed, and hopeless. A responsible leader pays attention and doesn't distract or try to placate. A leader worth her salt speaks to the issues and doesn't promise pie-in-the-sky myths, and is able to calm down and energize with support, caring, and realistic plans/goals.

I sincerely pray that we elect leaders in this upcoming election in November that do just that. I am not frightened of the truth. I am terrified by what is withheld. I do not want a leader who says all is OK when I clearly know it is not. I want a leader who takes responsibility for their actions. A good leader pays attention and wants what is best for the majority, not what works for them and/or their friends.

Think about what you want in your leaders. Accountability? Do they represent you? Do they listen? Do they show up? Do not let fear and hopelessness freeze you and silence your voice. Voting on election day preserves our democracy. We all need to show up. That is when democracy thrives. Democracy demands participation. Vote, either way, absentee ballot or in person! We the people can awake and walk through our fears, together.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor-

Lisa Thomas, Democratic candidate for Connecticut's 35th State Senate district, is driven to protect all aspects of Eastern Connecticut's environment. During her time living, raising a family, and serving in Coventry, she has been a problem solver who understands the value of Eastern Connecticut's natural resources.

Thomas has already led my hometown of Coventry in efforts to increase alternative energy reliance, as well as aided in halting invasive species overgrowth in Coventry Lake. Exemplifying her pride for environmental justice and critical thinking skills, Thomas holds dearly the creation of the Coventry Lake Advisory and Monitoring Committee, proposed by the Coventry FPSP (Future Problem Solving Program) which she coached. In addition to her work on Coventry Lake, I am so appreciative of Thomas's support for the Last Green Valley which spans a majority of the district. As an avid outdoors explorer, I am proud to support a candidate who has our region's natural rich history and

rural landscape in mind. Her support for this non-profit has helped with land conservation, education, land appreciation, and more!

With Thomas advocating for our region in Hartford, I have no doubt that she will fight for our forests, rivers, and more. It is my hope that others in the district will recognize her passion and how valuable this work is for us, in our rural location with many outdoors loving folks.

Megan Lung, Coventry

To the Editor-

Even before Lisa Thomas announced her campaign for State Senate, I knew she was very invested in our community. She has been a public school teacher for over 35 years, a member of the Coventry Town Council for 11 years, and a member of the Coventry Democratic Town Committee since 2005. Since announcing her candidacy for State Senate, Lisa has proven more than ever before her commitment to showing up when we need her most.

Despite the presence of a global pandemic, Lisa has made it a priority to meet and listen to voters in our district throughout the past few months. She has held virtual events alongside subject matter experts to talk about urgent issues like absentee ballots and school reopening. She has scheduled safe and socially distant meet-and-greet opportunities to connect with voters one-on-one and listen to our questions and concerns. She has also admirably maintained her commitment to supporting our local businesses during what is a very challenging time and encourages others to do the same with regular updates on her campaign's Facebook page (@LisaForEasternCT).

The accessibility, advocacy, and care that Lisa demonstrates is exactly what I am looking for in a State Senator, which is why I know she is the right choice. I will be voting for Lisa Thomas on November 3rd, and I encourage you to do the same.

Lisa Famularo, Vernon

it's a great day for a subway!

3 STORRS LOCATIONS
 125 N Eagleville Road Open till 10PM
 Student Union Food Court temp closed
 Storrs Downtown Open till 10PM
DELIVERY WITH DOOR DASH & HUNGRY BUTTON

DOWNTOWN WILLIMANTIC
 33 HIGH ST Open till 10PM
DELIVERY WITH DOOR DASH

Load our SUBWAY.COM App and order and pay ahead

We're open 7 days a week

LANDON TIRE... DOES MORE THAN JUST TIRES!

We specialize in...

- Brakes • Exhaust • Alignment Shocks
- C.V. Joint & Axles • Struts
- Front End Repair • Under Car Repair and More!

LANDON TIRE
 39 Years of Hometown Service
YOUR INDEPENDENT TIRE DEALER
 Just 2 Miles South of the New Thread City Crossing Bridge on Rt. 32, South Windham
RT. 32, SOUTH WINDHAM 456-0000 Mon.-Fri. 8-5:30; Sat. 8-1:30

SERVING YOU SINCE 1951

Largest Selection of Sewing Machines and Vacuum Cleaners in Eastern CT

Sales • Service • Parts • Accessories

WE TAKE TRADE-INS!

Schillers SINCE 1951
 HOME TO ALL YOUR SEWING & VACUUM NEEDS

1088 Main Street
 Willimantic, CT 06226
 (860) 423-6800
 SchillersOnTheWeb.com

"Expert Repairs on all Makes of Vacuums and Sewing Machines."
 "All Work Guaranteed-Free Estimates!"

TRANSFER YOUR VIDEOS TO DVD

Update your audio to CD, and photos and video

COME AND SEE US!

THE GALLERY RECORDING STUDIO
All Work Done on Premises
 860-528-9009
 TheGalleryAudioVideo.com
 Visit us.
8 Meadow Trail, Coventry
 One block off South Street Behind the convenience store (cow painted on front)

Willimantic, Now and Then:

Rantum Scooting: a great old word and a way of life

By Mark Svetz



Early one recent morning, I sat in the candle-light, thinking and waiting to see if the sun would rise again. I know it always does, but I hate to take it for granted; I like to watch and make sure. It's a great time to think, and on this particular morning I was thinking about rantum scooting.

Years ago, I read a book about whaling out of New Bedford. I can't remember the author or the title, but it was the story of a real-life whaling voyage gone horribly wrong. It was said to be Melville's inspiration for writing *Moby Dick*. Anyway, this book had a reference to rantum scooting. According to the author, this meant sailing where the wind takes you. I think there must have been something nautical about not steering. After all, you always sail where the wind takes you.

I spent the day after I finished that book talking about rantum scooting with my friend Tony Clark while we worked at one thing or another. We both loved the idea of going where the wind might take us. Many of our days were like that. We did odd jobs – quite odd in some cases – and we worked cheap; really, whatever people could afford to pay us was fine. We also led very public lives in Willimantic and people could always find us. This was important when there were no cell phones. So people with emergencies would find us, and our days would experience an unexpected shift in the winds. Rantum scooting sounds much nicer than some other words that have been used to describe us.

When I looked up the word, just to see if I remembered right, I found no reference to sailing. Although all the references seemed to be from places like Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and Block Island, they all called it some kind of journey with no destination in mind. A ramble through the woods, with no path and no destination was the example often given. A 'random scoot' is the way it was put. I like that too; I call it bushwhacking.

My example for rantum scooting will always be those days I worked with Tony. We would meet every morning after breakfast and set out to see what the day had to offer. We'd usually start out with a job in mind. Somebody might have a couch to give away, and we might know another person who needed a couch. But then, on our way to get the couch we'd see a friend leaning out the window

of his truck shouting: "I need a hand this afternoon. About 2:00. I'm at 190 North Street!" And with a wave he would be gone. That's what passed for a job interview in those days.

I remember one day we met downtown and started out for Willimantic Waste Paper Co. with a truck full of scrap iron we had loaded up the night before. We figured we'd get a little cash money and see what our buddy Jim DeVivo had to say. As it happened, Jim had a favor to ask. He had promised to give a friend a flag pole, but never got around to it. He told us where the place was – somewhere near Niantic, I think – and asked could we please put up a flag pole for this guy. Of course we could. Today? No problem. We were natural born rantum scooters.

We went out into Jim's scrap metal pile and found some things to make a dandy flag pole. We got tools and headed for Niantic. I remember that flag pole; it came out great. The next thing I remember, though, was being in a bar with bunch of sailors at closing time, wondering how we were going to manage without each other for the rest of our lives. That was a great bunch of sailors, and that was a great rantum scoot.

One entry I came across mentioned 18th Century Puritanism. It speculated rantum scooting, with its lack of direction and purpose, must have been looked down upon. Twentieth Century Puritanism is nothing to sneeze at. I wouldn't need a job, if I had a nickel for every time somebody yelled "Get a job!" Apparent idleness still seems to rankle some. That was all part of the fun. One time Tony turned and asked: "Would you hire me?" He seemed to really want an answer.

We were the handy-men for a lot of downtown Willimantic in those days. We had a lot of fun doing it, and it all grew from our propensity for rantum scooting. Pulitzer Prize-winning photo-journalist Stan Forman once said the most important thing for a photographer to remember is "f-8 and be there." That was our secret, too: be there, ready to work.

Rantum Scoot is a great word. I love where my mind goes on these dark mornings, with the flickering candle stirring memories. Often those memories are of times I spent rantum scooting with my old friend Tony.

Mark Svetz has been a journalist, activist, teacher and self-appointed knight errant in Willimantic for the last 45 years... and counting! You can read more of Mark's writing at www.WillimanticToday.wordpress.com

UConn Extension Releases Information on Impacts of Trails

By Stacey Stearns

UConn Extension and the National Park Service are pleased to announce the publication of the Impacts of Trails info-sheet series. As communities throughout the U.S. and the world cope with the devastating toll of COVID-19, the pandemic has brought a renewed focus on the importance of local trails.

These one-page color, downloadable resources provide evidence-based information on the impacts of trails on physical and mental health, building community, stimulating economies, and fostering climate resilience. Each includes key data points from existing literature, a case study and a short list of recommendations. Communities highlighted include Meriden, Connecticut, New Haven, Connecticut, Canton, Connecticut, and Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

The health info-sheet includes six major benefits that trails have on promoting health. It recommends that communities animate trails with programs, increase public awareness about trails, and engage people not currently using trails. A case study on the Walk and Talk with a Doc initiative between Get Healthy CT and Yale Medicine in New Haven documents how trails have improved health outcomes for residents.

Trails drive economic development in communities through their positive impact on property values,

expenditures at local businesses, and quality of life, among other attributes. The authors recommend that communities take a systems approach, connect their trails with downtown amenities, and engage and involve anchor institutions and local property owners in trail development. The Farmington Canal Trail in Canton provides further evidence of how the trail increased economic activity in the town.

"Our vision was a trail network that offered something for everyone in the community, from easy walks around Lake Mansfield to a rigorous hike along our piece of the Appalachian Trail," says Christine Ward, Director of the Great Barrington Trails and Greenways in Massachusetts. Trails in any community are catalysts for increasing environmental awareness, creating connections, and strengthening community resilience. Steps to build community with trails include programming, analyzing trail use, and thinking community wide.

Climate change will bring many public health and safety threats to our communities and trails enhance resiliency through mitigation and by providing habitats for plants and wildlife. Trails also help decrease the carbon footprint of residents as more use the trails for travel. Communities enhance resiliency on their trails by making them feel safe and protected, encouraging residents to replace short vehicle trips, and connecting to transportation networks. A case study of Meriden shows how the trails and open space

saved the downtown from flooding.

View all the impact sheets with the full benefits of trails and recommendations for community leaders at <https://ctrailcensus.uconn.edu/trail-impact-series/>.

UConn's College of Agriculture, Health and Natural Resources (CAHNR) Extension has more than 100 years' experience strengthening communities in Connecticut and beyond. Extension programs address the full range of issues set forth in CAHNR's strategic initiatives:

Ensuring a vibrant and sustainable agricultural industry and food supply

Enhancing health and well-being locally, nationally, and globally

Designing sustainable landscapes across urban-rural interfaces

Advancing adaptation and resilience in a changing climate.

Programs delivered by Extension reach individuals, communities, and businesses in each of Connecticut's 169 municipalities.

advertise
in
neighbors
locally written
locally wread

Opinion

Solar energy makes more sense all the time. Why build another gas plant?

By Mark Scully

Connecticut is poised to build one last fossil-fueled power plant, one it doesn't need, doesn't want and one for which a clean, viable alternative exists.

The Killingly Energy Center, a 650-megawatt electricity generating power plant powered by fracked gas, is in the final stages of permitting, with construction slated to start in the third quarter of this year. Yet, Gov. Ned Lamont's Executive Order No. 3, signed in September of last year, aims to put the state on a path to a 100% clean energy grid by 2040; Joe Biden's plan seeks to get there by 2035.

Why are we on track to build a plant that we will have to decommission in 15 to 20 years? Why build generating resources that will be stranded, invariably leaving ratepayers to pay the cost of cleaning up the mess? The answer is complicated, involving permitting and siting decisions made years ago, before these ambitious carbon-free-grid goals were set, at a time when gas-fired plants were believed to be the only alternative.

Recently, though, utilities across the country are finding that the combination of solar power with battery storage not only helps meet their clean energy goals but saves money.

Utilities have long argued that fossil-fuel power plants are necessary because solar power is intermittent. Adding battery storage enables solar to provide on-demand power as effectively as a gas-fired plant, but, historically, the economics didn't pan out. However, falling prices of battery storage have tipped the scales, making combined renewables-plus-storage cost-effective versus gas.

"The declining cost of wind and solar and now batteries makes it conceivable to consider 100% renewables," said Paul Denholm, a principal energy analyst at the National Renewable Energy Laboratory. And according to Julian Spector of Greentech Media, "We're already seeing batteries compete and win against gas plants for this role of on-demand power."

Just last week, Texas-based utility CenterPoint Energy issued a request for proposals for 1,000 megawatts of solar-plus-storage to serve its customers in Indiana, replacing power from shuttered coal plants. CenterPoint is committed to replacing coal with renewables, not fossil gas.

Another gas-fired power plant will saddle Connecticut not only with higher costs but also serious health side-effects. Fossil gas emits significantly less carbon dioxide than coal when it is combusted, but smokestack emissions do not tell the full story. Over its lifecycle, the climate impact of gas is actually far worse than that of coal. The drilling, fracking and transportation of gas results in so-called "fugitive" emissions of methane, a primary component of fossil gas that is 86 times stronger than carbon dioxide at trapping heat over a 20-year period.

If we eventually plan to reduce harmful emissions, we cannot afford to add significantly to the problem in the meantime. As the Congressman Bill Brock said in 1983, "Let me tell you about the law of holes: If you find yourself in a hole, stop digging."

The onset of the coronavirus has fundamentally altered the energy industry. As oil, gas and coal companies struggle financially, analysts expect the renewable sector to continue to grow. More importantly, the coronavirus pandemic has also reminded us of our collective capacity to make change when the political will exists. Under Gov. Lamont's skilled leadership, Connecticut has responded vigorously to a health crisis bringing a deadly virus under control. Now it is time to bring this sense of urgency to addressing the climate crisis.

Before the Killingly Energy Center reaches the point of no return, the state must commission a study of the alternatives. Solar-plus-storage is competing and winning against gas-fired power elsewhere in the country. We owe it to ourselves to see if it could win here too. Building another fossil fuel plant, knowing all the while that a cleaner, cheaper alternative existed, would be a tragic mistake. Future generations will take us to task.

Mark Scully is President of the CT-based non-profit People's Action for Clean Energy.

ED. note: This article first appeared in The Hartford Courant on September 4, 2020.

CT Green Energy News

Submitted by Peter Millman

Welcome to the CT Green Energy News, a weekly digest of stories that has been condensed into a monthly format for *Neighbors* readers. To read the full stories online, just Google the titles below. You can also subscribe to the free weekly email newsletter by contacting Peter Millman at peter.millman7@gmail.com.

News and events for advocates of clean energy, energy efficiency, and climate action at the state and local levels, focusing on Connecticut. Brought to you by People's Action for Clean Energy (PACE) and Eastern CT Green Action (ECGA)

Solar energy makes more sense all the time. Why build another gas plant?

Hartford Courant. "Connecticut is poised to build one last fossil-fueled power plant, one it doesn't need, doesn't want and one for which a clean, viable alternative exists...Before the Killingly Energy Center reaches the point of no return, the state must commission a study of the alternatives. Solar-plus-storage is competing and winning against gas-fired power elsewhere in the country. We owe it to ourselves to see if it could win here too. Building another fossil fuel plant, knowing all the while that a cleaner, cheaper alternative existed, would be a tragic mistake. Future generations will take us to task."



Where Should I Buy an EV?

EV Club of CT. "It has been well documented, in the NY Times, in 2 Sierra Club shopper studies, and other reporting, that many dealers are indifferent or even hostile to EVs. But there are some dealerships that make an effort to sell EVs. To help guide consumers interested in non-Tesla EVs, we obtained ...the number of rebates by dealership from the [CHEAPR] program's inception in 2015 through August 11, 2020."

A new voice at PURA at a pivotal time in energy oversight

CT Mirror. "My understanding of why the governor recruited me to Connecticut was to tackle a number of challenges with the energy landscape in Connecticut, including the need to modernize the grid," [Marissa Gillett] said. "I don't think Connecticut is unique in this. Most of New England's infrastructure, if not the whole country, is in desperate need of modernizing."

Connecticut's first 'net-zero' schools, tapping solar and geothermal energy, to be built in Manchester and

Mansfield

Hartford Courant. "Five years from now, net zero is going to be standard language in every (request for proposal)," TSKP partner Randall Luther said. "We've always been known for straightforward, compact, efficient buildings, and net zero is single-mindedly focused on getting your energy usage down and your carbon usage down."

Break up Eversource? Or just closely regulate?

CT Mirror. "I think the time for tinkering is over," said Blumenthal, the first witness Monday before the Public Utilities Regulatory Authority. "We need to think big about becoming smaller, more responsive and smarter about the way we do public utilities and deliver power." Plus: Just hours before Tropical Storm Isaias hit, Eversource received a dramatically different prediction from forecasters at UConn, warning of substantial outages

Streetlight Conversion Project Begins In Middletown

Patch. "The project will result in significant energy cost savings, estimated at over \$200,000 per year, with additional savings through reduced maintenance costs associated with this type of energy-efficient lighting."

CT keeps losing power when storms strike. But that doesn't have to happen.

CT Mirror. "Utilities do what they're allowed to do. If you want to do things differently – then you have to change the regulatory environment...That means providing the right incentives, creating avenues to make longer term investments, and thinking about customer service differently...Regulators have to catch up. The utilities probably have to take a pretty long hard look in the mirror and say 'OK, how can we do this better; how can we be better prepared?' There's a role for climate and clean energy advocates, legislators."



Connecticut Green Bank has open request for proposals to support clean energy investment

Solar Builder. "Through its open request for proposals for Green Bank Capital Solutions, the Connecticut Green Bank plans to further catalyze the green energy economy in Connecticut by providing access by project developers and others to capital. Projects financed through the request for proposals would either not happen or be realized at a much slower pace or with less impact without the Green Bank's participation."

Common Sense Car Care

By Rick Ostien

This month I wanted to talk about tires. The seasons are changing and soon so will the road conditions. Don't have this secure feeling just because your vehicle is AWD (all wheel drive) or it's new enough to have all the drivability controls. The type of tire you have between you and the road plays a major part of your ability to drive safely in inclement weather.

The first type of tire that is very common and found on light trucks are standard load rated. The tire pattern will be "All Season" or "All

Terrain." These tires have different manufacturer specifications for dry and wet road surfaces, rain, ice, and snow. When you purchase new tires be sure to check the tire rating and not just the price. You want to be sure the tire you buy will provide the performance that fits your needs.

The common type of tire on your average car has an "All Season"

rating. These tires like the tires used on light trucks have different manufacturer specifications for dry and wet roads, rain, ice and snow. When you purchase new tires for your car be sure to check the tire rating and that it fits your needs. Again, don't be swayed by the price. The tire manufacturers also

offer a mild snow tire. The problem is that this tire has a bold pattern and that can really affect the fuel mileage of the vehicle.

The heavier truck tire comes in 6, 8, 10, and 12 ply ratings. This allows the tire to sustain heavier payloads and last longer.

The rubber compound also plays a part on the wear or the mile-

age you get out of a tire. The letter on your tires states the performance and wear of the tire. The T rated tire will have a high mileage rating, whereas, the V rated tire is a high-performance tire with low mileage wear. There are ratings in between T and V. The T rated tire will ride harder so you have to decide if high mileage is what you desire or you may want a softer smoother ride like an H rated tire.

Be sure you do your homework and ask questions when buying a set of tires for your car or truck. There are options out there and you need to be certain that what you buy will fit your needs and keep you safe. Your tires are the only thing between your car and the road. It is important to be informed so you can choose wisely.

Rick Ostien is the owner of Franc Motors in Willington.



HOLIDAY SPIRITS

Liquor • Beer • Wine • Lotto

HOLIDAY MALL

1733 Storrs Road
Storrs, CT 06268

860-429-7786

Visit us on Facebook

HST

Home Selling Team

HST

452 Storrs Road, Mansfield
860-456-SOLD (7653)
info@homesellingteam.com
homesellingteam.com

SENIOR HOUSING

NOW TAKING APPLICATIONS

Willington Woods

25 Senior Way – Willington, CT 06279

Applicants must be 62 or older and not to have income greater than income limits annually established by HUD

CURRENT INCOME LIMITS: One Person: \$33,900
Two Person: \$38,750

For more information call 860-429-8777
and for more information and application process visit us at
www.willingtonwoods.org



SUBSIDIZED HOUSING

CAD Marshall Framing

Professional Custom Picture Framing

Mounted posters are BOGO free.

Find unique items for holiday gift giving.

Receive an Art Magazine free with any purchase.

Grab bags with a surprise for you.

Tues. - Fri. 10-5:30 / Saturday 10-4
(860) 617-5422

34 North Street - Willimantic, CT

[CADMarshallframing](http://CADMarshallframing.com)

From the Ground Up - Buying Local in Connecticut

The Beauty of Autumn and Local Orchards

By C. Dennis Pierce

I like Autumn, but it still bewilders me. Let me explain. How come I never see an ad in the help wanted section that lists, "Leaf Painters Wanted"? Who are those guys that come out under the cover of darkness and paint the leaves on the trees in my backyard? Talk about amazing painters not only are they quick, but their pallet of colors is amazing and the detail work is spectacular. Not only are they quick but ...can you believe it...they paint both sides of each leaf without dropping a drip on the ground. Truly amazing. I will be forever be baffled, but also be thankful for the artistry they provide.

What does Autumn mean to you? Raking leaves? Starting to think about cleaning up the garden. Note I said, "starting to think about it", not actually do it. Is it the geese reminding you that you just tore yourself from the last grip of summer? Maybe it is the first sniff of wood burning from your neighbors' chimney. Yup, its that time to pack away the summer clothes, pull out the sweaters and search for that extra blanket, just in case. Or maybe you are like me, and the animal instincts kick in, it's time to stock up and you head to a local orchard to pick up apples or peaches as you savor the seasonal offerings of the Quiet Corner. So far, I have journeyed through the winding roads of Eastford already making two trips to buy apples and peaches. As I recall it was just like one of those car commercials for the newest model. The winding turns in the road ahead, the trees all in color and leaves on the ground scattered as they run for their lives.

Local peaches in season are what defines an amazing peach. Stay away from the off season imported peaches that pretty much taste like the box they were delivered in. Since there is still several weeks left in the growing season why not head out of your "quarantined" life and visit a "pick your own" orchard or farm. Get out and smell the fall smells that linger in the fields and back roads of Connecticut. If you are looking for some ideas try some of the following:

JOHNNY APPLESEED'S FARM
13 Schoolhouse Road
Ellington, CT 06029
860-875-1000

PYO peaches and apples from dwarf trees. Fresh produce at our stands at 185 West Road (Rte. 83) in Ellington and 244 Hartford Turnpike (Rte. 30) in Tolland.

WRIGHT'S ORCHARD & DRIED FLOWER FARM
271 South River Road
Tolland, CT 06084
860-872-1665

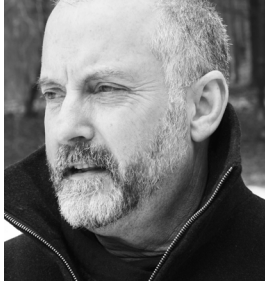
PYO apples and pumpkins. Also available in our farm stand are blueberries, blackberries, tomatoes, mums, pies, veggies and more. Visit our 19th Century dried flower barn and gift barn. Open daily late July-Dec 24.

18TH CENTURY PURITY FARMS AT THE HALL HOMESTEAD
701 Squaw Rock Road
Moosup, CT 06354
860-564-8733

PYO apples grown with organic methods (not certified). Many heirloom apples available. Pet friendly. Saturdays, 1pm-6pm, for the months of September through November.

BUELL'S ORCHARD
108 Crystal Pond Road
Eastford, CT 06242
860-974-1150
information@buellosorchard.com

PYO apples, peaches, blueberries, strawberries, pumpkins. Our own apple cider and apple donuts. Fresh vegetables. Seasonal hours - please check their website for details.



CREAMERY BROOK BISON

19 Purvis Road
Brooklyn, CT 06234
860-779-0837

Public wagon rides to see the bison. Pick and decorate your own pumpkin. \$10/person. Open 2pm the following weekends in October for Public Tours: October 22, 23, 29, 30, 2016.

HORSE LISTENERS ORCHARD

317 Bebbington Road
Ashford, CT 06278
860-429-5336

This orchard is on 153 acres in Ashford & offers many activities Aug-Dec including hayrides, pony rides, & tours.

RASPBERRY KNOLL FARM

163 North Windham Road
North Windham, CT 06256

860-786-7486
info@raspberrynoll.com
PYO raspberries, blueberries. Cut-your-own flowers/herbs. Containers supplied. At farm stand: vegetables, raspberries, blueberries, strawberries, blackberries, herbs, variety of berry jams, fresh and dried flowers. Call or check website/Facebook page for days and hours.



Sean and Kira Coveney from Norwood Mass picking apples at Buell's Orchard.
Dennis Pierce photo.

the sugars to fully develop. Peaches should be slightly firm to the touch, with a light floral scent. For the following recipe use peaches that are firm so they do not fall apart as you prepare them. These caramelized peaches can be used in sweet and savory dishes alike. They can be served as a salad or on a bed of greens or a topping for ice cream, pancakes or French toast.

Caramelized Peaches

Ingredients:
4 large firm – ripe peaches
1 cup of port (you can also substitute cranberry juice, just make sure it is 100%)
½ cup of sugar
4 cardamom pods or ¼ of a teaspoon of ground cardamom
1 cinnamon stick or ½ of a teaspoon of ground cinnamon
1 whole vanilla bean split lengthwise or 1 tablespoon of vanilla extract

Directions:
Cut the peaches in half, remove the stones
Slice each half into quarters
In a medium saucepan over medium heat combine the port (cranberry juice), sugar, cardamom, cinnamon and vanilla. Bring to a boil
Reduce the heat and continue to cook until the mixture is somewhat syrupy.
Add the peaches and stir to coat.
Cook 3 to 4 minutes gently stirring so not to break up the peaches.
If you are using whole spices discard the pieces
Serves the peaches warm or cold.

As I reflect on the last six months, I noticed how my life has changed. I find that I have purposely slowed down but I also am more reflective of my past life and what the upcoming years will bring. My parents experienced the depression and that played a significant part in the way I was brought up. I find myself more appreciative, more forgiving. Life is way too short to let it pass you by. Take care of yourself, be careful and mask up to protect not only yourself but also your loved ones. To leave on a brighter note here is a seasonal question. What do trees do in Autumn? They take a Leaf of absence....

Stay safe. If you have a suggestion for a farm or a local grower or even a recipe that would feature a local ingredient, please let me know. I will do my best to share your suggestions in a future column. Drop me a line at Codfish53@Yahoo.com. Peas be with you...

Lyman Allyn Art Museum Installs Portrait of Ruth Bader Ginsburg

Submitted by Rebecca Dawson, Director of Communications

New London – To honor and commemorate the life and accomplishments of U.S. Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg (1933-2020), the Lyman Allyn Art Museum has just installed a large-scale portrait of Ginsburg by artist Jac Lahav, which will be on view through October 18, 2020. Admission to the museum is free to all through the end of September.

Justice Ginsburg served on the U.S. Supreme Court from 1993 until her recent death on September 18, 2020 due to complications from metastatic pancreatic cancer. The second woman justice on the Supreme Court after Sandra Day O'Connor, Ginsburg worked as an advocate for gender equality and women's rights over the course of her long and remarkable career. She struggled against gender and religious discrimination, excelling as a law student and then as a professor, teaching law at Rutgers and Columbia before being appointed to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia in 1980. From there she was appointed to the Supreme Court in 1993, where she served with distinction for 27 years.

Artist Jac Lahav, who currently lives in Lyme, Connecticut, first painted Ruth Bader Ginsburg as part of his series 48 Jews, which was exhibited at the Jewish Museum in 2008. The portrait of Ginsburg currently on view at the Lyman Allyn is part of Lahav's series The Great Americans (2010-Present), which includes over 32 life-sized portraits (80" x 32" each). The series weaves a story about the history of portrait painting in the age of the internet, exploring questions of image, representation, celebrity, and achievement.

In this portrait, Lahav painted Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg from a widely known photograph, rendering her familiar face and gaze with precision. She wears one of her signature collars, but instead of traditional black judicial robes, Lahav imagines her in a dynamic pantsuit with a bright shirt beneath. Made of splotches of different colored paint, the shirt suggests an artist's palette and the raw materials at the heart of painting. On the ground below, the artist reproduces a figure of Justice from a painting by Raphael, a triangular element that adds a diagonal thrust to the vertical canvas. Lahav altered and added to the Renaissance painting, drawing parallels between past and present notions of justice. Lahav has exhibited The Great Americans in four solo museum exhibitions, most recently at the Florence Griswold Museum in 2019, where this portrait of Justice Ginsburg was exhibited alongside a related portrait of Justice O'Connor.

For more information, please contact Rebecca Dawson by email at dawson@lymanallyn.org.

About the Lyman Allyn Art Museum

The Lyman Allyn Art Museum welcomes visitors from New London, southeastern Connecticut and all over the world. Established in 1926 by a gift from Harriet Allyn in memory of her seafaring father, the Museum opened the doors of its beautiful neo-classical building surrounded by 12 acres of green space in 1932.

The museum is located at 625 Williams Street, New London, Connecticut, exit 83 off I-95. The museum is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10:00 am - 5:00 pm, Sundays 1:00 - 5:00 pm; closed Mondays and major holidays. The Lyman Allyn will be open for free through the end of September. For more information call 860.443.2545, ext. 2129 or visit us on Facebook or the web at: www.lymanallyn.org.



Jac Lahav (American, born Israel, 1977) *Justice, Ruth Bader Ginsburg*, 2018, oil on canvas, 80" x 32", on loan from the artist.

Unsung Heroes of Soul:

Bettye LaVette

By Dean Farrell

As host of “The Soul Express” on WECS, 90.1-FM, I play the biggest names in 1960s and ‘70s-era soul music. I also mix in the many great soul artists who did not make it big but were no less talented. This month’s column is about one such act: Bettye LaVette, who wallowed in obscurity for 40 years until her career finally took off in the 2000s.

She was born Betty Jo Haskins on January 29, 1946, and grew up in Detroit. From a young age, Bettye sang along with Rhythm & Blues and Country music from a jukebox for the drunken revelers that came to buy corn liquor and barbecue sandwiches. (Her family earned extra money by transforming their living room into a juke joint.) She became pregnant at 14 but left the baby’s care to her mother and sister while she pursued a singing career.

At age 16, Bettye recorded “My Man—He’s a Lovin’ Man” for Atlantic. It shot up the R&B chart, going top ten at the beginning of 1963. However, after her second record flopped, in what she called “the biggest mistake of my career,” LaVette asked Atlantic to release her from her contract. By 1965, she was living in New York, where she recorded for Calla. That spring, “Let Me Down Easy” became her second single to reach the R&B top 20. It also earned LaVette a touring gig with the James Brown Revue.

After a number of unsuccessful follow-up singles on Calla, Bettye recorded (with no further success) for the Detroit-based Karen and Big Wheel labels. In 1969, she signed with Silver Fox Records and managed a pair of top 40 R&B hits, “He Made a Woman Out of Me” and “Do Your Duty.” Enough material was recorded for an album on Silver Fox, but the LP was never released. By 1972, LaVette was back on Atlantic, for whose Atco subsidiary she recorded the album “Child of the Seventies.” But it, too, was never released.

LaVette’s 1975 single on Epic, “Thank You for Loving Me,” grazed the R&B chart at #94. Three years later, she recorded “Doin’ the Best That I Can” for the West End label. A two-part dance number, it was a big hit on the Disco scene. After that, she temporarily gave up recording for a gig in the touring company of the hit Broadway show, “Bubbling Brown Sugar.” By 1982, LaVette was on Motown, which released her debut album, “Tell Me a Lie.”

Nineteen-Ninety saw the release of LaVette’s second album, “Not Gonna Happen Twice,” on the British label, Motor City. Also that year, the UK-based reissue label, Charly, put out a CD compilation on her, “Nearer to You: The SSS Recordings,” which included previously unissued material.

In 1999, Gilles Petard, a French soul-music enthusiast, licensed “Child of the Seventies” from Atlantic and released it the following year as “Souvenirs” on his Art and Soul label. Meanwhile, the Holland-based Munich label released “Let Me Down Easy—Live in Concert.” In 2002, LaVette signed with International Booking Agency, Rosebud. The following year, she signed with the Blues Express label and recorded her first album in 13 years, “A Woman Like Me.” It won a W.C. Handy Award and ignited the second phase of LaVette’s career, which has included the following:

- In 2005, signing a three-album deal with ANTI- Records;
- A 2008 appearance at the Kennedy Center Honors;
- A 2009 performance at “We Are One: The Obama Inaugural Celebration at the Lincoln Memorial”;
- A 2009 appearance with Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr at Radio City Music Hall;
- Numerous guest spots on National Public Radio;
- TV appearances with David Letterman, Conan O’Brien, Craig Ferguson, and Jay Leno, not to mention “Austin City Limits,” “The Today Show,” and “Good Morning America”;

Our Community Calendar

Compiled By Dagmar Noll

Ed. note: Our calendar starts here and winds its way through the paper.

October 3, Saturday

Community Food: Willimantic Farmer’s Market, 8:00a.m. - 12:00p.m. Produce, plants, maple syrup, and herbal products. Please wear masks and social distance. Jillson Square, Willimantic. Info: willimanticfarmersmarket.org
Live Music: Get Out to Vote Music by DJ Dave, 12:00pm - 4:00pm. Includes live music, mask requirement and social distancing measures. Sponsored by the Windham/Willimantic NAACP on Jillson Square, Willimantic.

History: Nightmare on Main – Monsters – beware!, tours from 7pm-9:30pm. \$15. American Thread Building,



- Serving on the judging panels of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh Independent Music Awards; and
 - A performance of Aretha Franklin’s “Ain’t No Way” at a 2017 benefit concert at Carnegie Hall celebrating the Queen of Soul, who LaVette had known since 1962.

In 2003, Betty LaVette married Kevin Kiley, a record and antiques dealer who also sings and plays music. They live in Orange, New Jersey.

In 2012, she published her autobiography, “A Woman Like Me.” In it, LaVette was brutally honest about her perceived mistakes, the music business, and the people she has encountered (among other topics).

To date, Bettye LaVette has received the following awards and nominations:

- W.C. Handy Award, Comeback Blues Album of the Year (“A Woman Like Me”), 2004
- Rhythm & Blues Foundation’s Pioneer Award, 2006
- Grammy nomination, Best Contemporary Blues Album (“The Scene of the Crime”), 2007
- Blues Music Award, Best Contemporary Female Blues Singer, 2008
- Grammy nomination, Best Contemporary Blues Album (“Interpretations: The British Rock Songbook”), 2011
- Blues Music Award nominations, Contemporary Blues Female Artist, 2013 and 2014
- Grammy nomination, Best Blues Album (“Worthy”), 2016
- Blues Music Award, Soul Blues Female Artist of the Year, 2016
- Inducted into the Detroit Rhythm & Blues Hall of Fame, 2016
- Unsung Award from the National Rhythm & Blues Music Society, 2016
- Inducted into the Michigan Rock and Roll Legends Hall of Fame, 2018
- Grammy nomination, Best Americana Album (“Things Have Changed”), 2019
- Grammy nomination, Best Traditional R&B Performance (“Don’t Fall Apart on Me Tonight”), 2019
- Blues Music Award, Soul Blues Female Artist of the Year, 2020
- Inducted into the Blues Hall of Fame, 2020.

No longer an unsung hero of soul, Bettye LaVette has finally gained the recognition she deserves.

Charted singles:

- “My Man—He’s a Lovin’ Man” (as Betty LaVett, 1962-63) R&B #7, Pop #101
- “Let Me Down Easy” (1965) R&B #20, Pop #103
- “He Made a Woman Out of Me” (1969) R&B #25
- “Do Your Duty” (1970) R&B #38
- “Thank You For Loving Me” (1975) R&B #94
- “Right in the Middle (Of Falling in Love)” (1982) R&B #35, Pop #103

Windham Mills, 322 Main Street, Willimantic. Group size up to 8. Masks and social distancing required. Info and reservations: Windham Textile & History Museum, 860-456-2178 www.millmuseum.org

October 4, Sunday

Community Food: Ashford Farmer’s Market, 10:00a.m. - 1:00p.m. Seasonal produce, fruits, cheese, meat, syrups, honey, baked goods. Please wear masks and practice social distancing. Pompey Hollow, Rt 44 across the street from Town Hall. Info: Loretta, birdeye123@charter.net

History: Nightmare on Main – Monsters – beware!, tours from 2pm-4:30pm (see 10/3)

Live Music: Kerri Powers & Ramblin’ Dan Stevens, 4:00pm. \$20. Reservation required. Attendees must come in cars, and may bring chairs to use in their designated area. Shaboo Stage, Jillson Square, Willimantic. Reserve your spot at www.breadboxfolk.org Info: 860-429-4220



Franc
MOTORS INC.

ROUTE 32
WILLINGTON

(860) 429-2614 • www.francmotorsinc.com

Franc Motors is a general automotive repair facility servicing cars, trucks, trailers and RV’s
 We offer medium & light, and heavy duty towing and recover.
 Road Service is available.

Open Monday-Friday
8:00am-6:00pm



SNOWPLOW
SALES
SERVICE

Lettering & Graphics

Banners • Magnetics • Decals
 Full Color Photo Signs, Carved, Electric & Neon
 Signs for Real Estate, Trade Shows, Site Signs, Window Lettering
 Cars • Vans • Trucks • Motorcycles • Boats

Signs Plus
OF WILLIMANTIC, LLC

Ph: 860.423.3048
 Fax: 860.456.3003
 700 Rear Main St.
 Willimantic

Noah King, Realtor, ABR, SRS, SFR

Find Out What Your Home is Worth Today!



Contact me for a free, no obligation market analysis of your home.

The “King” in Real Estate



Ashford native and resident for 30 years

noah@homesellingteam.com

860-933-3432

860-450-8134

Ashford Farmers Market



Our 14th Season!

Sundays 10am-1pm through October

Guest Vendors

Pompey Hollow Park

Route 44 Ashford across from Town Hall

Enjoy fresh Connecticut grown products

Meet your local farmers

Where in the World is David Corsini?

By Delia Berlin

Spoiler alert! For the benefit of those who, like me, can't stand suspense, I will start by saying that David is alive and well. Those who have followed his Neighbors stories for years have probably missed them and, naturally, given the pomp and circumstance that surrounded his 80th birthday, may be starting to wonder if something ominous has happened to him. Fortunately, I can put those thoughts at ease.

David moves around very fast for a man his age. My granddaughter and I refer to him as "el hombre invisible" due to our frequent experiences looking for him everywhere, with limited success. Like with a cute Schrödinger's cat, it seems to be impossible to know both his position and state at the same time. For the time being, let it suffice that he is not very far and he is reasonably well.

The truth is that the pandemic has taken a toll on all of us. No matter how stable our lives may have been and how positive our predispositions, each and every one of us has lost something. And in David's case, that seems to include his inspiration. It's easy to imagine how that could happen to an artist, at a time when shows and open studio tours are cancelled and supply sources (for him, mainly the flea market) are closed to in-person browsing. He still has managed to place several more installations around town, but has not felt motivated to spend much time at his studio during the last few months.

With respect to his writing, David also has felt uninterested in hitting the keyboard. I miss his stories too, so I've tried to persuade him to write again, if nothing else to fulfill a responsibility to his loyal readers. It seems to me that even a single short story explaining his sudden "leave" from writing would be appreciated by many who were left wondering. But I have failed in my attempts, so here I am.

I have to confess that I understand and often share David's general feeling of creative apathy. Looking for the bright spots in our lives (which undoubtedly are many) to counter the grimness of the pandemic and its social context can be exhausting. We depend on each other for uplifting, but empathizing and cheering someone up may appear to be mutually exclusive at times. Feelings have to be affirmed and validated for someone to be truly heard. Yet, agreeing that things really suck and then some, may not help anyone feel much better.

To make matters worse, David has been having extremely annoying problems with his ears. Since this is not medically serious or life-threatening, it may seem petty to complain much about it. But I am witness to the terrible consequences that these issues are causing. As this affects his hearing, the drop in his quality of life can be deep. As I write this, I can only hope for resolution in the near future, but we have no certainty about that outcome yet.

David had been swimming daily for decades, but during the strictest period of our lockdown all pools were closed and he was forced to interrupt this activity. Then, at the start of summer, the pool at the Mansfield Community Center opened, with many precautions and restrictions in place. The number of patrons allowed to swim at once is limited, so everyone must sign up online. There are time limits, as well as strict rules for social distancing, and the main locker rooms are out of bounds. But at least David could resume this habit, which allows him to manage a serious case of spinal stenosis without pain medications or surgery.

Unfortunately, just a month or two into his renewed routine, David got what appeared to be a simple case of swimmer's ear. A first course of drops didn't help. A second type of drops was ordered and his infection appeared to lift. But then it returned two days after completing the ten-day course of the medication and also, it expanded to his other ear. Soon, his doctor judged that the infection was gone, but he had developed eczema, so David started a course of steroid drops. In just a few days, his condition worsened, so he was switched back to his last antibiotic drops, but this time without results. Appointments



have included vacuuming and cleansing of his ear canals, gentian blue tincture treatments, cultures, and prescription of yet a fourth medication that we are now using, with still unanswered hope.

All this may sound like a low-level annoyance, but it is compounded by the fact that David wears hearing aids and is highly dependent on them. His ear issues and treatments mean that he has inflamed and wet ear canals that complicate hearing aid use. Since his phone streams sound to his hearing aids via blue tooth, even phone calls become difficult in these conditions.

Take a hearing-impaired man, add five drops of medication into each ear and cover both of them with cotton: you have made this man stone-deaf. Even when he can resume wearing his hearing aids, they don't work well in these circumstances. Lip reading is not an option, since everyone wears a mask. So, this minor health issue is really turning David's life upside down.

Now take away his swimming to protect his ears from further exposure, and you can see that this gets tough. I tell him to be patient and hopeful, but also know that I wouldn't fare very well in his shoes.

So far, David has managed to continue swimming, maintaining his head above water and plugging his ears, for good measure. But these modifications take away some of the therapeutic value of his swim. Part of me stays full of realistic hope: a simple case of swimmer's ear is nothing to fret about and this will be over soon. But another part does fret. It seems that once we reach certain age, it doesn't take much to send us into a downward spiral of decline. Similarly, it doesn't take much to get me to worry, so I find myself zigzagging between positivity and

heightened concern.

David confesses that he suddenly feels old. I try to convince him that feeling suddenly old at 80 is indeed a lucky strike. He acknowledges that, but it doesn't help him feel any better now. It doesn't help me feel any better either. In fact, it makes me feel like an aging and completely ineffective inspirational muse. From muse to nurse, he remarks with a smirk. Not so fast.

Over time, David enjoyed many nature traveling adventures. Had he planned any more for the near future, the pandemic probably would have derailed his plans. But one day, hopefully, the pandemic will come to an end, yet David is mournfully accepting that his travel adventures may too. Not only does his hearing trouble make him feel vulnerable and dependent, but he also lacks confidence in his strength and stamina for many of the nature activities that he used to love.

Although today I feel hopeful that this latest setback will resolve and we'll get back on track with our lives, I also acknowledge that we had a great run and nothing lasts forever. Sooner or later, if we are lucky enough to get old, we are forced to accept that aging has consequences. Perhaps, this is just a transitional loss and David will emerge from it writing, once again. But right now, I have no idea where he is. And I must start looking for him because, if I simply call him, he won't hear me.

Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation (Online), 6:30p.m. - 8:00p.m. Non-sectarian, Buddhist-style sitting meditation, teaching and sharing. Info: 860-450-1464 dmangum617@gmail.com

October 9, Friday

History: Nightmare on Main – Monsters – beware!, tours from 7pm-9:30pm (see 10/3)

October 10, Saturday

Community Food: Willimantic Farmer's Market, 8:00a.m. - 12:00p.m. (See 10/3)
History: Nightmare on Main – Monsters – beware!, tours from 7pm-9:30pm (see 10/3)

October 11, Sunday

Community Food: Ashford Farmer's Market, 10:00a.m. - 1:00p.m. (See 10/4)

Live Music: The James Montgomery Band and Jake Kulak & the Lowdown, 4:00pm. \$25. Reservation required. Attendees must come in cars, and may bring chairs to use in their designated area. Shaboo Stage, Jillson Square, Willimantic. Reserve your spot at www.breadboxfolk.org Info: 860-429-4220



David Corsini sighting.

Delia Berlin photo.

WOW!

By Bill Powers

The Goodwin Conservation Center in Hampton has recently begun a series of webinars (seminars that are held over the web) that are being developed by Goodwin's new resident naturalist, Meaghan Rondeau. Goodwin has always been a great place to learn about conservation and the environment. For decades, folks have been able to attend programs inside the center's classroom and out of doors including walks on the trails and activities at Pine Acres Lake. Unfortunately, during this time of pandemic such in person-to-person activities have, out of necessity, been curtailed; therefore, your desire to learn about the wonders of the natural world by all age groups continues through virtual communication.

The first webinar in the series, "Understanding Wildlife Behavior" was presented at the end of August of this year. As a participant, I found the program to be fascinating and engrossing. Meg introduced concepts in behavioral ecology including current understandings of instinctual and learned wildlife behaviors. She gave many examples and tales from the field, not only new developments in our knowledge of animal cognition, but also information about the wildlife we coexist with in Connecticut and beyond. The visual images included a large number of photos and some short video clips. This, coupled with Meg's interesting commentary, made for an hour of learning that was exciting, inspirational and informative.

Meg is a 2019 graduate of Stony Brook University where she majored in Biological Anthropology and minored in Marine Science. Her program included two field schools that allowed her to spend an academic year in Africa. She studied biodiversity and lemur ecology in Madagascar which involves a study of one of Earth's most threatened group of mammals; and while in Madagascar she made a mini-documentary about the Milne-Edwards Sifaka (a lemur species).

After Madagascar, Meg spent a semester in Kenya studying evolution and paleoanthropology – the study of the origins and development of early humans. There she lived and worked at some very remote research stations, went on safaris, worked at a 10,000 year old human settlement dig site, and helped professors with a project on some newly discovered Homo species hand bones that were 1.8 million years old. Furthermore, she also spent some time studying extinct crocodile species.



A family of Milne-Edwards sifaka, the lemur species Meaghan studied in Ranomafana, Madagascar. Photo by Meaghan Rondeau

Immediately after finishing the field school in Kenya, Meg went to Saint Croix in the U.S. Virgin Islands to work for a Leatherback Sea Turtle research group where she marked nests and collected data from the nesting mothers. Then she spent time in New Zealand researching dusky dolphins, Hector's dolphins, banded dotterels, and little blue penguins.

Meg started at Goodwin in May as the Naturalist and works for the State DEEP. She says "I have been working on videos, webinars, and programs for the future. As I move forward at Goodwin, I'm hoping to do a lot more programs targeted at families, especially to encourage kids to spend as much time outdoors as possible. I'm also planning to do some more programs aiming at older kids and adults that encourage conservation actions such as joining a citizen science project, planting a rain or pollinator garden, and identifying and eliminating invasive species. I think it is really important for people to feel like they have control over conservation on their properties and in their towns, and to understand the direct and indirect conservation impacts their actions have. I'm really excited to meet more of the Goodwin community and to both teach and learn from my fellow nature lovers!"

Welcome Meaghan Rondeau. As a fellow lover of nature, all I can say is WOW! It is great having you here. Thanks for keeping us in touch with nature, the spirit of our souls.

Goodwin Conservation Center is managed jointly by the Connecticut DEEP and Connecticut Forest & Park Association with support from the Friends of Goodwin Forest.

Bill Powers, a Master Naturalist and retired teacher, lives in Windham Center.

Building a Solid Foundation

By James Zahansky, AWMA®
Principal/Managing Partner
& Chief Goal Strategist



October brings many new changes: leaves are beginning to change color, the days are getting chilly, and the nights are starting earlier – but what else happens in October? At Weiss, Hale & Zahansky Strategic Wealth Advisors, we are preparing for Financial Planning Month. This month, we will be discussing various strategies and key tips for you to feel confident in your financial planning process. Financial planning begins with setting goals, determining a time horizon, and recognizing your risk tolerance. Then you can determine a tailored investment strategy and start working toward achieving your financial life goals.

Setting investment goals

Setting goals is an important part of financial planning, arguably the most important. Before you invest your money, you should spend some time considering and setting your personal goals. For example, do you want to retire early? Would you like to start your own business soon? Do you need to pay for a child's college education? Would you like to buy or build a new house? In addition to these, there are several other considerations that can help you and your financial professional develop an appropriate plan.

Think about your time horizon

One of the first questions you should ask yourself in setting your investment goals is “When will I need the money?” Will it be in 3 years or 30? Your time horizon for each of your financial goals will have a significant impact on your investment strategy.

The general rule is: The longer your time horizon, the more risky (and potentially more lucrative) investments you may be able to make. Many financial professionals believe that with a longer time horizon, you can ride out fluctuations in your investments for the potential of greater long-term returns. On the other hand, if your time horizon is very short, you may want to concentrate your investments in less risky vehicles because you may not have enough time to recoup losses should they occur.

Understand your risk tolerance

Another important question is “What is my investment risk tolerance?” How do you feel about the potential of losing your hard-earned money? Many investors would forgo the possibility of a large gain if they knew there was also the possibility of a large loss. Other investors are more willing to take on greater risk to try to achieve a higher return. You can't completely avoid risk when it comes to investing, but it's possible to manage it.

In general, the risk-reward relationship makes sense to most people. After all, no sensible person would make a higher-risk investment without the prospect of a higher reward for taking that risk. That is the tradeoff. As an investor, your goal is to maximize returns without taking on more risk than is necessary or comfortable for you. If you find that you can't sleep at night because you're worrying about your investments, you've probably assumed too much risk. On the other hand, returns that are too low may leave you unable to reach your financial goals.

The concept of risk tolerance refers not only to your willingness to assume risk but also to your financial ability to endure the consequences of loss. That has to do with your stage in life, how soon you'll need the money, and your financial goals.

Remember your liquidity needs

Liquidity refers to how quickly you can convert investments into cash. Real estate, for example, tends to be relatively illiquid; it can take a very long time to sell. Publicly traded stock, on the other hand, tends to be fairly liquid.

Your need for liquidity will affect the types of investments you might choose to meet your goals. For example, if you have an emergency fund, you're in good health, and your job is secure, you may be willing to hold some less liquid investments that may have higher potential for gain. However, if you have two children going to college in the next couple of years, you probably don't want all of their tuition money invested in less liquid assets. Also, having some relatively liquid investments may help protect

you from having to sell others when their prices are down.

Saving builds a foundation

The first step in investing is to secure a strong financial foundation. Start with these four basic steps: Create a “rainy day” reserve: Set aside enough cash to get you through an unexpected period of illness or unemployment—three to six months' worth of living expenses is generally recommended. Because you may need to use these funds unexpectedly, you'll generally want to put the cash in a low-risk, liquid investment.

Pay off your debts: It may make more sense to pay off high-interest-rate debt (for example, credit card debt) before making investments that may have a lower or more uncertain return.

Get insured: There is no better way to put your extra cash to work for you than by having adequate insurance. It's your best protection against financial loss, so review your home, auto, health, disability, life, and other policies, and increase your coverage, if needed.

Max out any tax-deferred retirement plans, such as 401(k)s and IRAs: Putting money in these accounts defers income taxes, which means you'll have more money to save. Take full advantage if they are available to you.

Why invest?

To try to fight inflation

When people say, “I'm not an investor,” it's often because they worry about the potential for market losses. It's true that investing involves risk as well as reward, and investing is no guarantee that you'll beat inflation or even come out ahead. However, there's also another type of loss to be aware of: the loss of purchasing power over time. During periods of inflation, each dollar you've saved will buy less and less as time goes on.

The benefits of a solid foundation

Financial planning has lots of layers, but it doesn't have to be complicated. Starting with a solid foundation can help you create a tailored plan to meet your needs and help you achieve your goals! At Weiss, Hale & Zahansky, we follow our Plan Well. Invest Well. Live Well. process to guide our clients toward achieving their financial life goals; you can do this too! With proper planning, and a thoughtful strategy, you can achieve your goals and Live Well. For more information, resources, and financial planning tips, visit our website www.whzwealth.com, call us at 860-928-2341, or send us an email at info@whzwealth.com!

Authored by Principal/Managing Partner James Zahansky, AWMA®. Securities and advisory services offered through Commonwealth Financial Network®, Member FINRA/SIPC, a Registered Investment Adviser. These materials are general in nature and do not address your specific situation. For your specific investment needs, please discuss your individual circumstances with your representative. Weiss, Hale & Zahansky Strategic Wealth Advisors does not provide tax or legal advice, and nothing in the accompanying pages should be construed as specific tax or legal advice. 697 Pomfret Street, Pomfret Center, CT 06259, 860-928-2341. <http://www.whzwealth.com>.

Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation (Online), 6:30p.m. - 8:00p.m. (See 9/6)

October 17, Saturday

Community Food: Willimantic Farmer's Market, 8:00a.m. - 12:00p.m. (See 10/3)

History: Nightmare on Main – Monsters – beware!, tours from 7pm-9:30pm (see 10/3)

October 18, Sunday

Community Food: Ashford Farmer's Market, 10:00a.m. - 1:00p.m. (See 10/4)

Live Music: Christine Ohlman & Rebel Montez (the Beehive Queen), 4:00pm. \$25. Reservation required. Attendees must come in cars, and may bring chairs to use in their designated area. Shaboo Stage, Jillson Square, Willimantic. Reserve your spot at www.breadboxfolk.org Info: 860-429-4220

Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation (Online), 6:30p.m. - 8:00p.m. (See 9/6)

October 24, Saturday

Community Food: Willimantic Farmer's Market, 8:00a.m. - 12:00p.m. (See 10/3)

October 25, Sunday

Community Food: Ashford Farmer's Market, 10:00a.m. - 1:00p.m. (See 10/4)

Meditation: Willimantic Mindfulness Sangha Meditation (Online), 6:30p.m. - 8:00p.m. (See 9/6)

HOSMER MOUNTAIN BOTTLING CO.
Since 1912
217 Mountain Street, Willimantic, CT 06226
(860) 423-1555 • Fax (860) 423-2207
email: mail@hosmersoda.com • www.hosmersoda.com

Roa Alammari, MD, FACOG
Robert Gildersleeve, MD, FACOG
Lesley Gumbs, MD, FACOG
Veronica Helgans, MD, FACOG
Yvette Martas, MD, FACOG
Devon Root, CNM, WHNP-BC
Stephanie Welsh, CNM, DNP

Lifelong Women's Healthcare
Adolescence • Pregnancy • Menopause

860-450-7227 (phone)
860-450-7231 (fax)

A member of
Women's Health
Connecticut

Find us on Facebook
www.mansfieldobgyn.com

LAWRENCE REAL ESTATE
“We Care”
860-429-7240
email gary@lawrencesells.com

Confidential Counseling Services Offered

- Buying a New Home
- Selling a Home
- Buying or Selling Land
- New Home Construction
- Land Development
- Market Values
- Financial Counseling
- Mortgage Payments Behind?
- Need help in deciding? What?
- Plan for Future! Move forward!

glawrencesells.com
126 Storrs Road, Mansfield Center, CT 06250

Susan Gerr
Birch Mountain Pottery

Studio- Gallery- Classroom
www.birchmountainpottery.com
Rt. 195, 223 Merrow Rd,
Tolland Shopping Plaza, Tolland
(860) 875-0149
Tues. 10-5, Wed/Thurs. 12-5, Fri./Sat. 10-5,
closed Sunday/Monday

Your Local Potter
since 1985

SENIOR HOUSING

NOW TAKING APPLICATIONS
Elisha Brook
56 New Park Ave, North Franklin CT, 06254

Applicants must be 62 or older and not to have income greater than income limits annually established by HUD
CURRENT INCOME LIMITS: One Person: \$35,350
Two Person: \$40,400

For more information call 860-886-0367
and for more information and application process visit us at
www.elishabrook.org

SUBSIDIZED HOUSING

the neighbors paper
a little paper big on community

Local Gardeners-
We want to write about YOU!
Let others be inspired by how you practice home fruit and vegetable production.
Please contact us: 860-933-3376
neighborspaper@yahoo.com

When Good Vegans Make Bad Neighbors

By Mark Mathew Braunstein

My new home borders a deep forest, so an array of wildlife makes their rounds to my backyard as I watch them in wonderment. They visit not to put on a show for me, but to search for after-dinner snacks in the compost heap of scraps generated from my vegan kitchen. Viewed from my window, my unannounced dinner guests run the gamut from herbivores to omnivores to carnivores. While I adore them all, I harbor a deeper affection for the local deer and rabbits because, as strict herbivores, they share my own tastes. I call them the home team.

The visiting team of bobcats, foxes, and coyotes are also welcomed. While they hunger for a yummy bunny, they are not averse to making a free lunch out of whatever plant-based foods that they can lay their paws on. When they patrol my compost heap, they are on the prowl for mice and chipmunks, not lettuce and tomatoes. In the absence of rodents, they simply settle for produce. They are not strictly carnivores.

In my neck of the woods, the only unwavering carnivores are a pair of hawks. When times are tough, the hawks swoop down for a landing on my lawn to snag earthworms. But no self-respecting hawk would stoop any lower on the food chain. While the perch for their earthworm vigil is just thirty feet from my desk, I have yet to witness one plucking even a single blade of grass. From my desk, I can spy on their nest when trees have shed their leaves in the fall. In the spring, the hawks right before my eyes unabashedly perform their mating ritual countless times while cavorting in the treetops. Yet during summer, their nest seems to remain empty.

Good Neighbors

To my right and left, my neighbors are pairs of humans who perform their mating rituals in privacy. On my left, the husband and wife are empty nesters. On my right, the middle-aged couple's nest is full. Their household consists of two pre-teenagers, a dog, a cat, and three cars.



I am painfully aware that fifty years ago when the forest was flattened and subdivided into our yards, all the wildlife were banished from their ancestral homes. As reparation, I have taken a vow that no further razing will make way for my own children, because I have none.

In this propertied community, no white picket fences cordon off our front yards because no fences of any kind define our boundaries. Our oversized parcels of land assure that ample distance alone buffers us from one another. My kind of Social Distancing. I usually can't hear my neighbors' raised voices or loud music or idling car engines or barking dogs, so I feel confident that they can't hear mine. Especially not my barking dogs, because I have none.

Punctuated with trees and shrubs but otherwise nondescript, our front yards wear uniforms, like some students do in private school. In contrast, our backyards show our true colors, like after school when those same students peel off their uniforms to don their street clothes. My backyard features that famously plundered compost heap, a fresh meadow of wildflowers and wild raspberries that the forest has been busily reclaiming from lawn, and a vegetable garden. If some of my human neighbors lack gardens, it is because their backyards are crammed with human-made edifices such as gazebos, tool sheds, dog enclosures, add-on garages, dry-docked boats, built-in pools, basketball half-courts, and sprawling patios centered around fiery altars shaped as clay ovens or cooking grills.

When the wind blows my way, I can smell steak sizzling on my neighbors' barbecues. They are sending smoke signals announcing, "Animals Beware! Omnivores Dwell Here." Evidently, we humans run that same gamut from herbivores to omnivores to carnivores as does the vaster animal kingdom. It would be a far stretch from the truth to imagine that among wildlife the prey get along with the predators. But as a human herbivore, I do get along with the wild omnivores and the human omnivores alike. I am a good neighbor to all, and the humans next door are good neighbors to me.

Trick or Treat!

I act especially neighborly to the children of the town. On Halloween night, while marveling at their imaginative mostly homemade costumes, I enjoy interacting with the little kiddies, even the ones posing as scary skeletons,

wicked witches, and hairy werewolves. Some plainclothes parents come tagging along with their very youngest and smallest. To speak up for their shy and quiet children, the parents sometimes are the ones who invoke the rallying cry of "Trick or Treat!" This can lead to my brief exchanges with the moms and pops, and I enjoy those discourses even more than with the underage ghosts and goblins.

To participate in the festivities of Halloween night, I must pay a modest price of admission. The cost of the treats. I dare not dispense sugar-laden candy, as that would be more trick than treat. I wish I could bestow freshly picked apples, like when I was a child, but nowadays cautious parents look suspiciously on any booty not factory-sealed in cellophane. I could buy foil-wrapped bitesize goodies made only of dried fruits and nuts, but those cost a pretty penny for a tiny morsel. Also, my nod to nutrition would likely go unappreciated. Though an elitist who snobbishly shuns salt as much as sugar, during my first few years living here I doled out potato chips fried in cheap motor-grade oil. Which oil is worse, I pondered, cottonseed or canola? And which condiment is worse, salt or sugar? Only a hardcore and headstrong vegan turns every food choice into a troubling moral dilemma.

Because less salt and oil sully popcorn than the chips, I have settled on dispensing snack-size bags of popcorn. Their shouts of joy attest that the junior ghosts and midget goblins delight in my standout handouts. Some repeat offenders even proclaim how much they look forward every Halloween to knocking on my door.

One day, not on Halloween, my next-door-neighbors on my right came knocking. In a reversal of Halloween, the daughter and her mother were going door-to-door selling Girl Scout cookies. In a further reversal, both of them were out of uniform. The daughter was silent. I don't remember exactly what the mom said, except that it wasn't, "Trick or Treat!" She invoked the name Girl Scout cookies, a magic charm to some, but not to me.

"I avoid white flour and white sugar," I interjected, and not apologetically either.

The quick-thinking mom then politely suggested an alternative. I could make a donation to convey free boxes of cookies to neglected veterans aging away in VA hospitals.

"I would not want to be responsible for feeding white flour or white sugar to someone else," I countered, again unapologetically.

"I feel sorry for you," she replied, without any hint of sorrow in her voice. End of conversation.

Tactfully not speaking it aloud, I thought, "I feel sorry for daughters whose mothers feed them white flour and white sugar."

While mother and daughter never again returned to peddle their cookies, the daughter and her brother still come knocking on my door every Halloween. Popcorn must be an irresistible treat, especially on Halloween night.

Stuffed

Armored in our cars, the mom and I continue to smile and wave hello while driving past each other's front yards. And from our backyards, the dad and I call out each other's name to shout hello and to sometimes approach closer to chat about the weather or to chuckle about the crabgrass and clover that invade his front lawn from mine. Or maybe I'm the only one chuckling, because every few years I reseed that clover.

To my left, my next-door neighbors are a retired couple who I notice in their backyard mostly during summer. Through gaps in the bushes, I glimpse the wife seated on their deck while absorbed reading a book. Her outdoor reveries are rare. I more often see the husband, as we both are vegetable gardeners, his honored crop being tomatoes. While puttering around in our gardens, we are too far away to engage in conversation, so we just shout each other's names and wave friendly greetings. Last week, for his third time ever, he ambled over to me to strike up a conversation. After an exchange of pleasantries about the weather and gardening, he said his wife had made some extra stuffed cabbage. "Would you like some?"

A recollection of the stuffed cabbage from my mother's home cooking flashed to mind. A cabbage leaf rolled around chopped meat. The opposite of taxidermy. Rather than a dead animal stuffed with cotton, the cabbage leaf stuffed with a dead animal.

"I'm a vegan," I explained, as though stating the obvious, as if almost everyone were vegans. "Does it have meat or fish or milk or dairy or eggs in it?" I recited my list somewhat routinely, like when querying a waiter in a restaurant that serves meat.

Unprimed for my question, my neighbor fell



silent, perhaps dumbfounded. Without answering, he indecorously walked away.

In hindsight, I realized that his offer was a gesture of camaraderie beyond being merely good neighbors. And I muffed it. No "No thank you" from me. Not even the subtle sarcasm of the colloquial "Thanks but no thanks." Was my lack of decorum the thoughtless and reflexive response of a self-righteous animal-rightist? Did my reply stir in him a bitter memory of an incident with some cantankerous vegan more strident than even I? Did that incident irritate or embarrass him? Did I irritate or embarrass him? Should I care? If our bodies are our temples, should I mind my manners but not my manors?

In our Western society, eating a vegan diet is branded as extremist, while patronizing farm animal abuse is accepted as the norm. Everywhere I look, ads and logos promoting meat eating assault my senses. Throughout this nation, every food store and nearly every restaurant reinforces the very idea of meat. Every day we get shoved down our throats a barrage of food porn. Burger King and Dairy Queen. KFC and BLT. Franks and beans. Burgers and fries. Spaghetti and meatballs. Bacon and eggs. Stuffed cabbage and turkey stuffing. Thanksgivings for which turkeys have no reason to give thanks. A porterhouse from the slaughterhouse. Caviar without caveat. Eat, eat, eat. Buy, buy, buy. Kill, kill, kill.

I close my eyes. In the school or workplace cafeteria, the odors of crematoria fill the lunchtime air. The smoke wafting from my neighbors' barbecues offends my olfactory nerves. My response is visceral, not rational. Aromas that make meat eaters' mouths water instead make my stomach churn. When I shop in supermarkets, I avoid like the plague the mass graves of the meat departments. Same for the cadaver freezer in the health food store.

Upon reflection, I owe no apology to my neighbor for my curt reply. He is a highly educated professional. The industrialized atrocities of the factory farm and the disassembly line of the slaughterhouse are no longer secrets hidden from the public, and so longer from him. What's his shaky excuse for eating meat? Apathy? Maybe. Nutrition? Flimsy. Hunger? That's more honestly. Habit? Of course. Ignorance? No longer.

Why not eat just that round and perfect head of cabbage the way nature intended, without the accoutrement of meat? Maybe, just maybe, my neighbor's wife had an overriding reason for stuffing that cabbage with meat, and her husband a valid reason for eating it. If so, I can learn it only from them. Maybe later this summer, if he ambles over to my yard to present to me some vine-ripened tomatoes from his garden, I will ask him.

Unless I amble over to his yard first, to offer him from my garden a head of unstuffed cabbage.

Mark Mathew Braunstein, a vegan since 1970, is the author of five books, including Radical Vegetarianism (1981, Lantern Books revised edition 2010). He also has contributed to many magazines, including Vegetarian Times, Natural Health, Backpacker, and Spirit of Change, from which Fall 2020 issue this article was reprinted. For a free PDF of Radical Vegetarianism, contact the author at www.MarkBraunstein.Org/contact

On our cover:

All these photos are of my new backyard in the "wilds" of Waterford, CT, four miles from my old backyard, which had been the Connecticut College Arboretum in Quaker Hill. Quaker Hill is a village in the town of Waterford.

The Terracotta Busts were created by art students at Connecticut College. Displayed in my two backyards and exposed to the elements since 1993, they have weathered remarkably well for the past 27 years.

Clockwise from top:

Eastern Coyote; Wild Turkey; White-Tailed Deer - a full-grown doe, because at this time of year in March nobs are poking up as incipient antlers on bucks; Red-Shouldered Hawk - this member of unidentified gender of the mating pair discussed in the article scouting for rabbits and chipmunks.

-Mark Mathew Braunstein

On Feelings and the Future...

By Phoebe C. Godfrey

The United States has stirred a very wide range of feelings in the rest of the world: love and hatred, fear and hope, envy and contempt, awe and anger. But there is one emotion that has never been directed towards the U.S. until now: pity.

Fintan O'Toole, The Irish Times, April 2020

These are certainly challenging times in this country as the numbers who have died from Covid-19 reach over 200,000, police officers who commit racially motivated murders both consciously and / or as a result of the unchecked excessive use of force continue to avoid prosecution, and 1000 of miles on the West coast have burned and are burning due in part to the planet undergoing rapid climate change. And yet none of this brings any pause to our so-called President nor to his supporters, who seem impervious to the actual state of the nation, let alone the planet. As the Canadian anthropologist Wade Davis states in his article *The Unraveling of America*, Americans "...stare into the mirror and perceive only the myth of their exceptionalism, ... almost bizarrely incapable of seeing what has actually become of their country". And so, it has always been that those who are drunk on their power, their exceptionalism, their ability to seemingly defy reality, dare not see what they have in fact become. To do so would instantly break their spell, shattering them into 1000 pitiful and insignificant pieces. In this case, it would reveal, as Wade also states, that Trump is above all, "...a bone spur warrior, a liar [his distortions and false statements have reached 20,055] and a fraud, a grotesque caricature of a strong man, with the backbone of a bully" and as such he tragically attracts the same. Ultimately, this attraction to authoritarianism, epitomized more recently by the marketing of himself as the 'law and order candidate', as well as most frighteningly his recent response when asked about a peaceful transfer of power if he loses, to which he replied "We're going to have to see what happens..."

Research into the attraction to authoritarianism, according to an article in *The Guardian*, "...reveals that although there are authoritarian voters in both political parties...more than 65% of people who scored highest on the authoritarianism questions were GOP voters". This should not be surprising given that patriarchy, white supremacy and capitalism are intrinsically hierarchical, oppressive and are expressed through systems of power and control. Any challenges to the status quo from supposed external or internal threats, either in the form of immigration, or changes to racial / gender / sexuality norms ...etc. evoke fears that are translated into anger expressed through increased oppression, violence and hatred toward those seen to be causing the changes. Hence, as *The Guardian* article goes on to say, Trump uses "...authoritarianism to keep his voters attentive and engaged - [while] ...eroding democracy in the process," even his self-righteous supporters claim to embody the American flag, as if they were the essence of its political symbolism- freedom, liberty and justice for all. As such Fintan O'Toole, writing in *The Irish Times*, is correct that the feeling evoked should be pity.

However, there are other intense feelings that I only just experienced in relation to our President and his supporters and that is a mix of heartbreak and terror. I will honestly state that whenever I see a lawn sign supporting him, I have a visceral reaction in that underneath their claimed motives for supporting Trump, there is in most cases this attraction to authoritarianism and all the ways it manifests as a result. These other intense feelings were felt yesterday while driving with my wife Tina just north the town of York, Maine, where we'd gone for a weekend getaway. This is a region of exquisite beauty, as well as, like the rest of the county, an area with a large divide

between the 'have's' and the 'have nots'. It was there, on a winding road that coming towards us in the other direction, that we encountered about 30 vehicles, mostly large trucks, flying huge American and 'Keep America Great' flags. All were driven by white males and even though we too are white (if I were not, I can imagine my intense feelings may well have been even stronger), as a woman, as a lesbian and as a liberal, with each passing vehicle my feelings of heartbreak and terror increased. In fact, from such a standpoint I believe it is not possible to see such a flamboyant flag flapping motorcade and not have black and white images of the KKK or Nazis come to mind, especially given Trump's themes of authoritarian bigotry. And even though they were not interested in us, nor were we in any danger, what they represent does both break my heart and terrify me. I say that it breaks my heart due to the feelings of pity and because ultimately, I find them, and the actual indisputable unraveling of America, tragic. Yet at the same time I am terrified by what the President and his supporters represent and the lawless manner in which he is positioning his chess pieces on and off the board in preparation for the Nero-esque (i.e in the style of Emperor Nero) election showdown. For it seems quite obvious that as the '...grotesque caricature of a strong man, with the backbone of a bully' he is setting up his supporters to be the ones to do his dirty work even as he himself will no doubt unctuously uphold his innocence.

What then should we do when such feelings envelop us, even as we know the other/s may well have similar ones in relation to us for which they chose authoritarianism as a way to mitigate them? Of course, the easiest answer is to 'hate back', 'cancel back' and 'fight back'. And yet as the late Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsberg (RBG) said "fight for the things you care about *but do it in a way that will lead them to join you*" [italics added]. In other words, fight in a way that invites Trump supporters to see the implicit ideological contradiction in their cries for freedom, liberty and justice for all, even as their actions and politics uphold the structures of racism / sexism / homophobia .etc. thereby ensuring continued inequality (including for them if they are middle / working class). For, if our so-called democracy is to ever fully arrive it must be because one day, we will join each other to finally put freedom, liberty and justice for all into practice, as opposed to merely for the authoritarian few. In the meantime, those of us who seek greater social and economic justice must try to emulate RBG, who also said, "I attack ideas. I don't attack people. Some very good people have some very bad ideas". And although 'bad ideas' are thick on the ground through all forms of media, we must seek the higher ground and not see them as making 'bad people', but rather see them as making 'people bad' who can as such still be redeemed. That is assuming we can move beyond our reactive feelings and stay open to our progressive values. May we at least try in order to honor the memory of RBG, although I in no way suggest that it is or will be easy.

References:

- <https://www.irishtimes.com/opinion/fintan-o-toole-donald-trump-has-destroyed-the-country-he-promised-to-make-great-again-1.4235928?mode=sample&auth-failed=1&pw-orig=https%3A%2F%2Fwww.irishtimes.com%2Fopinion%2Ffintan-o-toole-donald-trump-has-destroyed-the-country-he-promised-to-make-great-again-1.4235928>
- <https://www.rollingstone.com/politics/political-commentary/covid-19-end-of-american-era-wade-davis-1038206>
- <https://www.politico.com/news/2020/09/23/trump-peaceful-transition-of-power-420791>
- <https://www.theguardian.com/us-news/2020/jul/15/authoritarian-voters-donald-trump-election>



When The Time Is Right
renew,
redecorate,
rediscover
the excitement of living
in your home.

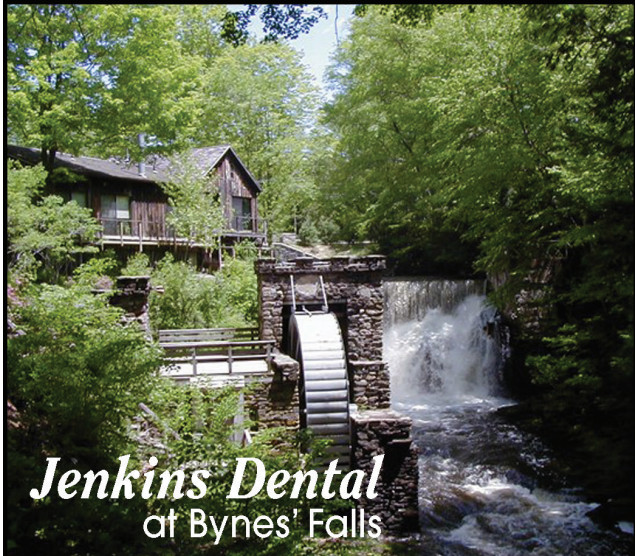
The right changes can make you fall in love with your home all over again. We have every element you need to create the home of your dreams, one affordable step at a time.

Cabinets - Counter Tops
Carpeting - Flooring
Come see our wool carpets

Stop by today for the best products, advice and inspiration to bring home a whole new look.

Design Center East LLC
Distinctive Cabinetry & Flooring
For Your Home or Office

27 MEADOW STREET, WILLIMANTIC • 860-450-8442
Hours: Mon.-Fri. 9 to 5; Sat. 9 to 2
Special Appointment Available Upon Request



Jenkins Dental
at Bynes' Falls

Cosmetic and Family Dentistry
Gentle and Effective Treatments
Open Evenings • Whitening
Relaxing Gas • Sedation Dentistry
E4D Technology/Crowns in One Day

860-742-6665
2991A South St., Coventry, CT 06238
www.bynesfallsdentistry.com
email: info@jenkinsdentalpros.com



TERRY'S TRANSMISSIONS

WE KEEP YOUR REAR IN GEAR

Ashford, CT
Phone (860) 429-6571 • Fax (860)429-0246
www.terrys-transmissions.com • Email: terrys.trnsmsns@snet.net

Automatics / Standards / American / Foreign / Differentials / Transfer Cases

D & D Auto Repair
VOLKSWAGENS AND MORE



Foreign
Domestic
Light Pickup

Family Owned
& Operated
Since 1992

860-429-7471
1733 Storrs Road/ Rte 195, Storrs, CT



Windham Eye Group PC

Board Certified Ophthalmologists
Medical and Surgical Eye Care
Routine Eye Examinations * Premium Refractive Implants
Contact Lenses * Glasses * Designer Frames
(15% off Glasses with a Routine Eye Examination)

Optical Shop (860) 456-SPECS (7732)
NEW PATIENTS ALWAYS WELCOME
83 QUARRY STREET, WILLIMANTIC, CT 06226
(860) 423-1619



Dana P. Woods, MD



William J. Kaufold, MD



Tim Brangan, LO



Jennifer L. Capstick, OD

Who created this Famous Museum of Trees?

Roadtrip to Harvard's Arnold Arboretum

By Brian Karlsson Barnes

ARNOLD ARBORETUM is a botanical time machine back into Boston history. A narrative of land, humanity and 15,000 woody plants -- and of the spiritual refuge that is this precious urban forest -- it tells many stories. One reflects the systemic elitism that has devalued the working class throughout America. (Perhaps illuminating the anti-elitist reaction that powered Donald Trump to the Presidency in 2016.)

Still a pandemic, but we have the great tradition of American Roadtrips !!! Only 2 hours from Connecticut's Last Green Valley. Less traffic in Boston from 9:00am to 3:00pm. Everyone wears masks. Social distance especially good in the Arb. Wear a mask on Centre Street to take-out tasty JP Seafood. Post-pandemic, the Galway House for great pub food, and JP Licks for ice cream.

1630 Boston was simply Shawmut Peninsula when founded. Its arboreal hills and valleys -- and Connecticut -- were part of the diverse Eastern Deciduous Forest, wild woods west to the Mississippi River. The Arboretum now has woody plants from around the temperate world, notably Asia, and Boston is an elite hub of academic intellect.

From the Richardsonian Main Gate (125 Arborway, Boston / Jamaica Plain), walk past the Hunnewell visitors center (good map handout, but closed for covid) on Meadow Road. Approaching ponds, the imposing Massachusetts State Lab rises into view above the trees from the former site of Bussey Institution, precursor to Harvard's scientific museum of trees. Walk past ponds and roses, off-road up Beech Path to the north side of Bussey Hill. Who was Bussey?

1757 BENJAMIN BUSSEY II was born in now-Canton, Massachusetts (about the time my Connecticut farmhouse was built) into a farm family of Unitarians, a humanist religious denomination of Harvard-educated ministers. But he was not born into privilege. He worked on the farm until 18 years old, joined the Revolutionary War (1775-83) and rose in rank to Quartermaster at Fort Ticonderoga, New York. Next a Boston merchant in the prosperous post-war shipping trade, he became a scientific farmer and visionary educator.

War expanded his boundaries and vision, and he was the first to imagine the Arboretum. First with the land and thousands of trees, with science and infrastructure. First to welcome the public. Why isn't it Bussey Arboretum?

By 1800 The Arboretum was mostly treeless! Woods everywhere were over-cleared to help build, fuel and grow crops in Boston and beyond in the Arboretum's distant hamlet of eight small farms.

(Towns around my Chaplin, Connecticut, home were also settled and cleared by the beginning of the 19th century. New London was founded 1646.)

1806 FIRST Land & Trees Bussey was first to acquire enough Arboretum land, buying a farm, then several more. The first 50-acre Weld Hill property became his beloved Woodland (now Bussey) Hill Farm. With "an intense regard for the land" (writes Ida Hay, *Science in the Pleasure Ground*), he let North Woods reforest along a steep glacial esker, and allowed Central Woods to regrow, wild woods west to Centre Street.

FIRST Science Not a Harvard grad, the self-educated farmer was first to bring science to the Arboretum. A charter member of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture in 1792, he used advanced farming practices: reforestation, crop rotation and cattle manure fertilizer. He diversified with Liberian wheat and Merino sheep for wool processed with the first water-powered broadloom at his Dedham mills. Revolutionary.

1816 Bussey built a neoclassical mansion on the east side of his Woodland Hill along Beech Path. The house is gone, sunken cobblestone at corners. The hill, road, and brook running north from Walter Gate (a better place to park) are

named for him, but not the Arboretum he created. Most of Woodland Hill Farm is gone except paths, barn ruins and the low seep where water emerged. Find the seep. The cart path lilacs are not part of the vaunted lilac collection, but cuttings from Bussey's original plants.

FIRST Infrastructure He built Beech Path as a carriage loop, the Arboretum's first infrastructure, from South Street. His lilac-lined cart path rose to a hilltop observatory with comfy chairs. Now Bussey Road spirals up to benches viewing Great Blue Hill (with WGBH broadcast towers in Milton), a good place to consider the Renaissance Man who created the Arboretum.

FIRST Public Welcome Benjamin Bussey was also first to offer this refuge of trees to the public. Less-manicured than Brookline estates near Jamaica Pond, it was nonetheless influenced by the popular 19th century English Landscape Style. As at English estates, people were welcome



Landscaped Park, part of Emerald Necklace, designed by Frederick Law Olmsted.

© Alisonh29 | Dreamstime.com

to visit "Bussey's Woods" on Hemlock Hill. The primeval "glades among black pines and hemlocks" (wrote Jamaica Plain's resident Transcendentalist, Margaret Fuller) were popular into the 1860s, a place to consider divinity and nature, and they still are.

Komorebi Or spread a blanket on the grassy slope above the famous lilac (*Syringa*) collection. No ticks. Picnicking is only allowed on Lilac Sunday / Mothers Day in May. (If you bring refreshment, leave nothing behind.) But you can enjoy the Arboretum any day for family fun, serious science or spiritual rest.

Read a Pooh story, or accession tags identifying every woody plant... or nothing at all. Nature offers a restorative process that needs no words.

Simply lay in dappled sunlight under shifting leaves and branches, an interplay of light for which the Japanese have a single word: Komorebi.

1835 MORE Science Bussey first envisioned an agricultural Institution a quarter-century before the 1862 Federal Morrill Act granted land to colleges that still provide agricultural training throughout the nation. His 1842 Will endowed an undergraduate program at Harvard College (not yet a University), giving money to pioneer "a course of instruction in practical agriculture, in useful and ornamental gardening, in botany, and other branches of natural science."

However the Institution wouldn't be built until 1870 when granddaughter Maria Bussey Motley (with life tenancy at Woodland Hill) released seven acres. The Bussey Institution's doors finally opened in spring 1871, the year before Harvard's Arboretum was founded.

"**Woodland Hill**, consisting of over two hundred acres of land, (is) well-adapted, from the great variety and excellence of its soil, its hills, valleys and water, its great diversity of surface and exposure, and lastly, its high state of cultivation and improvement, for all the objects contemplated."

– Benjamin Bussey imagining the Arboretum in 1841

1842 MORE Land Upon death, Bussey gave 200 acres to Harvard for an Arboretum to promote agricultural education, but without money to develop an arboretum because his unbuilt Institution was earlier endowed. His "scientific farm" had actually grown to over 200 acres by 1840, a working farm until he died, and 120 acres were finally set aside by Harvard for the Arboretum in 1872. Family lived



in the Beech Path mansion until 1894. His unmarked tomb is a few blocks away behind First Church (UU) in Jamaica Plain.

Bussey had lauded the "excellence of its soil, its hills, valleys and water... (and) its high state of cultivation and improvement." Charles Sprague Sargent, First Arboretum Director and Boston gentry schooled at Harvard, considered the land "a worn-out farm... nearly ruined by excessive pasturage." Recent soil studies, however, reveal deeper topsoil (Horizon A) on Bussey Hill due to tillage, supporting Bussey's claim. He had prepared the intent of Arnold Arboretum, indeed the soil, by the mid-19th Century.

1872 ARNOLD ARBORETUM was founded. The Boston Park Commission was established in 1875 to create a park system, beginning the Emerald Necklace. The Arboretum was not designed, however, until 1885 when America's first landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted provided circulation and planting design after many drafts. Director Sargent couldn't afford Olmsted so Arboretum land became city property -- thus a public park -- in exchange for his talent.

(Ninety miles away, the Storrs Agricultural School was founded in Mansfield, Connecticut in 1881, named for two brothers who donated land, now UCONN's flagship campus.)

MORE Trees Arboretum boundaries were oaks (*Quercus*) and pines (*Pinus*) with hemlocks (*Tsuga*) on the hill when Harvard began planting in 1886. Bussey's nurseries provided 3,000 trees... thousands! Harvard would maintain the landscape and the City of Boston would maintain gates and roads.

CHANGE Benjamin Bussey spanned quantum change. At his birth in the mid-18th Century (author Noel Perrin notes), America was only "a strip of land about 300 miles wide from Maine to Georgia." Settlement and science metamorphosed in the 19th Century while work ethic and war, curiosity and prosperity all helped make Bussey a revolutionary educator, and a visionary.

Paper information was shared more efficiently (and now another radical shift with the 21st Century's digital internet). A century after Bussey's birth (he died at 85), painted portraits were superseded by photographs, and subsistence farming by scientific agriculture. (And by corporate agribusiness, mid-20th Century.) The American colonies were growing into a nation.

2020 Bussey's cherished Woodland Hill is the heart of a treasured public park and scientific arboretum. -- that he envisioned with imagination, land and hard work, even with money for a scientific Institution. Harvard's Arboretum is named for Captain James Arnold whose whaling estate had money to develop the land, but Benjamin Bussey is the unsung working man most responsible for these special woods.

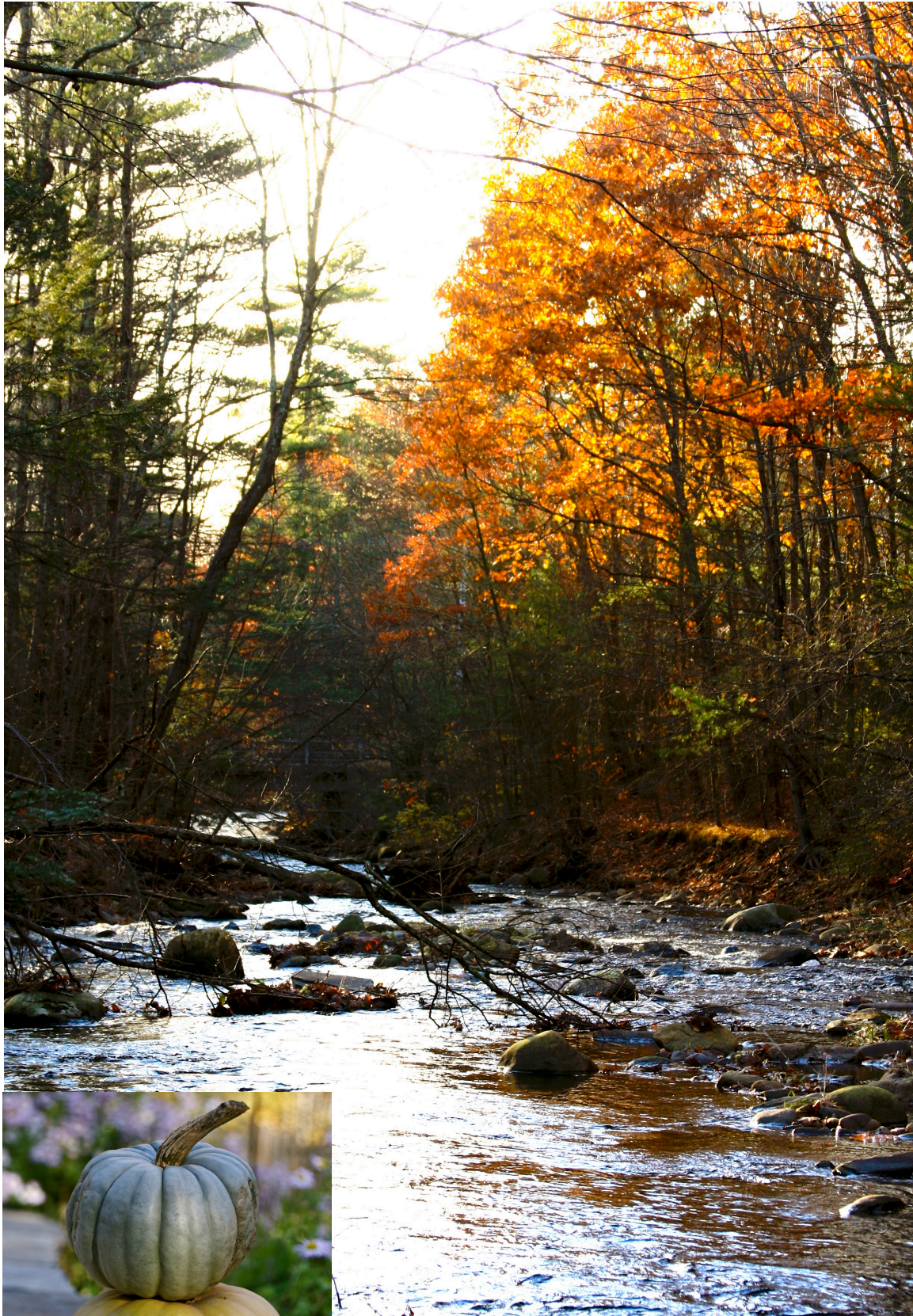
Frederick Law Olmsted's vision of the Emerald Necklace as a spiritually refreshing park along gentle streams and ponds is wondrous, but incomplete. It extends from Beacon Hill's Boston Common only to Arnold Arboretum and nearby Franklin Park.

Harvard's Arboretum expanded to 282 acres, but precious parkland never reached Dorchester Bay as Olmsted had hoped. Imagine the encircling rejuvenation in Boston's Roxbury and Dorchester neighborhoods. They also deserve spiritual refreshment.

Priorities change. Systemic elitism doesn't.

Brian Karlsson Barnes, Master gardener / designer
Chaplin CT

Our Neighbor's Photography



Photos by Dorothy Drobney.
ddrobneyphotography.com

Pasture raised, non-GMO chemical-free eggs



Organic Roots Farm at Popover Hill

Chemical free, in-season produce
right off the farm!

Fresh homemade bread on Saturdays.

Join us for our Heritage Day event
Saturday, October 10th, 10a-5p
Free Refreshments and Demonstrations

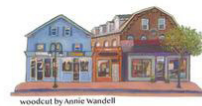
New fall hours: Friday & Saturday 11a-5p
147 E. Old Route 6, Hampton
(860) 336-8823

We are Open

Swift Waters Artisans

Fun and functional designs made by your neighbors

New Hours
THURSDAY 12-5
FRIDAY 12-5
SATURDAY 10-5



SWIFT WATERS IS A COOPERATIVE OF AREA ARTISANS.
NEW MEMBER INQUIRIES ALWAYS WELCOME.

WWW.SWIFTWATERS.ORG 860-456-8548



Made in
Willimantic



Clothworks

Clothes, Hats & Bags

www.SarahWinterClothworks.com

available at:

Swiftwaters Artisans' Co-op
866 Main St. Willimantic

Be Light as a Feather

Loretta Wrobel • Feminist Therapy

860-429-2629

297 Pumpkin Hill Road, Ashford, CT 06278

860-233-6076 (Office) Sliding Scale

Try Our Famous 16" or Half 8" Grinders

- | | | |
|------------|---------------|------------|
| Roast Beef | Cold Cut | Vegetarian |
| Capicola | Italian | Pepperoni |
| Tuna | Genoa | Liverwurst |
| Ham | Chicken Salad | |
| Turkey | Salami | |



We Now Have Salads & Wraps

G.M. Thompson & Son's, Inc.

54 Middle Turnpike, Mansfield Depot

"Call Your Order In" 860-429-9378

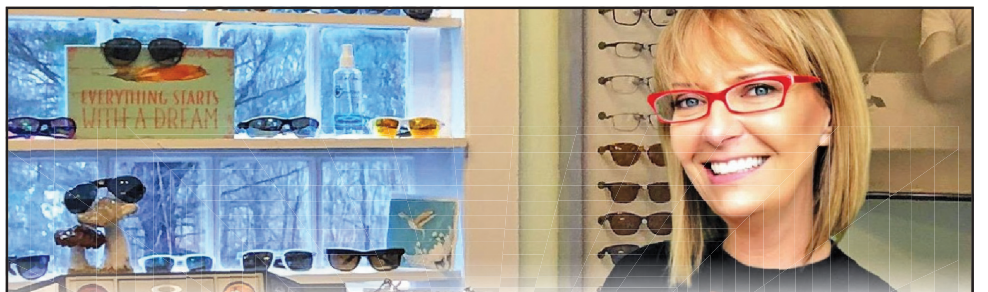
Deli hours: M-F 9:30a-2:30p; Sat 10:30a-1:30p

Store hours: M-F 8:00a-5:30p, Sat 8:00a-3:00p, Closed Sunday



PRIME LOCATION

Very special site in Mansfield
Available for Vegetable, Flower and/or Food Cart.
Outside sales only. Best location in town!!!
Call for information: 860-608-6827



Sonya Maher, L.O. invites you to come into eyeTrade to view all of the latest designer eyewear brands. Stop by for your personal consultation.

SAVE! When you order your contacts on-line at eyetrade.vision



Optical Shop in Coventry

BUY ONE GET ONE FREE*

Bring in your prescription! Or if you do not have a valid prescription

Call Sonya for an appointment Today! 860-498-0717

Sonya Maher L.O.

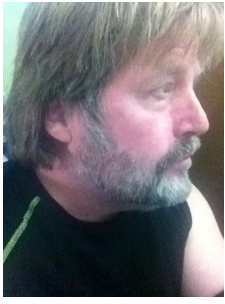
eyeTrade, LLC, Optical Shop • 1197 Main St., Coventry, CT • info@eyetrade.vision • eyetrade.vision

FREE
Smart Vision
Exam

With the purchase of Frames and Lenses
*Certain Restrictions Apply. See Store for Details.

The Drill Sergeant

By Dan McGinley



I was going to write a scathing review of how my employers farmed us all out to a private company. I was going to look at how other employers pulled similar moves because they write the checks, and sometimes we perform like circus animals to get those checks delivered, unless you run the show or love work so much it comes naturally. Otherwise you heel to, they call the shots, and you soar through a flaming hoop.

And sometimes the crowd cheers!

I was going to go very deep on this one, examining our chain-of-command caste system where everybody answers to somebody, but the not-so-rich answer to far too many more, and that's ice cold reality blah blah blah . . .

Speaking of circus animals! I was really pulling out all the stops, researching how we share 99.6% of our DNA with chimps, who often hunt and kill other monkeys to the point of driving fellow primates like red colobus to near extinction. Once they have the numbers, they go for total domination. The fatal mistake for red colobus is that they always stand their ground, and rarely retreat. Chimps bring a more powerful army . . . does it all sound kind of familiar? Because it's really us, isn't it? Without super long arms and bright red butts.

So we've eliminated countless species, but wait! I was also going to play the race card, how - from the end of our Civil War to 1933 - there was an African American lynched every four days in the south.* Every four days!

And again, I was going to bring up my present situation, how my employers moved swiftly and silently behind our backs, outsourcing the crew to a large private company, ignoring our union contract (oops) until it was pointed out that we have . . . a union contract. Red colobus do not have unions, but tree travel and gymnastic skills are very useful.

Caste system, chimps, betrayal, all during COVID-19.

Yet!

I still have that union job and decent paycheck, benefits and a great home, a truly amazing life in the quiet hills of this beautiful quiet corner, a loving family and countless pets, dogs who lick your face and run around farting if they get into something spicy or worse yet . . . another possum! You get the picture.

So who the hell am I to cry about the unfairness of it all? The challenges of COVID-19 and the days of endangered species like the rare and exotic toilet paper? Who the hell am I to bore the living hell out of readers about the trials and tribulations of work place politics when so many around us are suffering so much more?

The drill sergeant in my head is disgusted.

He's tough as hell - this imaginary Sergeant Slaughter - telling me to suck it up these days. "Look at you!" he screams, causing me to visibly flinch in public. "You're crying about the injustice of it all

while night-snacking until you block out the entire sun! Run the track and take care of business wussy boy! Can you even touch your knees?!"

He's hard to ignore because he's right, so I shut-up and start running the track after work, pathetic as I fight to get under eight minutes for a half mile.

Sometimes I yell back at the little sergeant, because he's imaginary, and of course he yells back, informing me that Martin Army Hospital provided the best care possible back in 1984, and that my foot is actually better than before. The screws and pins will never rust! Probably something his Commander-In-Chief would say, despite Oompa Loompa copping bone spurs to dodge duty.

And to be honest, there are disabled veterans who would give anything to have my arms and legs.

So he chews me out, and I run.

I run like Forrest Gump on that school track beneath the stars. I run for the turmoil at work, and for the people suffering much more during these trying times. I run for lives lost to COVID-9, the lives lost in my family, and a life soon to be lost (my cousin).

I run for the Twix bars I ate last night, and the pain ripping through my old legs because I've let myself go, and to be around longer for my beautiful family. I run and run and run some more, and some day I will run those 5Ks for charity, and that alone is reason to run.

And I run for my sins, as I joined the army for my sins, because those crazy Catholics in South Minneapolis pounded the idea of penance into my massive Gallic skull, and they were absolutely correct.

But those sins are for another day - like on my deathbed - mumbled during sedation with seconds to live. They are truly amazing, exciting, and very secret sins. Some are even justified. All good when you are judge and jury eh.

And where was I? Finishing an article that was a vast non sequitur cobbled together by loose wire and years of battling windmills, followed by a weak confession of past sins.

So I will end with this: Be careful about who you trust, follow the little drill sergeant, and never get too damn comfortable. Analogy: If you hear birds start chirping and sense danger please pay attention, because chimps could be closing in, and they are merciless.

Question anything out of the ordinary, because these are very extraordinary times.

Gotta run . . . and run . . . and run . . .

Please be safe.

* from *Cast: The Origins of Our Discontent* by Isabel Wilkerson, 2020, Penguin Random House LLC, New York.

Flight School

By Kathy Lepak

They seem to have arrived a bit early this year, although nothing about this year appears to be normal, so I suppose that I shouldn't be surprised. It was just a short passing flight - no landings in the field as the corn has not been harvested yet; perhaps just a fly over to make certain that nothing has changed since last fall; one or two Canada geese and a short conversation between them.

The field on the other side of Lee Brook adjoins our property and its seasonal changes are a comfort to follow. Winter's blanket of white and its grey skies have a soft, calming effect. While walking on the dirt road through the field to the hushed, naked wood behind, the only sounds that can be heard are the crunch of boots on the snow and the sound of my own breathing; perhaps the call of a bird in the distance. To the far right you can see the Japanese Larch trees that my father planted in his back field decades ago, now towering above the other trees nearby.

Spring sees the greening up of the hedges surrounding the field and the first buds on trees beyond. The rain will puddle in the grooves in the road made by tractors and the remnants of last years corn crop can be seen now that the snow has melted. The weekend just before Mother's Day, the trucks come from the University in Storrs and spread the field with the glorious scent of chicken manure - my least favorite week of the year. Shortly thereafter, the field will be plowed and the new corn seeds planted in straight rows. There are some years before the planting takes place, when we witness horse-drawn plowing contests, bringing back images of farming days long gone by.

Summer brings the field alive with growth. The newly planted rows of corn start to peek through fertile ground and we watch as they begin their journey to the sun above. The skies are bright blue with billowing white clouds, hawks flying above and a rare sighting of a red fox scurrying out from the corner of the field. The forest to the back of the field explodes into a wall of green and the corn rustles in breezes creating a soft whooshing sound. The days toward the end of the summer season bring the rich smell of wild grapes that grow along the front fence of the field. If there are enough to harvest, I will make Grandma's Side of the Road Grape Jelly once again. Soon the sound of tractors will be heard for two or three days as the corn is harvested and then transported back to the barns of the Universities agricultural program.

Once the field has been cleared, summer's warmth starts to come to an end and the cooling temperatures and brisk days of autumn begin to arrive, as do the participants of Flight School. It usually begins sometime around Columbus Day in the early weeks of October.

We can hear them arriving well before we actually see them; a cacophony of sounds getting louder as it nears, followed by the sighting of a hodge-podge, disoriented, wavering mass of Canada geese, wildly positioning them to their best advantage to land in the field below. Once landed and feeding on the leavings of the recent plowing, their squawking continues, although more quietly now that they are busy gleaning the field. Conversation between them is subtle - daily news or regards to friends perhaps; reports of another field nearby or the latest comments of upcoming weather? The feeding soon overtakes any need to communicate and the air quiets until they are ready to take flight again later in the afternoon. The noise of their chatter begins to elevate and

soon one or two will take flight, followed shortly thereafter by a few more. A single voice can be heard above others, as if one is calling out demands to return, directions or commands to follow. Could he be a Sergeant at Wings maybe or the groups' flight instructor? He seems to continue to try to make himself heard above the others, but their own squawking gets louder as well. The disorganized lot takes their leave on their own time and the flight instructor continues to bellow out to those who would listen. Apparently, none are of a mind to do so.

This circus continues for a few days as the remains of the harvest in the field are available. However, they do seem to be arriving in what appears to be a partial line of geese rather than the mess that they first began with. At the end of each day's feasting, the flight instructor can be heard above the others and they now appear to be listening. It seems that no one is taking flight early, but waiting for the proper directions. When they begin their take off, they are in somewhat of a V with an actual leader at the front of the group. There are still stragglers on either side and this departure must be practiced many more times. On some days, the take offs and landings go on for four or five times.

When the time finally comes to begin their yearly migration, they have dutifully followed the commands of their flight instructor and they take off one last time - silently forming a perfect V shape with one goose in the lead and then a final squawk to say good-bye. Winter is on its way to the field again.



CSA to the Rescue – Addendum!

By Delia Berlin

When I submitted my last article to *Neighbors*, I was lamenting the approaching end to our CSA season and anticipating renewal in spring. Imagine my delight and surprise, when I received the first September CSA newsletter from Russo's Roots with great news. There will be a late fall/early winter CSA share!

This CSA share runs biweekly from November through mid-January. Pick up days and location are Saturdays at the farm, in Canterbury. The full share is \$340 and includes 15-20 lbs. of produce and the half share is \$180 and includes 7-10 lbs. of produce. There will be veggies from the root cellar, like carrots, potatoes, sweet potatoes, beets, turnips, rutabagas, kohlrabi, onions, leeks, shallots, garlic and ginger. Fresh greens, such as cabbage, kale, spinach and tender greens will be included for as long as they hold. Depending on weather, we may also get broccoli, cauliflower and brussels sprouts.

This CSA is open to current CSA members first, but depending on signup and harvest volumes, it may also become available to non-members. Anyone wanting to get on the waiting list, should email russosroots@gmail.com. This long and dark upcoming winter just got a little brighter.

Book Review

The Spectrum Chick: Who Wants To Be Normal Anyway?

By Janey Klunder

By Michelle M. Baughman

***** (5 stars)



This is a realistically portrayed, thoroughly enjoyable and uplifting story of a young adult female on the autism spectrum who begins her journey of self-discovery upon realizing that she has Asperger Syndrome.

It is a well written story that grabs the reader's attention right from the start and holds it throughout the entire page-turning adventure.

As a late in life diagnosed adult female, myself, I can identify with the character's experience when she connects with the online autism community for the first time and begins to make friends, and how this helps one to find self-acceptance by reviewing one's life through the lens of the Asperger diagnosis.

The story is realistically portrayed in the lack of confidence, frustration and shame an undiagnosed autistic feels about failing to live up to family and societal expectations and being painfully consciously aware of one's own arrested development into adulthood. I can identify with the character Tiger Lily's humiliation over her less than stellar employment history and her guilt about needing to rely on family help in order to obtain decent housing.

As a parent of an Aspie child who is reluctant to accept his own diagnosis for fear of being stigmatized, I appreciate the uplifting message in this story of how embracing one's diagnosis and connecting to the online community opens up one's world by helping a person finally find one's "peeps," have a sense belonging, and gain confidence in one's self which carries over into the real world (and how this confidence leads to venturing outside of one's comfort zone, which sometimes is rewarded with serendipitous encounters)!

There is a need for positive stories like this one, and I am grateful to Ms. Klunder for helping to fill the autism literature void. Five years ago I read Kathy Hoopermann's Haze (about a high school boy who comes to realize that he has Asperger Syndrome) and I had wished that an author would write about the female version of this

experience. Spectrum Chick: Who Wants To Be Normal? is this long awaited story. I only wish this book had been promoted more enthusiastically so that I could have read it sooner!

It is also important to note that Ms. Klunder's books (of which she now has written four) help to fill the autism literature void of books for autistics written by autistics. This is important because it doesn't insult our (autistic's) intelligence and it offers the world a more accurate view of what autism really is. Her characters are relatable, believable, endearing, and fully developed: They portray the many positive qualities autistics possess (unlike Kathy Hoopermann's one-dimensional and stereotyped character "Jed" that was created by an outsider looking in on the autistic experience). Klunder's autistic male character Toto is sensitive, insightful, compassionate, resourceful and thoughtful and the young autistic male character Declan

is affectionate, gregarious, and sweet, while the female autistic character Tiger Lily has a terrific sense of humor and a grasp of youth pop culture. It is refreshing to see the stereotypes shattered and I applaud Ms. Klunder for this, for it is the best possible form of autism advocacy to have the courage to portray her autistic characters as fully human (as we truly are, and as the world should be able to see us)!



Michelle M. Baughman is a late-in-life diagnosed adult on the autism spectrum, an educator, a parent of a twice-exceptional child, and a trauma-informed AANE Certified AsperCoach. Her business, Personal Evolution Life Coaching provides parental support, academic tutoring, and intensive, highly individualized coaching to individuals with Autism

Spectrum Disorder (ASD) and related conditions. Michelle ascribes to the Neurodiversity paradigm and writes to help debunk the general misconceptions surrounding this condition to help autistics live their best lives and to change the negative cultural narrative about autism.

She may be contacted via email: LifeCoach.PELC@gmail.com, cell: (860) 207-4263, or her online presence: <http://linkedin.com/in/michelle-m-baughman-28b5a92b> <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1015628291826263/> <https://www.alignable.com/storrs-mansfield-ct/personal-evolution-life-coaching-2>

Going Solar locally helps our community.

Zen Solar

On average: Solar costs 30% less than the utility

Ashford resident

7 years of Solar Industry experience

John Boiano
860-798-5692

john@zensolar.net www.zensolar.net

Go Solar and Celebrate Independence Day, Every Day!



Hi! My name is Josh and I'm the owner of **All Sleep**. We take **Guaranteed Lowest Prices** very seriously here. But what does it mean? It means that we'll not only beat **ANY** lower advertised price, but we'll also adjust our pricing so the next person who comes in the store will also get the **NEW** lower price. It's the only fair thing to do!

WE ARE ALL YOU NEED FOR SLEEP!

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK!

885 Windham Rd
Rt. 32 South Windham



(860) 423-0234
www.allsleep.net

Song-a-Day Music Center

Coventry, Connecticut
860-742-6878 or songadaymusic.com
Lessons in: **Guitar, Piano, Bass Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Ukulele, Dulcimer, Violin, Woodwinds, Brass & Drums**
Instruments New & Used - Books, Gifts, Accessories, Instrument Repair
Buying used instruments! We pay cash!
Band Instrument Rentals & Supplies

Advertise in the Neighbors paper
Locally Written
Locally Wread

WILLIMANTIC FOOD CO-OP
a community market

WE ARE OPEN 9 AM - 7 PM EVERYDAY

MASKS REQUIRED AND SOCIAL DISTANCING AT ALL TIMES
LIMITED NUMBER OF SHOPPERS IN THE STORE
CURBSIDE AVAILABLE FOR A \$5 FEE

91 Valley Street, Willimantic CT 06226
WWW.WILLIMANTICFOOD.COOP

Because Home is *Where the Heart is...*

Since 1992, Community Companion & Homemaking Services, a local, non-profit agency, has enabled thousands of elderly and disabled adults to continue living at home. When living independently becomes a challenge, we can help.



COMMUNITY
Companion & Homemaking Services

90 South Park Street
Willimantic, CT 06226
(860) 456-3626
www.communitychs.org

Community Companion & Homemaking Services is registered by the State of Connecticut Department of Consumer Protection. HCA0000144

Read the Neighbors paper on your desktop, laptop, tablet or smartphone. Go to neighborspaper.com for link to current and past editions. All in beautiful COLOR!

Performing Arts



COMMUNITY GALLERY & HISTORY MUSEUM ARE OPEN!

The Dye & Bleach House Community Gallery and the Gardiner Hall Jr History Museum are OPEN - Saturdays from 10:00am to 2:00pm. Both facilities are located at 156 River Road, Willington, CT 06279. We require strict adherence to COVID guidelines - Masks, social distancing, and sign-in are required. For information, please call 518-791-9474, or email info@ec-chap.org.

SEEKING NEW BOARD MEMBERS

EC-CHAP is seeking passionate individuals to join our Board of Directors. Changing environments and new projects bring about new challenges, and require additional skills, leadership, and innovation. If you are interested in sharing your talent and experience, or would like to learn more, please visit: www.ec-chap.org/board-of-directors, email info@ec-chap.org, or call: 518-791-9474

We would like to introduce you to our newest Board Member, Tammy Glaeser!



Tammy is a working artist and high school art teacher whose work is inspired by nature, music, and industrial material. Tammy blends together drawing and printmaking that emphasize color, texture, and mark-making. Her work has been on view at LaGrúa Art Center, Wesleyan University, The Dye and Bleach House Community Gallery, and art fairs throughout New England.

We leave you with the following:

We can do anything we want to if we stick to it long enough.

-Helen Keller

The Colors of Change

By EC-CHAP

October

October is a symphony of permanence and change.
-Bonaro W. Overstreet

Fall is here – October is upon us - and change is to follow...

On September 24th, Governor Ned Lamont announced details for his plans to move Connecticut into Phase 3 of the state's reopening amid the ongoing COVID-19 pandemic. The plan, which is targeted to take effect on Thursday, October 8, 2020, will ease some of the restrictions that were put into place on businesses and gatherings, while ensuring that the state continues taking a safe approach to limit spread of the virus.

The Phase-3 Plan addresses several organizations, including Indoor Performing Arts Venues, which will be able to open at 50 percent capacity with masks and social distancing requirements. Though this announcement allows The Packing House to reopen on October 8th, at this time, EC-CHAP's Board of Directors have decided to remain closed until 2021.

REOPENING SURVEY

We would appreciate your views regarding the reopening of The Packing House. Please take two minutes and visit www.thepackinghouse.us to respond to a brief survey on our website. Your input and comments are valuable in allowing us to plan for a smooth and meaningful reopening.

PARTICIPATE IN EC-CHAP'S VIRTUAL TALENT SHOWCASE

We would love to include local and regional artists to share in our virtual events, and invite you to participate. All events are free to the public.

CALLING ALL acoustic musicians, film makers, poets, comedians, jugglers, puppeteers, and creative artists of all ages are invited to perform in our virtual Talent Showcase! Here is an opportunity to showcase your work together with other "creatives" STREAMING LIVE in our VIRTUAL SETTING. Test ideas and concepts; and receive comments.

Our Talent Showcase is designed as a platform for local and regional performers to share their talent in front of a live audience. Until we are able to return to live performances in The Packing House, we are offering a virtual Talent Showcase which will be prerecorded and streamed live each month.

If you would like to perform in our monthly virtual Talent Showcase, please call for instructions to submit your video and be placed on the schedule. You may have up to 15-minutes to present your work, and we encourage anyone - of any age - to share your talent.

We will compile your videos and present the August Talent Showcase as a LIVE Stream on Thursday October 15th at 7:00pm. Please call 518.791.9474 for information and be placed on the schedule. The deadline to submit your video is October 10th. Join us for an evening of "talent sharing talent"! Virtual Access at: www.thepackinghouse.us/upcoming the day of the show.

If you have missed our virtual Live Stream offerings, you can view them on our YouTube channel at: (<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCE7849dIweG-DhNCQvAEa8wQ>).

The Day the Sun Turned Orange, An Animal Story

By Debra Gag

I am a mother. I protect my little ones and keep them close. I feel a swelling in my heart watching the two of them lift their awkward, spindly legs and attempt to step through the understory. Their wide-eyed wonder at all that they encounter awakens the child inside, compelling me to appreciate the world anew and revel in its bounty. There are menacing predators around, but I don't sense any danger right now.

The blackbirds fly up in a sudden burst of flapping wings as we step into the meadow. My babies look up in confusion, startled. I am so close to them I can see their long dewey eyelashes. We are surrounded by a chorus of awakening locusts. A murder of crows announces the beginning of a new day. Foraging in the shade of a great mountain, the air is still cool. It hasn't rained in many moons, so as we venture further from the forest the sweetgrass is brown and the ground is dry and dusty. A hawk cries out, and now I realize there are bullfrogs. I can hear the murmuring river nearby, but its rapids and eddies are long gone. My babies search for something green. I lead them to the river's edge and right away they find the raspberries and blackberries. I join them. Several towering trees are dead, the branches resembling bones, the dry leaves rustling and floating to the ground. We wander over to where the sorrel is growing. It's an incredible thirst quencher and the leaves, flowers and seed pods are all edible. But sorrel is bitter so my youngsters don't linger there for long. Instead they go prancing

after a butterfly who is trying to alight on the wild mustard flowers. We munch on the mustard plants as well. I look up and see a large brown bear swipe a fish out of the river. Her cubs watch nearby. Now it is time for my fawns to have a lesson. I nudge them over to the marshy area where the arrowroot is growing. The leaves are reaching for the sky, but it is the roots that we seek. I show my babies how to paw at the muddy puddle repeatedly until the root comes loose and floats to the surface, then watch them chomp on the luscious tubers, the fruits of my labor. Looking up at the mountain I can see tiny figures of surefooted animals on distant cliffs. A hawk cries out again.

I quickly take my little ones to where the bulrush is growing and show them how to yank out the plant and feast on the root which is a great source of energy and will help them to grow strong. But something is different about the breeze. Instead of the fresh mountain air blowing across the plain, I smell smoke. The bears in the river are now standing on their hind legs, facing the mountain, sniffing into the wind.

I hear loud huffing and see my mate watching us from the forest's edge, bobbing his head and pawing at the ground. He then stands upright, his menacing antlers proud and tall. The sun rises orange and that's not right. It bathes the mountaintop first; then travels down it spreading heat and light. Suddenly we hear the eerie sound of growling mountain lions echoing from a lower slope. I spy a coyote in the bulrushes who stops and listens, and a rabbit skitters away. My babies are agitated, and rightly so.

We sprint across this valley, the dry grasses crunching under our feet, slinking into the shadows of the forest, camouflaged and downwind. But the wind is blowing harder and the smoke is blowing towards us.

Tonight we all stand in the river, enemies forgotten, survival our only goal. The fire that came down the mountain

surrounds us and roars like a thousand screaming mountain lions. But the mountain lions are here and not even 10 feet away in the river, panting, with wild eyes glowing in the firelight. We stand there together sequestered, wondering our fate. The mountain lions, the great horned sheep, the deer, the bears, the coyote, the rabbit. There are herons and wolves side by side. We all stand and wonder at our fate, no longer fearing each other, as the real enemy is out there.



“YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SO STRONG”
BUT IF I'M NOT, WHO WILL?

Being a caregiver takes a special kind of commitment. We know your strength is super, but you're still human.
FIND SUPPORT FOR YOUR STRENGTH.

AARP.ORG/CAREGIVING
1-877-333-5885
AARP Real Possibilities
Ad Council

Artist Residency in Eastern Connecticut

By Rebecca Zablocki



An artist-in-residence, speaking very plainly, can be defined as an artist creating art in a particular location. However, this straightforward definition does not begin to describe what an artist-in-residence really is or what they do.

To those of you who are not fully immersed in the art world, you may not be familiar with this term. Every artist residency can be interpreted and structured differently, presenting endless opportunities and options. As stated on definitions.net,

“Artist-in-residence programs provide a time of reflection, research, presentation and/or production. They also allow an individual to explore (their) practice within another community; meeting new people, using new materials, experiencing life in a new location...Residencies can be a part of museums, universities, galleries, studio spaces, theaters, artist-run spaces, municipalities, governmental offices, and even festivals. They can be seasonal, ongoing, or tied to a particular one-time event. They exist in urban spaces, rural villages, and deep in nature. Hundreds of such opportunities and organizations exist throughout the world. There is no single model, and the expectations and requirements vary greatly.”

There are residencies that take place over a few days, a few weeks, months and even years. Some require artists to participate in extensive application processes and have a competitive pool of applicants. Other programs are more lax, there are programs where multiple artists take up residence in a space at one time, some share studios, some share living quarters and some are completely solitary. Some residencies require the artist to teach classes or maintain community studios, others are more self guided and contemplative.

As the Artist-in-Residence (AIR) for the Eastern Connecticut Center for History, Art & Performance (EC-CHAP), I actually participated in the formation of the AIR program here. Prior to my participation, the program did not exist, this enabled me to help formulate what an AIR at EC-CHAP

did and how and what they were involved in within the organization. EC-CHAP's Artist-in-Residence program provides studio space in The Mill Works building, home of EC-CHAP, making it a great opportunity for artists already living locally in the quiet corner of Connecticut. The artist is provided a studio space to create their personal artwork. In exchange for this space, they participate in programming and events put on and organized by EC-CHAP. It is a wonderful fit for an artist looking for creative space, that is willing to help out with local activities and events and gain experience working within an arts organization and non-profit. It also allows the artist to work on their own schedule and hold a full time job, with 24 hour access to their studio, they are able to use their studio whenever they please.

This program has allowed me the ability to create artwork in a designated creative space, when I did not have room to create or store artwork or supplies. I was able to have continuous involvement in gallery functions, acting as a curator and helping to create the Dye & Bleach House Community Gallery. It has also given me multiple opportunities to display my work in the gallery and introduced me to other artists working and living in this part of the state.

The opportunity to help formulate and be an artist-in-residence here could not have come at a more perfect time in my life. I have created an entirely new body of work and my art and my art practice has grown significantly, in ways that could not have happened without having an art studio. I

have been inspired to continuously adapt and come up with new ways for my own and other's art to exist in the world. I end my time here with a solo exhibition in the Dye & Bleach House Community Gallery, HEALING,

which is on view until October 24, 2020.

The Dye & Bleach House Community Gallery is open on Saturdays from 10am-2pm. Join us in our quiet space, check out the artwork and maybe even plan to become a part of the EC-CHAP family. We are located at 156 River Road in Willington, CT. If you have questions regarding the gallery please contact communitygallery@ec-chap.org. For general questions about EC-CHAP and our Artist Residency, contact: info@ec-chap.org.



John Moulthrop:

A CT Soldier In The Civil War (Part-3)

By Tyler Hall



In this month's article, EC-CHAP's Gardiner Hall Jr. History Museum at The Mill Works will focus solely on the trials of John Moulthrop, husband of Sarah Ophelia Chittenden. As we consider the conditions our ancestors fought in during the American Civil War, the pain that those close to them experienced, and the sheer brutality of 19th century conflict, let us take solace in the fact that John is forever immortalized on the honor rolls and monuments at both Willimantic, and Waterbury.

On September 9th, 1861, five months after the start of the Civil War, the newlywed John Moulthrop volunteered in the town of Waterbury, eager to serve the Union Army. Twelve days later, he was mustered into the Tenth Regiment C. V. Infantry, Company A. He was among the first to volunteer for the newly formed regiment, which congregated at Camp Buckingham, Hartford, on September 30th of the same year.

The regiment was then sent to Annapolis, Maryland, where it was placed in General Burnside's First Brigade under the command of General J. G. Foster. The men subsequently spent the next two months diligently training. On January 2nd, 1862, Burnside ordered John's regiment to set sail for North Carolina. They first encountered the Confederate Army at Roanoke Island on February 7th, and 8th, 1862. General Burnside's siege of Roanoke Island led the regiment to suffer great casualties, with fifty-six men killed or wounded.

The Tenth then sailed approximately one hundred miles south to the coastal town of Slocum's Creek, North Carolina. They spent the summer of 1862 pushing west, engaging the enemy countless times as they captured, and burned, Rebel assets along the southern bank of the Neuse River. The regiment then took the town of Kingston, assaulted the town of Whitehall, and destroyed a railroad bridge in the town of Goldsboro in December of 1862. John would spend the final months of his enlistment clearing the island garrisons of Morris, and Seabrook, South Carolina. He was honorably discharged on April 24th, 1863, as a private. In 1862, while John was deployed with the Tenth Infantry, Sarah Ophelia gave birth to their first daughter, Lillie A. Moulthrop.

While John fought in the South, Sarah Ophelia lived with her parents in Waterbury. Between 1860 and 1862, the Chittenden family moved back to Willimantic. The family would stay in Windham County for the next two decades. John Moulthrop returned to Connecticut for a short period following the 1863 conclusion of his first deployment, spending a few months with his wife and daughter in Willimantic.

On January 11th, 1864, nine months after his discharge from the Tenth Infantry, John met with a recruiter from the First Regiment C. V. Cavalry in Willimantic. Soldiers would often search for the town offering the most substantial enlistment bonus. Here, he enlisted a second time, mustering the same day. He was assigned as a private to Company L, and was hastily shipped south to join the rest of his

regiment in Virginia. He arrived in Stevensburg, Virginia on March 24th, 1864. Here his regiment was assigned to the First Brigade, Third Division, Cavalry Corps under General McIntosh. From Stevensburg, the regiment advanced south, spearheading into extremely hostile Confederate territory. As they progressed, they destroyed sawmills, depots, and railroad tracks. The fighting was desperate. When the cavalymen's horses fell in battle, the soldiers picked up their arms and advanced on foot. The regiment continued to push further south, receiving orders from General Grant as he clashed with General Lee.

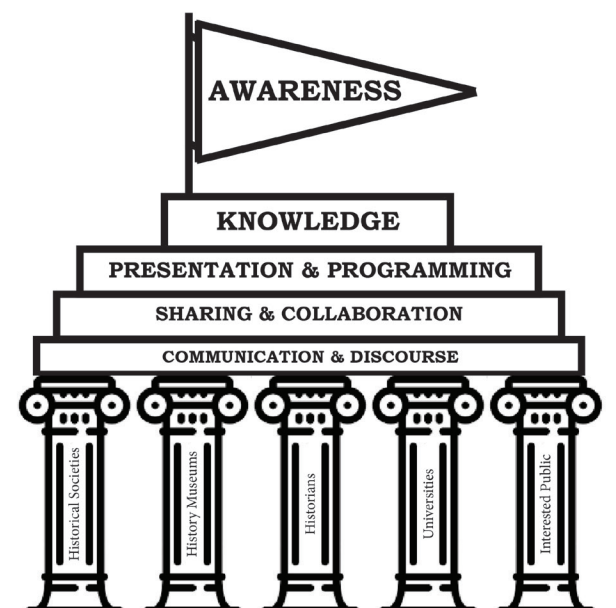
During the final days of June, John's regiment marched three hundred miles, rarely stopping for rest. Out of provisions, exhausted, and suffering from excessive heat, the men trickled into camp at Petersburg, Virginia on July 2nd, 1864. They spent a month picketing the garrison at Petersburg as they regrouped and rested. During this time, Union Generals devised a plan to cross the Shenandoah Valley.

On September 21st, 1864, at Front Royal Virginia, the First Regiment Cavalry charged at full gallop across the open fields of the Shenandoah Valley. The charge successfully routed the Confederate troops and opened a passage for the Union Advance. On September 24th, 1864, during the third day of combat at Front Royal, John Moulthrop was captured by Confederate soldiers. He suffered for the next seven months as a Confederate prisoner of war. The conditions in the Confederate prison camp were beyond abhorrent, and would forever alter John's physical, and mental, health.

Finally, on March 26th, 1865, just a few days before Lee's surrender, John was liberated by Union forces. After John's capture, the Connecticut Cavalry had ridden on, fighting in 27 more skirmishes before reaching the courthouse at Appomattox, Virginia, for the April 9th, 1865, conclusion of the war. John was discharged on August 2nd, 1865, after having fought through nearly the entire conflict. John and Ophelia's second child, George A. Moulthrop, was born in 1864, as his father was marching south towards the Shenandoah.

In the next issue, we will be discussing the aftermath of John's deployment, the impact it had on his family, and ultimately, how the Chittenden family adapted to their new reality.

Tyler Hall is the Curator of Gardiner Hall Jr. History Museum, Board member of the Hall Foundation, and History student at ECSU.



A Synergistic Framework for Historical Awareness



Seeking New Board Members

The Eastern Connecticut Center for History, Art, and Performance (EC-CHAP) is a 501.c.3 nonprofit cultural organization serving Eastern Connecticut and beyond.

EC-CHAP is interested in expanding its Board of Directors to ensure we have the capacity and skills to oversee the next phase of our work. We embrace diversity, and invite a broad range of creative and analytical talent to apply for three Board positions.

Please visit www.ec-chap.org/board2020 to learn more and to apply online. Questions may be addressed by email to: info@ec-chap.org; or by calling: 518.791.9474.

WWW.EC-CHAP.ORG

156 River Road, Suite 2106A, Willington, CT 06279 | 518.791.9474 | info@ec-chap.org

A Short Story in Four Parts

Two Tons For Maria - Part 1

By Wayne A. English

It was the best day of my life. After twelve years in the army, I was getting out. First order of business was a train ticket to Connecticut to move in with my Louise. In the last six weeks, all we did was talk on the phone, and that was six weeks too long I thought, as the train left North Carolina behind. We had discussed moving in and that we would share her place until we ground something larger. Believe me being close to Louise would not be a problem. It was 11 am as we rolled out of the station with an arrival time of 4:54 pm. Perfect, I thought, just in time for dinner.

I'd met Louise in North Carolina, just before she was set to move to Connecticut and we hit it off right away. To help her, I'd bought her a new set of luggage and a bauble or two. And she went off ahead me to take a job working for a new startup. Hartford seemed a strange choice, but when she told that they picked it because it was between New York and Boston. It made sense, sort of. Anyway, I was off to Hartford and Louise.

As the train rolled north, I phoned her, but got only voice mail. Wow, her voice sounded good. "Louise, hi, sweetie, it's your lover boy Red. I'm on the train and will be in Hartford at 4:54 today. Just in time for dinner."

My phone needed charging, but it was lunch time. So, I stuck the cord in my pocket and went off to find the dining car.

After lunch, I plugged the phone in and called her again. Wouldn't you know it? Voice mail again. "Louise, it's Red. I'm on the train and will arrive Hartford at 4:54. Looking forward to having dinner with you. Call me."

"Louise, Louise where are you?" I grumbled. So, I could read, take a nap, or look out the window. I looked out the window because I didn't bring a book, and was not tired. Thinking of living with Louise kept me from getting bored.

We arrived at 4:54 in the afternoon. I got my things together and climbed down onto the platform and, of course, looked for Louise. No Louise. So, I walked down stairs and outside. Then tried her phone again. And she answered.

"Louise, it's Red, just got into town. Can you pick me up? I'm at the train station," I said. Thinking how good it was to hear her voice.

"Red?" she said, like she didn't know who I was.

"Red Decker. Your boyfriend? The guy you're going to live with."

"Red, I... I never... thought... I'd... I'd hear from you."

"Told you I'd call. Louise, we agreed to live together."

"Red. Oh, Red. My situation has changed. I can't see you. I'm sorry. Please don't call me again. I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Red. Don't call me again. I've got to go. I'm sorry."

"What? Louise, wait ...," I said to empty air. She was gone.

And so, there I was in Hartford, Connecticut. Didn't know the town. Didn't know a soul. It'd been a long ride and I was tired and feeling sorry for myself. Then I saw a woman trying to carry two bags of groceries while struggling to help a little girl walk. I went out to help.

"Ma'am, may I offer you some assistance? I'd be pleased to carry your bags, so you can help your daughter," I said. Assuming the child was her daughter.

"No, no. Thank you. We're fine," she said.

"Ma'am, with respect, you're not fine. Let me help."

"Thank you, but you've got that heavy bag," she said, dismissing me.

"Ma'am, this bag's nothing. Nothing at all. Not when someone needs help."

Then looking at the size of me, she smiled.

"You've nothing to fear from me, ma'am. Let me carry those bags and you can carry your daughter," I said, with a smile.

She looked at how far the parking lot was, the bags, and how her little girl was struggling. She nodded, "Okay, thank you. My car's in the lot over there."

I shifted my duffel bag and took the groceries, "You lead, ma'am. I'll follow. Red Decker, ma'am, just got into town. First day out of the army."

"Nice to meet you, Mister Red Decker. Jennifer - Jen - Peterson. My daughter Maria," she said nodding at the little girl. "Thank you for helping us."

"You're most welcome, ma'am," I said, looking for traffic and saw that the parking lot was a hundred yards

away and that her car would be even farther. I'm glad she let me help, I thought.

"Where'd you get all those muscles?" Jen asked, smiling at me carrying her groceries and my heavy bag with little effort.

"Came with the package, ma'am."

"What did you do in the army? Physical fitness instructor?"

"No ma'am, nuclear weapon's specialist."

"That sounds ominous."

"Not at all, ma'am. It's like working on any other delicate complex machine."

"Imagine that? Smart, handsome, and muscles too, or does our military put nuclear weapons in the hands of big, dopey, good-looking guys? I don't think so," she said, looking impressed and joking with me, chuckling as she shook her head. "Tell me, Mr. Decker," she quipped. "Do you glow in the dark?"

I rolled my eyes. "Ooooooh, haven't heard that one in a while," I said as we both laughed. Even Maria was laughing. "Which car is yours?"

"Beat up blue one, over there."

As we walked over, I said, "Maria's gorgeous, ma'am. She'll be a heart breaker. How old is she?"

"Five in November," Jen said sadly, looking at the sweet little girl she held in her arms.

I didn't ask why Maria couldn't walk. Jen looked worn out, like she carried the weight of the world. I guess, in a way, she did.

"Here we are," she said, unlocking the car and buckling Maria into her child seat while I held the bags. "I'll take those."

I handed her the groceries.

"Thank you, Red. I - we - appreciate your kindness. And enjoyed your company."

"You're most welcome, ma'am. Happy to help," I said, turning to go.

"Wait. I'll give you a ride back."

"Thank you, ma'am, but that's not necessary," I said. Knowing she was just being polite.

"Thank you again," she said. "Stop by the coffee shop under the train station. Coffee's on me."

"Thank you, ma'am. I might take you up on that. Bye Maria," I said.

"Bye, Mr. Red," Maria said in her little girl voice, waving a tiny hand.

"Hey," I said, to the first guy I met. "Where can I get a drink around here?"

"Two streets down, left on Jasper. Andy's is on your right. Middle of the block," he said, pointing with his chin. "Can't miss it."

"Thanks, Bud," I said, crossing the road.

Pretty soon, I saw it. 'Andy's Bar' in red neon was a clue.

Walking in, I said to the bartender, "You must be Andy?" I climbed up on a comfortable bar stool and dropped my bag on the floor.

"The same," he said, smiling. "Looks like you just got in town. What'll it be?"

"Rye and ginger," I said, thinking of my foxy Louise and that I wouldn't be sharing my life with her.

"You got it," Andy said. Then looking at my bag and haircut, he added, "Just get out of the service?"

"Yeah, Fort Bragg. Was going to meet my girl, that's why I came to Hartford, but she's got other plans. That don't include me."

Andy looked at me, and shook his head. "Sorry to hear that. She just told you? After coming all this way?"

"Yeah," I said, taking a long drink.

"So, you're Army. Fort Bragg, I mean, army base."

"Right again. You're batting a thousand. You know, Andy? My rate won't do me a lick of good in the civilian world. I mean nothing, zero, zip."

"Why not? What'd you do for Uncle Sam?"

"Nuclear weapons specialist. Thermonuclear warheads. Hydrogen bombs. Know anybody who needs a bomb specialist?" I said, with a rueful smile.

"Um, not off hand," Andy said, with a straight face. "Not a lot of hydrogen bombs in town. So, what'll you do?"

"Well, I got some money saved. Enough to go into business, I guess."

"What kind of business?" Andy asked, sincerely interested.

"Weight loss clinic. It's the only thing I'm any good at. Other than working on bombs."

"Weight loss? From bomb tech to weight loss guru?" Andy said, eyebrows going up, shaking his head at

the incongruity of it.

"Yeah, I know how it sounds, but I'm really good at it. Helped a couple hundred people lose weight. Officers, enlisted, civilians, men, women. Even children."

"Well, I'll be. Going to settle here in Hartford? I'll be your first customer," he said, slapping his belly. "Lot more like me. Most of my regulars for a start. Red, I've tried to lose weight so many times I've lost count. Gets disheartening," Andy said, sadly. "Man, I've tried and tried."

"Know what you're saying. Being heavy can be hard on people. Real hard. Some of the people I helped were at their wit's end. But I was able to help 'em. Every last one," I said, swirling the amber liquid, then finishing the drink. "Got another one of these?"

"Sure do," he said. "You're going to need a place for your meetings and an office. Got just what you want in back. It's perfect, wheelchair access, small office, high speed Internet, free parking, holds 40 people, tables and chairs. Even got a smart TV you can project to from a laptop or your phone. You get this weight off me, I'll give you a year's free rent."

"Andy, you're on. Let's see the room."

Andy turned and raised his voice. "Ella, would you watch the bar for a few minutes, please?"

"Cost you a quarter?"

Looking sheepish, Andy shrugged his shoulders. "She always says that."

The room was perfect. I even had my first customer.

After a couple more drinks, Andy gave me a key to the my new office and directions to a hotel within walking distance over on Main Street. Then he said, "I've got another key, I'll find it and get it to you in a day or two."

Walking into the hotel, I said to the woman behind the counter, "Good evening, ma'am. I'd like a room, please."

"Didn't think you come in here for a tan," she said. "How long will you be staying? We rent by the day, week, or month. Cash, credit, or debit only. No checks," she said.

"A month, please," I said, handing her my credit card.

"A month? Pricey. Well look at that," she said, when the card was approved. "Will wonders never cease? You got yourself a room."

"Thank you, ma'am. Appreciate your kindness." She could use my weight loss clinic herself, but I didn't say so. "Would you be kind enough to tell me where I can get something to eat, please?"

She was getting up a remark, when a man walked behind the desk. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye, thought better of it, and said, "I suppose so. Right out the door," she said. "Two blocks south. Turn left. Eatery's on your right. You do know which direction south is, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. Thank you, ma'am."

"Just get out of the service?"

"Yes, ma'am. How'd you guess?"

"Your manners. Duffel bag," she said. "Eatery's open till midnight. Plenty of time to grab dinner."

"Thank you, ma'am, appreciate it," I said, meaning it. "I'm Red Decker," I said, extending my hand.

"Mrs. Gustafson," she said, looking disgusted, giving me a limp hand shake. "Good to know you're not using a stolen card."

That's when I knew that she was just plain nasty.

About the Author-

Wayne A. English is a locally, nationally, and internationally published writer and author. Wayne has published four books and has numerous publications in magazines, newspapers, and online. See more of his work at: WayneAEnglish.com.

Dear Reader-

Please consider contributing to Neighbors- Write an article about a person you admire or a local program you believe is important. Take a photo of a friend, loved one or pet. Write a poem or a piece of flash fiction. These pages would be full of press releases without submissions from local residents who care about each other and their community.

T. King, Publisher

The United States Needs Medicare for All

By Donna Nicolino

Imagine never losing your health insurance because you lost your job. Imagine leaving a job to stay home and raise a child and maintaining coverage for your family, without having to pay an exorbitant amount for COBRA coverage. Imagine being able to leave a job and start a business, without having to stress about being able to purchase health insurance for yourself or your family. Or never needing to worry that your insurance plan will refuse to pay for a needed procedure, or that you or someone you care about will need to start a Go Fund Me page to pay for needed medical expenses.

For me, imagining this reality creates a sense of well-being and a release of stress. At 53, I've spent almost half of my adult life without health insurance, whether that's due to taking a job I love in a non-profit that just can't afford to provide it, or choosing to pursue my dream of starting my own business, and realizing that I can't simultaneously pay for health insurance and save up to buy a house or for my older years - and deciding to take my chances that hopefully I won't have a serious illness or accident before I can make enough money to purchase insurance.

As much as the scenario of never worrying about health insurance coverage seems like a pleasant daydream, it is the reality of essentially everyone in industrialized democracies in the world, from Canada to Japan: capitalist countries that provide health care to all their people. Yet here in the United States, the wealthiest country that has ever existed in the history of the world, this idea has been treated as a pipe dream.

Our privatized healthcare system works well for those with money or good (often union) jobs that provide excellent insurance. Decades ago when well-paying manufacturing and other working class jobs were widely available, this worked well enough. But for the growing number of people who are in the gig economy, or who are stuck in part-time jobs because employers purposely keep employees under full-time hours so they don't need to offer benefits, this is not the case. Our national economic situation has changed, and the system just doesn't work anymore.

Tying health insurance to full-time work has other limitations, which have become starkly clear during this pandemic. While people in other countries have been able to hold onto their coverage amidst the disruption created by the Covid virus, CBS News reports that 12 million Americans have lost their health insurance due to losing their jobs. That's 12 million people deprived of both income and health insurance during the worst pandemic in 100 years, an event completely beyond their control.

Americans spend more on healthcare than any other industrialized country and we have worse outcomes. According to a study published in The Lancet in May of

2018, America ranks worst of modern industrialized nations in terms of health access and quality, while according to the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, the United States spends \$11,072 per person on healthcare compared to an average of \$5,496 for other wealthy countries - that's over twice as much for terrible results, the opposite of an efficient system. A study by the Commonwealth Fund revealed that, under our current system of private insurance, 44% of insured adults reported not getting care because of high co-pays and deductibles. Sixty-five percent of personal bankruptcies are due to medical debt, and 75% of those were actually insured.

But - how do you pay for it??

During the Democratic primaries, much was made of the possible price tag of Medicare for All: an estimated \$32 trillion. That's a lot of money. But we're spending a lot of money right now, between premiums, deductibles, co-pays, services not covered by insurance, lost time due to illnesses because the uninsured or under-insured put off care until it reaches the level of an emergency. According to the Centers for Medicare Services, the United States currently spends \$3.6 trillion a year on healthcare, or \$36 trillion over the next decade. And the cost of healthcare just keeps going up, so the federal government estimates that national healthcare spending will total \$48 trillion over the next 10 years. They estimate that by 2027, we'll be spending about \$6 trillion annually on healthcare, which means that total spending will reach an astronomical \$60 trillion per decade. Seen in that light, the \$32 trillion for Medicare for All sounds like a bargain. Would my taxes go up?

Depending on your income they likely will, but overall costs would go down. According to the plan put forth by Senator Bernie Sanders, families earning under \$29,000 per year would see no increase in their taxes, while families earning \$50,000 would pay a 4% premium, or \$844 per year. That \$844 replaces the premiums, deductibles, co-pays and other uncovered expenses that are currently being paid. Savings would result from things such as decreased administrative costs and avoiding emergency care due to putting off routine care because of cost. Funds would be raised by imposing taxes on Wall Street speculation, taxing capital gains and dividends the same as money from work, and raising taxes on those making over \$21 million per year.

Isn't that socialist?

Capitalist countries including Australia, Canada, Japan, and every single European country provide universal and overwhelmingly free coverage. The United States has Social Security and Medicare, programs which

at the time of their implementation were derided by many as socialist, and which are now our most popular social programs. When I've spoken with people who are strongly opposed to Medicare for All on the grounds that it's a "socialist" program, I ask them, especially if they are elderly, if they would be willing to give up Social Security and Medicare on that same basis. As of yet, no one (including my die-hard Republican Mom) has said that they would. My very strong feeling is that, when Medicare for All is eventually implemented, within a decade or so no one will be able to imagine not having it.

What about choice?

I don't know about you, but I have never chosen a health insurance plan. When I have had one, it has been chosen by my employer, based on what the employer could afford, and has changed on a regular basis as the plan's cost went up and the employer had to search for a cheaper plan. The only choices I have had are between the "bronze," "silver" or "gold" plan - choices based on how much I'm willing and able to pay in premiums and deductibles. When people I know have had the option of choosing their insurance plan - for example, one of the several Medicaid plans in New York, or choosing a formulary plan under Medicare Part D - it is inevitably an anxiety-provoking process, as people struggle to understand all of the fine print to make sure that the services and medications they most need are actually covered, and that they won't be unpleasantly surprised by unexpected bills they can't afford to pay.

What about union members?

Another argument frequently put forth against Medicare for All is that unions who have negotiated their healthcare plans would have to give those up. As a former union member, I would have been perfectly happy to do this. For six years I was a member of 1199 SEIU, and each time we negotiated a new contract, management would use the rising cost of healthcare to try to whittle away our vacation or sick time. At least twice during the time I was a member, our health insurance plan changed and our deductibles and co-pays went up. A Medicare for All system would take this bargaining chip off the table completely and reduce stress for both sides of the table.

Of course, the savings from a Medicare for All program would be felt on a local level. According to the Town of Windham budget for 2020-2021, the Town spends \$3,786, 216 on healthcare for its employees. Just imagine what could be done if those costs were not a burden on this Town: what programs, improvements and investments in the community would be possible?

The road to creating a Medicare for All system is a long one, and won't happen overnight. But as with every other movement for good, it will happen eventually, with enough social pressure from the ground up. To this end, a proposal to the Town of Windham to endorse the concept of Medicare for All will be brought before the Town Council soon. This resolution will not actually enact this system within the Town, but will help build support for enacting a statewide single-payer system. If you are interested in helping with this effort or speaking out in favor of this resolution you can contact me at: itsallgarden@gmail.com

BEST IF USED.

40% OF FOOD IN AMERICA IS WASTED

COOK IT, STORE IT, SHARE IT.
JUST DON'T WASTE IT.

SAVETHEFOOD.COM

Ad Council NRDC

Love Animals?
Come Volunteer
at the Sanctuary!

OUR COMPANIONS
ANIMAL RESCUE

Each week, dozens of volunteers from all over Connecticut assist us in providing care to the deserving animals at our Sanctuary in Ashford. We hope you will consider getting involved as a Sanctuary volunteer.

Visit our OurCompanions.org for full job descriptions and volunteer requirements or call us at 860-242-9999.

Walking on Eggshells

By Donna Dufresne

Anyone who has grown up in a somewhat dysfunctional family knows what it's like to spend your childhood walking on eggshells. Even young children know when the adults they inherited are too fragile for truth-telling. They learn to navigate a minefield watching for signs and triggers, taking care not to drop any bombshells that would ignite a firestorm of volatility. Those delicate shells, too thin-skinned to protect innocence are packaged to hide truth yet designed to crack it open at the slightest misstep. One must walk softly while tiptoeing through white fragility.

Being a white ally and attempting to be an anti-racist in America in this time of political black lash is like being the white elephant in a room full of eggshells. We tiptoe across the steppingstones of racial justice and equity while trying not to offend our white community, our friends and family. We slip and fall on the broken yokes of hurt feelings after pointing out racist remarks. But at the same time, it is necessary to call out racism when we see it. At some point you need to tell it like it is. If not now, then when? If not me, then who?

When I was in third grade, the only African American boy in the whole school slammed my fingers in my locker. I do not know if it was purposeful or accidental. I do know that I let out a litany of cuss words. Words my father would have said when he jammed his fingers in the guts of a tractor. I don't think the words were racist unless "bible-back-bastard" had some hidden meaning. In the midst of screaming pain and the tears and the cussing, an angel of darkness swept down upon me. Her name was Gabigail. She was the daughter of the Unitarian minister in town. Her parents were educated and upper middle class. Mine were not. She was probably bound for Abbott Academy, the local female prep school. I was bound and tied to public school. Gabigail grew in stature as if a pure white pedestal of righteous indignation had lifted her skyward as she glared at me and pointed her finger. "You're a racist!" she proclaimed.

I didn't know what a racist was but knew it must have been something bad. I should have known about racism. It was, after all, 1963 and Birmingham Alabama was burning. The KKK had ignited white indignation over desegregation and the race relations agreement the Reverends Martin Luther King and Fred Shuttlesworth had arranged with the city's mayor. Not unlike what we see today, white black lash and indignation turned violent. You might not be bombing black churches, but if you can't help yourself from shouting "All Lives Matter!" whenever you see a BLM sign, or re-posting the racist tweets of the divider in chief who occupies the Whitehouse, then you are perpetuating the racist narrative which has been cultivated by Fox "news" and their Trump propaganda. Racial violence starts with words and the venom of hate behind them.

Although Gabigail may have seen herself as defending the poor kid who smashed my fingers, I'm not sure he was any more aware of the race thing than I was. He seemed more intrigued and astonished by the cussing sailor girl who stood before him. What Gabigail did accomplish though was a public shaming driven by classism and what we might call elitism. Suddenly, I was Eve in the Garden of Eden, shamefully aware that I'd been naked all those years. My nakedness stemmed from my rural (somewhat poor) roots. Here I thought I was like every other kid in the school, but in one fell swoop I was made to realize that I was less than most and possibly better than some but somehow aligned with ignorance and hate by birth. As if my people would have anything to do with those redneck KKK Southerners.

I should have known these things. After all, I'd already experienced the rolling of eyes and clicking of tongues among teachers and their penny-loafer pets. I should have known that I was looked down upon by the way my teacher would angrily grab my hands in search of the speck of dirt she once found beneath my cousin Norman's nails. He was poorer than me, being on "The State" (welfare) and all, and definitely troubled.

I may not have understood the word "racist", but that public shaming caused me to spend the rest of my life walking on eggshells around people of color. Even worse, it disabled me from acknowledging, disrupting, and naming the everyday racism we all encounter. I turned a blind eye. After all, I didn't want to be another Gabigail, shaming and accusatory. So, I politely laughed at the off-color jokes made by relatives and co-workers. I learned how to deflect conversations and deescalate white rage when I became the ranting post for their working-class frustration. I used empathy as a tool to chip away at injustice. I get it. No one wants to be accused of being a racist. But there comes a

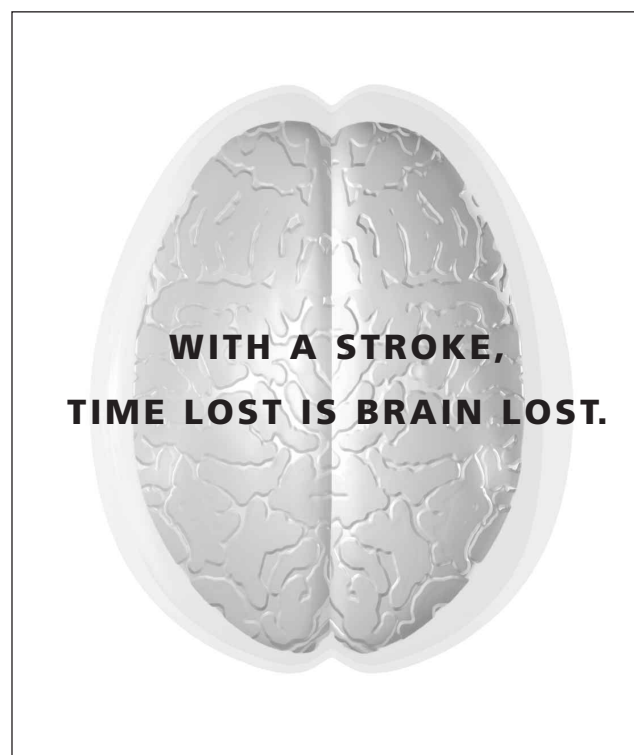
time for truth and now is that time.

I did my best to counter racism within my own safety net. As a teacher I made sure I taught about African American history and the civil rights movement. I spent years researching, writing, and performing as CT State Heroine Prudence Crandall who opened the first school for African American girls in 1832. I participated in every diversity grant offered by EASTCONN so that my rural, mostly white students got to interact and establish relationships with more diverse populations. But even then, I tiptoed around the angry parents who didn't want their kids going on a field trip to Hartford or to be exposed to those Hartford kids. Perhaps I was too empathetic in assuring them that I understood the vast difference in culture between rural and urban. I was, after all, raised in a sheltered rural environment. But we all knew the coded language of racism: urban, meaning black. The great white coding of language continues today as a perverse type of redlining. How many realtors continue to site standardized test scores to signify "great schools", meaning mostly white as we systemically tango with a segregated and increasingly gated society.

Anti-racism work is a long and complicated journey and we are all on this ride together. Black, white, immigrant and other. As Americans, we cannot escape racism. It is deeply embedded in the culture, policies, and structure of our fledgling republic. If you "don't see color" then you are part of the problem, because most of white America would rather hide behind their rose colored, white blind glasses than acknowledge that racism still exists in this country. No, it didn't go away when we elected a black president and the fact that a handful of black celebrities and football players are multi-millionaires does not mean that the equity doors are wide open. They still have to teach their sons how to stay alive when they encounter the few "bad apple" police who implicitly perceive them as a threat due to the color of their skin.

As for myself, I would like to stop walking on eggshells. I don't want to have to worry about your fragile feelings or triggers when I put a black lives matter sign on my lawn; I no longer will apologize for those who are too afraid to stick their necks out for justice because they don't want to litter their quaint villages with signs; I will no longer use empathy as a crutch while white rage turns its ugly head into pathetic slogans such as "all lives matter". I will not cower to the ugly and false accusations that standing (or kneeling) for justice makes me unpatriotic or a police hater. I will walk with truth and justice.

Empathy and sadness will not mend the rift in this country because feelings don't require action. One can wear the cloak of liberalism yet continue to be a bystander. In anti-bullying curriculum we teach students about the spectrum between the bully and a bystander. Most people hang out in the bystander zone because we all know that if you confront a bully, they are apt to turn on you. Being a bystander is passive and like turning a blind eye to race and diversity, it only perpetuates the bullying. But occasionally you find people who are willing to disrupt bullying and risk saying something. Working toward becoming an anti-racist is learning to say something. We are all a work in progress in this big beautiful and sometimes messy republic, but most Americans think of themselves as being non-racists, which is akin to being a bystander on the bully spectrum. As for myself, I continue to work toward that anti-racist zone because the alternative to anti-racism is akin to being a bystander and helping to perpetuate racism.



Memoirs of a Census Taker

By Jeanne Hockenberry Rittlinger

In May of 1990, I decided to help the United States by doing the Census. This entailed going to the homes of people who had received a census form by mail but didn't fill it out and mail it back. A simple job, you might think.

First, I went to night school in Willimantic for 4 few nights, learning all the rules. Rule Number One: Always be polite to the U.S. citizens!

There were two different forms; one a long form that asked many personal questions and the other a short form. The idea was to try to reach the person three times, in person or by phone. After three tries, you were to ask neighbors if they knew any information on the person.

Each day the crew leader would contact you to collect your completed work. After I passed my final exam, I received a red, white and blue badge that identified me as a representative of the United States, sent to help people fill out the census.

My area in Vernon consisted of many apartments and condos. and a few houses. I received lists of citizens, but sometimes not their condo/apartment numbers. This meant I had to throw myself on the mercy of condo/apartment managers to discover the numbers or spend time at the town hall researching.

Here are some of my recollections:

Some people looked out their door peepholes when I knocked, and would not answer at all. Senior citizens seemed to be the most suspicious. I had many doors slammed in my face, but tried not to take it personally.

One rude man, dressed in a flapping bathrobe, (I kept my eyes on his face) looked like the man in the Dunkin Donuts commercials, (time to make the doughnuts). He insulted me up one side and down the other just for appearing at his door to ask questions. Needless to say, he gave me no information. I gritted my teeth through this fun time.

One day I was helping a young mother fill out the census and her little girl dropped all my papers out of the briefcase, then laid on the floor and pulled up my skirt. Of course I had to be polite; after all I represented the government!

Another time, an old gent gave me a real hard time for bothering him. He told me to close the door and get angry because I wasn't quick enough. He had a cane and was very off balance and nearly fell down when he went to slam the door. Then he refused to answer most of the questions on the long form. I graciously smiled.

One afternoon, a sweet senior lady greeted me happily, served me tea and kindly answered all my questions. I had to refuse her offer to stay for supper, but she did let me use her phone when I discovered I'd locked my keys in the car. I wished all people were like her.

At one apartment, a young man answered and kept me standing by his door filling out the long form, while a loud party carried on behind him. I wouldn't have minded, except I had to use a large shrub to balance my bookwork and write down his information. Also, I could've used a drink myself by that time!

Adding up the pros and cons, I decided to let someone else do the job next time.

News from UConn's Benton Museum

2020 Studio Art and Digital Media and Design Faculty Exhibition

Submitted by Maripaz Shaw, Marketing Volunteer

September 2 to October 17, 2020

This annual exhibition features new work by the artists and designers who teach in UConn's Art & Art History and Digital Media & Design departments, School of Fine Arts. The variety of media featured reflects the diverse academic concentrations offered by the departments, including graphic design, illustration/animation, painting, printmaking, photography/video, and sculpture/ceramics.

The exhibition is presented at the Benton Museum at the Storrs campus and online.

You don't have to miss exhibitions at The Benton during Covid-19. You can view some of them from the comfort and safety of your home.

But, since art is best viewed in the original, we have instituted a solid Covid-19 policy to keep you safe which you can view on our website prior to your arrival. If you are off campus, a convenient time to visit is Saturdays from 1 - 4pm. The cafe is closed, and you can park in any legal, non reserved parking spot on campus.

The Elements of Writing

Red Herrings

By Felix F. Giordano

A Red Herring is defined on Wikipedia as "...a name given to a herring, a small, oily fish, that has been strongly cured in brine or heavily smoked. This process makes the fish particularly pungent smelling and, with strong enough brine, turns its flesh reddish".

In literature, because of the nature of a "red herring" being something other than what it originally was, the term is used to describe a thing, person, or an action that misleads or distracts from what the reader presumes it to be. A red herring is a narrative element whose purpose is to divert the reader from the actual plot and lead them to false assumptions. An analogy would be to consider a flow chart where some choices will lead to an incorrect conclusion or a corn maze where a wrong turn will result in a dead end corridor.

The term was first used by 19th century English politician and journalist William Cobbett in an article that he had written. In order to distract hounds from chasing a rabbit he speaks of using a smoked fish to confuse and disrupt the dogs' sense of smell and ultimately their natural prey drive.

In literature, it is commonly known as a technique that persuades readers to believe something that ultimately proves to be a false narrative. Its intent is not to con the reader by providing a bait and switch element, add nonsense to the story, or to beef up the word count. On the contrary, its purpose is to prevent the reader from drawing an early conclusion to the story. If a reader already suspects the ending then why spend precious time reading the rest of the story? A red herring can provide a certain element of suspense, intrigue, and mystery to the story so that when a climatic event is finally revealed the reader becomes astounded beyond belief.

Red herrings can be interspersed throughout a story and can be intentional, deliberate, and calculated but they must be plausible. Red herrings must seamlessly intertwine into the storyline and seem as if they are important clues to the plot and that the reader will recognize as such. A red herring that lacks credibility simply becomes a distraction from the story and the reader will easily realize it.

A popular red herring in literature can be found in author L. Frank Baum's classic, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. Throughout the story we are led to believe that once Alice meets the Wizard all her problems will be solved and she'll be able to return to her home in Kansas. We all know that as a false narrative. Alice already had the knowledge and ability to transport herself back home. Whether we believe she accomplished it in a dream or that it happened in an alternative reality, the Wizard only provided her with the necessary encouragement to do it herself. A lesson we should all recognize and put into practice in our own lives.

Classic whodunits are loaded with red herrings. The intent is to throw the reader off so that the culprit is not easily revealed. Poor Hercule Poirot, the masterful detective has his work cut out for him in *Murder on the Orient Express* by Agatha Christie. The biggest red herring in her novel is her ability to throw her readers off guard by making them believe the passengers don't know each other. Of course the guilty are no match for the detailed oriented Poirot and he solves the murder with both precision and timely judgment.

A third example of a red herring in literature which is not a whodunit is the excellent use of character development in the Charles Dickens novella, *A Christmas Carol*. Dickens described Scrooge in the story as "The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice." We are provided with such a repulsive view of Scrooge that not only does he seem unredeemable but he becomes a sort of monster to the reader. He is portrayed as so evil that the reader may even wish, and perhaps even relish witnessing his demise. Scrooge is someone we would never wish to become, a red herring if you will. But through a series of events we begin to see the repentant side of Scrooge and his personality and even his physical appearance and vitality literally become transformed right before our eyes.

Red herrings should be complex enough so that the reader doesn't easily recognize them as red herrings but casual enough so that the reader doesn't feel cheated by accepting them. By that I mean the red herrings must have some relevance to the plot. For instance, in *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz* if Baum introduced a red herring such as Dorothy's magical slippers could kill the Wicked Witch of the West but in fact, didn't kill the witch then that red herring would have no significance to the story. If enough

baseless red herrings are introduced into a story then the reader may not only become exasperated with the story but stop reading altogether.

Red Herrings abound in movies. They are the glue that keeps us watching. One of the best examples of red herrings in cinema comes from the movie, *Rear Window*. In it, noted English director and master filmmaker Alfred Hitchcock made extensive use of red herrings. We're presented with a view of a number of backyard apartment windows. The protagonist, Jimmy Stewart believes that he has just witnessed a murder yet he has no idea who is responsible or even if a crime has actually been committed. Throughout the film Hitchcock throws plenty of red herrings at us until we are just as perplexed as Jimmy Stewart is in regarding exactly what happened and who is or is not the guilty party.

There are some movies that have made poor use of red herrings. Think about the horror flick where the antagonist never seems to die near the end and appears to have countless lives. Those are the poor red herrings! Okay, the murderer is dead...oh wait, no he's not...good, now he's dead...no, what happened, he's back. The highly grossing film *The Terminator* and its sequels are a good example of this. How many times does Arnold Schwarzenegger's character come back to life no matter how many times he appears to be killed? Some script writers and directors often take liberty with characters and in a sort of way, kidnap our belief systems. How often have you seen a movie or TV show where without any doubt someone appears to be the suspect but late in the show we find out that the apparent suspect has a secret evil twin who was solely responsible for the crimes all along?

Here are a few representative examples of red herrings that a writer could use in either a short story or in a novel. For brevity sake, I'll only provide a summarized overview but you can insert as many details or include as much complexity as you wish.

Suppose there was a murder and the investigating detective interviews the prime suspect. He finds out that the suspect was in a volatile relationship with the victim. The way that becomes a red herring is when it is learned later on that the victim was really murdered by a stalker who didn't even know the original suspect. This doesn't necessarily mean that the original suspect is without fault in their own right, only that they were not the one who perpetrated the murder.

One other example is perhaps a spouse spots an unfamiliar out-of-state phone number on their caller ID. They also find an unusual credit card entry from a florist for expensive flowers they never saw and spot a strange car that continues to drive by the house. Then near the end of the story we find out that the number on the caller ID was actually from a hospital where the other spouse's estranged father is suffering from an incurable disease, the flowers were sent to the father as a sort of peace treaty, and the strange car was driven by the other spouse's half-sibling who is trying to extort money from her wealthy estranged family. The intent of these red herrings was to make the reader suspect that the other spouse is having an affair when in reality the other spouse is going through an emotional period with their extended family. There is still a strong plot and story arc since the other spouse continues to secretly receive exceedingly elevated extortion threats from the half-sibling.

In the novel that I'm now writing, *Miracle of the Talking Stick* my protagonist, Sheriff Jim Buchanan is trying to solve a series of disappearances going back 50 years. I present various characters that by their actions (possession of Bowie knives), by their connections to the disappearances (family relationships), and by the ongoing evidence presented in the novel (mysterious van, dates of the disappearances, Native American legend), will convince the reader that any one of a group of characters could be responsible for the crimes. I use red herrings to move the story forward and try to keep the reader off-balance by making my investigative characters treat those red herrings as they would any piece of evidence. One by one the suspects are eliminated until one person is left. That person will be involved in a climatic confrontation with my protagonist near the end of the novel.

In summary, red herrings are essential in attracting and keeping a reader's interest in the story. They also act as a wonderful effect to keep the story from becoming stale and can be used to demonstrate each of your character's personality, traits, and motives. Do use red herrings in your writing but ensure that you don't overstep your hand. Choose your red herrings carefully and keep them plausible in order to maintain your readers' focus so that they stay fresh in their minds throughout the read.

Use this link to become familiar with red herrings

and other literary terms - <https://literaryterms.net/>

We defined "Red Herrings" as part of The Elements of Writing, and I hope I've piqued your interest in writing. Storytelling is inherent in us all. It is who we are as social human beings and we all have stories to tell.

Felix F. Giordano is a local author with books sales in excess of 7,000 and has had more than 3 million pages of his books read by Amazon Kindle Unlimited subscribers. Felix is also an organizer of the Eastern Connecticut Writers (ECW) at the Willington Public Library. To find out more about ECW, go to this link: <https://easternconnecticutwriters.blogspot.com/>

Next Month's Topic: Foreshadowing



Share Curiosity.
Read Together.

VETERANS
FREE MEDICAL RIDES
to CT and RI
VA Medical Facilities
860.317.1025

By Focus on Veterans, Inc.

DR. MAC

Fixing All Macs

Someday You'll Need Me! Cut Me out!

Mac Running Slow??
Your mac should be maintained every 6 months!
I'm your Apple/Mac "Guru"
Repairs · Service · Equipment · Tutoring
If it's Apple/MAC, I do it!
Call Steve for an appointment TODAY!
(860) 871-9933 10am-6pm M-F
Mac advice & info: DrMacCT.blogspot.com

Tips to Take a Safe and Affordable Fall Road Trip



Photo credit: (c) mikdam / iStock via Getty Images Plus

(StatePoint) As American families continue to track developments of the pandemic, many are opting for regional travel experiences this fall.

For some, a road trip to a national park or quaint town might provide just the right combination of taking in the fall scenery while traveling in a way that limits contact with others. However, even road trips close to home can incur their fair share of expenses, which is something many Americans are looking at more closely these days. To watch your spending on the road, consider the following trip tips:

- Plan your route carefully. Opting for a closer destination can eliminate hefty gas expenditures and wear and tear on your vehicle. For example, if you're on the East Coast, consider the Blue Ridge Parkway in Virginia and North Carolina for breathtaking views. Similarly, if you reside on the West Coast, you might want to think about a drive along the Pacific Coast Highway to enjoy the beautiful ocean scenery.

- Look for deals on accommodations. If you're taking a multi-day driving trip, hotel stays can begin to add up, especially in larger cities. Try to find accommodations in less densely populated areas along your route, which can include motels or even alternative accommodations such as vacation rentals. Accommodations metasearch site trivago is a great option to search for lodging deals: www.trivago.com.

- Ensure flexibility. Over the past few months, flexibility when booking travel went from being a "nice to have" to being a must. The world moves quickly, so ensure that your travel plans are able to move with it. When you are booking your accommodations, it's important to compare deals with free cancellations. Knowing you can change

your plans will offer you peace of mind. Sites like trivago provide full visibility into flexible choices, indicating whether each deal in the search findings allows for free cancellation.

- Save gas. When it comes to filling up the gas tank, a bit of comparison shopping can go a long way. Consider gas stations a bit farther from main highways. Sometimes, it pays to go off the path a bit or wait for the next rest stop. Free apps also exist that provide real-time gas comparison data based on your current GPS. You can also improve your fuel economy by keeping your car well-maintained and your tires properly inflated.

- Buy a National Park Pass. Chances are that if you're planning to take in the great outdoors, you'll find yourself in one of the nation's 2,000 federal lands. If your route passes through more than one site, consider purchasing a National Park Pass. For \$80, it covers entry and parking fees for one vehicle of up to four people for an entire year. With many parks resuming operations and reinstating entrance fees (usually around \$25 per park), the pass is a convenient investment well worth the cost. Learn more at www.nps.gov.

As you make your plans, remember that states and jurisdictions are following different health guidelines and are at different stages of reopening, so prepare with a little research. Most importantly, have fun and enjoy the gorgeous scenery along the way.

Eco-Friendly Home Cleaning Hacks



Photo credit: (c) DGLimages / iStock via Getty Images Plus

(StatePoint) With families spending more time at home, messes are on repeat and cleanups are often an hourly routine. At the same time, many households are looking to reduce their environmental impact affordably.

The good news is that saving money and the planet can go hand-in-hand at home. To green up your clean up and create healthier spaces, consider these tips:

Reduce and Reuse

Ditch paper towels for reusable cloths and sponges. Make sure to wash them regularly on the highest heat setting (dishwasher for sponges, washing machine for cloth) to avoid spreading messes around. Your old t-shirts and towels make fantastic reusable cleaning tools. Use old towels on your refillable sweeper mops, and cut t-shirts into large squares to be used as rags and dusting cloths.

Opt for Green Cleaners

Over 50 percent of people are looking for cleaning products that reduce the number of harsh chemicals their families are exposed to, according to a Lightspeed/Mintel survey. If that describes you, consider solutions working for other consumers, such as Art of Green multipurpose cleaning sprays and wipes. Recently named number one in the Green Cleaning category by Product of the Year USA, the nation's largest consumer-voted award for product innovation, these cleaning supplies are as tough on grease and grime as mainstream brands, but free of harsh chemicals and cost far less than most green cleaners. They are also safe for use around kids and pets, safe for sensitive skin and not tested on animals, making them a good choice at a time when families are looking to cut back expenses, and make the switch to more natural products.

"This is the perfect time to take steps toward a greener home," says Erin Chase, founder of \$5 Dinners and Art of Green "cleanfluencer." "As a busy mom of four boys, it's the first affordable green cleaning option I've tried that actually works."

To find Art of Green, visit artofgreen.com or purchase at Target.com. Follow the brand on Instagram and Facebook for their cleaning tips and tricks.

Foster Cleaner Air

Skip store-bought air fresheners. Instead, simply boil lemon, cinnamon, cloves or any favorite plant for a natural, lasting aroma. You can further promote fresh air at home simply by opening windows whenever possible. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention recommends doing so to reduce the spread of coronavirus.

For a healthy home, prioritize cleaning habits that reduce your environmental impact and limit the harsh chemicals to which your family is exposed.

Support our local farmers.

You and your family will eat better.

The entire community will be healthier.

Shop at the Willimantic Food Co-op and frequent our farmers markets.

To find a market close to you visit the CT Department of Agriculture website for a link to markets.

To all our contributors- Thank You!

Without your submissions of writing, poetry, artwork and photographs, this paper would not exist. T. King, Publisher



commercially licensed
co-operative kitchen, inc.

**Growing to serve
our Community**

Helping Small Businesses, Culinary
Entrepreneurs, Local Farms & Community
Unite in the Cooperative Collaboration

- Commercial & Teaching Space Available
- ServSafe Classes for Certification
- Rental opportunities for events

41 Club Road, Windham
860.786.7907
clickwillimantic@gmail.com
clickwillimantic.com

Please thank and patronize our advertisers for making the Neighbors paper possible. Thank you. T. King, Publisher

Advertise in the Neighbors paper
Locally Written
Locally Wread

View all issues of Neighbors from January 2015 to present in beautiful COLOR via a link on our website: neighborspaper.com You will also find advertising and circulation information.

Tips for Fueling up for Outdoor Fall Chores



Contributed photo.

(StatePoint) Along with the fall season comes a range of outdoor chores for homeowners nationwide, from clearing trees and branches after wicked weather strikes to gathering autumn leaves. Here are a few things to consider as you go about fueling your chainsaws, leaf blowers and other lawn care equipment:

Proper Fuel Storage

If you have messy or bulky fuel containers, it's time for an update. Proper fuel storage can make the task of fueling equipment safer, cleaner and ultimately more efficient and affordable. For starters, be sure to purchase only fuel containers approved by federal or state authorities that have a flame mitigation device (FMD) and a child safety feature.

Then, consider ease of use. The best containers not only exceed recognized safety standards, they help you avoid messy, costly spills. To that end, look for a user-controlled flow valve, such as those featured on Scepter SmartControl containers. Available in 1-, 2- and 5-gallon sizes for gasoline, diesel and kerosene, these rugged storage containers which are made of five layers of safe high-density polyethylene for long-time use, feature an innovative, hassle-free spout controlled and operated

by squeezing. And, because they are stored with the spout on, hands stay clean. For usage and safety tips, check out the videos and resources available at www.scepter.com.

Proper Fuel

While you're updating your fuel containers, be sure to restock your fuel too. Keep in mind that fuel sitting unused for many months should be safely discarded, as gas components can deteriorate over time. Changing gasoline out with the seasons keeps it fresh.

Having plenty of fuel on hand is not only a key element to powering through yard work and chores, but an important part of extreme weather preparedness. During power outages and in the aftermath of storms, you'll be able to fuel generators, chainsaws and other gas-powered equipment without worrying about your supply. So don't wait until a storm is in the forecast to stock up on this essential.

This fall, equip your shed or garage with the fuel and fuel storage solutions you need for a safe and productive season.

4 Tips to Help Prevent Electrical Fires at Home



Photo credit: (c) StockSeller_ukr / iStock via Getty Images Plus

(StatePoint) Electrical fires often occur unexpectedly in locations that may be hidden from view. As the second most common type of home fire in the U.S., more than 40,000 electrical fires occur in American homes every year, resulting in hundreds of deaths, over 1,000 injuries and more than \$1 billion in property damage, according to the National Fire Protection Association.

"With millions of Americans working and learning from home amid COVID-19, it's more important than ever to take a few simple steps to protect your home and loved ones from electrical fires," says Ashley Bryant, National Electrical Manufacturers Association Low Voltage Distribution Equipment AFCI Task Force co-chair.

To make needed updates at home, consider these safety tips from the NEMA LVDE AFCI Task Force:

1. **Take Care with Cords:** Inspect cords regularly for signs of damage or wear and tear. Use extension cords properly and according to the load ratings for the product. Never overload them or run cords under furniture, carpets or rugs.

2. **Examine Appliances:** When using appliances, inspect them for signs of damage. Only use the appliance in its intended manner.

3. **Ensure Products Meet Safety Standards:** To ensure the products you use at home

comply with national safety standards, always look for the label of a nationally-recognized testing laboratory, like UL, CSA or Intertek.

4. **Consider Additional Protection:** Arcing was the heat source in approximately three of five electrical home fires from 2012-2016, according to the National Fire Protection Association. However, you can help prevent this dangerous condition from leading to a worst case scenario with Arc-Fault Circuit Interrupters (AFCIs). AFCIs are designed to monitor the circuit for the presence of "normal" and "dangerous" arcing conditions in order to reduce the chance of your electrical system being an ignition source of a fire.

An affordable, proven smart technology that provides a higher level of protection than standard circuit breakers, AFCIs have been a National Electrical Code requirement in new home building since 1999 for certain electrical circuits. To better protect your entire home, experts recommend requesting AFCI protection on all 15 and 20A branch circuits.

To learn more about electrical fire prevention and AFCI technology, visit afci-safety.org.

Electrical fires can be devastating and lethal. Fortunately, there are simple proactive steps every household can take that can help stop an electrical fire before it starts.

Where to find the Neighbors paper

Ashford

Terry's Transmissions
Ashford Spirit Shoppe
Wooden Spoon Restaurant
Ashford Post Office
Babcock Library

Hampton

Hampton Post Office
Hampton Library

Lebanon

Lebanon Post Office

Brooklyn

Brooklyn Post Office
Baker's Dozen Coffee Shop
The Ice Box

Mansfield/Storrs

D & D Auto Repair
Holiday Spirits
All Subway shops
Bagel Zone
Storrs Post Office
Mansfield Senior Center
Starbucks
Storrs Comm. Laundry
UConn Bookstore-Storrs Ctr.
Chang's Garden Rest.
Liberty Bank
Spring Hill Cafe
Nature's Health Store
Mansfield Supply

Bolton

Bolton Post Office
Subway-Bolton Notch

Mansfield Center

Lawrence Real Estate
Mansfield OB/GYN
Mansfield Library
East Brook Mall

Chaplin

Chaplin Post Office
Pine Acres Restaurant

Mansfield Depot

Thompson's Store
Tri-County Greenhouse

Columbia

Saxon Library
Columbia Post Office

Coventry

Highland Park Market
Meadowbrook Spirits
Coventry Laundromat
Subway
Booth and Dimock Library
Song-A-Day Music

Eastford

Eastford Post Office

North Windham

Bagel One
Subway
No. Windham Post Office

Pomfret

Weiss, Hale & Zahansky
Vanilla Bean Restaurant
Pomfret Post Office
Baker's Dozen Coffee Shop

Putnam

Antiques Marketplace
Putnam Library
Subway
Putnam Post Office

Scotland

Scotland Library
Scotland Post Office

South Windham

Bob's Windham IGA
Landon Tire
So. Windham Post Office

Stafford

Stafford Coffee Company
Stafford Library
Subway
Artisans at Middle River
Stafford Post Office
Stafford Cidery

Hangs Asian Bistro

Tolland

Birch Mountain Pottery
Subway
Tolland Library
Tolland Post Office

Willington

The Packing House
Franc Motors
Willington Pizza I & II
Willington Post Office
Willington Library

Windham/Willimantic

Willimantic Food Co-op
Design Center East
Schiller's
Windham Eye Group
CAD Marshall Framing
Clothespin Laundromat
Main Street Cafe
That Breakfast Place
All Subways
Super Washing Well
Willimantic Public Library
Windham Senior Center
Elm Package Store
Not Only Juice
Willimantic Records

Windham Center

Windham Post Office

Artisans at Middle River Gallery and Gifts
Two Dozen Artists - with Something for Everyone!
60 Main Street, Stafford Springs, CT 06076
860-933-3653 artatmiddleriver@gmail.com

I LOVE ME
MANNING ENTERPRISES
Hammer your thumb and have some fun!
www.ManningEnterprizes.com

Third Eye Photography
Peter Polomski
President
860.786.8670
40 Tower Hill Road
Chaplin, CT 06235
peterpolomski@yahoo.com

Note: Some locations may be closed due to pandemic.



Moments

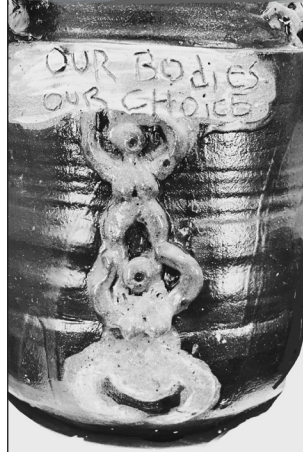
I am moments away from the center of all things
 Just a glance away from forever.
 Some may wander amongst the cool night skies
 I choose to gather stones in the glow of autumn reflections.
 Quietly the days seem unbothered by the grayness of days to come .
 I seek comfort in walks through towering limbed fed byways
 And am captured by the rhythms of dancing winds caressing each part of my searching self.
 My footsteps create timeless memories still
 Of the ancients whose spirits fill the sacred canyons created by blessed trees.
 I praise the skies never ending hues meeting the green that now turns gold
 And say farewell to any mention of lingering doubts or despair .

Photo and poem by Wayne Erskine.

**EMINE
 Pottery
 Open Studio**



welcome!
 pottery sale!



Nov 27, 28, 29
 Dec 5, 6

10am - 5pm
 53 old Turnpike Rd Storrs

Visit [Eminepottery](https://www.facebook.com/eminepottery)
 on [Facebook.com](https://www.facebook.com)



On it.

Ending racial injustice requires all of us to work together and take real action.

What can you do to help?

- ✓ Educate yourself about the history of American racism, privilege and what it means to be anti-racist.
- ✓ Commit to actions that challenge injustice and make everyone feel like they belong, such as challenging biased or racist language when you hear it.
- ✓ Vote in national and local elections to ensure your elected officials share your vision of public safety.
- ✓ Donate to organizations, campaigns and initiatives who are committed to racial justice.



Let's come together to take action against racism and fight for racial justice for the Black community. Visit lovehasnolabels.com/fightforfreedom



Read the Neighbors paper on your desktop, laptop, tablet or smartphone. Go to neighborspaper.com for link to current and past editions. All in beautiful COLOR!