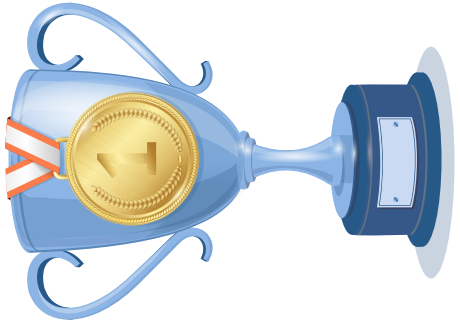


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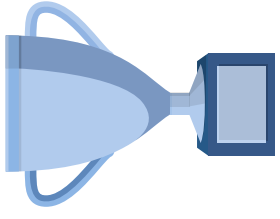
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Bobcats, Mortality and Silent Lights

By Bob Grindle

Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night when the very soul and timbers of the house itself seem to be asleep and the darkness feels soft, almost warm in its atomic silence. An utterly noiseless cosmic breath perhaps, an exhale from somewhere deep inside our Cosmos that has traveled across the vastness of a quintillion nights and, finally, crept up, still and quiet over the sills, through windows bravely left open on this rainy August night. Something from deep inside of me beckons and I feel the urge to go outside. It is on nights such as this ... the rain has stopped and the light of a nearly-full waxing Moon teases at the clouds, finds a small wedge of opening and then delights the eyes with a bit of shine and shadow that play across the glistening skin of freshly washed grass, darting onto the porch with wraith-like quickness, and then are gone... on such nights our imagination weds with the total of our senses and life and art tumble together into the timeless basin of our shared humanity and find comfort in being a tiny mortal piece of an immense and immortal universe. How hauntingly magical, and naïve, that our species has the capacity in a rare and elusive instant of being able to imagine that we fathom the unfathomable. As the play of moonlight slowly fades and the mist and fog descend from their lofty and noisy uphill cottonwood canopy, the chilling rain returns and I shiver briefly then walk back across the grass, into the house and slip soundlessly under the sheets.

Sleep comes more slowly in these subliminal hours and I remember that yesterday, while walking over the hill and around the pond to our son and daughter-in-

law's house, I happened upon a rather large bobcat feeding intently upon a not quite dead woodchuck it must have just caught. I paused for a moment, thinking it somewhat unusual to come upon this scene on a bright and sunny mid-day at the edge of a recently cut field when suddenly, seeing me, the cat bolted into a nearby brushy tangle. I walked over to note that the prey was still breathing and continued my walk, but decided to circle back a few minutes later to see if the predator returned. This time, I watched from be-

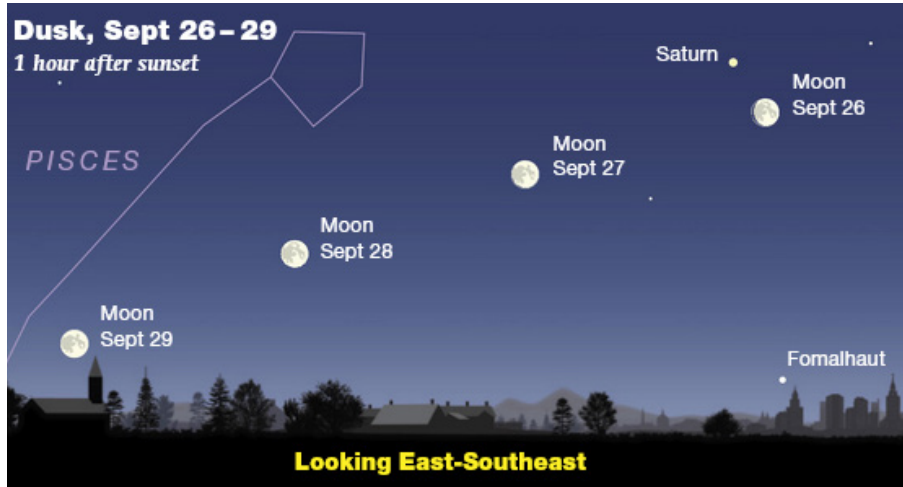
hind a stone wall, slightly uphill and looking down into the field where I could see the cat alertly standing beside its prey. Smiling, I resumed walking, recalling an encounter a couple of years ago with a bobcat that had carried off a pet goose we were rather fond of just as the ethereal and silent lightning bugs began emerging for the evening. We eventually found the dead goose and, sadly, decided to leave it for the bobcat. During the night the lightning bugs ceased flashing, the bobcat returned and in the morning there was no trace that firefly, goose or cat had ever passed this way.

Somewhere between the wondrous, almost childlike, comfort of the flights of fancy that June's fireflies inspire in us all and the bludgeon-like bluntness of our planet's endless 'circle of life' that challenges all of our senses to walk along life's shoreline without flinching or feeling despair when we understand that the cosmic ocean's endless grinding surf consumes stars that live billions of years, only to create cells whose lifespan is less than a wink. Somewhere along that journey our species, Homo sapiens, developed the defining ability to contemplate our own mortality and it can scare us.

No matter how dark or dreary or rainy, even in the middle of the night: when Super Moons and Blue Moons, eclipses, shooting stars and gruesome tales of constellation's origins are all quite hidden in our regional atmospheric murk, there is every reason to continue looking up. Much of the joy of feeling comfortable in our environment is coming to grips with the simple, un-narcissistic fact that we are not at the center of the Universe, or even our World and perhaps not even our own Story. Looking up is as much about contemplating as about seeing. Stepping out onto the porch or grass, walking into the field or behind the house, or just about anywhere there is a bit of sky and looking up into the deep trenches of the Cosmos or the mysterious shrouding cloak of clouds is to know there is a world over our heads that invites us to explore its wonders and perhaps find reverence in its beauty.

As for the coming month, look for Venus to shine in the pre-dawn sky all month; enjoying the company of a wafer-thin waning (disappearing) Moon in the second week of the month. Later in September, the 22nd, the day before this year's autumnal equinox, to be precise, Mercury will make a predawn (just about 6 am) appearance low in the eastern sky... worth getting up early if you've never gotten a good look at Mercury... be sure to bring your binoculars along for a closeup look. At the end of what is a busy month for the Moon in its role as planetary docent, Saturn joins the waxing Moon on the 26th of September as it grows into its Full Harvest Moon phase on the 29th.

Enjoy this wonderful season in this wonderful corner of our wonderful World and keep working in whatever way you find yourself capable of at making it just a bit better.



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9.2.2023. At the Woodstock Fair.
Photo by Dennis Pierce.

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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

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Take a Walk on the Wild Side

By Loretta Wrobel



This summer I had the good fortune to attend an early morning hike at Goodwin State Forest with my favorite naturalist, Juan Sanchez. It was a typical summer day in Connecticut, as I headed towards Hampton and considered whether to wear a long or short sleeve shirt. Short due to warmth and long due to sun and bugs! The bugs won out and I put on my long sleeve shirt to avoid red itchy bites.

Going on a stroll with Juan is always an eye-opening experience coupled with profound learning peppered with vigorous amounts of humor. Hiking in a forest provides an opportunity to awaken your senses. There is so much to see, hear, feel, smell, and learn as you wonder among the wildness. When you observe, you are rewarded with all sorts of colors, shapes, and sizes. Plants come in all varieties. I am consistently overwhelmed by the many shades of green that can be found in our Quiet Corner Forests.

The special treat of accompanying this engaging teacher is that you are introduced to a wide array of different specimens. Juan encourages you to ask questions, and during his walk/talk usually asks questions of the participants. Once your curiosity is piqued, you are hooked. When you fall in step with Mr. Sanchez, you become entranced by whatever crosses your path. You also move slowly, as there is so much to see and discuss.

Starting by standing around a gigantic tree and looking at small holes circumventing the tree, he nudges us, "What could have made those holes?" While I was standing near this tree and pondering, I thought about the strength of a tree. The beauty of asking a question is immediately another question can pop up. As I stood examining this magnificent specimen, all the creatures who use this tree as a source of food, shelter and safety rose to my mind. One tree sustains so many without destroying itself.

This is typical of what transpires for me when I take a walk with this knowledgeable, funny, and dedicated lover of the earth and all living creatures. My brain is jump-started into areas and subjects that surprise me. To be able to assist others in experiencing the childlike delight of exploring mother nature is such an enhancing and gratifying gift. Juan's exuberance and fascination is infectious, and he gives everyone permission to open to the mysteries that surround us in our richly diverse environment.

In each of us is that precious satisfaction of being able to figure out why. We sometimes are discouraged from asking why because answering takes time and we are trained to not waste time. Being able to figure out why something looks or behaves a certain way can be a satisfying and entertaining experience.

Walking through the forest with Juan is energizing, relaxing and absolutely delightful. He spurs all the attendees to engage in discovery. There are no wrong speculations, just ongoing discoveries. One discovery can open another door. In this manner everyone is learning and figuring out answers to the magic of nature.

I feel blessed to be living near such a nurturing and varied environment with endless living creatures to observe. On this nature walk, Lynn Kochiss, master gardener at Goodwin, was able to show us jumping worms. Indeed, these worms are active worms that do not jump, instead they move in a snake-like matter. Unlike earthworms they try to slither away when picked up. Earthworms tend to

point downward when picked up, as if showing they prefer the ground and want to return. The jumping worms are trying to escape by getting away from you as fast as they can. The jumping worms are from Asia. The worm has a milky white collar, which is smooth and flat and closer to the head than native earthworms. These worms are invasive and are doing great damage to the soil while extracting the nutrients. An added bonus of going on a hike with a naturalist is that frequently you are surrounded by other nature experts who can impart their own knowledge to the group.

I learned about staghorn sumac tea (pink lemonade) which is rich in antioxidants and can reduce inflammation. The tea is easily made with sumac berries, water, and some sweetener. As with many finds in the wild, you need to be mindful that some species of sumac are poisonous.

During our luscious walk we spied several kinds of ferns. Ferns are likely one of the oldest plants; they were around before the dinosaurs roamed the planet. Their longtime viability points to eloquent survival skills. Back in prehistoric times the ferns were huge. Now they have survived by reducing their size and adapting to the changing climate and environment. Perhaps a lesson there for the humans to reduce the size of their impact on all living things!

We are such lucky souls to have planted our roots in the Quiet Corner. There are so many opportunities to educate ourselves about the natural creatures and features found in our woods and waterways. You can easily find a hike/walk that suits your needs. Goodwin State Forest covers three square miles with a variety of trails, and is open year-round. Adam Drouin, naturalist, is the director of the forest. You can contact him at adam@drouin@gmail.com to find out info about activities, to register for events, and to sign up for their newsletter. Most of their events are free and require you to pre-register.

The amazing truth is that it is not only at Goodwin Forest that you can attend lectures and hikes about our natural environment. We have CT Audubon in Pomfret. They offer all types of bird walks by Andy Rzeznikiewicz. Walking with Andy you are guaranteed to see several species of birds. If there is a bird in the area, Andy will probably find it and give you several glimpses. I can attest to this, having been on many walks with Andy over the years. You can go the website www.ctaudubon.org/pomfret-programs-events/.

We are again residing in the right place, as The Last Green Valley (TLGV) has an extravaganza of events during Walktober. It started out with a few hikes during Indigenous Day, and over the years have blossomed into the whole month of October and now spills over into September and November! Look for their brochure or go to www.thelastgreenvalley.org. You can participate in an event every day for the whole month and more! What a delight for us in the northeast corner of our little Connecticut.

Another possibility is Joshua's Trust (JT), offering outdoor events during the year at their numerous JT locations. We have several trails in Ashford that provide interesting hikes in a wide variety of settings. One of my favorites is Friedman Memorial Forest. The Joshua's Trust website is www.joshuustrust.org. Again, most of the events are free and are held during all seasons.

Hopefully, I have aroused your outdoor curiosity and you will set time aside for a dazzling experience in the wild. Take a friend along and you won't be disappointed. Join a naturalist or environmentalist, and come away informed, educated, relaxed and much healthier. The trails are calling to you. Listen and go wild!

Second Saturday Community Breakfast New Time!

Columbia Congregational Church
7:30am-10am Route 87 in the Parish Hall

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Patriots Park Lodge, 172 Lake Street, Coventry, CT
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Partner not required, all dances taught
Live Band & Caller See: HCDance.org
Questions: Dennis at knowdj@frontier.net

A contra dance is a social dance that one can attend without a partner. The dancers form couples who form sets in long lines. Throughout the course of a dance, couples progress up and down these lines, dancing with each other couple in the line. The dance is led by a caller who teaches the sequence of moves in the dance before the music starts. This sequence is repeated as couples progress up and down the line. Since there is no required footwork, many people find contra dancing easier to learn than other forms of dancing.

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Engineering Eight Acres of Earth

By C. Dennis Pierce

“Geese always support each other. When a goose gets injured two birds always accompany it down to the ground. Just as geese do, we must support each other.”
... Emma Hayes



How does one decide on the path of life for themselves? Now, I understand that this is a very philosophical question to begin a column on “Buying Local in Connecticut”, but one local farmer shared with me his story, and it captured the essence of what farming is all about.

Jason and Cater Arico and their family operate Field Engineer Farm in Columbia, Connecticut. How do I know that? Jason’s business card lists the farm’s name but in a smaller print, “An Arico Family Production”. Now that by itself speaks volumes because the farm is truly a family affair. Growing up Jason worked with his father’s business repairing printing presses. Jason was in the service and then went to college to become a Mechanical Engineer. Later, working for his dad, he traveled a lot, repairing presses. It was his father’s dream to have Jason take over the family business. However, Jason did not see that repairing presses was the path to his destiny. Instead, eight acres of land was purchased in Columbia and the dream of being a farmer took root. Now the dream was not just to be a farmer but to create an experience for the family to embrace. Jason wanted to create an environment where their children, Elizabeth, Sam, and Gabe would grow up on a farm and develop a working knowledge of their environment in a way most other children never will. They would learn how to grow plants and raise animals. They would develop skills where they would be able to diagnose problems and come up with solutions. They would understand how to use equipment on the farm and how to work with the weather instead of against it. And lastly, according to Jason, they would know and appreciate the value of food.

The farm has been in business for six seasons. Out of the eight acres two are currently the source of the produce that they grow and also is a home to a flock of 65 chickens with heritages to include, winedots, silverlace and red blue hens. Prior to raising pasture raised chickens with a field tractor system the family purchased chicken and eggs at a local grocery store. Jason decided that he would be able to raise their own birds and have more control of the final product. Field Engineering Farm currently sells their wares at the Willimantic Farmers Market and the Andover Farmers Market. They also have a CSA program that has a limited membership. Currently whole shares are the only option available. Produce, always grown with love and care, is fresh and varied. A boisterous seven hundred feet of potatoes seemed to be the pride of their recent efforts. I asked Jason, who is a gentleman’s gentleman, why farming? He smiled and said, “It never gets old, and it fills me with joy”.

I admire Jason and Cater. Raising children is sometimes a challenge but what is more rewarding is spending time and providing them with an

experience that they would never be able to receive elsewhere. Children grow up fast, right before your eyes they shift from toddlers to young adults and then they leave the nest. I share this with you because my youngest daughter, who currently works in Singapore is turning thirty this month and it seems like just yesterday she was at Mansfield Middle School. As parents, we get caught up with life and we sometimes are not conscious of the value of family life as Jason and Cater are. Sometimes we forget, the minute you have a minute....you don’t have it anymore.



The Arico family with their offerings at the Andover Farmer’s Market. From left to right: Cater, Elizabeth, Sam, Jason and Gabe. Dennis Pierce photo.

The Arico’s farm, Field Engineer Farm is located at 102 Lake Road in Columbia, Connecticut. Their contact information is 860.899.6820 and fieldengineerfarm@gmail.com. Their Facebook page is <https://www.facebook.com/FieldEngineerFarm/>. Field Engineer Farm is also part of the Farmer Veteran Coalition Homegrown By Heroes program. This recognition informs consumers that agricultural products donning the FVCH logo is produced by U.S. Military veterans, and it allows veterans to differentiate their farm products in the marketplace.

In this month’s column I thought it also would be helpful to add a list of the last market days for the local Farmers Markets so readers can plan accordingly. The following is a summary of what is available to date:

Coventry Farmer’s Market (at Hale Homestead) – Last day for the season – October 29th, Sunday 10:00am to 1:00pm

Storrs Farmer’s Market (Mansfield Town Hall)– Opens Saturday, 3:00 to 5:00pm. Last day of the season is November 18th,

Willimantic Farmer’s Market (28 Bridge Street) – Opens Saturday, 8:00am to 12:00pm. Last day of the season is October 28th.

Ashford Farmer’s Market (Pompey Hollow Park) – Sunday, 10:00 to 1:00pm. Last day of the season is November 19th

Tolland Farmer’s Market (1032 Tolland Stage

Road at the Country Butcher) – Saturday, 10:00 to 12:00pm. Last day of the season is November 18th.

Scotland Farmer’s Market (Route 14–Corner of Palmer Road & Brook Street) Opposite Town Green, Wednesdays – 2:30 to 5:30pm. Last day of the season is to be determined.

Brooklyn Farmer’s Market (Job Lot Plaza). Wednesdays, 4pm - 6pm. Last day of the season has not been specifically identified – mid to late October.

Lebanon Farmer’s Market – (Lebanon’s Town Hall, 579 Exeter Road), Saturday, 9:00 to 12:00pm. Last day of the season is October 14th.

Ellington Farmer’s Market (Arbor Park – Ellington), Saturdays, 9:00 – 12:00pm. Last day of the season is October 28th with a Halloween Pet parade.

Another great resource for Farmer’s market throughout the state can be found at www.portal.ct.gov/DOAG/ADaRC/Publications/Farmers-Markets

Fresh corn is abundant well into September and even October. I would say that I have been preparing corn all of my adult life, however I have never come across a recipe like the following. It is a seasonal version of polenta or grits that is simple to make. I am a follower of Jacques Pepin who is a chef, author, and a former collaborator with Julia Child. Jacques, who resides in Connecticut has a Facebook site where he posts brief segments and simple recipes. Several weeks ago, I came across the following recipe. It is a simple, flavorful dish without the mess of eating corn off of the cob. You will be surprised how sweet it is without adding sugar and the mixture will thicken by itself because of the starch in the corn. Note, even a novice cook can pull this one off.

Fresh Corn Polenta

Serves 4

Ingredients:

5 to 6 ears of fresh corn, shucked and cleaned.
Enough to make 4 cups of kernels
4 Tbs. of butter
Salt & freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon of chopped chives or basil

Directions:

Cut the kernels from the husks.
Add the kernels to a blender and blend until mixture is pureed (soup like) as you need to break down all of the kernels.
Melt the butter in a sauté pan over medium heat
Pour the puree and bring to a boil
Scrape down the sides to make sure all is blended.
Add salt and pepper to taste.
Cook while stirring until thickened
Serve as a separate dish or as a base in a dish such as a layer of polenta with BBQ shrimp on top or even roasted vegetables.
Garnish with chives or chopped basil

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. So, Peas be with you. Come celebrate with me and remember, every day is a holiday, and every meal is a banquet. I’ll save you a seat at the table!

When Your Body Speaks to You

By Angela H. Fichter

The other day I was at the post office and struck up a conversation with a guy picking up his mail. I commented on how good the body is at predicting weather. I told him that the Weather Channel had predicted rain for a certain day last week, and my right hip didn’t hurt on the day preceding the predicted rain day. On the predicted rain day, it didn’t rain, and my right hip said, I told you so. This guy then asked me what my left hip said. I answered, oh, it doesn’t speak to me. He laughed and said that reminded him of someone he knows.

Do you have body parts that speak to you in predictive ways? Check this out: Barometers measure air pressure. Low

barometric pressure causes the joints of many people to ache. Why? Because as the air pressure drops, which happens with a rainstorm, soft tissue and fluids in joints expand, irritating the nerves. Low temperatures can affect joints too. They can make fluids in joints thicker, which makes those joints feel stiffer.

I remember decades ago reading a newspaper article by a scientist who had no medical training. He was angry at the medical establishment for scoffing at people who thought they could predict the weather by their joints. The doctors all said that is an old wives’ tale (meaning not scientific and a bunch of crap). This scientist said that some joints have bursa, small sacs of fluid, that can expand in bad weather and put pressure

on nerves. He was laughed at by the medical establishment. I researched weather and joint pain on Google before writing this. I hope the man who wrote that article is still alive, because now the medical scientists admit that barometric pressure changes can cause pain, and they have explained why.

What happens to some people when there is high barometric pressure? It can cause headaches and mood changes. You can’t make a rainstorm go away, but when there is high barometric pressure you can take aspirin or ibuprofen plus have a scone and a cup of tea.

Maybe people who get joint pain when it rains could form their own little “weather channels” with friends and family. If the Weather Channel says heavy rain

tomorrow, you could sign into your joint pain weather club and see if your family or friends have any pain yet. I have already discovered that your joints are always right. The same club could send out emails if members have a headache when there is high barometric pressure in their area of the state. That’s one good excuse to get together with people for tea and goodies!

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Unsung Heroes of Soul:

Bobby Hebb and Deon Jackson

By Dean Farrell

As host of "The Soul Express," I play the biggest names in 1960s and '70s-era soul music. I also mix in the many great soul artists who did not necessarily become household names but were no less talented. This month's column features two artists who each had their biggest hit in 1966.

BOBBY HEBB

He was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on July 26, 1938. He and his older brother, Harold, began performing as a song-and-dance team when Bobby was three and Harold was nine. Hebb appeared on a TV show hosted by Country record producer Owen Bradley, which landed him a gig with Roy Acuff's band. He also sang back-up on Bo Diddley's 1955 recording of "Diddley Daddy," played the trumpet in a U.S. Navy jazz band, and replaced Mickey Baker in the R&B duo, Mickey & Sylvia ("Love Is Strange").

In 1960, Hebb's debut single, a cover of Roy Acuff's "Night Train to Memphis," came out on the Rich label. It reached the top fifty in New York City. His second single, "Feel So Good," followed in 1961. That same year, his third release, "Atlanta G.A.," appeared on FM Records. Hebb would not record again for another five years.



On November 23, 1963—just one day after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy—Hebb's brother, Harold, died in a knife fight outside a Nashville nightclub. Devastated by these events, Hebb attempted to bury his sorrows in songwriting. But contrary to popular belief, Hebb did not write his signature hit, "Sunny," in defiance of his grief.

After unsuccessful 1966 releases on the Boom and Scepter labels, Hebb recorded "Sunny" in New York City as a demo with producer Jerry Ross. Released on the Philips label, it rose to #3 on *Billboard* magazine's Rhythm & Blues chart and did even better with the pop audience, hitting #2. This led to an identically titled album and a tour with the Beatles. Hebb followed up "Sunny" with a remake of Porter Wagoner's 1955 Country hit, "A Satisfied Mind." It went top forty in both the R&B and pop markets.

In 1970, Hebb's second album, *Love Games*, appeared on Epic Records. His 1972 single on Philips, "Love Love Love," made the top forty in England. Hebb's final appearance on the U.S. charts was in 1975, with a remake of "Sunny."

As the millennium drew to a close, Hebb was honored when BMI ranked "Sunny" at #25 on its *Top 100 Songs of the Century*. He was further honored in 2003, when his 1960 recording of "Night Train to Memphis" was included in the book, *Heartaches by the Number: Country Music's 500 Greatest Singles*, by Jim Cantwell and Bill Friskics-Warren.

Bobby Hebb, 72, died in Nashville of lung cancer on August 3, 2010.

Charted singles:

"Sunny" (1966) R&B #3, Pop #2

"A Satisfied Mind" (1966) R&B #40, Pop #39

"Love Me" (1966) Pop #84

"Love, Love, Love" (1972) UK #32

"Sunny '76" (1975) Pop #94

DEON JACKSON

Best known for "Love Makes the World Go Round," Deon Jackson was born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, on January 26, 1946. As a boy, he studied the clarinet and drums. In high school, he formed a vocal group called the Five Crystals. They auditioned for the Tamla and Maxmillian record labels, but both rejected them. In 1962, however, disc jockey and producer Ollie McLaughlin heard the group at a school concert. McLaughlin's previous discoveries included Del Shannon ("Runaway") and Barbara Lewis ("Hello Stranger"), and would soon include the Capitols ("Cool Jerk"). He took an interest in Jackson,

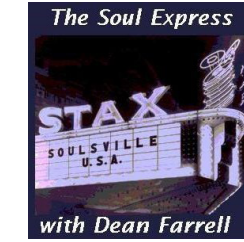
but not the rest of the group.

As Jackson told *Goldmine* magazine's Bill Dahl, "Ollie could see that while I was the youngest, I was the one most serious about music. The others didn't always show up and they weren't contributing. I was the only one writing." McLaughlin became Jackson's manager and got him signed with Atlantic Records in 1963. The label put out two singles on Jackson, but neither did anything outside of Michigan.

In 1965, Jackson wrote a song that he considered a throwaway. He said, "I wrote that song when the United States was in a riot, from Detroit to Florida, California to New York City. It happened one very sunshiny morning. My sister was singing in the kitchen and I thought, 'Jesus, all this stuff going on around me. Ah, the world needs more love. Although all this crap is happening around me, our dear God can make a beautiful day anyway.' Three or four minutes and the song was done."

Despite being unhappy with the results, Jackson made a demo of "Love Makes the World Go 'Round'" and sent it to Ollie McLaughlin. The demo featured vocal accompaniment by Jackson's friend and fellow recording artist Edwin Starr, along with Thelma Hopkins and Joyce Vincent—who would later become two-thirds of Tony Orlando & Dawn. It took McLaughlin a year to finally release the song on his Carla label; but when he did, it took off immediately.

Jackson: "All of a sudden, I get this call from Ollie. I had forgotten all about the song. Ollie said, 'You realize you've got a hit record.' I didn't know what he was talking about. He mentioned the song and I just sat back, shocked." Jackson also told *Goldmine*'s Bill Dahl, "I would cringe every time the song came on the radio."



His follow-up singles, "Love Takes a Long Time Growing" and "Ooh Baby," were respectable efforts, but Jackson could never duplicate his initial success. In 1969, he was invited to the Command Performance before the King of Portugal; the Ball of the Century. The other performers included Frank Sinatra, the Supremes, King Curtis, the Sweet Inspirations, and Ike & Tina Turner. In 1972, the Shout label released a single on Jackson, but "I'll Always Love You" went nowhere.

Jackson later left the record business and relocated to New York City, where he spent the early 1970s playing piano in clubs like Nathan's and Matt Snell's. He later moved to Chicago, where he played piano and performed covers of songs by the likes of Nat "King" Cole, Johnny Mathis, and Frank Sinatra. Jackson would often get requests to play his old hit. He wasn't thrilled but did it anyway.

After suffering a brain hemorrhage at home, Deon Jackson, 68, died at the Northwest Community Hospital in Arlington Heights, Illinois, on April 18, 2014. Though relegated to "one-hit wonder" status in the US, Jackson's catalog (including previously unreleased material) became popular on the UK's Northern Soul scene. In that country, his recordings fill dance floors to this day.

Charted singles:

"Love Makes the World Go 'Round'" (1966) R&B #3, Pop #11

"Love Takes a Long Time Growing" (1966) Pop #77

"I Can't Do Without You Baby" (1967) Pop #111

"Ooh Baby" (1967) R&B #28, Pop #65

Please check out the *Unsung Heroes of Soul* blog at <https://60459fe07898a.site123.me/>

Dean Farrell hosts "The Soul Express" Fridays from 7:00-10:00 p.m. on WECS, 90.1-FM (www.wecsfm.com) and alternating Saturdays from 2:30 - 5:30 p.m. on WRTC, 89.3-FM (www.wrtcfm.com). He plays vintage soul music of the 1960s and '70s, everything from #1 hits to long-lost obscurities. Dean's e-mail address is soulexpress@gmail.com.

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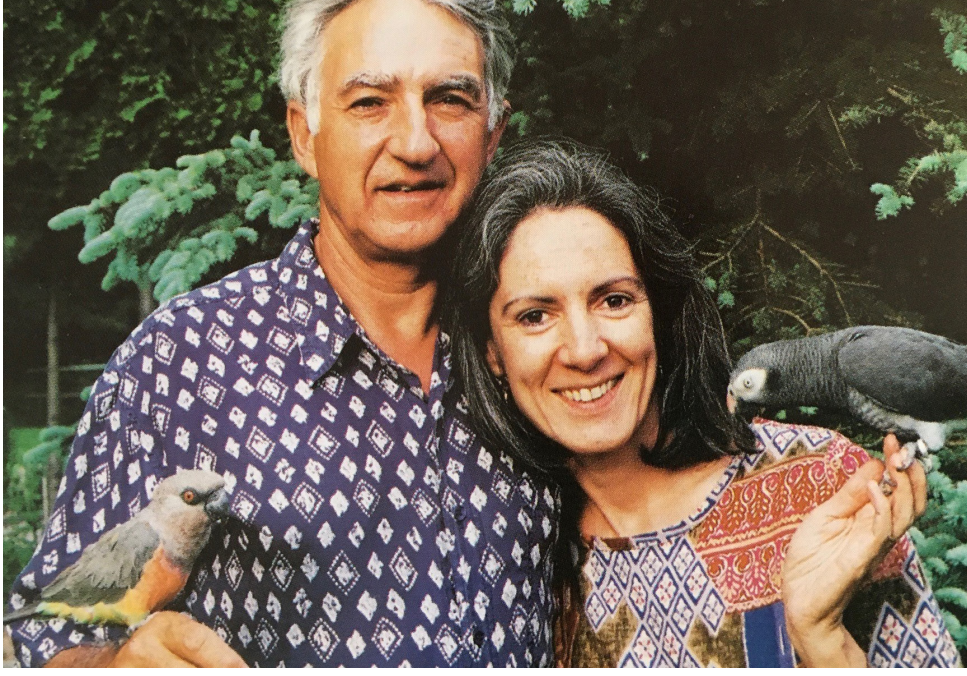


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Grief: Lift! There may still be joy to be found under the weighty layers of lost friends and places.
—Anonymous

In the Company of Parrots

By Delia Berlin

You probably can relate to this—sort of... You are socializing in a group and someone does or says something that strikes

you as funny. You look around the room for that familiar pair of eyes that will lock with yours in recognition. No words are necessary to connect, to feel that intimate sense of oneness. But here is where our experiences are likely to diverge: For me, that pair of eyes often belonged to a parrot.

I cannot fully explain the connection I felt with my parrots and, on occasion and to some extent, with other nonhuman animals. Perhaps raising and keeping a parrot during a particularly lonely time in my childhood filled an emotional void that nothing else could reach. I know this is a weird quality of mine, but do not pity me for it. I consider it a miraculous gift that brought me magical joys and wonder.

Just a few months ago, as our 29-year-old Senegal parrot was deathly ill, I was on the phone with a friend who had called me to ask about him. As I shared my assessment of his condition and my fears about his potential suffering, my friend brainstormed possible ways to offer him comfort. I was not short of ideas, but welcomed the input. My friend, being unfamiliar with parrots, had some ideas that were completely inappropriate. But, aware of his good intentions, I tried to refute them kindly.

Somewhere in that conversation I caught myself saying that “parrots have such dignity” and, although I still know exactly what I meant and stand by it, I was self-conscious about how strange that may have sounded to him. I was instantly reminded of a former student from my years at Quinebaug Valley Community College. He was from Kenya and was telling me about the amazing wildlife he was accustomed to seeing at close range. In that



context, he said, “I like giraffes, they are so polite.” Unlike me, he did not appear to feel self-conscious about attributing a human quality to an animal. I found his candor most charming.

Anthropomorphisms are often considered anthropocentric. That is, it is commonly thought that people attribute human feelings or characteristics to animals because they are limited by their own human perspective. But it occurs to me that perhaps the opposite may be true. We may think that parrots have dignity (or giraffes are polite) precisely because we do not consider dignity (or politeness) to be an attribute limited to humans.

When one relates to an animal without any assumption of human superiority, in a “different-but-equal” sort of way, it is easy to recognize qualities once erroneously considered exclusive to our species. Related examples of debunked myths abound. For decades, scientists told us that humans were the only animals that use symbolic language, or that use tools, or that are capable of altruistic behavior. None of that is true. If you want to see the many wonders that the world still has to offer, all you need to do is open your eyes, and believe them.

I have learned many things from my beloved parrots. Generally, they are not the kind of things that animal intelligence scientists would study. In the end, it made little difference how many words they mastered or to what extent they could solve puzzles. It mattered that they were brave, loyal, empathetic, and lived and died with dignity. They were not at all more human-like for it. But beware, if you are brave, loyal, and empathetic, you may be somewhat parrot-like.

Thoughts on Driving

By David Corsini

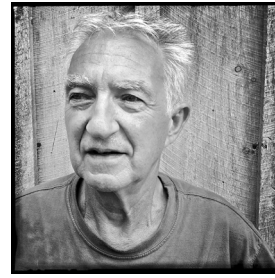
The other day I was on my way to Mackey's in Willimantic to pick up some hot pepper suet. I was stopped at the traffic light just past Stop and Shop where the road divides into West Main Street and RT 66. The traffic light that allows one to bear left onto RT 66 takes a long time to turn green and is quick to change to red. I was behind a car that was slow to react when the light changed. Because of my past experience with this light, I instinctively executed a light honk. I immediately regretted my action and thought “I hope the person in that car doesn't have a gun”. Things proceeded without incident and I got my hot pepper suet. But what had happened at the light initiated two trains of thoughts.

First, it is quite sad and alarming that these days one has to worry about possible explosive consequences from relatively simple behaviors. One fears that a simple honk or accidental driving misstep could lead to a road rage incident. In a similar vein, there were times in the past when I did not worry about displaying a bumper sticker for a particular political candidate or cause. In today's political climate, for fear of what might happen to my car, I will not display a bumper sticker for a liberal political candidate or for a “woke” cause. The only bumper stickers I have these days are: “Save Salamanders” and “Supporter of Garden on the Bridge.” I am not too worried about the anti-salamander and anti-garden constituency.

Second, I thought back a few years to when I was helping my grandson learn to drive. I was not the only one helping him learn and I did not systematically plan topics to cover. Discussions took place as issues arose as he drove. One of these was about road rage. The incident that precipitated this was a driving mistake by my grandson.

We were driving slowly on RT 195 when my grandson suddenly turned from the left lane to the right lane without looking. He cut too close in front of a car. A long period of aggressive honking commenced. I am sure that fist raising and cursing were also involved. I talked with him about how what he had done was problematic and how it was important to use both mirrors and vision before making such a move.

But more importantly, I talked with him about how a relatively simple incident could lead to harmful altercations. I talked about how necessary it was to control “fighting” back. One has to resist the temptation to, for example, “give the other driver the finger” or to honk back. We talked about how these days some people are quick to anger and carry guns. I am not sure how effective this discussion was. But at least it was about a real incident that he had experienced and not something theoretical. Then on one of our drives there was another honking incident. He was stopped before turning onto a road. A car was approaching



from the left. He started to pulled out in front of the oncoming car but stopped when I yelled. He said, “I thought the guy had a stop.” So a discussion ensued about making driving decisions not based on assumptions about what the other guy is going to do or should do but on what actually is happening. That is, did the oncoming car actually stop?

Another thing I showed him was about the blind spot in the side view mirror. I walked outside the car while he watched in the mirror as I disappeared when I got very close to him. So, I stressed that it is ok to use the mirror but it is also essential to turn to check. Also, don't drive in the blind spot of other drivers.

Another thing I worry about with young drivers is distraction. We talked about not responding to cell phone calls and preferably turning off the phone while driving. I also talked with him about visual distraction. Here I referred to things like changing settings on the radio or CD player, adjusting the heating/air conditioner settings or checking out something that is happening on the side of the road. I made up what I called the 2 second rule. I said, “When taking your eyes off the road, it is only safe to do so for 2 seconds.” When disconnecting visually from the road, count “one thousand one, one thousand 2” and then look back to the road. I pointed out that to accomplish a particular task it may take several of these shifts of visual attention from the road to the task and back to the road. The 2 second rule may not be appropriate in all driving situations; e.g. bumper to bumper driving and high speed driving.

Although we were never stopped by the police, I felt it was important to talk with my grandson about how to conduct himself should such an occasion arise. First, I emphasized to be polite (yes sir, no sir) and wait to be spoken to. Do not deny what you had done. Do not make excuses. Leave your seat belt on. You have to remember you are in a situation that you do not control. The best you can hope for is a warning. My discussion, I am sure, was a much abbreviated one compared with those that parents of color have with their teenagers about police contact.

I have since thought back of other topics I should have covered. He got his license on the first try and he has been driving for several years and has many miles under his belt. He has had a few accidents: two deer, a tree, and having been side-swiped. Deer are hard to plan for. But it is good to remember that when you see one deer, you should expect others.

I think the tree incident involved black ice. And being side-swiped is an example of auto accidents that are sometimes impossible to avoid. Not that long ago my son, an experienced driver, had a head-on collision with a driver who had crossed double lines. That crash resulted in serious injuries with long-term consequences. When reflecting on my experience with my grandson and my son's accident, I am reminded that driving involves risks. As I age, I realize my reactions are somewhat attenuated. I try to drive less and be more cautious.

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Sept. 9th, 9 am to 2 pm at the Willington Library
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Memories of Mountain Park

By Bill Powers

It was the last day of eighth grade and the three graduating classrooms of excited kids from Saint Joseph Cathedral school in Hartford eagerly boarded two buses headed for Holyoke, Massachusetts and Mountain Park. For two weeks, our expectations were electrified as we awaited the upcoming day long excursion. The excitement was accelerated by an important and imminent milestone, the finality of completing grammar school and the entrance into the venerated world of high school. We were experiencing an important rite of passage as we entered the world of the "big kids". This was also intensified by all of the ongoing physical changes related to pubescence. Every day the excitement was palpably growing in anticipation of the upcoming adventure and the impending commencement. In an attempt to dampen the enthusiasm and redirect students' behavior in the general direction of learning, the nuns, several times a day, issued a stern warning - "If you are NOT on your very best behavior, then you will NOT be going to Mountain Park." Unfortunately, my friend John Donnelly got caught pulling Mary Ann O'Connell's pigtails and he was immediately suspended from the trip to Mountain Park. That sent a strong message. Fortunately, our merciful principal, the good father, at the last minute, pardoned John, who gleefully joined his fellow students.

I had not visited the park before, but had heard wonderful things about the popular amusement park from my cousins, who lived in western Massachusetts. They had reassuringly fed my expectations for a special day. I was almost the youngest student in the entire 8th grade class, with my birthday falling later in December. So about 95 percent of my classmates were older, some by as much as almost a year. There were a few who were, for various reasons, even older. Later in life, at times, I have wished that my parents had waited another year to enroll me in kindergarten, since I would have been much more physically and socially mature in comparison to my peers.

On the first day of the eighth grade, I was struck (captivated might be a better description) by the beauty of a new girl at our school, especially by her mesmerizing eyes. Although she was in a different classroom than mine, I looked forward to seeing her as we passed each other in the hallway or at assemblies. We remained strangers for the entire school year. Up until the day of the trip to Mountain Park, I had never even spoken to her. Except for gym class, students remained in same classroom with the same teacher throughout the day. We even ate our lunch in our classroom.

Rosemary was different in appearance from the other girls at school. While the girls wore uniforms, she was extraordinarily distinguished as she was taller and carried herself much differently when she walked. Rosemary had developed female attributes that far exceeded those of all the other girls, and my guess is that she was at least a couple years older. She wore makeup. This was unusual since the nuns frowned upon girls wearing makeup, and I recall overhearing a nun scolding a Catholic girl, who one day experimented with wearing lipstick, calling her a "hussy". I didn't know what a hussy was, but I was sure that it was not a good thing. The natural beauty of Rosemary's eyes was enhanced by cosmetics that highlighted them in a becoming way. She also wore modest amounts of makeup on her face that gave her a special radiance. I always wondered why she was permitted to do so. She was the only Protestant in the whole of the eighth grade.

While walking around the amusement park with a couple of my buddies, we stopped to look at a ride that featured small boats in water that passed through a long dark tunnel, THE TUNNEL OF LOVE! As it turned out, that day we were sharing the park with a large group of

graduating high school students from Springfield, Massachusetts. We intently watched as the older boys and girls excitedly paired up to ride through the TUNNEL OF LOVE. Suddenly I experienced what was probably, until that time in my life, the most pleasant and at the same time shocking surprise in my young life. Even more so than the time I found a fifty-dollar bill on a Farmington Avenue side walk while walking home from school.

There was a tap on my shoulder and when I turned, my eyes met with Rosemary's. She smiled and softly said, "Will you go on the ride with me?" Momentarily overcome by disbelief, I collected myself and somehow was able to utter the words "I'd love to." She took my hand and led us over to the end of the line to await our turn. My two friends were speechless and appeared to be stunned as they stood and watched. As we awaited our turn in line, I became aware that coming from her was the most intoxicating fragrance that I had ever graced my sense of smell. All of this was something new to me and I really liked it.

When it was our turn to board the small boat, I became apprehensive about what might happen as we traveled through the tunnel. My heart began to race. She smiled at me, and all was well. Shortly after we entered THE TUNNEL OF LOVE, came loud noises from people behind us as they repeatedly cleared their throats. When it continued, we turned to see two nuns sitting in the vessel right behind us. Sitting there were Rosemary's teacher and my teacher! They were smiling and waving to us. Otherwise, who knows what might have been. After we disembarked at the end of the ride, she quickly kissed me on the cheek and hurriedly walked away. My buddies didn't let me forget my brief encounter with Rosemary, especially the kiss, all the way home. After that day I never saw her again.

The experience prompted an important transition for me. The transition was unexpectedly sudden. Girls had become strikingly more different than ever before, thanks to Rosemary, catching my attention in entirely new ways. At that time in my life, there was serious consideration that I would begin my high school program on scholarship at the Saint Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield. Immediately, any thought of studying for the priesthood had abruptly ended. I had now discovered and appreciated the many wonders of girls! The trip to Mountain Park remains a fascinating and meaningful experience, and I will be forever grateful to Rosemary for the special and wondrous memories of Mountain Park.

Bill Powers is a retired teacher and resides in Windham.

Jazz in the Garden

Jazz in the Garden is celebrating its 21st Anniversary as the fundraiser for the Windham Free Library. Sunday, Sept. 10, 2023 from 3:00 - 6:00pm (rain or shine)

Join us as we celebrate our theme of "Everything Old is New Again." Casual attire is requested.

The event committee is pleased to announce a change of venue. The event will now be held at Fox Hall - 80 Windham Center Rd, Windham, CT, the home of Tom Avery and Matt Miller.

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More information about the event - <https://thewindhamfreelibrary.org/jazz/>
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Tai Chi Home

A Way of Knowing

By Joe Pandolfo

It's such a treasure to have seasons. The richness and rituals, the rhythm. It's like having a tempo for life... a perennial return to every budding sunrise and high summer noon and cool night fall.

Now we feel Fall coming, and it brings things into a certain focus. When you look back, there's a clarity to the path that led here. You can have a hawk's eye, glancing at what's close at hand.

The season has a sense of distilling. A way of knowing what to gather before that first morning the humming-birds are gone.





The author at the entrance to the wolf den.

Photo by Laurel Freeman.

Israel Putnam and the Wolf Den

By Michael Westerfield

The following is from my upcoming book, *“Israel Putnam, America’s First Folk Hero: A Biography and Travel Guide.”*

In December 1742, Israel Putnam accomplished the exploit for which he is best remembered in his home state, the slaying of “the last wolf in Connecticut.” This feat, relatively minor when compared with his remarkable military record, earned him the name Wolf Putnam. The story, which is very probably true, goes like this.

Living on the edge of the wilderness as they did, the people of Mortlake were used to the occasional loss of livestock to various predators. One wolf in particular, an older female who produced a litter of pups annually, was especially troublesome and very wise at avoiding hunters. During the winter of 1742-1743, just as Israel was beginning to build up healthy flocks of sheep and goats, the she wolf went on a rampage, slaughtering much of his stock in one night. Enraged, he determined to eliminate her and he joined with a group of six local men to track the wolf continuously until they could run her to earth. Aided by a light snowfall that made tracking easy, they are said to have followed her to the Connecticut River and back until she finally went to earth in a den in what is now the town of Brooklyn. It does seem improbable that she actually traveled to the river and back in a single day and night – a distance of around 80 miles, round trip – but suffice to say, they tracked her for a good distance before cornering her in her lair.

The famous wolf den is still there to be seen, in a rugged area of forest, granite boulders and ledges, that can be reached on well-marked trails. It is a natural cave, nowhere wider than three feet, and too shallow for a human to stand upright. This had been lengthened and deepened by generations of wolves until it was about 41 feet long. According to David Humphreys, who was told the story and shown the site by his friend Israel, “The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination.”

On a recent visit to the wolf den, the author verified that the passage ran relatively level for twenty-five feet, before slanting upwards. Presumably, soil accumulating in the low point, caused the leveling of the tunnel floor. It seemed unwise for the author to attempt to explore the rising portion of the passage.

In Putnam’s day, the length of the pitch-dark tunnel was unknown. Israel and a number of others, including his ‘negro servant,’ gathered outside debating how to kill the wolf. There were no volunteers to crawl inside and shoot her. Dogs were sent in and returned frightened and wounded and could not be made to try again.

Attempts were made to smoke her out with burning straw and sulfur, but to no avail. Hours passed in these attempts. Finally, at about 10 o’clock at night, Putnam resolved to crawl into the den himself, his ‘negro servant’ having vehemently declined the honor.

Israel improvised a torch from strips of birch bark, stripped down to his shirt and trousers and began to crawl into the tunnel, whose floor was slippery with ice. Before entering, he tied a long rope around his body and instructed his friends to haul him out if he signaled by jerking it. He crawled and slid down the first part of the tunnel, then across the level section, and slowly up the final ascent, at the end of which he heard the wolf growling and saw her eyes glowing with reflected torch light. It surely was a moment straight out of a nightmare. Instinctively, he jerked the rope and those outside hauled him out so quickly that his shirt was pulled over his head and he was badly scratched in a number of places.

Most men would perhaps have called it a day at that point, but not Israel Putnam. He loaded his musket with nine buckshot, and gun in one hand, torch in the other, he crawled back in. When he neared the end of the tunnel, he saw the wolf snarling and about to attack. He fired point blank before she could pounce. The noise must have been deafening and the smoke from the black powder choking. At the sound, his friends once again pulled him out feet first. He would have been quite a sight, face blackened from the powder smoke, clothes disheveled, eyes red and hair wild. He rested for a few minutes, “refreshed himself,” then crawled back in once again. This time when he was pulled out, he came dragging the dead wolf by the ears.

Wolf Putnam’s reputation for fearless heroism began on that day, and continued to grow throughout his long and adventurous life.

NOTE: There are some who have questioned the possibility of Putnam having been pulled out of the den by a rope, but the author believes it could have been easily done. The passage runs very straight and the sides and floor are relatively smooth. The number of strong men available would have been quite capable of pulling him out, like a cork from a bottle, particularly if parts of the floor were slick with ice.

Come Out and See Me Sometime

By Jesse R. Clark

When I graduated college and entered the “real world,” it wasn’t the prospect of having to find a job—which, in itself, didn’t necessarily lead to many prospects—that worried me, but the realization that socializing with my friends had just become way harder. When I was in college, I was truly spoiled—I usually had all my friends living in the same building as me. The worst it got was the times when I was visiting a friend across campus and had to walk back in the middle of the night during winter. But, mostly, I did not have to go far to socialize with my friends. After college, my friends were across town at best. Then there was the fact that we became busy with jobs and, for some, starting a family. We all wanted to see each other, but life always seemed to get in the way.

When I was a kid, I always saw TV shows where a child would go to a friend’s house, knock on the door, and ask the parents if their friend can come out and play. But I didn’t really see that happening with kids I grew up with. Usually there were playdates scheduled by parents or birthday parties where the planning involved a lot of adult communication. As we got older, we kids started to hang out with each other, but it always felt planned. Unless there was a specific event going on, the idea of going over to someone’s house and knocking on the door seemed rude. What if the parents were in the middle of something? What if they were upset at the intrusion? Even now, even with really close friends, I would rather call ahead of time—a process made easier in the age of cellphones. The sad truth is that an unexpected knock at the door usually means an unwanted solicitor or an unknown stranger, causing annoyance at best and tragic violence at worst. Fear of others.

As I’ve continued with my life, I’ve found myself becoming part of many social circles and communities. Trying to not live in a bubble, which is hard to do. We tend to like to be with those that are like us, in one way or another. In college, I was around a lot of people with different interests, personalities, backgrounds, and beliefs, but we all were roughly the same age. Socially, though, it worked the same as it does in any small community. You have your main group of friends, and you have some other groups that you are part of. Those in your group of friends may also be part of other groups. This way it’s easy to see which people have a connection with others.

So here I was with different community groups that I was part of, but still with the longing to hang out with people my own age as friends. However, as mentioned above, everyone was working and/or starting families. The one thing we had in common? We all wanted to hang out, but had trouble prioritizing it. Then came the pandemic. Now *no one* was socializing.

Or were they? I’m not talking about those who ignored Covid safety precautions, I’m talking about people who realized that we’d been isolated for years already through advanced technology and an overemphasis on work, money, and status, and understood that what they were missing was personal human relationships. I’m not saying that technology doesn’t have its place. Connecting on social media and Zoom can help friends to socialize, but we all know about the divisiveness of social media platforms and that Zoom should be a way to connect when you can’t connect in real life, not as a substitute when you have the ability to. But in 2020, we were all suffering and needed to interact with each other to heal.

I have been part of the group We the People Willimantic’s vigils on Fridays

by the Frog Bridge for years. In 2020, there was a big increase in attendance. Now, granted, it *was* an election year, but I think it was something more than just that. People were *starved* for interacting with others and being part of a community. When I started going there, it was for the cars driving by. They were my audience. However, over time, it became about socializing with my fellow protesters, my friends. In 2020, as it seemed the world was thrown into isolation and this country was experiencing a spike in anger, hatred, and violence, people also started to see the peace, the love, the understanding. It probably didn’t look like that overall, but there are so many stories and examples of small communities showing how much they cared about each other. And, yes, everyone had different experiences and some definitely suffered more than others and reacted differently than others, but we *all* needed each other. We always have and we always will.

One of my acting teachers at the Arts at the Capitol Theater high school once told my class that there can’t be a story that is only about one character. I, always determined to find a loophole in such statements, asked, “What if the play is about a hermit?” The answer: the hermit has a backstory that involves people. Why did he decide to become a hermit? Our discussion took the idea further. What if he doesn’t have a backstory? No one in his past. Even if the story is about someone who lived in the woods since birth, he still had birth parents. Everyone’s story, everyone’s life contains other people. We need other people to survive, plain and simple. How we choose to socialize differs based on our personalities, our experiences, our interests. But we need other people. We all want to belong.

My family’s legacy has always been one of helping and welcoming. On both my mom’s and dad’s side. Now, that doesn’t mean we don’t each have our own boundaries, but we are a family that attracts others and wants to connect with others. I am so blessed to come from such a family. From dinner parties, music sessions, and seeing how much work my mom goes through to plan times with her special girlfriends, I have been learning this since childhood. It does take work, it does take effort and commitment, but when the payoff is true friendship and a community that supports and cares for one another, it doesn’t feel like work at all. It’s so worth it.

So maybe we start off by singing “Come and knock on our door... we’ve been waiting for you” to a few chosen loved ones. We all have our boundaries, we all want to protect ourselves, as we should. But just remember that we are social animals, and there are so many of us that are looking for that human connection. Just do what you can to fill that need in your own life, because you’ll probably be filling that need in another’s, too. Make that effort. Live your story. Come out and play.

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Navigating the Ripple Effect of Federal Interest Rate Hikes on Investments and Retirement Accounts

By Laurence Hale, AAMA, CRPS®
Principal/Managing Partner &
Chief Investment Officer



The recent interest rate hikes are of course being felt through the increasing cost to borrow money, whether it be a mortgage, car loan, credit card, or otherwise. But what about the effect on the stock market and by extension investments, including retirement accounts? If you're worried your investment portfolio will be feeling the effects of these rate hikes long after the rates have been brought back down, read on.

Why is the Fed raising interest rates?

When the Federal Reserve raises its benchmark interest rates, it effectively makes borrowing more expensive for banks. This action is typically taken to combat inflation, moderate economic activity and/or control the pace of growth.

The Federal Reserve most recently raised the benchmark in late July, to 5.3% – the highest it's been since 2001. It was the eleventh interest rate hike in 17 months, as the Fed continues to try to curb inflation. There may or may not be another rate hike coming when the Federal Reserve meets again on September 19th and 20th.

How do interest rate hikes affect the stock market, retirement accounts, and the economy?

There's a complex relationship between interest rate hikes and the stock market, which lies in the interplay between interest rates and the broader economy. We see this play out in a variety of ways.

When it comes to the stock market, interest rate hikes will usually affect three things:

1. Investor Sentiment: Interest rate hikes can create uncertainty in the market. Investors start to reevaluate their investment strategies and might become more risk averse. As a result, we often see a temporary dip in stock prices and increased volatility.

2. Borrowing Costs: As interest rates rise, the cost of borrowing for businesses and consumers also increases. Companies may find it more expensive to finance projects or expand operations, leading to potential declines in corporate profits. Consequently, stock prices of affected companies may decline, impacting various sectors.

3. Bonds vs. Stocks: Rising interest rates might lead to higher yields on bonds, making them more attractive to investors seeking fixed income. This can divert investment away from stocks to bonds, thus affecting stock market demand and thus performance.

Interest rate hikes often also influence a variety of

sectors and investment instruments, including:

Real Estate: Higher interest rates could lead to reduced demand for mortgages, resulting in slower real estate sales. This, in turn, might impact the construction and housing sectors.

Consumer Spending: With higher borrowing costs, consumers might tighten their purse strings. Retail and consumer discretionary sectors could experience a dip as a result.

Currency Markets: Interest rate hikes can cause a currency to appreciate relative to others, potentially impacting multinational companies' earnings.

What should investors do to combat rising interest rates?

First and most importantly, keep your cool and don't make any hasty decisions. Stay informed by keeping an eye on the Federal Reserve's statements and economic indicators to anticipate rate changes.

Second, make sure your investment portfolio is diversified. Allocating your investments across various asset classes can help mitigate risks associated with interest rate fluctuations.

Third, keep a long-term perspective. Short-term market fluctuations can be nerve-wracking, but remember that historically, the stock market has shown resilience and growth over time.

So, although interest rate hikes and their effects on the economy are a hot topic in the news, take a step back and remember that by staying informed and adopting prudent investment strategies, you can navigate the waters of the stock market and remain on the path to financial success.

If you have any questions about inflation or interest rates and how they're affecting your progress toward reaching your financial goals, our team at Weiss, Hale & Zahansky Strategic Wealth Advisors can help. We use our strategic [Plan Well, Invest Well, Live Well™](#) process to help our clients create a financial plan that's tailored just for them. [Contact us](#) at (860) 928-2341 or schedule a [complimentary consultation](#) on our website.

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Lebanon Historical Society's Outdoor Antique Show

Submitted by Grace Sayles

It's a tradition, fall colors, antiques, chowder and pie all enjoyed outside on the historic Lebanon Green as the Lebanon Historical Society celebrates 56 years of its outdoor antique show.

For more than half a century, rain or shine, antique dealers and collectors gather on the Green in Lebanon, CT. Once a common sight in Connecticut towns, outdoor antique shows are now almost gone from the landscape. The show on the Lebanon Green offers a bit of nostalgia for everyone. Now in its 56th year, the Lebanon Historical Society's Outdoor Antique Show is open 9:00 to 3:00 on Saturday, September 30th 2023.

Up to 60 dealers will offer antiques and high-quality collectibles



to buyers who come from around the state and through-out southern New England. The event started in 1966 as a money-making effort to fund Society programs and, eventually, to help pay for the land needed to build a Museum. Today, the Antique Show is still the Historical Society's largest and most important fund raising event with proceeds supporting school programs, exhibits and historical presentations. Some dealers have been participating for many years, but new-to-the-field dealers are added every year. Visitors can expect to find everything from

19th century furniture to vintage tools and from traditional pottery to textiles, glassware and jewelry.

For the \$8 admission fee visitors can spend the day wandering the field, talking with dealers and finding a bargain. Lunch and snacks are available for purchase all day including home-made chowders, sandwiches as well as grilled burgers and dogs and end it all with a slice of home-made pie!

Parking is free and the event goes on rain or shine.

For more information contact the Lebanon Historical Society 860-642-6579 / museum@historyoflebanon.org or visit us on the web at www.historyoflebanon.org.

Dealer spaces still available. \$90 for a 20' x 24' space. Call 860-423-8876 or 860-642-6579.



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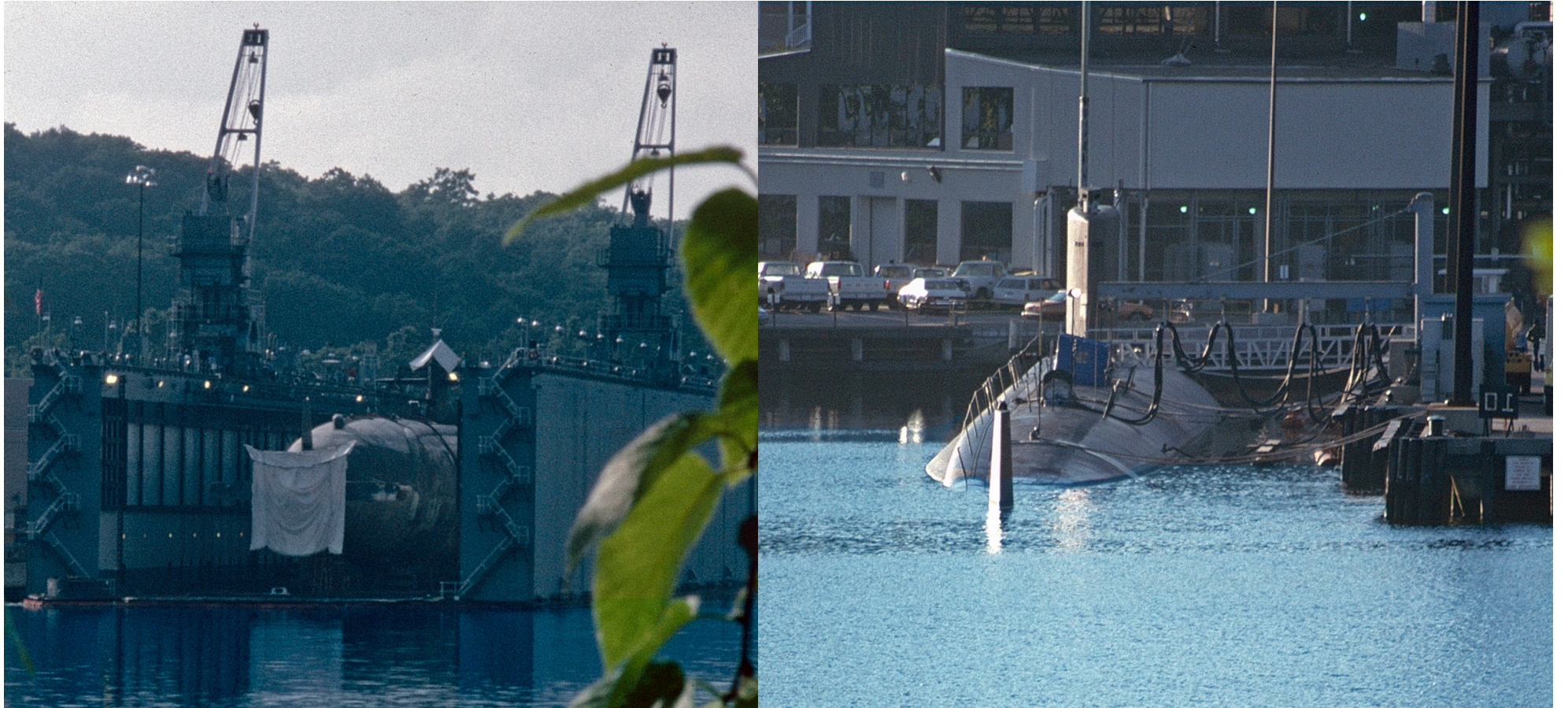
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Oppenheimer Hits Close to Home

By Mark Mathew Braunstein

The moral conflict explored in the film, *Oppenheimer*, hits very close to home. In case you are either too young and innocent to care or so old that you've forgotten, you may be unaware that Southeastern Connecticut is homeport to a nuclear submarine base and to a shipyard that builds those nuke subs. So for the past half century, we who call Connecticut home have lived with a harsh Cold War reality that if nuclear-warhead missiles were ever launched against the U.S., one would likely target an unquiet corner of Connecticut.

Fearful that our military would seek reprisal by launching our arsenal of nuclear weapons, none of our nuclear-armed adversaries as yet has dared to attack us. That strategy of Mutually Assured Destruction (MAD) seems to have sufficed in preventing any nuclear war between two nuclear powers. At least, until now.

Until now, because on another side of the globe, Russia now has a megalomaniacal president who this past March suspended Russia's participation in its nuclear arms treaty with the United States. Until now, because the U.S. recently had an egomaniacal president who flaunted his ignorance that the U.S. is signatory to international treaties that ban first strikes. Until now, because on the other side of the globe, North Korea now has an egomaniacal and megalomaniacal dictator who in the last 18 months has menacingly test-fired 100 ballistic missiles, each capable of carrying his military's nuclear warheads to our ally nations Japan and South Korea. Until now, because at any moment, the planet Earth could be destroyed by the maniacal push of a single malevolent finger on any of the "nuclear buttons" coveted by nine nations, none with nine lives.

Most contemporary nuclear bombs are 1600 times more destructive than the single uranium bomb exploded over Hiroshima in 1945. The number of nuclear weapons in the world today is estimated to be 12,500. The U.S. and Russia account for 90-percent of them. As though 12,500 were not enough, China, North Korea, the U.K., and longtime rivals in religious zealotry Pakistan and India all are presently expanding their nuclear war troves. As admonished in the slogan once widely displayed on bumper stickers, Just One Nuclear Bomb Can Ruin Your Whole Day. The bumper stickers have disappeared. The nuclear bombs have not. Several of these ticking time bombs are presently deployed in each submarine stationed right here in Connecticut.

Naval Submarine Base New London

Despite its New London moniker, Connecticut's submarine base is really located across New London's shore in Groton. The base hosts a fleet of nuclear-powered and potentially nuclear-armed behemoths, which at its peak had numbered 25 aquatic Armageddons. The Navy now casts a post-9/11 shroud of secrecy over exactly how many of its attack subs call Groton its homeport. For 26 years, I lived directly across the river from that sub base. From

Mamacoke Island (really a peninsula) a short walk from my home in the Connecticut College Arboretum, I routinely could view at least four subs either moored or raised in dry dock. The rest of the fleet was furtively patrolling the high seas. On Google Maps, the satellite aerial view presently posted online attests to eight submarines in port. All of Rhode Island and Eastern Connecticut dwells within 60 vulnerable miles, as the vulture flies, of those eight subs' nuclear reactors and potentially thermonuclear warheads.

Robert Oppenheimer expressed postmortem regrets for his leadership of the Manhattan Project in creating the world's first atomic bombs. Regrets too late for Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Admiral Hyman Rickover is credited with overseeing the initial design and construction of the U.S. Navy's nuclear-armed submarines. Upon his retirement, Rickover expressed fears that humankind was going to destroy itself and the world with its nuclear arms. He also confessed that, same as Oppenheimer, he was not proud of his role in the Navy's nuclear buildup and that he wished he could sink all the subs for whose very existence he had been responsible. Regrets too late for Rhode Island and Connecticut.

General Dynamics Electric Boat

Just four miles south of the sub base, Electric Boat builds those deadly subs. EB is a division of General Dynamics Corporation, the nation's fourth-largest defense contractor, and the Navy's largest. Before post-Cold War military cutbacks, our country's highest per capita defense dollars had been awarded to New London County.

Now engaged in replacing its aging Trident submarines, the Navy is enlarging its fleet in its latest arms race against Russia's and China's own armadas of powerful nuclear subs. Thus, by 2030, the workforce at EB's Groton shipyard is expected to swell back to half of its former peak of 27,000 workers. Congress, and especially its warmongering Connecticut delegation, has trumpeted all this spending on Columbia-class submarine war machines, each destined to carry 16 ballistic nuclear missiles. Our 2nd Congressional District's own U.S. representative, tone-deaf Joe Courtney, called this "music to Connecticut's ears." Set to the funereal beat of war drums, the death march music to nuclear annihilation plays on.

Millstone Nuclear Power Station

Nuclear holocaust lurks on our region's horizon from yet another source. Every nuclear power plant is at risk of nuclear meltdown by an accidental mishap. Think Chernobyl in Ukraine. Or at risk of meltdown by being targeted with a non-nuclear explosive stockpiled for conventional warfare. Think Zaporizhzhya in Ukraine. Or at risk of meltdown from some kamikaze pilot crashing his aircraft into the power plant's nuclear reactor. Think the 9/11 attacks in the U.S.

Southeastern Connecticut's own local nuke plant is named Millstone, a deserving moniker burdening the collective necks of all of Connecticut's and Rhode Island's

Above are two photos of Electric Boat in Groton, CT. At left is a 1989 photo of a nuclear submarine in dry dock. At right is a 1990 photo of a moored nuclear submarine. Both photographed by the author from Mamacoke Island.

resident. A Millstone meltdown constantly looms due to persistent safety violations, for which Millstone had been whistle-blown onto the cover of Time magazine. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission, long sleeping on the job of monitoring the nation's 53 active but aging nuclear power plants, has cited Millstone as the potentially most catastrophic. And citizen watchdog groups cite it as among the nation's most carcinogenic.

As one of only three nuclear plants active in New England, Millstone is limping toward its demise. One of its unholy trinity of reactors has already been decommissioned, and its other two are scheduled for imminent shutdown. Even when decommissioned, reactors remain radioactive for centuries. In addition, hundreds of tons of its nuclear waste pellets are stored on-site, where they will likely remain. Also stored are its highly radioactive spent uranium fuel rods, all except for two unlucky 13-foot-long rods that somehow went missing. While Millstone's doomsday clock ticktocks to its final midnight twelve o'clock, cleaner and safer renewable energy sources collectively relegate into obsolescence nuclear plants such as Millstone's dying dinosaur. Dead center between the nuclear power plant and the nuke sub base, New London is aptly nicknamed "ground zero." Viewed from New London, sunsets look like meltdowns over Millstone.

Gone with the Wind

The film, *Oppenheimer*, serves to remind us that in the event of an attack by a single nuclear bomb on Millstone or on "The Submarine Capitol of the World" that Groton boasts of itself, all of Rhode Island, Long Island, and Eastern Connecticut would instantly be incinerated and vaporized. We would be lucky not to survive the bombing if survival meant only to suffer from radiation sickness, to feel our skin peel off our bodies, and to see our eyes fall out of their sockets. Because soon after the explosion of just one hydrogen bomb, the spread of radiation would further decimate all plant and animal life throughout the radioactive rubble of Massachusetts, New York City, and the remainder of Connecticut. Which of us would eventually die from disease and starvation would depend upon which way the wind blows.

In case you're morbidly curious enough to want to learn more about the worsening stages of death and devastation that would curse the living after the detonation of just one bomb, consult just one page, page 24, of Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth*, a bestselling book of nonfiction whose portrayal of nuclear holocaust remains just as horrifying and just as relevant today as when it was published to wide critical acclaim in 1982. This book will prove equally relevant to readers of future generations ... if there are any future generations.

Mark Mathew Braunstein is the author of six nonfiction books, including most recently, *Mindful Marijuana Smoking: Health Tips for Cannabis Smokers*. www.MarkBraunstein.Org

Constance Booth

By Judy Davis

Born in 1868, she grew up in Sligo, Ireland. The Irish poet William Butler Yeats was a family friend. As a girl, she fell in love with the Irish vision Yeats wrote about.

Living on an estate, she was expected to live the life of a privileged women. Instead, she decided to sell all her jewelry to establish a women's suffrage journal.

Con became an activist for working class causes. She set up free food kitchens, and rescued children from slums.

She joined with James Connolly's Irish Citizens' Army. During the 1916 Easter Rising, Con fought beside the men. When she was arrested by the British, she was sentenced to death.

When her sentence was struck down because of her sex, Con was furious. She did not want to be treated as a woman, but as rebel, willing to fight for Irish freedom.

She told a crowd of supporters: "While Ireland is not free, I remain a rebel!"

Con died on 15 July 1927. She is buried in Glasnevin Cemetery in Dublin, near fellow Irish freedom fighters.

As Yeats once wrote in his poem "Easter, 1916":

"Hearts with one purpose alone
Through summer and winter seem
Enchanted to a stone
To trouble the living stream."

It's Okay to Cry

Is it okay to cry?
Some say yes, others no.
When one cries, they won't die.
So it is okay to cry.

Parents cry, at a birth of their child
Those are happy tears.
Others cry when someone dies.
Sad tears, fall from their eyes.

Children may cry
when they scrape their knees
these tears, are signs of fear,
as they begin to bleed.

Our stomachs cry
when they're empty.
When our world
is the land of plenty.

We cry, in celebration
when one achieves
and feels great elation
with a milestone completion.

There's many reasons
why one might cry.
Crying is a release
of our feelings inside.

Others may cry and shed tears
that we don't understand.
Learn their own private fears.
then we might comprehend.

Crying is okay
there's no need, for a reason.
For crying will never
go out of season.

Created by Jeanne Esterquest



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Country Garden Style?

By Brian Karlsson-Barnes

STYLE can be yours and yours alone. Aesthetics are subjective, not right or wrong, but it takes courage to be unconventional, especially in suburban estates. Less so in the Quiet Corner with fewer neighbors, more woods and glorious weeds.

Conventional landscapes can certainly be appealing. As a landscape designer / project manager at Weston Nurseries in Hopkinton, Mass., most of my customers – some 75 a season at peak -- wanted conventional landscapes. Not much time to understand a client's needs and desires, nor to evolve a landscape. But WN had the greatest variety of plants, some introduced by the Mezitt family such as industry standard **Rhododendron 'PJM'** (for Peter John Mezitt).

Suburban landscape conventions are:

- Season-long horticultural interest with color and texture in every season;
- A layered pattern with lower plants in front and a showy tree at a corner;
- Manicured grounds with an edged lawn and no weeds.

Subtle elements of style are Form and Scale, Rhythm and Flow, (Mystery) and *Surprise!* Whimsy brings smiles. Visit arboreta, botanical gardens, and woods with a field guide. Learn from history, like Fletcher Steele's birch-lined steps at Naumkeag in the Berkshires. Symmetry reflects the formal facades of many historic New England homes. Copy whatever you like.



Redbud as a corner screen.

Naturalism relates to nearby thickets and woods. I prefer a dense naturalistic asymmetry, but that's not *better* than formal symmetry with space between each plant. I juxtapose formal and informal elements for contrast and transition to the wild beyond. Attractive weeds are welcome, like herbaceous **Goldenrod (Solidago)** -- not the notorious ragweed.

Functional beauty can screen views and enhance utility areas. Function is foremost if growing flowers for cutting, or harvests for eating. Roger Swain (of *PBS Victory Garden*) advised my MassHort master gardening class that edible gardening was a civic responsibility to grow real food. NO weeds.

Food is also ornamental opportunity. Country gardens have room for several cultivars (for better pollination) of **Blueberry (Vaccinium)** with tasty fruit and red fall color. But birds beat you to 'em unless covered with netting. Excellent with **Redbud (Cercis)** and **Serviceberry (Amelanchier)** for the wild edge.

Seek beauty after knowing the constraints of site and space. Whatever the aesthetic or land use, layered seasonal interest that suits the site and fits the space is good garden design. A good starting point for imagination.

PLANTING September is an excellent time to plant, allowing roots to establish before winter rigors. Compost and a kelp drench aid root development. Shredded pine bark mulch conserves moisture and prevents soil heaving in freeze-thaw cycles. Cover crowns of tender and new plants with mulch in late fall. To thrive, not simply survive.



Japanese Umbrella Pine at corner of patio.

Winter's dormancy is a great time to plan New England gardens. How is the land used? Measure and draw a base map with existing land use and vegetation. Research large trees and shrubs to fit spaces.

Or simply proceed *ad hoc* in spring, a few shrubs here, a tree there, flowering perennials where you walk and sit. Continue planting throughout the growing season into fall. Lay garden hoses as flowing bed lines, easy to mow. Reverse curves add drama.

Reduce lawn to paths and "grass rooms" where it grows well in full sun. I'm letting some lawn go to meadow. Less work than maintaining groundcover shrubs and meadows feed the Web of Life. Plant the rest. Add two inches of compost and mulch three inches to conserve water and suppress competing weeds.

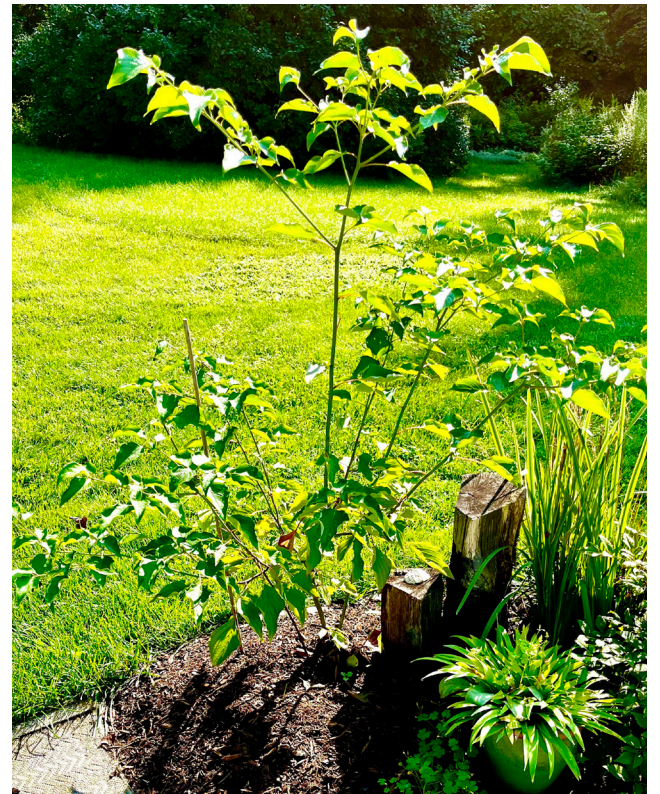
EVOLVE Living in Connecticut for five seasons now, I've observed the Good and the Bad of my few acres, the glory of the woods behind and the wicked witchgrass. Bad weed. (Distant gunshots are the Ugly.) Fast-growing evergreens, native **White Pine (Pinus)** and **Pacific Redcedar (Thuja)**, might block the wind at my patio in a decade with a **Japanese Umbrella Pine (Sciadopitys)** that languished in a client's shady yard before transplanted here.



Goldenrod by whitebark birch.

Structural bones, large shrubs and trees, were planted in 2018. Five species of **Birch (Betula)** were introduced. White-barked Birch is a favorite tree for all seasons and **'Whitespire'**, a cultivar of native **Gray Birch (B. populifolia)**, seems best in rural Connecticut. Showy white bark but no flower.

Colorful flowers and leaves followed. The primary screen for our entry was multi-stem **Serviceberry** with flower, fruit and fall color, and several more trees were planted. The shrub form **Amelanchier canadensis** hasn't



Kousa dogwood volunteer.

grown tall, but spread horizontally in the dry bed mounded with a foot of compost.

'Arnold Promise' Witchhazel (Hamamelis) blooms in February (!) with long yellow petals that uncurl like party blowers on warm days, and curl up on cold nights. Then the spring bloom of **Forsythia**, **Redbud** and **Rhododendron/Azalea** with fragrant **Lilacs (Syringa)** and **Viburnum**. **'Sarah' Mountain Laurel (Kalmia)** blooms in early summer.

Roses (Rosa) bloom in summer (especially rebloomers; "deadhead" to remove spent flowers and promote rebloom) when herbaceous perennials offer even more flower into autumn. **Hydrangea** graces summer with patriotic pink, white and blue bloom.

Fall color! The bright red leaves of **Blueberry**, **Burning Bush (Euonymus)** and several **Maple (Japanese and our native Red)**, join orange-red **Serviceberry** and **Sumac (Rhus)**. Non-native **Burning Bush (Euonymus)** and it's flaming fall color is a weed here to stay.

OBSERVE Maintenance is life or death in gardens. Observe all year long for harm, especially during the growing season. Water when dry.

A **Kousa Dogwood (Benthamidia)**, formerly **Cornus** volunteered at the edge of my patio last year. Some might have weeded it out, but I saved it and removed a patio stone to add compost. Watered well in a wet summer. Now five feet tall.

Sun exposure and nutrients are necessary, but water makes things grow. Garden plants need moisture to establish roots, to grow and survive drought. I warned clients about drought this past summer, and much of America suffered extreme heat, but New England has been surprisingly wet.

El Niño is characterized by unusually warm ocean temperatures in the Equatorial Pacific (opposed to **La Niña** with unusually cold temperatures). This oscillation of ocean atmosphere in the tropical Pacific affects global weather. Rainfall usually increases across the nation's southern tier.

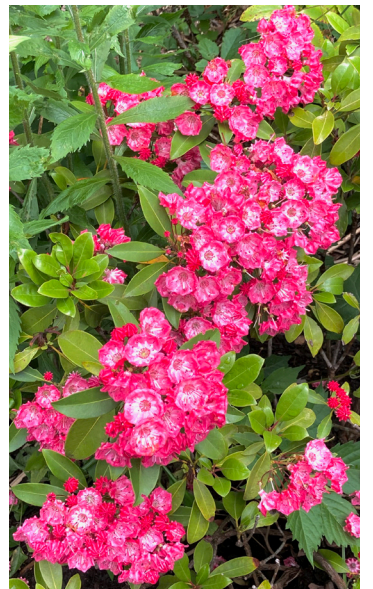
With climate change, the tier has record triple-digit heat with record wildfires in Canada and Hawaii. Connecticut has been lucky. Our global climate is evolving unpredictably.

I'm evolving with my garden. I appreciate weed persistence and vigor. Grasses volunteer in perfect clumps. **Pokeberry (Phytolacca)** is colorful and birds love it. I let it grow. Otherwise, cut back, dig out, replace?

Coexisting with the land is easier than controlling it.

Brian Karlsson-Barnes, Master gardener / designer,
Chaplin CT Briankarlssonbarnes@gmail.com

Photos by the author.



'Sarah' Mountain Laurel.



A Potter at Camp:

My Hole in the Wall Gang Camp Experience

By Sue Gerr

Many of you who read this paper may remember a time back in 1986 when we were so thrilled to learn that the actor Paul Newman had chosen Ashford, Connecticut, as the site of his first residential camp for children with serious illnesses. "The Hole in the Wall Gang Camp," which opened in 1988, took its title from his beloved movie "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," which co-starred Robert Redford.

Situated on 300 acres, including a 44-acre pond, the camp was designed to allow the children to experience free of charge the transformational spirit and friendships that time at camp can provide and to "Raise a Little Hell," as Paul was known to say! The camp grew to include programs for families as well as HOP, a Hospital Outreach program that brought activities and the spirit of camp to children unable to attend camp due to medical issues.

When I first heard of the camp coming to a town near my pottery studio/gallery in Tolland, I was excited to become involved in some way. As serendipity would have it, before I received an answer to my emails, a customer of mine came in and during our conversation I learned not only did she work at the camp, but she was in charge of recruiting and vetting volunteers!

I soon became involved with camp in several ways, starting as a camp counselor for a week to get a flavor and feeling for the whole camp. There were many wonderful activities offered during the campers' week there, including arts and crafts, woodshop, archery, swimming, boating, fishing, cooking, theatre, horseback riding and more.

Since first going to camp at the age of 7, I had always loved the camp and camping experience. I soon started volunteering at Hole in the Wall as a visiting artist to teach pottery several times throughout the summer. My goal was to bring the magic of the clay experience to kids who had never touched clay! They were able to create, take home and use a lasting memento of their camp experience. We also created installations such as pottery totem poles that were installed outside the various doorways to the creative areas.

Camp was always filled with joy, music and laughter. Campers get the opportunity to just be kids. A superb medical staff at the infirmary oversees the health needs of the campers.

In addition to teaching pottery to campers, I was also asked after several years to create mugs each summer with the camp's theme of the year. These mugs were given at the end of summer to the counselors and camp staff. Other pieces I made, such as large sunflower platters, were donated to their annual fundraising Gala. One year, with the help of the arts and crafts staff, we created a giant three-tiered clay birthday cake to celebrate the camp's 20th anniversary. We even got Mr. Newman to inscribe his name into the clay, and it was later auctioned off at the Gala.

Jump ahead to the night of February 12, 2021, when a fire ripped through the Arts and Crafts building complex, destroying the campers' kitchen area, woodshop, crafts and camp store. Luckily the infirmary and iconic dining hall were spared and there were no injuries, thanks to the all-night efforts of the firefighters from neighboring towns.

Donations poured in from thousands of people, and plans for a new Creative Complex began. Improvements and updates included a state-of-the-art kitchen, craft room, woodshop and store. As the building neared completion, a wall was designated for a large mural to be created by mosaic artist Mia Schon, whom I knew from her time working at camp and HOP. The design Mia created, "The Magic is in You," included over 4000 pieces as a way to thank the more than 4000 donors who made the new building possible. This year's mug reflects this theme.

I was thrilled to get a call from Mia in December 2022, asking me if I would be willing to make some of the components to be included in the mosaic that would

have special meaning and references to some of the camp's history. Sunflowers had long been a special image used at camp, so I designed and produced almost two dozen clay sunflowers of various sizes and colors. Other images, like leaves, fish, deer, and of course the Hole in the Wall, were created to be tucked in among the tile work. The deadline was March 21, 2023, so pieces needed to be created, glazed and fired in record time. Mia hand set



Mia Schon (left) and Sue Gerr. Cont. photo



and grouted the more than 4000 pieces with little time to spare.

The reopening and ribbon cutting for the new Creative Complex, with the mural as a focal point, was a joyous occasion for the camp and the community. This summer's campers and staff have the unique privilege of being the first to use and create in this new space.

With The Hole in the Wall Gang Camp celebrating its 35th anniversary this year, it is a fitting way of honoring, and continuing, Mr. Newman's legacy and dream.

Susan Gerr owns and operates Birch Mountain Pottery in Tolland, CT.

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Remember the Farmer

By Donna Dufresne

hus-band-man

noun

ARCHAIC

1. a person who cultivates the land; a farmer.



In my historical research, I frequently come across the term husbandman in eighteenth-century deeds where it was common to name one's occupation. In the hierarchical Puritan mind, a husbandman was in a covenant with God to care for the plants, animals, and other gifts of the earth laid at his feet, including his wife and children. God had a little to do with providing the English with the Garden of Eden they first encountered in the Americas. But they quickly plundered the earth of all its resources, and we all know the land was stolen by hook and by crook from the First People nations who had been practicing their own form of covenant and husbandry for eons before the invasion of Europeans.

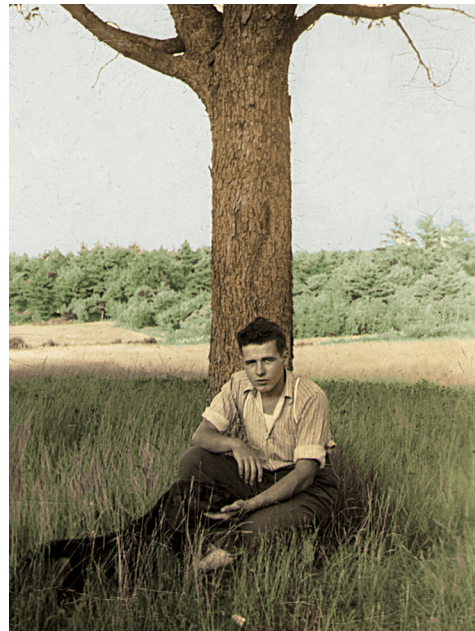
Husbandry entails the raising of and caring for animals, crops, and the land. In other words, farming. In some cases, the earliest settlers claimed their occupations as weaver, carpenter, surveyor, or another trade they had plied in the crowded towns surrounding Boston. But within five years of migrating to Woodstock and Pomfret, acquiring and clearing their plots, they settled into farming and proudly called themselves husbandmen. Over the course of twenty years of savvy farming practices, ties to the West Indies trade, and dabbling in real estate, some early settlers began to call themselves yeoman, and even esquire, implying that the life of a country squire on a landed estate had been achieved. Even though the British had all started out in the same boat, eking out a living on the scrappy and unforgiving land of New England, they still brought their class structure with them.

Every time I see the word husbandman on a deed, I think of my father and those biblically driven Grange degrees that heralded husbandry, the seasonal rituals of sowing and reaping, and the allegorical finale of the harvest. The secretive rites of the Grange were not unlike those of the Masons. However, the social status was knocked down a notch or two, as it placed the ordinary farmer, sometimes rich in land but cash poor, on a pedestal. Whereas the Masonic lodge a few doors down from the Grange boomed with elite paternalism and exclusivity, the Grange harbored women and children, which was about as diverse as white New Englanders dared to be in the 1950s and '60s; women couldn't aspire to the role of "Master." Although children were not allowed in the meeting hall, we could still look forward to some fraternity on Saturday night, when we were welcomed and encouraged to work alongside the adults as they put on baked bean suppers, strawberry festivals, white elephant sales, and the infamous vaudevilian performances on the stage in the Grange Hall, where I sang a duet with my father at age three.

The children of the Grange were welcomed and made to feel useful. We were put to work picking strawberries, setting up the tables, and helping to serve food at the never-ending fundraising suppers. We raised money for the 4-H Club and Young Farmers of America. In September we helped set up elaborate dioramas at the Topsfield Fair, depicting nostalgic Americana scenes that we only wished were still true. Working waterwheels turned, and magical train sets puffed through rural cardboard towns in the bygone era when the farmer was "the man."¹ Our hearts sang with patriotism, knowing that our fathers

who did not enlist during WWII sure as heck did their part by feeding America and the troops.

My father was the rural version of James Dean in my favorite photograph of him, taken in 1942—posed beneath an elm tree, petting his future father-in-law's foxhound hidden in the grass. His black wavy hair, dark skin, and pouty lips made the ladies swoon. But he did not care for all that "happy horseshit" (as he would say). All he wanted in life was to own his own farm and a herd of Guernsey cows, the happy ambition he conceived on Fred D. Whittier's farm during the Great Depression.



Dick Dufresne 1942 photo by Theresa Johnston (*Remember the Farmer*).

His parents had dropped him off at age eight to live and work on the Whittier farm. Fred needed a "boy" to help with the chores, although his tomboy daughter, Ruth, was more than capable and willing. My grandparents were hit hard by the Great Depression after the mills closed. The long breadlines did not help to put food on the table. They put my dad to work peddling magazines from a little red wagon on the streets of Waltham, Massachusetts. But when he started running with a gang of hoodlums whose entertainment was plugging the mufflers of trolleys with potatoes just to hear them pop like a gun in a gangster movie, they sought a better paid position for their little cash-cow son and moved back to North Andover.

He must have been a wild addition to the quiet routine in the Whittier household. Fred, Edith, Aunt Angie, and Uncle Harley seemed to have been born elderly, although they were barely middle-aged at the time. Ruth was eternally annoyed, and rightfully so, by the young whippersnapper who had imposed himself on her territory. Angie, who was childless, delighted in his piss-and-vinegar attitude, which she tried to contain in her warm, round hugs. I imagine my father squirming to avoid the slightest embrace. He was not one to be contained. Later in life his favorite song was "Don't Fence Me In," written by Cole Porter, made famous by Gene Autry, and performed on the stage at the Grange Hall by my father.

Although he resented his parents for sending him off to work at such an early age and collecting his weekly allowance for themselves and his brothers, it was the best thing that could have happened to Richard H. Dufresne. Fred Whittier's stern but gentle hand tamed my father where my grandfather's violent temper could not. Although he didn't see a red cent of his "allowance," the Whittiers kept him clothed and fed, and filled his pockets with values he would not have learned in the brokenness of his parents' lives during the Depression.

It was Fred Whittier who instilled pride in being a farmer and sponsored my father to join the Grange at age fourteen. Ironically, it was also Fred who got him into the Masons after my father earned a

reputation for his oratory style and memorization of the Masonic degrees when he was Master of the Grange. After my parents married at seventeen years old, it was Fred's connections that got my father a position as herdsman on the Hayward Dairy Farm in New Hampshire, and later as farm manager on the Bigelow estate in North Andover. And just when my father was about to be drafted, it was Fred who signed his farm deferment during WWII. Recently I found the deferment document. On the line where my father was supposed to put his father's name, it tellingly says Fred D. Whittier, the man who stepped into the role of father as any good husbandman would.

August 14 would have been my dad's 96th birthday. Although he never did get his own farm and a herd of cows, he held fiercely onto his rural identity until the day he died. I have inherited a chunk of that identity and the chip on the shoulder that goes with it. I navigate a world where most of my friends ride the coattails of privilege and entitlement. If you have never had to rely upon the weather for your livelihood, you will not understand why farmers are stressed. Fortunately, my tiny little blueberry patch is not my sole livelihood. But it does subsidize my teeny-weeny teacher pension, and I have broken my body and put my heart and soul into the farm business for over forty years. I can grow the crop with good organic practices and control the invasives by mowing the field, even though it is frowned upon by trendy naturalists. But I cannot control the extreme weather patterns, torrential rain, wind, fires in Canada that huffed smoke domes all the way to Connecticut, and excessive heat that destroyed this year's crop.

I worry about the future of family farms in New England. Unlike the multi-corporate industrial farms of the Midwest, family farms do not enjoy government subsidies. Someone has to have a day job to support the farming habit. My dad got up at 3 a.m. to deliver milk so that he would have the afternoons to work at his custom farming business. My career as a teacher subsidized our organic blueberry farm (and my music) for years. Only someone with a trust fund could afford to make a living on my blueberry patch. And still, our local husbandmen (and women) plod through the spring rites of sowing corn even when most of the fields are flooded; they open their farmstands to angry customers who can't fathom that a late freeze destroyed all the peaches; they tread water even while sinking beneath rising taxes and suburbanized zoning restrictions that threaten their livelihoods. And worst of all, they put up with the classism and elitism of those who want to preserve open space without the experience of smelling the dairy air.

The fraternity and support of the Grange has dwindled in most communities. Other than an occasional contra dance or bluegrass concert, it is unlikely that one will hear the march of a ritual and the thumping of staffs upon a squeaky hardwood floor on a Tuesday night. But I do wish that farmers could reclaim their pedestals from a time when the farmer was the man, and when it was an honor to call yourself a husbandman on an eighteenth-century land deed.

¹ The song "The Farmer Is the Man" was recorded and made famous by Pete Seeger and collected by Peggy Seeger. References to the song go back to before the Civil War, a time when farming was the object of the American Dream.

Hip Hop's 50th Anniversary

By Cathy Cementina

August 11, 2023, marked the fiftieth anniversary of hip-hop. The anniversary dates back to an August night in the South Bronx when Kool Herc, managing a set of turntables, combined two records to form one unbroken drumbeat. This one move launched what has been called a mythic event in the history of American music—hip-hop.

What is hip-hop? Hip-hop is an art form that entails at least four elements: deejaying or turntabling; MCing or rhyming; graffiti painting; and dancing/movement/body language.

In his recent essay on hip-hop in the *New York Times*, Wesley Morris opens our eyes to seeing hip-hop not simply as another step along the continuum of Black music, but as a leap into a new dimension of expression. Something new. Something that, first of all, didn't come from the South. Hip-hop did not originate in New Orleans, as did jazz. It did not emerge from the Deep South and the Piedmont area, as did the blues. And it did not, like gospel, spring from the church singing of the African American South. Rather, hip-hop began after the Great Migration had finished and was born as a wholly Northern urban phenomenon.

And whereas Motown—another development in Black music—was curated by those like Berry Gordy for a white audience, going so far as to give etiquette training to its artists, hip-hop was raw and uncensored. It began and continued as a Black art form, in Morris's words, "of unfettered... self-esteem, of retributive refulgence" (the latter word meaning brilliance or splendor). It was its own expression. But it ended up going so far beyond its home.

Most significantly, Morris positions hip-hop as recognizing the abandonment of the civil rights movement and spirit. The 1968 Kerner Commission report that highlighted the role of poverty and institutional racism in the explosion of urban violence was largely ignored. Schools became as segregated as ever after *Brown v. Board of Education*. Ronald Reagan slashed the housing and urban development budget. "Elevators stayed broken. Trash piled up. Drugs stormed in and with them even harsher law enforcement," Morris writes. This is the world the hip-hop artists surfaced from and expressed. I do not begrudge them their subsequent gold chains and mansions in Malibu.

And the hip-hop artists were not and are not wrong in rejecting the vision of the long arc of justice. In recent times, we have seen the Voting Rights Act disem-boweled by the Supreme Court's *Shelby County v. Holder* ruling. We have seen, in these times, voting restrictions enacted in multiple states that disproportionately affect people of color. We have seen the governor of Florida reject an AP course in Black history for telling the truth about the Black experience out of suspicion that it will adversely affect white children's well-being.

I am a white girl from the suburbs, but I celebrate hip-hop's 50th anniversary. My segue into the world of hip-hop was through the relatively soft sound of the Fugees, but that was enough to make me sit up and pay attention. I agree with Wesley Morris when he announces, "Hip-hop represents a break with the past because it exploded out of something that broke: this country's promise to its Black citizens."

(Thank you to Wesley Morris for helping me understand)

The Evening News

By Gary Bergquist

“Thank you for joining us, and welcome to the Evening News. Tonight, we have breaking news. There has been yet another mass shooting, this time in a mall in Kansas. As the third shooting in less than a week, there have now been more mass shootings to date in this year than in all last year. What is becoming a weekly, if not daily, ritual has many of us wondering about the cause and intensity of this epidemic of violence.

“Tonight, we present several reports that explore this dilemma. Our local reporter Ron is at the scene of this latest shooting. We have Beth, who has interviewed the family of the alleged shooter. And we have Professor Kincaid of the University of Southern Arizona, who will share his views on possible explanations for this continuing increase in mass violence in our country.

“Let’s start with the professor. Dr. Kincaid, what can you tell us that would possibly explain this ongoing tragedy?”

“Thank you, Kelly, for having me. Well, one obvious contributor is the rapidly expanding availability of weapons in this country. In the United States, we have more guns than people, and assault rifles have never been more popular. The situation seems to feed on itself. The more weapons we have, the more opportunity exists for shootings to occur; the more shootings, the more people feel the need to defend themselves, motivating them to buy more guns. The problem is circular and escalating.

“Second, there’s the economy. With inflation continuing to take its bite out of our paychecks, people find themselves working harder just to break even. This financial pressure can adversely affect the mental well-being of those in the workforce. Moreover, those without jobs are under even more stress as they attempt to find work that is right for them. In this pressure-cooker environment, especially for those struggling with mental illness, the slightest disruption can cause something to blow.

“Third, we find ourselves in an increasingly divisive political climate, in which tolerance for differing political views has worn thin. The norms of polite and civil discourse are not being exercised. We no longer agree to disagree. Instead, we express our differences through insults, anger, and even physical assaults. It takes less provocation these days to light someone’s fuse.”

“Thank you, Dr. Kincaid. Now let’s turn to Beth, our reporter with the family of the alleged shooter...”

These words have not been taken verbatim from any broadcast. Rather, they represent a facsimile of our shared experience. We scratch our heads wondering how we got to this point, and listen to explanations for mass shootings that sound reasonable but that don’t address the nagging question, which is: Why now?

Per the principle of Occam’s razor, when there are several possible explanations, the simplest is likely the correct one. As our hypothetical professor offers his reasons for mass shooting, we find ourselves nodding with his assessment of the reasons and wondering which is the main cause. But none of them work. Each explanation points in the right direction but none provides the *Aha!* moment of obvious cause and effect.

There should be a corollary to Occam’s razor: When someone provides several reasons, they either don’t know the real reason or are trying to conceal it. The girlfriend who tells her boyfriend it’s over because he doesn’t bring her flowers anymore, and he doesn’t rinse his dishes, and he would rather spend time with football than with her, might be holding back the real reason: she found another guy.

In the case of the professor’s report, his points come across as platitudes. Perhaps his shortcoming is that he was not a sports fan in the early 1970s. At that time, there appeared a new phenomenon in sports. It was called *streaking*. During a baseball game, say, a fan would jump onto the field of play from the stands, typically stark naked, and run around, waving to spectators and disrupting play. The game would be halted as officials scurried after the streaker, trying to bring him down and remove him from the premises. It was like trying to catch a greased pig, and the exercise would bring the fans to their feet as they cheered the game’s disruption. The fans might choose to root for the streaker or the officials, knowing that the streaker was simply enjoying his five minutes of fame.

Before long, the practice of streaking had spread from baseball to football, soccer, and basketball. For months, the streaking epidemic thrived.

And then it was gone.

What happened? Television producers decided to stop televising the streakers, or even mentioning them. As viewers, we would simply get an extra commercial or we would find ourselves with the announcers in the broadcast booth as they discussed trades, statistics, or contract

negotiations. Meanwhile, the streaker was escorted from the field. From our perspective as viewers, streaking had simply vanished.

And then, as if social amnesia had taken hold, streaking was gone. Without the promise of glorious exposure, the pool of potential streakers shriveled.

Television brings us sights and sounds that shape our perceptions of the world. Every day, we are pounded by the media, whether the press, social sites, or television, with details of the latest mass shooting. As we are inundated by images, stories, interviews, and explanations, we find that the possibility of this perverse aspect of human behavior has taken residence in our thoughts. Most of us know to file these experiences in a dark recess of our minds, under aberration, not aspiration.

Yet some people do not have the same self-control. They may be at the tipping point. Since streaking is not in their experience, they head to the gun store instead. Sure, unemployment or divisive politics may have brought them to the edge, but the images on the evening news may have given them direction and desensitized them to the enormity of these acts of violence.

For many of us, our first exposure to mass shooting came in the mid-eighties in the form of workplace violence in U.S. post offices. The term “going postal” was coined as we witnessed cases of postal workers shooting fellow employees in response to the stresses caused by uncaring or hostile bosses, unrealistic job performance expectations, or social isolation. With little or no outlet to deal with the frustration, the idea of suicide may have taken root. The notion of bringing others along for the ride offered a measure of revenge.

What was new in the eighties was not the concept of workplace violence, but the availability of widespread reporting of such violence. Advances in telecommunications allowed news to travel around the world within minutes of an event, reaching a significant portion of the world’s population within hours. Today, the internet has abbreviated the process even further. We can witness news within seconds of the event, or even watch it livestream.

The net effect of this news immersion is a distortion of perception. Aberrant and isolated events that were once too remote to notice are now constantly in our faces.

Ironically, the term “news” implies something new and unusual. You would expect a news program to offer stories of what has happened today that did not happen yesterday, or to provide fresh updates to ongoing situations. Newscasters don’t remind you each day that the sun rises and sets, or that water continues to be wet. But they’ll proudly announce that another mass shooting has taken place, and that they are fortunate enough to have video, interviews, and stories that promise to bring the action into our living rooms. This is no longer *news*, but the news program will present it as such because the producer’s job is to feed our curiosity, our interest in the extraordinary. When the news anchors search for explanations of why we are experiencing an epidemic of mass violence, they stop short of pointing the finger inward.

Streaking and gunning down innocent people are not the same thing. But we have always had more than enough guns to go around, endless problems with the economy, and rancorous political discord. These conditions may have contributed sparks. But it is the news, the daily in-your-face reporting of mass shootings, that pours gasoline onto the flames. And it is these flames that put the names of these psychopaths in lights, possibly beckoning other moths.

Here’s an alternative way to present the news, midway through the broadcast:

“Both the Dow Jones and S&P were up today in mixed trading. Mass shootings rose slightly this week over last week. For details, please go to our website at Evening-News.com. Moving on to the weather...”

Such an approach will not stop mass shootings. These events always have been and always will be with us as long as the human mind is organic. However, this approach might slow the flow, and may provide a partial answer to the pressing question, what can be done?

Gary Bergquist is a freelance writer. His latest book, Becoming What We Watch: Television’s Unintended Legacy, is available from Amazon.

To all our contributors- Thank You!

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

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Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing...

—Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida* (V.x. 42)

By Phoebe Godfrey

On this Labor Day I decided to focus these words on the labor and life of the insects who inhabit, or, better yet, animate and “doth sing,” in my garden. As readers may know, and I have written about it previously, insect numbers are in decline, shrinking at about an estimated 1–2% a year.¹ As insects occupy the roots of the animal food chain, such a decline impacts all life forms, including ours, given how much of our food is dependent on insect pollination.

Insect decline—attributed to agriculture, land development, use of insecticides and weed killers, as well as climate change—is not, however, happening on the one-third of an acre where my wife and I live. At least, not to any visible extent of which we are aware. In fact, I spent some time on Labor Day sitting on a small “secret” bench we have in our front garden, just watching all the activity going on, and within my immediate field of vision I must have seen at least three swallowtail butterflies, two monarch butterflies (enjoying our butterfly bush), 15 bees of different sizes and shapes, a hummingbird, a dragonfly (we have a small pond), a horsefly, some mosquitoes, and a number of other winged creatures I do not know how to name.

And yet, if I look across my street at a rental house that has only grass and a hedge in front of it, I see nothing happening, and thus I hear no song. Of course, this highly controlled landscaping style is our American standard. It originates in European royalty, whose lawns declared that they were wealthy enough to not need to grow food. Such class-based messages are still being proclaimed, as many homeowner associations will not allow food (or even, sometimes, flowers) to be grown on front lawns as, ironically, it impacts property values. In contrast, to see our garden, either from the sidewalk or to be invited within, is an invitation to one’s senses and in most cases to exclaim, “How different!,” “How beautiful!,” “How alive!,” as well as “How much work!,” etc., all of which are true.

Yes, a garden full of flowers that does not use insecticides or weed killers, that allows for a balance between human-designed order and nature’s creative chaos, and that is subsequently full of insects and wild animal life (we have skunks, raccoons, opossums, snakes, squirrels, and many kinds of birds) is unusual. Yet it should not be, at least not anymore. We know that the living world is being challenged like never before in terms of the stressors listed above, and in our society we have additional social/economic stressors that impact our well-being, such as all

forms of oppression (including those that are environmentally related) and threats to our daily survival, including those to our mental and physical health.

Yet, for all these challenges, a garden such as ours can, and does, make a positive impact. It provides a plant, insect, and animal habitat and food (much of what we grow we let the creatures eat); it captures carbon through our extensive organic composting and soil remediation; it offers a pleasing place for neighbors to observe beauty and life; and it reminds all who see it that another way of living on the land, or rather with the land, even in a small city like Willimantic, is not only possible but highly beneficial. Yes, it takes a lot of time and care, but even that work is beneficial in terms of providing purposeful physical activity, a constant creative outlet, an instant reward while doing it, and an ongoing reward in having done it. Like all care work, the inputs pale in comparison to the outputs, which increase exponentially.



Photo by Tina Shirshac.

So, I ask you who are reading this, do you have access to land that is merely being used as a lawn, with a few hedges and maybe a flower or two? If so, then why not begin to consider changes you could make to enhance your plant, insect, and animal diversity? If you are not able to access land, consider how you can get involved with community gardens and other initiatives to plant pollinating plants, trees, and other plants that will bring insect life and floral beauty to your community. And yes, it is already fall, a time for harvesting what we have sown (just as in life as we age) and the bulk of gardening is behind us, but planning for next year’s garden will help you get through the upcoming winter months. In fact, there are still a few months

before our first frost, and plenty of planting for next year can still be done.

I am currently teaching a course titled Human Society and the Living Earth, and the class and I will be working with community activist Jean de Smet to plant pollinating plants along the Air Line Trail by the Connecticut Eastern Railroad Museum. I see this activity as sociology, because in making gardens the students will be following Voltaire’s advice, which was to “cultivate our garden,” as in not just the plants but also ourselves and each other. Additionally, although many who are concerned with our current social and environmental crises seek quick technological and governmental solutions (time is, of course, a factor), my understanding of how we must proceed is as adrienne maree brown writes in her book *Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds* (2017), which is that “small is all.” The smallness of our living gardens, the smallness of our acts, the smallness of the “full merrily” bumblebee—these are all and everything at once.

¹ Julia Janicki et al., “The Collapse of Insects,” Reuters.com, December 6, 2022, <https://www.reuters.com/graphics/global-environment/insect-apocalypse/egpbykdxjvq/>

Third Annual Eastern CT Children’s Book Fair

Submitted by Nancy Pettitt

The Willimantic Public Library and the Friends of the Library invite you and your families to attend the third annual Eastern Ct. Children’s Book Fair. The Children’s Book Fair will be held at the Windham Senior Center, 1 Jillion Square, in Willimantic on September 30, 2023 from 10 – 2.

Come meet some of Connecticut’s children’s book authors and illustrators including Windham’s own Barbara McClintock. Listen to readings and presentations by the authors, buy their books, and get the books signed by the authors. There will be children’s activities and free books from the Friends for each child who attends.

Through the Book Fair, we provide the opportunity for children of all ages, their families, and other interested adults to meet local authors and hear about the process of creating a book. The Fair will feature five Connecticut children’s book authors/illustrators reading from their works as well as a book seller, Barnes and Noble of UCONN/Storrs, offering these and other books for sale. The Dodd Human Rights Impact program will host a Malika Penn Award for Human Rights in Children’s Literature section at the Book Fair. It will feature current and past winning and honor books.



Barbara McClintock (photo above) is an American illustrator and author of over 40 books for children. Her books have received numerous awards and citations, including five *New York Times Best Illustrated Picture Book Awards*, three *ALA Notable Book Citations*, a *Boston Globe/Horn Book Honor Award*, a *China Times Best Illustrated Books Award*, and a *British Fantasy Award*. *The Gingerbread Man* has sold over three million copies world-wide. At the Book Fair, Barbara McClintock will read at 10:15 from her picture books including *VROOM*, the story of a young girl who imagines driving around her world in a race car. <https://www.barbaramcclintockbooks.com/>

Her artwork has been exhibited and is in the collections of libraries, museums and galleries around the world. She has lectured about her work nationally and internationally, and is currently teaching classes on creating children’s books at Wesleyan University. She has served on the board of directors of the Eric Carle Museum, and chaired the Original Art Show at the Society of Illustrators. Barbara lives in Windham CT with her partner, the illustrator David Johnson.

Willimantic September Events

Submitted by Bev York

Veteran Community Center

Sept. 10 Car Show for Vets 4 to 7 p.m. Many vintage and classic cars on display. Event theme is honoring military and first responders. Music, Food available. Free to public but donations appreciated to support the Veterans Community Center. Jillion Square, Willimantic.

America Museum

September 25 Liber Tea featuring Freedom Summer Murders of 1964 the 4 p.m. Discover and discuss the work and tragic murder of three civil rights workers: Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney.. Tea, coffee. Donations appreciated.. Eastern Connecticut Veteran’s Community Center, 47 Crescent Street, Willimantic. The monthly LiberTea program is sponsored by the America Museum and shares stories and encourages discussion about people who have made significant contributions to American democracy and liberty.

Jillion House Museum

Sept. 27 Tavern Night at the Jillion House Museum. Meet Benjamin Franklin, often considered an American renaissance man. 5 p.m. (program 5:30) Discover fascinating facts about Franklin and his favorite food and drink. Jillion House Museum, 627 Main Street, Willimantic CT Suggested donation to the museum \$10.

Hampton Harvest Festival

Submitted by Janice Trecker

Fletcher Memorial Library hosts The Hampton Harvest Festival, September 23, 9 am- 3 p.m., on the lawn between the community center and the town hall at 164 Main Street. The festival will feature exclusively hand grown and handmade products from the town of Hampton, as well as a variety of refreshments, activities, and displays by local entrepreneurs and community organizations.

The offerings will include fresh produce and other agricultural products, baked goods, gift baskets,

and local crafts and art work. There will be live music, games for the children, the traditional hay rides, and a display of farm animals.

Hampton Fire Department will be selling hot dogs and hamburgers (not confirmed as yet). (Here we can add other food options, like the possible ice cream.)

Admission is free and the site offers plenty of free parking. Information: 860 455 1086.

Support our local farmers.

Shop at the Willimantic Food Co-op, Bob’s IGA and other local markets.

Look for locally sourced produce when you dine.

Frequent our farmers markets. There are some winter markets in our area.

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

Wrong Direction

By Gary Bergquist

Standing in front of the subway map, Roger cursed himself again for volunteering the fact that he was good with directions. Rocking back and forth to the train's movements and gripping the pole under his sweaty palm, he squinted at the map, hoping it would speak to him. The map may as well have been a bowl of colorful noodles spray-painted by a graffiti artist.

"You need help?" The voice, just inches away, would have startled Roger but for its gentle tone. He turned and found himself staring into the chest of a giant. He looked up and saw a round, Black face peering down.

"Uh, I think I'm okay," Roger said, and turned back to the map.

"Where you headed?"

"The airport, JFK. We were told the F train would take us there."

"Ho, ho, ho," roared the giant, his voice reminiscent of the Jolly Green Giant. "You on the right train, but you headed in the wrong direction." He shook his head and lumbered off, moving toward the door, as the train slowed for the next stop.

Roger turned to his three companions seated nearby, who were quietly watching the sights and sounds of New York City, oblivious to their sudden reversal of fortune. "Guys, we gotta get off this train. Now!"

The four travelers scurried from the train, gathered on the platform, and looked at their watches.

The day had begun like any other lazy summer day. Roger and his brother Curley rose a bit earlier than usual, scarfed their breakfast, and reminded their mother that they were going with Skip's family to the beach for the day. They'd be getting home after supper, possibly on the late side. Meanwhile, Skip and Frankie were spinning similar yarns to their parents. What the parents hadn't noticed was that all four boys had been careful to strap on their watches, not common for them during the summer months.

At 6 a.m. sharp, all four boys left their houses, mounted their bikes, and headed for the rendezvous point a few streets away. By 7 a.m. they were at Bradley, Hartford's airport, where they ditched their bikes in the nearby woods and jogged into the terminal, ready to begin their adventure.

Planning for this spree had been a long, careful process, which was a testament to the determination of kids who had just finished seventh and eighth grades. Skip was the travel wizard, Curley provided the needed creativity and deviousness, and Roger was the director of paranoia, looking for whatever might go wrong. Frankie was simply there for the ride, since he had threatened to rat everyone out if they didn't let him come along.

The germination of the idea occurred when Skip discovered that United Airlines parked their extra New York jets overnight at Bradley. To defray the expense of flying planes between New York and Hartford, the airline offered fares at the nominal rate of \$12.30, round trip. In 1965, this was an amount that even 12- to 13-year-old boys could scrape together from newspaper routes and odd jobs. More importantly, in 1965, entering an airport and boarding a plane was no different from entering a movie theater. If you had a ticket, you were in. The ticket was the same as cash; it didn't even bear the name of the passenger. If someone stole your ticket, they could take your flight.

Skip loved planes, loved the airport, and had copies of all the airline timetables. The airport was his second home. Skip normally did not wear a watch, as he could tell the time by the planes that flew overhead. "There goes TWA #445, the 9:45 a.m. flight to Chicago." Skip had collected the \$12.30 fare from each of the boys and had purchased the tickets.

Once in the terminal, Skip quickly assessed the gate number for their flight and led the way. The flight attendant (stewardess she was called back then) welcomed the boys aboard. Being the first flight for all of them, the degree of wonder was off the scale. As the jet taxied down the runway, they dug their fingers into the armrests. Then, when the pilot punched it, they experienced acceleration unlike anything possible in their bicycle/car/school bus universe. Up, up, and away.

The landing was no less exciting and terrifying, but even at their young age, they knew that landing beat the alternative.

From his travel guidebooks, Skip had mapped out the entire day. First, since the subway line did not extend to JFK, he had located the nearest stop and had calculated the taxi fare that would be enough to get them there from the airport. The four boys piled into a taxi, directed the cabbie, and off they headed into the Big Apple. When they got to the subway stop, the fare was more than Skip had calcu-

lated, and when they entered the station, they noticed it was not the station requested. Lesson #1 in the city: if your excitement telegraphs that you are from out of town, you will be taken for a ride.

Skip pulled out his agenda. So much to do and see. So little time. Still, there was some padding built in to allow for the unexpected. The only caveat: they had to be back at the airport and on the plane by 8 p.m. Otherwise, there was little doubt that hellfire would rain down upon them. While planes, cabbies, winos, pickpockets, and the unknown held a degree of terror in each of their hearts, they knew with absolute certainty that their parents would punish them into oblivion if their adventure were discovered. The fear is what made it an adventure.

And so, Manhattan became their playground for the day: Times Square, Empire State Building, Grand Central Station, lunch at Tad's Steakhouse, a view of the Statue of Liberty, an afternoon baseball game at Yankee Stadium, and pizza at Famous Ray's.

What a day. It takes a lot to wear down the energy in a pre-teen male, but by 6 p.m. their batteries were running low. Time to head to the airport. Out of character, Skip had not planned this last step, so they asked for directions at a subway information booth. "Take the F train to Kew Gardens and catch the JFK bus from there." Sounded simple enough.

After a few train changes, they found themselves on the F train. What Roger learned that day is that when reading a map, it can be important to follow the map all the way to your destination. In the case of the F train, it travels north-south in Manhattan. Since the airport, according to the subway maps, was southeast of Manhattan, the logical move was to head south, where the train then moves east, directly toward the airport. What Roger hadn't noticed was that the F train changes its mind midway to the airport and instead goes north, away from the airport. What Roger also hadn't noticed was that the F train going north in Manhattan also goes east but in this case into Queens, where it arrives at a stop called Kew Gardens, which is a hop, skip, and a bus ride away from JFK. Roger had heard "Q Gardens" and so overlooked Kew.

"You on the right train, but you headed in the wrong direction."

Sixty years later, Roger was having supper at his daughter's house, watching her kids, his grandkids, scamper about. For some reason, the New York City adventure came back to him. Perhaps he was comparing his upbringing to that of his grandkids. So much had changed in what felt like so little time. Air travel was certainly different. What they had done then could never take place today. But it wasn't just air travel. People were different. Kids were different. What he had done as a kid was crazy on so many levels. If his parents were alive today and learned of this adventure, Roger thought they would probably still punish him and his brother Curley. Yet the reckless act was an indirect product of their upbringing. True, the act was in defiance of the rules of their parents, but at the same time the act was the result of a streak of willfulness, self-reliance, and independence instilled by these very same parents.

As Roger watched his grandkids, he considered that today's kids are coddled in the name of love, protected in the name of safety, and sheltered in the name of self-esteem. And though the pillars of love, safety, and self-esteem are unchanged after sixty years, the mission has changed. Parents are more concerned with protecting their kids from the vagaries of life than preparing them for it. We are on the right train but headed in the wrong direction.

Sweat dripping from their faces, they reached the gate just before the door was shut to the tarmac. The kids scurried to their seats, laughing all the way. They had been lucky. The F train going north was an express.

After Roger and Curley put away their bikes and walked into the house, their mother asked if they were careful not to get too much sun on the beach. "Yeah, mom, we were extra careful."

Gary Bergquist is a freelance writer. His latest book, Becoming What We Watch: Television's Unintended Legacy, is available from Amazon.

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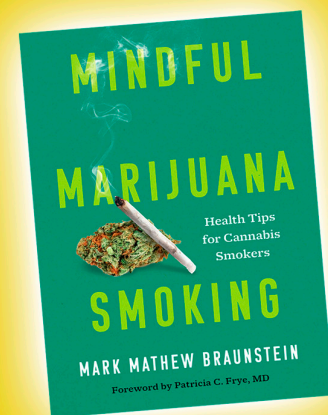
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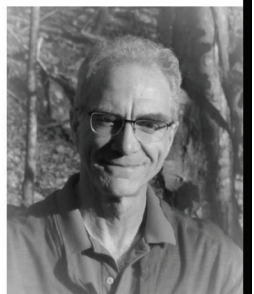
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Ashford Arts Council News

Submitted by Christine Acebo



With a new year, the Ashford Area Arts Council, in partnership with Windham Arts, has new leadership and a new Logo. Nancy Bunnell is our Chair, Stacey Palmer has stepped up as Treasury/Membership Director, and Hawley Nordman has taken over the Scholarship Program and Event Coordination. Anna Harding, Kathy Lepak, and Christine Acebo manage website and media Communications, Sharon Puntzy is Secretary, and Steve Gerling is Workshop Organizer. Outgoing officers Debra Gag, Kathryn Eidson, and Darcie Boiano can now breathe a little easier after all the heavy lifting they have done over the last years, although they will be organizing next years' events.

The AAAC had a very busy and exciting summer. During the month of June several Ashford Area Arts Council artists' beautiful creations filled the walls of The Vanilla Bean Café in Pomfret, CT. This was the second year the AAAC Members' Show found a home there. The exhibit was very well-received by the diners and those who love to frequent the establishment to view local arts exhibits. Over the last 30 years the Vanilla Bean has been honored with multiple awards including Best of Connecticut and Best of New England. The arts have always coincided with their fresh foods and homestyle atmosphere, as they pride themselves on being "a friend of the arts", and do not ask for any commission. The Ashford Arts Council doesn't either, so 100% of the sales transactions goes to the artist. The gallery director at the Vanilla Bean exclaimed that our organization brought in the highest gross number of sales than any other exhibit he can remember! Our next show will be in April of 2024.

The writing group, Font 'n Pen, grew from a workshop, Finding the Writer Within, sponsored by the Ashford Area Arts Council as one of our member artist sharing meetings. The workshop was presented by AAAC member Marian Mathews. The participants bonded so well that they decided to keep going rather than having just the one session. They are proud to announce that as the result of three years of sharing stories and poems, they are publishing an anthology of the works of the 10 members through Barnes and Noble Press. The layout of the book was set up by Christine Acebo and the logo for the group was designed by Kathy Lepak.

On Saturday, June 24th, the Ashford Area Arts Council, in partnership with Westford Hill Distillers, held their 2nd annual A Summer's Palette in Ashford, CT. The early morning rains did not discourage visitors, and hundreds wandered the beautiful property of Westford Hill Distillers while shopping and supporting 25+ local artists. An eclectic lineup of musicians and poets provided entertainment throughout the day as the crowds enjoyed lunch from The Hungry Lion and craft cocktails from Westford Hill Distillers. Ashford Area Arts Council and Westford Hill Distillers wish to thank the artists, volunteers, and performers who made this another special day for our community. Our region is enriched by the talent and creativity of our artists! A Summer's Palette t-shirts are still available for sale at the distillery with proceeds supporting the AAAC. Thanks to Connecticut's Eastern Region Tourism District for investing grant dollars toward this unique Ashford event.

The Ashford Area Arts Council's mission is to support the arts and bring the arts to the community. With this goal in mind, former AAAC Chair Debra Gag was thrilled when Jacqueline Kulig, director of the Ashford Farmers' Market reached out to her with her vision and desire to add crafters and artists once a month to the market this season. We were very happy to take her up on her offer and quickly formed a line-up. Our artists will have a table on the 3rd weekend of every month throughout the summer after starting on July 2nd with potter Dan Rackliffe. Come see our artisans! August 20th, John Boiano of Oakes Hollow Mud Werks Pottery; September 17th, Bob Johnson, Repurposed Caned Chairs; October 15th, Xiaohong Song, Hand-crafted Home Décor.

Finally ... Save the Dates!!! Our artists are busy making artworks for our annual Holiday Artists Market at Knowlton Hall in Ashford, November 18th and 19th.

The AAAC holds meetings on the 2nd Wednesday of the month from 7-9 pm. Come and meet us and hear about what we're doing. You do not have to be an artist or live in Ashford to join our dynamic group. Contact Stacey Palmer, AAAC Membership Director for information, StaceyTheAAAC@outlook.com. Membership forms available in the Ashford Citizen or on our website: www.ashfordarts.org. Follow us on Facebook: www.facebook.com/ashfordarts/ to keep up with us.

My 35 Years in Radio

By Dean Farrell

When I was six years old, I built play microphones out of Tinker Toys, sat in front of my mother's portable record player, and pretended I was a disc jockey. Sixteen years later, in June of 1988, I did my first air shift.

That summer, I hosted a thirteen-week replacement show on WESU, the non-commercial FM station at Wesleyan University in Middletown. Despite my young age, I played doo-wop and rhythm & blues music of the 1950s on a show that I called *Shake, Rattle and Roll*. Once the students returned, I was worked into a three-man rotation on WESU's long-running *Moondog Matinee*, another '50s-based music show.

I stayed at WESU until the fall of 1989, when I took a course in Broadcast Announcing at Manchester Community College. The professors were a husband-and-wife team from Willimantic's I-98.3, WILI. They told me I was good enough for commercial radio, and suggested I seek employment.

Starting in early 1990, I did both part-time and per diem work for various commercial stations, including Lite 100.5, WRCH (Farmington), WINY-AM (Putnam), and Magic 104, WIOF (now Radio 104, WMRQ). I also worked at some AM stations that are now defunct, like Business Radio 1220 (Hamden), WQQW (Waterbury), and Kool Gold 910-AM (New Britain).

Alas, by my *entree* into commercial radio, the industry was eliminating on-air jobs left and right. Much of my work involved engineering sports broadcasts, pushing buttons for network feeds, and loading tapes of syndicated shows. By mid-1991, I was so discouraged with the industry that I wrote an op-ed piece for the *Hartford Courant* titled, "Seeking a job? Forget about radio." I ultimately abandoned the commercial end of things and returned to my college-radio roots.

That said, my time in commercial radio was anything but wasted. I wasn't nuts about most of the music I had to play, and I certainly did not enjoy babysitting Red Sox and Celtics games, but I had the chance to learn from some highly talented professionals—knowledge I still put to use.

In the fall of 1992, I joined WHUS at the University of Connecticut in Storrs. My first two years there, I hosted a 2-6 a.m. free-form show on Saturday nights—or Sunday mornings, if you prefer. In the fall of 1994, I moved to Thursday evenings. There, I premiered the show with which college-radio fans in Eastern Connecticut would come to identify me.

As the '80s gave way to the '90s, my musical tastes had shifted from 1950s R&B to 1960s and '70s soul music. After a half-decade of thinking about it, I finally started hosting a show featuring that genre. Little did I know that I would end up doing *The Soul Express* (with various time-slot changes) for sixteen years!

For reasons I won't get into, I resigned from WHUS in September 2010. I was out of radio for the next six years, but the bug never really left me. In the fall of 2016, I joined WECS at Eastern Connecticut State University in Willimantic. You can now hear *The Soul Express* Fridays from 7-10 p.m. at 90.1-FM, or at www.wecsfm.com.

But that's not the end of my story. No, no, no! We must give Covid its due.

From March 2020-September 2021, we were not allowed on the Eastern campus, let alone in the WECS studios. During those eighteen months, what aired on Friday nights was one- to three-year-old reruns of *The Soul Express*.

During the pandemic, nearly all college radio stations in Connecticut relied on pre-recorded or syndicated shows, which a computer program could run without humans present. There was, however, one exception.

Since 1995, Chris Cowles has hosted a blues- and soul-based show called *Greasy Tracks* on WRTC at Trinity College in Hartford. He was also an avid *Soul Express* fan during my WHUS years and had become WRTC's general manager in 2018.

Chris was determined to keep the station live and local during the pandemic. However, as no students were there to host shows, this proved difficult. So in April 2020, Chris invited me to come aboard. For the last three years, *The Soul Express* has aired on both WECS and WRTC.

What I love about college radio is that I'm free to be myself. Unlike our commercial brethren, we don't have to worry about ratings points and advertising dollars. As a result, college radio can be much freer in how it programs itself. I've always done *The Soul Express* my own way, and the people who like it are tuning in. I'll never have an audience the size of even the smallest commercial station, but I'm OK with that.



Text and artwork submitted by Rebecca Gurland.

Holiday Happenings

Submitted by Bev York

'Nightmare on Main' moves to new Venue!

Nightmare on Main: All Hallows Eve: Creeping Through Time will be presented at the Eastern CT Veteran Community Center on Oct 6, 7, 13, 14, 20, 21.

Take a dark journey to discover the chilling origins of Halloween following the traditions through time from the ancients trying to avoid evil spirits to the holiday celebration in recent times. Nightmare on Main is an annual event that creates a frightening experience loosely based on history. Guided tours through elaborate scenes with dramatic presentations leave every 20 minutes between 7 and 10 at the Veteran Community Center, 47 Crescent Street, Willimantic. \$15.00 pp Not intended for children under 10. Refreshments Available. Rain or Shine. Proceeds benefit the Veterans Center. Reservations at spooktober.org director@windhamarts.org 860-742-6143

Grave Tales Cemetery Tour

Partnership of Art, Culture, History and Tourism

Oct. 21 Grave Tales is an afternoon of cemetery visits in area towns from 1:00 to 4:00. Cemetery tour guides, some in period attire, will provide a brief tour (about 15 minutes) to introduce the site, talk about two or three features and share an exciting ghost or mysterious story. Visitors can go to one or more cemeteries. Historians are still needed to volunteer for this event. The final participants will be listed on Windham Arts facebook and Spooktober.org. Rainedate is Sunday. Sponsored by the Partnership of Art, Culture, History and Tourism. director@windhamarts.org

'Sounds of the Season' A Call to Holiday Lovers, Artists, Decorators, Singers, and Musicians!

A little bit of Newport is coming to Willimantic! The Jillson House Museum, is hosting a Sounds of the Season event on Nov. 25 and 26, There will be five rooms that will each feature elegant decorations to compliment a familiar Holiday song. Volunteers can create for example: "Winter Wonderland", "Toyland" or "Deck the Halls."

Volunteers are needed to create the musical themed rooms from their spare decorations, or art they create. The Museum can provide some trees and mannequins. Volunteers who love music will play and/or sing the song in the rooms. The Jillson House Museum, an 1825 distinctive Georgian style granite home, is located in the heart of the city and the site of the community tree lighting.

On the evening of Nov 24 and afternoon of Nov. 25, visitors will stroll through the house, enjoy the holiday music and elaborate decorations for a donation to the Museum which is owned by the Windham Historical Society. Anyone interested in decorating a room or providing music should contact Bev at bevishistory@yahoo.com

A Way Out

A rest was what I needed
 So I sat upon a log,
 And watched the life below
 That dwelt in thickened fog.
 But rest was not for me that day;
 Or any I guess you could say,
 For into the scene fell a butterfly.
 He landed with a cry;
 A plea to his god to set him free
 From this unnatural place eternally.
 But the point of his plea
 Was outright despair.
 He'd long lost his faith
 In any up there,
 Confined to himself
 He began a great swim
 To some distant shore
 On the mist's rim.
 He tried with his left wing
 And then with his right;
 Still reasoning progress
 In this sad plight.
 But from my vantage point
 I could plainly see,
 The wings were in contrast
 And rowed oppositely.
 The result was a spinning,
 Stem chasing stern;
 The wings meant for flying
 Now served as a churn
 To confuse the confusion
 Ever growing in him.
 You flyers take a lesson
 From this circular tale;
 Don't shackle your wings
 With the pace of this 'snail';
 But keep your wings dry
 And you'll certainly fly.

Roger S. Nelson, Brooklyn

Mill Museum Events

Submitted by Kira Holmes

Thursday, Sept. 21: **Third Thursday**, 6 p.m. - 9 p.m. on Main St., Willimantic, CT. The Mill Museum and the CT Eastern Railroad Museum will be handing out flyers. Provide your name and contact information for a chance to win free tickets to the Mill Museum in a drawing. When you visit make a Polish flag craft.

Saturday, Sept. 23: **Here All Along: African American History** and the Old Willimantic Cemetery Walk 1 p.m. - 2:30 p.m. The walk explores African American history (including white allies) in Windham and Willimantic, CT, by visiting graves in the cemetery. Restrooms nearby and it is an easy walk. Meet at the Junction of Main Street and Columbia Ave., Willimantic, CT, 06226

Saturday, Sept. 30: Carol and Linda will conduct a **fabric-collage workshop "Fish or Face."** This event will take place from 10:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m., in the Dugan building 157B Union Street. Workshop fee is \$30.00 plus \$15.00 to be paid to Carol or Linda for workshop supplies. Date subject to change.

Sunday, Oct. 8: **Past Meets Present: Lessons from Indigenous Communities and Inspiring Future Storytellers.** "Join us as our very own Education & Associate Director, Mac Korte, shares his experiences and knowledge of Indigenous American history and culture. With experiences that stretch

coast to coast, including working with tribes from the Pacific Northwest to here in New England, Mac provides a fresh perspective on the dynamic world of Indigenous communities. Sharing his journey, learn how these pivotal moments have shaped his educational approach at the Windham Textile and History Museum along with his broader perspective in the museum and history fields. This discussion not only bridges personal experiences with our museum's mission but also casts a spotlight on a new generation, inviting a new wave of aspiring historians and museum professionals to get involved and learn from the rapidly changing museum and history landscapes. The lecture will take place at 2 p.m. in Dugan Hall at 157 B Union Street. This event is subject to change. \$12 for members and \$15 for the public. Please purchase your ticket in advance through our website, by PayPal, or at the Museum Gift Shop, cash or credit card by October 6.

Saturday, Oct. 28: **Spooky Tunnel Tour.** The viewing will take place at 4:30 p.m. in Dugan Hall at 157 B Union Street. Explore a theatrical and historical first screening of the spooky tunnel tour. This video will explore local tunnels outside and inside The Mill Museum. \$12 for members and \$15 for the public. Please purchase your ticket in advance through our website, by PayPal, or at the Museum Gift Shop, cash or credit card by October 27. A Zoom screening will be available too but TBD. This event is subject to change.

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by bringing our thoughts closer to God and to God's goodness

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Ashford Senior Center: Tue, Fri 9:30-10:30a

Chaplin Senior Center: Thu 1-2p

Columbia Senior Center: Tue 1-2p

Coventry Senior Center: Wed 9:30-10:30a

Lebanon Senior Center: Tue 4-5p, Thu 6:30-7:30p

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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).

Lamont pitches electric cars — and the new regs promoting them

CT Mirror. “The publication of proposed regulations ensures Connecticut continues to meet evolving California standards for passenger-car emissions...More recently, the Connecticut Clean Air Act passed in 2022 at the urging of [DEEP Commissioner] Dykes and her Democratic boss, Gov. Ned Lamont, requires increasingly cleaner emissions for trucks through 2032. By 2035, auto manufacturers must offer only zero-emission electric vehicles in the state...The 2035 all-electric deadline in the 2022 law is a mandate on automakers and will not ban the purchase or sale of used gas-powered vehicles in 2035. But in concert with federal policy and rules adopted or being adopted in another dozen states, the Connecticut regulations will reinforce the direction already set by makers of cars and trucks...There are only 36,000 electric vehicles currently registered in Connecticut, but Dykes said a shift to EVs is underway: Registrations are up 20% since January and 42% over a year ago...the state Department of Transportation is currently mapping a network of fast chargers on its interstates, with construction expected in 2024.”

Clean air advocates back Connecticut's electric vehicle proposal

News 8 WTNH. “The debate continues over Democratic Gov. Ned Lamont's plan for all new cars in Connecticut to go all-electric...“Nobody is banning combustion engines in Connecticut, and shame on those people who are perpetuating that false and fake news,”...Electric vehicle advocates said people fighting the state phasing out of the sale of new gas-powered cars in a dozen years are engaging in fear-mongering and misinformation. “If you are so opposed to electric vehicles, what have you proposed instead?” State Rep. Christine Palm (D-36th) said. Advocates said electric cars mean cleaner air, address global warming and dramatically improve Connecticut's poor air quality...“Electrifying our fleet of cars and trucks will help clean our air and provide better health outcomes for our children and future generations to come,”...They also said the focus now is on making electric cars more affordable because the change is already underway. “Ford, GM, Volvo, Jaguar, the list goes on and on. Some, as soon as 2025, say they will stop production of internal combustion engines, many in 2030 and 2035,”...Before the proposed EV rule goes into effect, the Department of Energy and Environmental Protection (DEEP) must approve it, and the legislature's regulations review committee must pass it. No word yet when that may happen.”

Avangrid Behind Political Campaign Against CT Utility Regulator

Energy and Policy Institute. “Connecticut utility United Illuminating, a subsidiary of Avangrid, is behind a political campaign targeting a draft decision by state regulators rejecting its requested rate hike. UI has mobilized its own employees to protest and write comments against the state's Public Utility Regulatory Commission (PURA). Organizations that the utility supports financially have also submitted comments voicing concern over PURA's decision, essentially advocating for their electric rates to increase in line with the utility's request...In a draft decision from late last month, PURA rejected nearly all of UI's request to increase its distribution rates by about 5 percent, for a total revenue increase of \$130.7 million over the next three years. PURA stated it would allow less than a \$2 million total increase...As a report by the Energy and Policy Institute has found, utilities throughout the country often use donations to charitable organizations as a means to encourage organizations to support their political agenda, including rate increases and higher profit margins that come at customers' expense.”

State Regulators Sharply Trim Rate Increases by United Illuminating, Call it a 'Roadmap' For Future Cases

CT Examiner. “Following a tense public spat over the direction of utility regulation in Connecticut, state regulators at PURA on Friday approved a much smaller increase in

electric rates than requested by United Illuminating, calling the decision a “roadmap” for transitioning to performance-based ratemaking. United Illuminating...requested a revenue increase of \$131 million...Instead, PURA commissioners voted 3-0 to approve a one-year revenue increase of about \$23 million — increasing the average customer's bill by \$65 over the next year...“Nothing in this decision prohibits UI from continuing to make capital investments in its distribution system.” Energy Committee co-chair State Sen. Norm Needleman, D-Essex, praised state regulators for protecting Connecticut electric customers from escalating costs. “Despite unprecedented pressure from utility company leaders and lobbyists, PURA took a look at the hard facts involved in UI's rate case request...Their actions today follow the spirit of increased regulations focused on performance sought in recent years.”

Tesla Store to Open on Tribal Land in CT

EV Club of CT. “Tesla, frustrated for years by the legislature in its attempts to obtain permission to open stores in Connecticut, is now opening an outlet where the state rules don't apply: the Mohegan Tribal land. Tribal land exists outside state jurisdiction and is subject only to federal law. This tactic has been previously used by Tesla in New Mexico...and in New York, where it has announced an agreement to build on Oneida Nation land about 20 miles east of Syracuse...The new Tesla facility, to be located at a former Victoria's Secret outlet at the Mohegan Sun Casino, will sell and deliver vehicles. Test drives will be available...It is not a service-center... it is not near the big population centers. Nonetheless, it will make a material difference for residents of the eastern part of the state...A sales and delivery facility on tribal land does not mean that the company will stop its efforts to win the right to open stores in CT (a.k.a. direct sales).”



Off shore wind project to supply CT energy gets environmental green light from federal regulators

Hartford Courant. “Revolution Wind, the offshore wind farm project southeast of Block Island that could power more than 350,000 southern New England homes, moved significantly closer to completion Monday when the federal Bureau of Ocean Energy Management announced it had completed the project's final environmental review... The bureau said it balanced “the needs and interests of everyone who may be affected by the development” when preparing the final environmental analysis. It said its preferred alternative would “meet energy needs by installing fewer wind turbines to reduce impacts to visual resources, benthic habitat, and allow for ocean co-use.”...Revolution Wind is one of three offshore wind projects being developed by the Eversource-Orsted partnership...Last month, Eversource announced that it is selling part of its share of the joint venture to partner Orsted for \$625 million in order to concentrate on its core business, the distribution of electricity.” Plus: Avangrid agrees to pay \$48m to terminate offshore wind deal

After a fire more than a year ago, CT's electric buses are now back on the road

CT Mirror. “Electric buses operated by CTtransit returned to Connecticut's roads on Monday after a battery fire more than a year ago put the state's entire fleet out of service. The state Department of Transportation said Monday that the bus fire in Hamden last summer was due to a design defect that was part of a national recall from manufacturer New Flyer. Since then, DOT officials say the entire CTtransit electric bus fleet has been upgraded, and each operating bus has been thoroughly inspected and tested... DOT has purchased more electric buses with the same manufacturer...[and] the agency is looking forward to “an additional 50 buses by the end of next calendar year.”

Eversource leaves the American Gas Association to focus on 'decarbonization'

WBUR. “New England's largest energy utility, Eversource, has parted ways with the American Gas Association — a powerful industry group that environmentalists say has been instrumental in blocking efforts to address climate change around the country...Eversource's departure appears to mark the first time a major utility has left the influential gas trade group over diverging climate agendas, a move some energy experts call “unprecedented” and say could be a harbinger of things to come...“I think at the end of the day, it's good to see Eversource directing their funds to groups that are thinking about non-fossil fuel sources of energy. But Eversource still has a long way to go, Spatz [a researcher with the Energy Policy Institute] said. “Leaving the American Gas Association is just a tiny step forward in a much larger effort that we need to see them engage in.”

More Massachusetts cities seek to ban gas, citing lack of diversity in pilot and urgency of climate crisis
Energy News Network. “Climate activists, legislators, and municipal leaders in Massachusetts are pushing a bill that would give any town or city the option to ban new fossil fuel hookups. State law currently allows just 10 communities to enact these prohibitions, but advocates argue the climate crisis is too urgent for this piecemeal approach. ‘I don't believe that, when we have 435 communities in the state, that only 10 should be able to decide for themselves what they can do,’ said Jeff Cohen, a city councilor in Salem, which has expressed a desire to join the pilot. “We can't fix the climate crisis 10 communities at a time.”

Verogy Announces Completion of Solar Project at Mystic Aquarium

Renewable Energy Magazine. “Verogy...announced the successful completion of a 272-kW solar installation at Mystic Aquarium in Mystic. The state-of-the-art system, comprised of 600 solar modules, is set to significantly reduce the Aquarium's carbon footprint and provide a reliable source of clean energy for decades to come...The project was executed in partnership with the Connecticut Green Bank, utilizing the Green Bank's Commercial Property Assessed Clean Energy (C-PACE) financing and Solar Power Purchase Agreement (Solar PPA) programs. With 600 solar panel modules now in place, the installation will reduce Mystic Aquarium's energy costs by \$1.5 million over the life of the project.”



Winter heating assistance in CT projected to plummet

CT Mirror. “Connecticut's poorest families on emergency heating assistance could get nearly \$1,000 less in government aid this winter unless Gov. Ned Lamont and the General Assembly use state dollars to cover a huge cut in federal funding. A state advisory board — composed largely of consumer advocates and energy industry officials — is asking state leaders to bolster the Connecticut Energy Assistance Program [CEAP], but responses Thursday were mixed...the competition for dollars will be fierce this winter when the legislature reconvenes. “I don't know if we can make any commitments right now...”...“These are people who are seniors on fixed income, disabled people and poor kids,” said Senate Minority Leader Kevin Kelly, R-Stratford. “These people can go cold in the winter? Are you kidding me? It's a problem. These are human beings.”

Wild Weather Has Lamont Consulting Insurance Industry

CT News Junkie. “Insurance executives urged Gov. Ned Lamont Friday to take action on climate change, such as implementing mitigation measures to reduce the risk of extreme weather. Officials from The Hartford and Travelers told Lamont that the insurance industry has been researching climate change for years and has research to help better prepare the state...“The research is clear that investing in mitigation and adaptation can reduce the cost of disaster response,”...severe weather isn't the only reason for the rise in damages caused by storms...newly constructed homes are bigger than they were decades ago. People are also moving into areas that are more vulnerable to floods, fires and other extreme events.”

Marching to stop new fossil fuel projects

CT Mirror. “Tens of thousands of people will gather in New York City on Sept. 17, before the summit, for a March to End Fossil Fuels and to demand that Pres. Biden declare a climate emergency, which would open the door to his taking emergency executive actions. The Center for Biological Diversity outlines five such actions: reinstate the ban on crude oil exports; end oil and gas drilling in the Outer Continental Shelf; restrict international trade and private investment in fossil fuels; grow domestic manufacturing for clean energy and transportation to speed the nationwide transition off fossil fuels; and build resilient and distributed renewable energy systems in climate-vulnerable communities.”

CT's heating assistance program is short on cash, but it's not alone

CT Mirror. “State officials likely won't decide until this winter whether to add state dollars to the cash-starved heating assistance program, which is set to slash aid to Connecticut's poorest families by nearly \$1,000 per household. The fate of the Connecticut Energy Assistance Program also could hinge on whether the state has enough funds to cover pressing needs in health care, social services and higher education ‘You can't take any of this in a silo,’ Sen. Cathy Osten, D-Sprague, co-chairwoman of the Appropriations Committee, told the CT Mirror on Tuesday. “You have to look at the whole budget.” Plus: Legislative Committees Approve Plan for Shrinking Heating Assistance Funds [CT News Junkie]

Solar Today - Honoring Earth Day Every Day

Greetings all,

I invite you to join a peaceful revolution by simply changing how you buy your electricity.

**It's fall..
PLEASE leave the leaves.**



Leaving the leaves is more important than most people think.

From noise & exhaust pollution to overall environmental damage, there is more scientific evidence emerging to support the fact that just simply leaving the leaves is an important thing to do. *If you just left them alone, think of how much time you will free up for yourself.*

I notice yearly that so many people in the area are either not educated on the topic, or they generally just care more about a squeaky clean lawn than they do for the Earth and its inhabitants.

Last year, I was a little gentle about this topic, this month I am including more detailed information on it. *I've included some information from the New Haven Register, CT Mirror, Washington University in St. Louis and The Washington Post.*

Your lawn may be the next climate change battleground.

Among cities and states with bans or limits: California; Burlington, Vermont; and Washington, D.C. Vancouver, British Columbia, also has restrictions in place.

We are already seeing resolutions and bans on gas powered leaf blowers in Fairfield county with Westport, Wilton, Norwalk, Greenwich all implementing them.

While many critics first attacked the small engines for the noise they make, experts say these small, two-stroke engines release shockingly large amounts of pollution – two problems that modern and increasingly affordable electric-powered equipment solves.

Leaf blowers destroy the natural layer of leaf litter that protects and nourishes plants and wildlife, including pollinators hibernating there for the winter.

Lawn and garden beauty. Simply leaving short grass clippings on the lawn recycles their nutrients into the soil. In the fall, leaves can be mulched with a lawn mower or left on garden beds, where they will protect plants through the winter, suppress weeds, and improve soil structure and health. Instead of leaf blowers, we hope Westport property owners will use and encourage their landscapers to use some combination of battery-powered tools, mulch mowing, rakes, and “leaving the leaves” in garden beds.

Some not so fun facts:

A 2011 study showed that showed that a gas leaf blower emits nearly 300 times the amount of air pollutants as a pickup truck.

A 2022 study showed that one hour using a gas-powered lawn mower is equivalent to driving a car 100 miles. Gas-powered leaf blowers and lawn mowers have the potential to cause serious environmental damage, so finding alternatives and utilizing best practices is key

Most gas leaf blowers use extremely inefficient “two-stroke” engines that spew large amounts of fine particulate matter and other pollutants into the air. Studies show that using a commercial gas leaf blower for an hour produces emissions equal to driving from Denver to Los Angeles.

Health of residents and workers. The pollutants leaf blowers emit are known to cause cancer, heart problems and respiratory issues. Landscape workers suffer the most, due to chronic exposure. Gas leaf blowers can also blast air at 200+ miles an hour, kicking up clouds of dust, mold, pollen, animal feces, and other tiny particles that linger in the air. These can irritate and cause health problems for both humans and pets.

Gas leaf blowers are so loud that they can cause hearing loss fairly quickly for anyone within a 50-foot radius. Their noise has a strong low-frequency component that makes it travel especially far and pass through walls and windows easily.

What Can Individuals Do?

For one, switching to electric alternatives can drastically reduce the number of toxic pollutants directly released into the air. While electric models do not eliminate your contribution to greenhouse gasses, it shifts combustion to power plants. Power plants are equipped with scrubbers that filter out pollutants, sharply reducing the overall amount of air pollution being released when fossil fuels are burned.

Leaves aren't litter!

According to the Xerces Society for Invertebrate Conservation, “one of the most valuable things you can do to support pollinators and other invertebrates is to provide them with the winter cover they need.” Leaving the leaves, either by mowing them into a thin layer of mulch on your lawn or leaving them whole on landscaped areas, is actually the best alternative for everyone!

Of course, this will require a shift in mindset, but it's not out of reach. Here are some things to consider:

A thin layer of mowed/mulched leaves is beneficial for grass, as it cycles nutrients back into the soil.

Leaves are a great addition to compost. Bag or pile extra leaves near your compost pile, and add a handful or two every time you empty your food scraps. This helps the compost process, protects insects hibernating in the leaf litter, and also deters scavenger animals. Note that it is better to leave leaves whole (rather than mulch them) to protect overwintering insects.

Many of the insects we love and attract with native plants (like pollinators!) require safe habitat over the winter. The majority of butterflies and moths overwinter in the landscape (including leaf litter) as an egg, caterpillar, chrysalis, or adult. Some tuck themselves into a pile of leaves for protection. Others lay eggs in fallen leaves, which are also food when the eggs hatch. Bumble bees burrow under the ground and need leaves for extra protection from the cold. Other leaf-dependent animals – spiders, worms, beetles, millipedes and more – are necessary food sources for chipmunks, birds, and amphibians.

Leaves are free mulch, protecting perennial plants, especially those that sprout early. Consider piling leaves on empty vegetable beds or perennial beds, or around the bases of trees to protect from cold and keep in moisture. They also keep weed seeds from sprouting.

Leaves are free mulch, protecting perennial plants, especially those that sprout early. Consider piling leaves on empty vegetable beds or perennial beds, or around the bases of trees to protect from cold and keep in moisture. They also keep weed seeds from sprouting.

So PLEASE, leave the leaves. You can get them in the springtime, AFTER the Earth warms up.

And of course, if you'd like to know more about Solar and how it could possibly help you to save money, please reach out to me directly.

Keep it simple, keep it honest, keep it local... Zen Solar

Thanks for reading my article and let's make every day Earth Day!

John Boiano 860-798-5692
john@zensolar.net www.zensolar.net

Katie Stargartner at Arts of Tolland

The works of local artist Katie Stargartner will be on display at Arts of Tolland, 22 Tolland Green during the month of September. A reception will take place on Saturday, September 9 from 6 - 9p.m. Refreshments will be served and the public is welcomed.

Artist Statement:

Art has been part of my entire life. It wasn't until the isolation and boredom of COVID when I discovered my love of mandalas. I started drawing mandalas in my bullet journal, which quickly expanded to larger art paper. I started with simplistic shapes and solely black and white, and have since explored complex geometric patterns and incorporated color into my work.

My mandalas have evolved, but the essence of the process is the same. I find peace every time I sit down to draw. My mind and breath slow down as I pick up my pen and work on a piece. The patterns are repetitive like my breath. Starting in the center and expanding out mimics my thought process. Working on small details reminds me to pay attention to the subtlety and intricacies around me. A finished mandala incorporates patterns and small details, expands out from the center, and is so much more than the sum of all those parts.

I am excited to share my finished pieces with my community. I hope each viewer appreciates the beauty and patterns, and finds even a slice of the peace I find each time I pickup my pen to draw.



Arts on Main in Coventry

Submitted by Ruth O'Neil

Creativity will fill the air in the upcoming Arts on Main event on Saturday, September 16 from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. in the Historic Coventry Village. In addition to art workshops, art vendors, an art exhibit, children's activities, food, a tour of sculptures by world renowned local sculptor David Hayes, and more, two sound stages will offer a variety of entertainment for all ages. This day-long event is meant to showcase the visual and performing arts, bring public attention to the historic part of Main Street and find ways to continue to support the local business community. The Town of Coventry, along with the Coventry Arts Guild, Coventry Cares, Inc. and the Coventry Village Partners, have become a collaborative team planning this Day of Arts for the community.

Located in the parking lot of the First Congregational Church, the Main stage starts with the area musical group Horizon Blue, followed by the Oh Brother/Whiskey Rebels Band. The headline act, Stomp 'n Holler will continue the music until the end of the event. All three groups will play popular standards as well as some of their original selections.

A dance performance will take place by students of the Can-Dance Studio also at the First Congregational Church, along with a Student art show.

Throughout the event, the non-profit organization, Coventry Cares, Inc. will host a Food Truck rally and Mum sale at the same location.

Further down Main Street, a second stage located at “1153 Main Street” will be devoted to entertainment for children (of all ages). Visitors will have a chance to become part of an “On the Spot Jug Band” and Family Sing-a-Long playing all kinds of rhythm instruments coordinated by Coventry's Song-a-Day Music Center. An “Instrument Petting Zoo” also hosted by Song-a-Day Music instructors and students will be set up for guests to have an up-close look at and try out various musical instruments. Members of the Coventry High School Band will also provide music during the afternoon.

Artisans and crafts persons will have exhibits and wares for sale in the municipal parking lot at the 1153 Main location. The Coventry Arts Guild will host its Annual Members Art Show at Mill Brook Place. For those interested in the spoken word, a Poet's Corner, hosted by the Guild, will also occur inside Mill Brook Place. Local writers will share excerpts from their works; members of the public are invited to do so also.

Puppet shows by Modern Times theatre will perform several shows during the day on the front steps of the newly renovated Booth & Dimock memorial Library. Inside the library a puppet making workshop and a poetry writing station will be set up for guests to enjoy.

Main Street merchants and restaurants will be open, showcasing their specialties. The several antique and collectibles shops will be a particular draw.

Visitors may create Sidewalk chalk art up and down Main Street. Coventry Parks and Recreation and Human Services will provide more hands-on fun for children.

“Arts On Main” is free to attend and open to the public. Shuttle buses will be available at Patriots Park.

Please visit the Coventry Arts on Main Facebook Page or CoventryArtsGuild.org for more details leading up to the event. Program subject to change. In the event of rain, activities will move to the Coventry High School. For further information, sponsorship opportunities, or ways to be involved, contact Lesley Munshower at 860-742-4068.

Submitted by Ruth O'Neil for “Arts On Main” and the Coventry Arts Guild. Contact at 860-918-5957 if there are questions.

24th Annual Willimantic Downtown Country Fair

Saturday September 30th 11 am – 4 pm

Submitted by Alice Rubin

On Saturday September 30th, Jillson Square – home of the Shaboo Stage – will be transformed into the site of a Country Fair! The Willimantic Downtown Country Fair!

For the past 23 years The Willimantic Food Co-op has hosted this fair which celebrates our Community and the many talented people who are part of it.

There will be vendors selling the goods that they make, right here in the Quiet Corner. There will be Music played by people who live in our neighborhoods. There will be information from organizations who, with the participation of all of us, do the work to make our Community the great place that it is.

There will be food vendors, kid's activities, a clothing swap and more! While you are in this part of town, check out the 3rd Annual Eastern CT Children's Book Fair at the Senior Center.

Please come on down and spend the day, visit with friends, make new friends!

We hope to see you there!

Pomfret's Ties to Andover Massachusetts

By Donna Dufresne

A few years ago, when I began researching Ephraim Ingalls, who owned the tavern next to the Old Abington Burying Grounds, I fell into one of those rabbit holes that entrap historians. It became a ferret-nosed dive into the earliest settlers of Pomfret and their ties to my hometown, North Andover, Massachusetts. A quick survey of vital records in the Pomfret Town Hall led me to Ephraim's father, James Ingalls, who also owned an inn and tavern, on Old Windham Road (Route 97) near the King's Highway. Soon, I found myself immersed in the Ingalls' story, beginning with the land deed from 1747 when James Ingalls, a "gentleman" from Andover, Massachusetts, bought 120 acres of land in the section of Pomfret known as Mashamoquet from Seth Paine, yeoman, of said Pomfret. James paid a whopping 1,335 pounds in legal New England tender. Had he arrived in the first wave of land speculators who bought thousands of acres from Major James Fitch of New London, he would have paid less than 35 pounds for the "unimproved" land.

As early as 1696, Philemon Chandler of Andover bought nearly 600 acres of prime woodland and meadows along the Wappaquia and Mashamoquet brooks for a mere 32 pounds. He bought the land from the heirs of Samuel Ruggles, a Boston speculator who had bought large tracts from Major Fitch. Ruggles was one of the "First Proprietors." In 1721, Thomas Ruggles of Guilford and his sister Elizabeth Baylee of Roxbury, Massachusetts, were entangled in one of the many lawsuits against Fitch for his dodgy land dealings with the First Proprietors. During the Fitch trials in New London, they signed a document stating that they had legitimately sold their shares of their father's land to Philemon Chandler in 1696.

Philemon would not be the last emigrant from Andover. In 1726, Caleb Abbott, a tailor from Andover, bought 72 acres and 3 rods of land in Pomfret from his uncle, Samuel Gary. Samuel and Nathaniel Gary (brothers of Caleb's mother), were among the thirteen "goers" from Roxbury who purchased much of Woodstock from Major Fitch in 1686. They later speculated on 500 acres in the southeast corner of Woodstock, which became Pomfret. They paid 12 pounds for the land. Caleb Abbott happily paid a larger share for his improved lot. After their father's death, Caleb and his siblings realized there was no opportunity for economic advancement in Andover. The Abbotts' land had been subdivided to provide for succeeding generations. Twenty acres was the minimum lot for subsistence farming, which is why Caleb was sent to learn the trade of tailoring to support himself. In Pomfret, he would find family and friends from Andover and attract others such as the Ingallses and Osgoods.

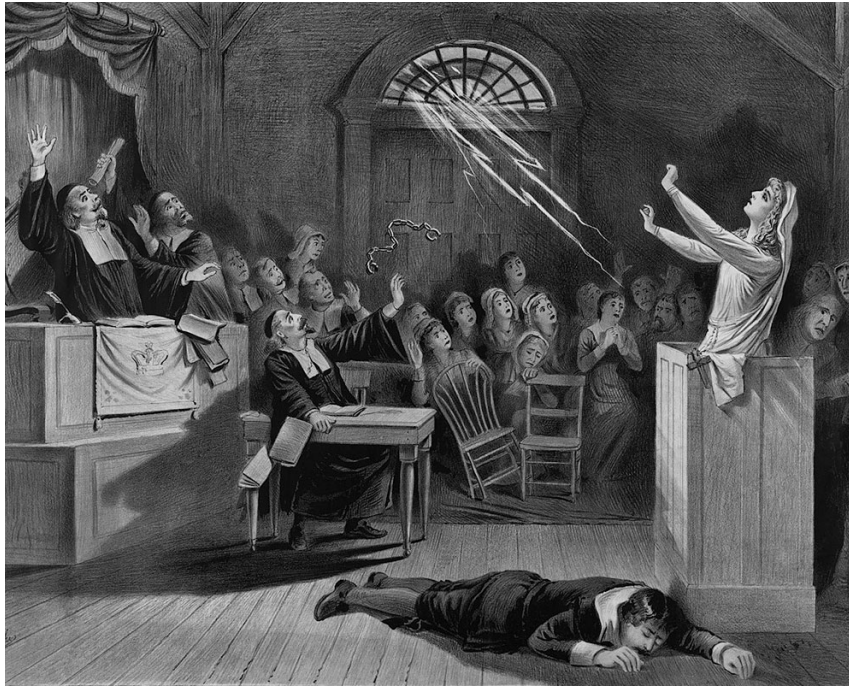
William Osgood, who built the original house that became the Gwyn Careg Inn in Pomfret, is another familiar name from my childhood in North Andover, Massachusetts. The Andover branch of the family carried on after William migrated to Pomfret, leaving their civic mark. William's grandfather, John Osgood, a wealthy gentleman from Ipswich, was one of the original founders of Cochichewick, which became Andover. He was able to procure land to give to his sons, including John Jr. But by the time William had inherited his 65 acres from John III, he realized that his own sons would only get 20 acres each, barely enough to subsist on as a farmer.

William Osgood was a successful husbandman who had called himself a yeoman in Andover. Like his father and grandfather before him, he played a prominent role in politics and the running of the town. He may have inherited money and title from his father, but he was still comparatively poor in land holdings and would have little to bequeath to his sons. In 1747, a fortuitous inheritance from his father-in-law, Major Isaac Appleton, allowed William, now approaching middle age, to migrate to Pomfret with his wife, Mary, and their children. He bought 225 acres of upland meadow from Joseph Bowman for 4,140 pounds. William's title on deeds evolved from husbandman to yeoman in Andover, and, after the inheritance, to gentleman. By the time of his death in Pomfret in 1791, he had procured over 695 acres of land and the title of esquire, derived from the word squire, implying a member of the gentry or one who owned a large house and many acres of property.

Encountering familiar names from my childhood in Pomfret and Abington makes me feel at home. My brother built a house on Abbott Street in North Andover; my father delivered milk to the Ingallses; I'm sure there was an elderly Mrs. Chandler at St. Paul's Episcopal

Church, which I attended with Edith Whittier; and the Osgoods played a prominent role in my own family lore with their mansion on Osgood Hill, where my great-grandfather, George Dunham, was a groom, a blacksmith, and then a chauffeur and mechanic.

It is surprising how many of Pomfret's early settlers migrated from Andover between 1696 and 1750. Although most of their names conjure a sense of place on my childhood map of the world, Thomas Grow has no bearing on my compass. It's possible he lived in the Shawshen, or west end, of Andover, and not in what became



1892 lithograph of witch trial.

North Andover. However, he was a well-known person of historical importance in Pomfret, Abington, and Hampton.

In 1731, Philemon Chandler sold 100 acres of land in Pomfret to Thomas Grow of Andover for 410 pounds. It's possible that Grow followed the Holts, who had emigrated to the area a few years before. His wife, Rebecca, was the daughter of James Holt. The Growes were members of the First Congregational Church of Pomfret but later joined the Abington Congregational Church, which was founded in 1743. Eventually they became Baptists and, with his son, Deacon Thomas Grow Jr., Thomas Sr. was one of the founders of the Baptist Church on Grow Hill in Hampton. Thomas Jr. bought the Cady Farm in 1747 and built the Grow Church next to his house where Baptists had been worshiping for several years. His son, William Grow, became the first pastor.

Clearly, the greatest impetus for the exodus from Andover, Massachusetts, to Pomfret, Connecticut, and other parts of Windham County was the quest for land and legacy. By the late 1600s, the large families of the first wave of Puritans and emigrants from England had pushed their way into the frontier lands of northern and western Massachusetts and the Connecticut River Valley. But, looking at the escapees from Andover and nearby Danvers, one must wonder if the maniacal belief in the supernatural and the strict theology of Cotton Mather, along with years of war with Native peoples, had eroded the rational mind of our New England ancestors. In Puritan New England, under the stress of crowded cities, the quest for new land and expansion, and the trauma of "Indian alarms" and raids, the Congregational Church had lost its "covenant" with God and communion with one another. The 1690 smallpox epidemic and the generational trauma of war and uncertainty left a mark on the inhabitants of New England, whose once loving and benevolent God had evolved into the wrathful and vengeful tyrant put forth by the likes of Mather and his evangelized ministers. It's no wonder that the families that were affected by the craze of witch trials in the late seventeenth century sought land outside of the Massachusetts Bay theocracy. Unfortunately, their push into Nipmuc country would leave its own mark of generational trauma on the Native American inhabitants whose ancestral land was stolen.

Our own Israel Putnam, who came from Danvers, Massachusetts, was one of many religious refugees whose families had been scarred by the witch trials of Salem and Andover. The name "Putnam" should ring a bell for anyone who has seen The Crucible or studied the Salem witch trials. Pomfret's military hero, Israel Putnam, left his family in Danvers shortly after Pomfret was incorporated. He bought hundreds of acres in the Mortlake section of Pomfret between the lands owned by Godfrey Malbone of Newport and Philemon Chandler of Andover.

It appears that many of our early migrants had been scarred by the witch trials. William Osgood's grandmother, Mary Osgood, the wife of John Jr., had been

accused of witchcraft and brought to trial in Salem. In a later deposition she was asked why she confessed, and she described the torturous and relentless tactics used by the court to gain her confession. Philemon Chandler's mother, Mary Dane, was a cousin of Nathaniel Dane, the husband of Deliverance Dane, who was likely accused because her father-in-law, Rev. Francis Dane, spoke out against the trials. Thomas Grow's aunt, Sarah Lord Wilson, was one of the accused in Andover, and his wife, Rebecca Holt, was the niece of the accused Mary Allen Toothaker and the condemned Martha Allen Carrier.

No doubt the rifts between the accused and the accusers lingered for generations in Andover, Danvers, and other frontier towns in Massachusetts well into the eighteenth century. Thomas Grow's restless spiritual feet may have led him to seek a less rigid theology, where he would help to pioneer the religious freedom that is now a sacred tenet in the American Constitution. It appears that the eighteenth-century migrants who left Andover, Massachusetts, yearned for a colony where they could go forth, worship as they pleased, and prosper.

For more information about my research on the early settlers of Pomfret, visit the website *Written in Stone—The Carvers of South Cemetery, CT: Their Work and Stories That Lie Beneath*, a project funded by Connecticut Humanities, and take the virtual tour: <https://storymaps.com/stories/e76fdf895fc-249cb84596f3f786efb31>

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Cemetery Launches Virtual Tour of Historical Burial Ground in a Walktober Event

Submitted by Donna Dufresne

Pomfret, September 23, 2023, (10:00 to 12:30)

The Pomfret Cemetery Corporation is pleased to announce a Walktober event in the South Cemetery in Pomfret which will include a guided tour of the prominent gravestone carvers, and stories about some of Pomfret's earliest settlers who are buried in the Colonial section of the burial ground. Participants will learn how to use the QR CODES posted at the cemetery exit gate to gain access to the virtual tour website and self-guided tour. I-phones, or android cell phones are recommended.

The project *Written in Stone: A Virtual Tour of the Gravestone Carvers of South Cemetery*, was funded by a CT Humanities Community Engagement Grant. It began with a workshop in October 2022, led by renowned gravestone preservationist, Ruth Shapleigh Brown, Gravestone Carver expert, Keegan Day, and local historian, Donna Dufresne. Web designer Janet Booth worked with the content provided by Day and Dufresne to create an interactive website which includes the biographical data of the gravestone carvers represented in the burial yard, as well as the stories of some of the early settlers derived from primary sources and interpreted by Dufresne.

Visitors from afar may access the Virtual Tour from the comfort of their homes to learn about the remarkable funerary art and social history on display in the outdoor gallery of the South Cemetery. Those who would prefer to visit in person can learn how to access the interactive maps and create their own self-guided tour at their own leisure. The workshop on September 23rd will introduce guests to the interactive features of the virtual tour website.

Those who are interested in stewardship and conservation can participate in a workshop on safely removing lichen from Colonial gravestones. For registration, contact: windsong@snet.net

To visit the *Written in Stone* Virtual Tour of the Gravestone Carvers of South Cemetery, visit this link or use the QR Code in the poster.

<https://storymaps.com/stories/e76fdf895fc-249cb84596f3f786efb31>

At Hampton's Top Shelf Gallery

Submitted by Janice Trecker

The September-October show at the Top Shelf Gallery is Photogenic Moments, photographs printed on canvas by Doug Spaeth. Spaeth's favorite subjects are flowers and landscapes, as he seeks "photogenic serendipitous moments, especially those which inspire poetry."

Spaeth learned photography from his father, a World War II tactical photo-reconnaissance pilot, who flew in a P-51 Mustang in France in 1944-45. Under his father's tutelage, he mastered a wide range of cameras from the Kodak Instamatic to the Minolta SRT 101 and began producing images for use in musically choreographed slide shows.

His slides, travelogues or shots of the natural world, particularly of wildflowers, were shown at women's clubs, Rotary International, and his own college dorm. Many of those flower images were taken in France, where Spaeth spent his childhood. He studied botany in college and retains a fondness for photographing native flora.

A resident of Norwich after spells in Texas, Washington, and Hawai'i, where he learned his profession, massage therapy, Spaeth now uses a digital SLR Nikon Z or a smartphone. Still seeking out perfect patterns and composition in the natural world, he often finds subjects walking in the local woods with his wife and their dog.

Artistically, Spaeth was strongly influenced by Impressionism. He says he foregoes "the high resolution paradigm" to create a look "akin to Impressionism, but photographic in nature." Printing almost exclusively on canvas also heightens his impressionistic treatment of his subjects.

Spaeth was active in the art festival scene in the Midwest and honored as a juried participant at Madison Chautauqua Festival of the Arts at Madison, Indiana.

The Top Shelf Gallery is at Fletcher Memorial Library, 257 Main Street, Hampton. Info: 860 455 1086.

Classic Soul Albums

Live at the Apollo James Brown & The Famous Flames

(King, 1963)

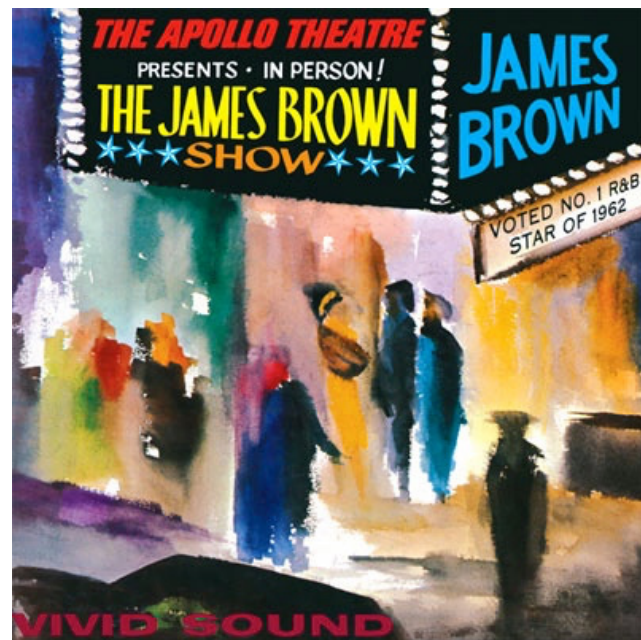
By Dean Farrell

In 1962, James Brown decided that he wanted to record one of his live shows and put it out as a record. Syd Nathan, the less-than-visionary label chief at King Records, thought it was a dumb idea and refused to budget the money. So Brown footed the bill himself.

It was a sound move, both artistically and commercially. When King grudgingly released *Live at the Apollo* in early 1963, it shot to #2 on *Billboard* magazine's album chart. At the time, Brown had never so much as made the top thirty on the Hot 100 singles survey. So two years before his groundbreaking hits "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag" and "I Got You (I Feel Good)," the future Godfather of Soul had crossed over to the pop mainstream. Even more remarkably, he did it with an album that produced no hit singles.

Well, perhaps not *that* remarkably. After all, the set cooks so damned fiercely, even a die-hard Perry Como fan could have shaken his (or her) moneymaker.

Brown was a true showman who gave an audience something to watch as well as hear. That's why we're a good two minutes into the album before the man utters a sound. We build up to his entrance with M.C. Frankie Crocker talking up the star's many musical accomplish-



ments, followed by a funky fanfare to usher JB onto the stage. Brown grabs the mike and intones, "I feel aaaaaaall right!" Then he launches into "I Go Crazy," ratcheting up the tempo many times faster than the 1960 single.

For the next half-hour, it's non-stop soul: "Try Me," "Think," "Lost Someone" (10+ minutes' worth!), a six-minute medley of Brown's earlier hits (like "Please Please Please"), and finally, the instrumental "Night Train." There's not a moment wasted on this revolutionary slab of vinyl.

Over the course of his career, James Brown released numerous live albums, most of them quite good. However, to catch Soul Brother #1 at his audience-pleasing best, one must return to that magic night of October 24, 1962.

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

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End Hate Across the State Rally

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at the Memorial Park, Main Street, Willimantic **Bring your own chair!**

<https://m.facebook.com/wethepeoplewillimantic>



"Hate Cannot Drive Out Hate; Only Love Can Do That." — Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Topics include:

- End Racism, Antisemitism, & Other Ethic Discrimination
- Police Violence
- Environmental Justice
- Immigrant Rights
- Women's Rights

Entertainment include:

- DJ Dave
- Rapper Jovan Williams
- Musician Lesley Sweetum
- Musician Jim Stahr
- Dance Drill from Norwich

Where to find the Neighbors paper

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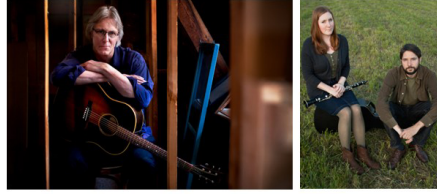
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 4:00 pm ~ \$25



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Sally Rogers-Howie
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 4:00 pm ~ \$25



~ December 3rd ~
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Jim Mercik
 4:00 pm ~ \$25



~ Sunday, December 17th ~
Amy Gallatin & The Hot Flashes
Christmas Show
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SATURDAY, SEPT. 30TH, 2023

11AM-4PM • JILLSON SQUARE

LIVE MUSIC

NZINGA'S DAUGHTERS 11:15AM

THE JUNE BISANTZ JAZZ QUARTET 12:20PM

MAD AGNES 1:25PM

BENTETU 2:30PM

FREE! EVERYONE IS WELCOME!



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SÁBADO, 30 DE SEPTIEMBRE DE 2023

11AM-4PM • PLAZA JILLSON

MÚSICA EN VIVO

NZINGA'S DAUGHTERS 11:15AM

THE JUNE BISANTZ JAZZ QUARTET 12:20PM

MAD AGNES 1:25PM

BENTETU 2:30PM

¡GRATIS! ¡TODOS ESTÁN BIENVENIDOS!



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