Dear Friends,

During this 10th Anniversary celebratory year I have enjoyed reflecting on what we have accomplished together as a “team.” The list is overwhelming and those of you who attended the “Celebrating Us” event on Sunday, September 26, 2010, received a copy of the pamphlet detailing our historical development from a small 80 member program partially funded by the Tufts Alumni Association and the College of Arts and Sciences to a program of more than 500 members. In the fall of 2001 we proudly affiliated with Brookhaven at Lexington and in 2003, at Brookhaven’s request, Wednesday classes began there. The rest is now part of our past and if you are interested in viewing our history, please find a copy of “Celebrating Us” on our website under publications.

This is the fifth issue of our literary magazine and once again you will not be disappointed reading and viewing the talents and skill of your fellow members. SPOTLIGHT is published annually and is open to all members. It continues to provide a wonderful opportunity to present your creative energy: written and visual. Our dedicated editor, Arline Heimert, a gifted writer and woman of wit and charm, eagerly awaits the arrival of our members’ work and has become my clone tapping people on the shoulder asking them if they want to submit a poem, photos, or any other kind of prose. Her care and commitment in compiling this extraordinary edition is most appreciated. This year, Shannon Griffin, our Fletcher graduate student, provided the tech support in getting this issue together and we want to thank her for her time and talents. Now, dear friends, sit back, relax and enjoy this edition.

A personal accolade to everyone whose work is published in this issue for everyone’s enjoyment. This issue is AWESOME! Thanks team.

And “now what’s next?” As one of my colleagues said, the first ten years were a prologue. The best is yet to come!

My best,

Marilyn Blumsack, Director
Tufts University
Osher Lifelong Learning Institute

Thank you Medford Vocational High School Print Shop students, William Mahoney, Headmaster, and Roy E. Belson, Superintendent of the Medford Public Schools

ON THE COVER:
BIRDS IN FLIGHT
Dana MacDonald

Dana MacDonald is a retired naval officer, Tufts alumnus, businessman and an active member of Osher Lifelong Learning Institute.
To Colleagues – For Your Pleasure

I write this on yet another treacherous, icy day. –It’s March but the brutality of this past winter loiters. “If winter comes can Spring be far behind?” asked the Romantic poet Percy Bysshe Shelley many years ago.

I hope by the time you read this, Spring will be blossoming inside all of us and outside as well. –and that you can stop worrying about slipping on ice, your pipes freezing, your roof leaking, and that you can relax and enjoy the creativity of your fellow Tufts—Osher LLI colleagues in this our Fifth Edition of SPOTLIGHT.

We hope also that this multi-faceted talent show in book form may serve as an inspiration. From the beckoning of Lorraine Campbell’s extraordinary photos of Antelope Canyon at the beginning, to the cool, rushing loveliness of Dana MacDonald’s end piece painting of Down East cascades, we hope you will be inspired to expand your horizons and expend your own creative energies

Profound thanks to all our contributors—Without them, of course, there would be no SPOTLIGHT to enjoy. And thank you to our readers for enjoying (we trust) their work. Please share your comments with us and with the creators of any pieces you especially like—also please consider contributing works of your own for next year’s SPOTLIGHT. As Bob Green observed—everybody has a story to tell. Please tell yours—be it in photographs, paint, poetry or prose. And share it in SPOTLIGHT.

Special thanks go to Dana MacDonald who has been involved in so many Lifelong Learning projects and who once again has contributed one of his lovely paintings for the cover another for the end piece as well as a dramatic story of a little known aspect of World War 2.

More special thanks to Brad Clompus who gently siren-songed poetry out of even the most recalcitrant students of the “I Hate Poetry” species. Many of the poems in this edition would not have been born without Brad.

And of course, overwhelming thanks to Marilyn Blumsack the indefatigable creator, inventor and transformer of ideas into action and programs for the benefit of Tufts and the community at large. In this edition she generously shares with us a few moments of her precious tranquility.

Enjoy...

Arlene Heimert, Editor
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ANTELOPE CANYON, PAGE, ARIZONA, MAY 2010

LORRAINE CAMPBELL
“Amidst the incredible beauty on a trip to the Grand Canyon, Bryce, Zion, and Canyonlands—Antelope Canyon stood out as the most surprising and spectacular.” —LORRAINE CAMPBELL
BONTHORPE OAK - LINCOLNSHIRE - AGE 400 YEARS

ANCIENT OAK TREE

GARDNER ERTMAN
CREATE!

SYLVIA FEINBURG
I-93 TO LOGAN

Barbara B. Feehrer

We drive to the airport at dawn.

Full moon sinks slowly behind us,
while morning light breaks in the east.

Tall ship masts of the Constitution
silhouette against sunrise streaks
as a lighted jet blinks skyward.

History’s roots, tomorrow’s wings---
and in this bus, we are travelers
suspended in the present time,
trapped in the traffic of today.
RENEWAL

Jane Katims

For a time,

I ceased writing.

The cause? A beloved cousin

reading my book, discovered there,

unsavory words about his dead mother.

Such is the pitfall: purest of instincts –
to make art – leads to lonely lands.

Yet,

a mere pause! Now,
discretion disregarded.
nose to grindstone, pen to paper,
I say what I feel;
and though regrets, like deep rivulets,
carve deep creases,
new streams fill, then surge,
expand to become rivers of Yes.
burnished table that is set,
unset, with variations barely
surveyed by us, the child,
the bucket, faint scroll
of water unscrolling to
possible east, child planted
on upended revision of
herself, second thought
plunging, shoulders and head
already recast as sand,
shine, bucket bisected, a doubled
hold of brine and all that
wants more brine, to our west
irresolute lanes of dry, un-
burnished land, not land, not
yet conceding what comes
irreproachably after
So very different.

Our son John could happily survive on $5,000 a year by finding odd jobs, living in a tent and foraging for food. All of which he has done.

Our daughter, Joanne, eight years younger, is what might be called “high maintenance.” She needs a lot of handholding and at least $50,000 a year.
John grew up in a close neighborhood in Medfield and had a very full boyhood with lots of friends nearby, plenty of exposure to outside activities such as scouts, sports, etc. He was a pretty good student although math was not his strong suit which always puzzled his math major mother and engineer father. His best subject was art in which he specialized in high school and college. During high school he always had a job and plenty of outside interests. After college he went to work for my company in Los Angeles but it was obvious that an outdoor job appealed most to him. Eventually he got a job as a ski instructor at Heavenly Valley, California and he worked nights at a casino. He also worked at a ski area in Washington before going to Jackson Hole, Wyoming where he now lives with his wife of two years. He is an accomplished artist but supports himself with a variety of jobs. John and his wife have no children.

Our grandson, Ian, lives with his mother, Joanne, and his stepfather, Scott. He often sees his grandparents, but not his biological father.

Ian is a very outgoing and lively boy who enjoys sports, computer games, cartoons, visits to MacDonalds and Friendlys, etc. In other words, he’s fun to be with and he is very normal. Nothing in his young life, however, compares to a visit from Uncle John. It is awesome to see how he reveres this mystical character who appears on the scene from a fabled land of prairies, mountains, cowboys, cattle, Indians, and all those things he has seen on TV and read about in books. Uncle John does nothing to discourage that image since he has a beard, dresses in Western casual clothes and has a sheep herding dog.

A few years ago John came to visit in the late fall and Ian got to spend almost every waking moment with Uncle John. We had breakfast together, played fish and a computer game with him and after lunch headed for the golf course behind our house. After hitting the golf ball around for a while I found a football down in the cellar and we threw that around for a while. At this time we took a picture of the three of us. John and I look kind of serious but the third member
of our group showed his obvious pleasure at the circumstances that put him in that location.

This picture is mounted over our fireplace and I see it every day. I have reflected on what it shows and what can be concluded from it and there are two things that stand out. First, it seems that Ian’s image of Uncle John will never again top that moment. Whatever John does in the future he cannot improve on how Ian felt about him at that time. Second, it seems somewhat unfair that we have such great images of friends or family members that live far away and we don’t see too often while those loved ones we see often cannot live up to that adulation. Since Joanne and her husband raise Ian, and occasionally discipline him, he cannot adore them quite like he worships his Uncle John. I have read that this is a big problem for custodial parents after a divorce. Dad, in most cases not the custodian, picks up the children every few weeks and takes them to the movies, buys them ice cream and then delivers them home just in time for the children to be told to do their homework and go to bed.

If Ian were sent out to live with Uncle John for a year, a prospect that I’m sure he would jump at, he would probably come back a little more tolerant of his parents and a little less in awe of Uncle John. In the meantime I guess it’s a good thing to have an idol that is in the family rather than a drug-sniffing rock musician or athlete who can’t get through an interview without abusing the English language.
CLAY MONSTERS

Deborah Stavro Lapides

Our hands are buried in mud,
deep in modeling clay.
    My stubby fingers
with flecks of nail polish
    squeeze and roll
perfect round balls,
    rosy apples
ripe for the picking.

Your thin hands,
bony joints
gnarled by arthritis,
    pinch and prod the clay
into unholy imaginings.
Prehistoric monsters
    spring to life
with long, slender necks
    and tiny heads
or squat toad-like bodies
all with their hideous, gaping mouths.

What nightmarish visions
did you behold
from your past to inspire such creations?
    Some dim memories
from a country,
    parents and siblings
you were never to set eyes on again?

Was it the snake you slew
while still a young girl?
With one swift swing of the scythe
you decapitated the springing snake.
    You, a sturdy, bare-legged
    Perseus of a girl
striding through your family’s field
sending the serpent’s head flying off
inert, frozen mid-bite.

Were these ferocious creatures
the face of your fears
on that rocky ocean crossing
while you were a young bride,
sailing into the unknown world,
alone, huddled in a dank steamer
the air stinking of vomit and sweat,
your own heart fearsome and dark as the night?

Were the clay creature’s
terrifying jaws agape
from the memory of
your wail of grief,
when pneumonia plucked
your infant daughter
from your arms,
that luckless babe
who would have been my aunt?

Today I am the lone girl
in my grandmother’s house of men.
We brush the clay from our hands
and leave our creations to dry
on the dining room table.
They stand in the sun,
my grandmother’s fierce guardians,
silent sentinels,
stand watch over my precious clay apples,
these dragons hoarding their gold.
ENLIGHTENMENT

Bob Green

Enter this jungle of Florida,
Grandson of mine.
Step gently on sand strewn with detritus,
The produce of other seasons:
Ferns and palms, I know no name for,
Lichen and gray moss,
Bark shards and animal litter.
Follow the path by the river,
Shrouded by vegetation, walls waiting decay.
Step like the three year old you are,
Through the muck at its sluggish edge.
The canopy of trees hides much of the sunlight,
Makes fecund this playground here below.
Your eyes search the brush and the branches
To spy stick insects or camouflaged lizards
With names your parents have already taught you.
Amaze your grandpa with your sharp eyes
And question his meaning.
This is your world that never was his.
Is it in the blood, this observation power,
Its roots in Peruvian jungles years past?

Something ahead, large enough for even me to see,
 Raises excitement in your father’s voice,
Brings on quietness, so much your mother’s child, in you.
Toddle forward to reach that creature’s ponderous flight.
 Touch its armored back to bring attention to yourself.
The gopher tortoise, poor dumb creature, knows no fear.
 His leathered legs feel no need to outrun us.
And though he pauses, as if to recognize your greeting,
 We sense no loss of his determination
To reach his sandy sanctuary mound.
We only capture him by picture taking:
The rules of jungle etiquette my grandson has already learned.
His grandpa has received a gift this day:
A family’s curiosity has opened paths
To what the world presents him.
Skimmers fly within inches of the ocean surface and actually skim algae and tiny sea creatures from the surface—facilitated by their unusual beak construction—the bottom part of their beak is longer than the top part. The wind was blowing strongly from the North when this picture was taken and there were some 300 skimmers standing on the beach in V-formation, just as they must have been when flying, waiting for the wind to die down.

FRANK MURPHY
This burrowing crab is usually seen at dusk or at night—and they are not easily spotted since they blend in well with the sand. I saw the hole on a beach in the Florida Keys and didn’t have to wait long for it to pop out, ready to hunt for its meal.

BABY ALLIGATORS

Probably 6-8 weeks old, guarded by their mother (only the mother’s tail is visible). This photo was taken from a path in Pelican Bay that runs by a mangrove swamp. One can see alligators of all sizes every day but they are so well fed they seldom seem to do anything but bask in the sun. The mother alligator, unlike most other reptiles, protects her nest and then her offspring until they are more than two feet long. The worst predators are the male alligators. I have seen a mother start out with 12 babies and four months later I would see her with only three or four. The mother is very vigilant so moving in too close to take a photograph is inadvisable.

FRANK MURPHY
PRESENCES
Margaret Gooch

What are we to them?

Presences about whom they are incurious

Though wary when motion is sensed to infringe

Observant of crumbs and seeds flicked from our fingers

The birds know nothing of our world.

Observant of crumbs and seeds flicked from dim fingers

Though wary when motion is sensed to infringe

If brushed in our world by Presences curious

We perceive what of them?
Baloney has the smell of heaven
And even more than that when stolen.

*Johnny Secord was the instigator.*
*He’s the one who raided the refrigerator.*

His mom and mine were sitting over coffee:
Their time away from never being child-free.

*Johnny Secord was the instigator.*
*He’s the one who raided the refrigerator.*

Boys need a bite, a spell from exercise,
A tempting treasure there before our hungry eyes.

*Johnny Secord was the instigator.*
*He’s the one who raided the refrigerator.*

We bandits fled to a nearby copse of pine.
The smell of meat and wood commingled as we dined.

*Johnny Secord was the instigator.*
*He’s the one who raided the refrigerator.*

Did we not think that girls must also eat:
A momentary lapse, but one that came too late.

*Johnny Secord was the instigator.*
*He’s the one who raided the refrigerator.*

His sister’s scolding voice exclaimed she’d tell on us.
Within our piney hideaway, we giggled at the fun of all the fuss.
And once we had consumed our gastronomic treasure,
No threat could overcome our overwhelming pleasure.
He’d pay the piper later, and maybe so would I.
But even then perhaps, I formed my alibi.

*Johnny Secord was the instigator.*
*He’s the one who raided the refrigerator.*
WILL IT LAST?

Deborah Stavro Lapides

We taste the tartness of fall air on our tongues. The chill quickens our pace.

We are bound for the bus stop, my kindergartener and I, on our daily perambulation past woods and pond. We smell the pond before we arrive, a pungent mix of musk and muddy leaves decomposing in the dark water.

Your customary dawdle inspires my tugs on your hand. Despite the lateness of the hour, each pine cone, seed and nut invites your inspection.

Weeks earlier we mourned the chrysalis you found attached to the underside of a leaf, too late in the season for a butterfly to emerge. Trapped in transformation, the caterpillar slept in its silken tomb.
Today you spy
a brown oak leaf
hidden in the shade,
cloaked with lacy frost.
We are both awed by
the silver splendor
tracing each vein and spine
on this broad leaf.

Will it last?
you wonder,
Will it be here after school?
Already the sun’s rays
creep with long fingers
to erase these dazzling brushstrokes
from nearby leaves on the grass.

The bus squeals to a stop.
You hurriedly drop the leaf
in my hand
and scramble up the steps.

I stand in the street,
the custodian of the leaf,
watching you and the bus recede.
I hold it carefully by the stem,
turning it over and over,
knowing full well
the longer I try to hold it,
the faster the frost disappears.
FIGURINE

Margaret Gooch

Does she not realize
The world is holding its breath for
Her story to begin?

After all,

She is the age and has the slender grace for it
That smoky cloud of hair no mark or
Harbinger of years.
Clothed glowingly in cream and dusk rose
She curves on bended knee, with
Downward gaze, one
Lowered arm outstretched
Her pose
A story’s invitation.

But no,

She simply pauses
Books at her side, a
Marble in her hand to
Flip toward other marbles in her view

And pays the world no mind

Regardless of its onrushing
As heedless of the pause provoked
To question, oh, what happens past that
Instant next
Forever not to be
REDEMPTION

Claire Flynn

I came upon a clearing in the woods.
Hearing a strange yet tender sound, I paused.
A misty mysterious canopy lay before me.
Like fine ribbon yellows, greens
And blues danced in the air. Where am I?
Time stood still. Nature was holding her breath.
The only sound was my beating heart. Fear?
Exhilaration? To this day I am unsure.

The beauty of the scene ignited a chord of
Reverence in my soul. My knees fell to the
Soft green earthen cover.
I embraced lady slippers, lavender and clover.
They brushed their velvet cheeks to mine
And said, “Welcome”!
A WALK ON THE BEACH, PLUM ISLAND, FEBRUARY 2011

MARILYN BLUMSACK
Once upon a time in a faraway kingdom, a dragon was born. He was not like his brothers and sisters. His roar was not as ferocious. His fire-breath was hardly worth mentioning. His tail could easily be mistaken for a beaver’s. Above all (worst of all for a dragon) he was friendly. Needless to say his parent’s were ashamed and disappointed. They named him Knot E. Nuff.

Knot E. Nuff was very unhappy. Older dragons shook their heads in dismay whenever they saw him. Young dragons shunned him and called him unkind names. They never invited him to play the usual dragon games-like scorching their initials into the bark of a tree with the fire breath or slapping the earth with their enormous tails pretending a thunderstorm was on the way.

Feeling out of place, Knot E. Nuff decided to leave the Dragon Kingdom. This was no easy task because surrounding the kingdom was an eerie mist that never lifted. Legend has it that the mist is inhabited by hobgoblins, cantankerous dwarves and other strange and unfriendly creatures. In fact, dragons never left the kingdom. Those that did were never seen again.

Meanwhile, in another corner of the kingdom a little boy was born. Staring into the wooden cradle, the boy’s father pursed his lips. “He will never do! I am the leader of the King’s Guard. My men are fierce, brave, good horsemen and strong warriors,” said the father. “My son with the wizened lag can’t ever be in the King’s Guards. We need strong men to slay dragons and to watch over the Land of the Mist. The boy was named Un Fitt.

Time had passed. Un’s father’s disappointment grew stronger. Even if Un had two good legs, he could never be the warrior his father desired. Un would rather plant the land than lay it waste. The harpsichord, poetry and singing held more fascination for him than the sword and the breast plate. People thought Un Fitt weak and cowardly. They threw stones and taunted him.
Knowing his presence was a source of embarrassment to his family and no one in the kingdom really cared for him, Un Fitt decided to leave his homeland. He thought it would be better to be swallowed up in the Land of the Mist than spend the rest of his days alone and unhappy.

Gathering some black bread and a skin of water, Un Fitt limped slowly and sadly from his homeland.

Night fell. A full moon shone on the weary travelers. Unknown to each other, they both decided to spend the night under the protection of an old oak tree, for just ahead was the Land of the Mist, neither quite dared to approach it at night.

Un Fitt crawled into the trunk that had been vacated by a raccoon family. Knot E. Nuff climbed a thick branch and began to settle down for the night. Thinking about his predicament and feeling quite cold and very lonely, Un Fitt began to weep softly. Hearing the strange, yet somehow familiar sound, Knot E. Nuff’s ears perked. “Who is there?” He asked.

“Oh, just me”, whimpered Un Fitt.

Knot E. Nuff scrambled down the branch to meet the owner of the frightened voice. He was surprised to see a little boy not much younger than himself.

After the proper introductions, the boy and the dragon talked about their lives and their problems. In fact, they talked the night through. The morning sun crept up the sky just in time to see a boy and a dragon snuggled in a raccoon’s hole fast asleep Un Fitt and Knot E. Nuff finally had acceptance and understanding.

Wakening and feeling happier than either had in a long, long time; the two travelers discussed their plans over a breakfast of black bread, leaves and water.

Knot E. Nuff was content to call the abandoned oak tree home. They had food. A lake was nearby and they had each other. This
kind of thinking makes sense for a dragon because a dragon does not need very much to be happy.

But Un Fitt wanted to go on. He felt the need to explore and attempt to cross the “Land of the Mist”. Knot E. Nuff understood his friend’s curiosity. He would go with his friend. The two travelers sharing bravery, strength and courage approached the “Land of the Mist”.

The silence was deafening. No birds sang. No flowers graced the forest floor. Black trees silhouetted against the gray mist were bare—no lush green leaves. Frightened and wary, Knot E. Nuff and Un Fitt trudged along hand in claw.


Seated upon a rock of granite was the Mist King. He was gray in appearance. A black cloak hung loosely from his body. The Mist King’s court was a colorless collection of objects, fabrics and people. There was no music, no laughter, no tears—just the hum of unnatural yet human breathing.

“How did you arrive in this land?” the Mist King gruffly asked.

Knot E. Nuff and Un Fitt began to tell the tale of their journey. They told of the unhappiness at not being good enough for the Magical Kingdom. How they met each other and how they found love and friendship.

As they were speaking, a low rumble echoed through the Land of the Mist. Slowly the throne room was turning a brilliant gold. The floor began to sparkle as the sun bathed it in light. The Mist King no longer seemed as bleak. His robes became an emerald green laced in gold. His throne was more dazzling than a summer’s day. His face shone with joy and understanding. Not knowing what to make of this scene, Knot E. Nuff and Un Fitt stared in amazement.
“Many years ago”, began the King. “A wicked wizard cast an evil spell over my kingdom. Color, joy, love and happiness were gone. I was truly the King of the Land of the Mist. Only true love and caring would dispel the evil that inhabited my land. Your love and friendship has proven a stronger force than the powers of the spell. You have restored my peaceful kingdom. Flowers will grow again. Birds will sing in the trees. The mist is already evaporating in the golden sun. My Kingdom and I are forever grateful.”

“I dub you, Un Fitt, Sir Very Fitt. And you, Knot E. Nuff, shall be known as Sir Just E. Nuff. You are welcome to make your home in my kingdom and rule by my side.”

Sir Very Fitt and Sir Just E. Nuff did just that.
Beloved Reader,

You may be wondering why a wicked wizard cast the spell on the Land of the Mist. Let me tell you. He wasn’t always wicked. He was born with carbuncles (painful inflammation of the skin and underlying tissues) all over his face.

The other wizards teased and taunted him. They called him Ugly and Buffalo Face. The wizard had wonderful powers despite his appearance. He made flowers bloom, rain fall when needed, helped crops grow with just enough sun. He invented the plow to help farmers. However, because of his hatred for his kinsmen, the wizard abused his powers by casting negative energy on his land.
BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR

Arline Heimert

My mother, at war with her humdrum life in the suburbs, kept hoping that an adventure would pounce on her.

Although she plodded along like a good suburban housewife, chauffeuring her children to lessons, picking up the meat at Bohack’s, the groceries at Evergood, the newspaper at Rabkin’s, she vibrated with the hope that some small town excitement could eclipse the city life she had left behind.

Something a bit more dramatic than her eight-year-old daughter getting her knobby knees caught by a failed sidewalk grate. Something less sad than her new puppy getting dog-napped in broad daylight never to be seen again.

More like the time she hit a New York City mugger with the shillelagh she had just been given. He got the purse but she got to tell the story.

More like the time she stopped the runaway horse in Central Park, blocking its path with outstretched arms and sheer bravado. “Lady you could have gotten killed” the mounted policeman in hot pursuit grumbled at her in some combination of consternation and admiration.

More like the time she discovered, in the middle of an elegant dinner party she was hosting, that the hired butler had loaded up his rucksack with bottles of her husband’s expensive scotch. Thinking quickly she substituted bottles of club soda for the scotch, returned to her guests, and laughed as she imagined the hireling’s reaction when he unzipped his bag.

Life in the suburbs might be better for the children, but if you didn’t play bridge, golf or tennis, if you cared more for art and books than for Dior, and found gossipy local lore a bore, well what is an adventurer to do?
So it should come as no surprise when one bright sunny summer day, returning from the village store with two squabbling siblings and 13 bags of groceries in the back of the wood bodied station wagon and suddenly horns and sirens blared from behind, red lights flashed and blinked in her rear view mirror that she didn’t just pull over to the side of the road and stop. No. She pulled over to the side of the road to let them pass then floored the gas pedal and gunned the motor in hot pursuit of the fire truck and rescue wagon speeding down the two lane tree lined country road.

“This should be fun. This should be exciting” she chortled, jaw set, fingers clenched on the steering wheel, children flattened against their seats, groceries flying around the back, bottles clanking at every curve, melons crashing like bowling balls, oranges rolling like marbles.

“Look out behind for police,” my mother ordered “and hold on tight” All I could see with my head smashed against the seat back were trees speeding past and bushes blurring by. I don’t know how long the crazy ride continued – maybe hours, maybe seconds. All the time the sirens screeched and the red lights blared.

We rounded a corner. Barney’s Corner, I recognized, and suddenly everything stopped. My mother jammed on the brakes and the bottles, the fruit and us kids were thrown against the seat in front.

The fire truck had stopped. The Rescue truck had stopped. My mother was half out of the car yelling at us to stay in the car until she got back. In front we could see smoke and a few flames, but the trucks blocked our view. Behind us suddenly more sirens – an ambulance and a police car. People running toward the fire. Hoses pulled from the fire truck and out from the smoke my mother appeared, her face ashen.

“What happened?” Can we go see?” My brother and I finally agreed on something.

“No. We’re leaving.”
She backed the car and maneuvered her way through the gathering traffic jam, her face taut.

“What happened” Why won’t you let us see” my brother and I clamored and pestered.

We drove some blocks. Quite a few blocks towards home before she said anything. When finally she spoke it was in a quiet voice I had never heard her use before.

“It was a boy on a motorcycle,” she said. “He hit a tree. The motorcycle was on fire. There are some things you don’t want to see because you will never be able to unsee them.”

Still, I wanted to see. And not just the pretty, but the awesome and the awful.

Does protecting children sometimes have unintended consequences?

Some years later I chose to be a newspaper reporter. Some years after that I chose to become a psychiatric social worker in the field of domestic abuse. In both professions I saw things that most people – myself included - would rather not see. And she was right. Once you see, you cannot unsee.
YOUR FIRST LINE: THE “HOOK” THAT GETS YOUR NOVEL OFF THE BOOKSHELVES AND ONTO THE CHECK-OUT COUNTER

JP O’Donnell

Charles Dickens could never have imagined that his first line in A TALE OF TWO CITIES would become a benchmark in the lexicon of literary fiction. “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times …” It was also the perfect choice of words to make us want to read more. Authors, particularly those in the genre of mystery fiction, have long since recognized the critical importance of the first line. Without an attention-grabbing, knock ‘em dead first line, your novel is destined to gather dust on the shelves of the local bookshop, if it ever gets that far.

If you want to test this theory, simply observe the behavior of browsers at a bookstore. Unless they are looking for the latest effort by James Patterson, Mary Higgins Clark or any of the other prominent best-selling mystery writers, they walk down the aisles slowly until a title or a book cover attracts their attention. Then they open the book and read the first line. If it grabs their interest, they read on; if not, the book is placed back on the shelf in a heartbeat.

Your first line—you have less than ten seconds to sink your hook or else the reader will move on to another option.

What is the essence of a great first line? First of all, it can’t be bland or trite. Avoid overused references to the elements or time of the year. If you choose to write about the weather, be careful. You run the risk of inviting comparisons to “It was a dark and stormy night,” (Edward Bulwer-Lytton’s classic first line from his 1830 novel, PAUL CLIFFORD) and your book won’t stand a chance. Instead, try to incorporate the mood or theme of your story. Begin to establish the background of the mystery that will unfold in the coming pages. If the weather is important to your opening scene, you’ll have plenty of time to write about it in the ensuing lines of the first chapter.

Some of the most successful mystery authors of our time are masters at writing a great first line. Consider Harlan Coben in GONE
FOR GOOD: “Three days before her death, my mother told me—they weren’t her last words but they were pretty close—that my brother was still alive.” Did the narrator think that his brother was dead? The reader has to wonder why the narrator’s mother kept this secret and never told him about his brother. Certainly, more pages have to be read. A chilling first line is also found in another Harlan Coben thriller, THE WOODS: “I see my father with that shovel.” One has to keep reading to find out the significance of the shovel in his father’s hands. Is he burying something? Has he used it as a weapon? Our interest is piqued; we read on.

Or this from Jesse Kellerman in TROUBLE: “Jonah Stern heard a scream. He was walking to Times Square at two-forty five in the morning to buy new shoes.” Again, the reader asks why this person would be buying shoes at that hour of the morning. And what caused someone to scream? A brutal assault or a frightening discovery? The hook has been sunk; more pages will be turned. Notice how a brief first line can be immediately tied to a second line to create a continuous compelling thought. Be creative; let your imagination explore all of the possibilities in garnering the reader’s interest. But keep in mind that word efficiency is critical in writing a first line. Don’t be overly descriptive or your line will lose its punch. In THE MEPHISTO CLUB, Tess Gerritsen begins with, “They looked like the perfect family.” Short, but to the point. However, shades of doubt creep into our minds. We wonder what’s wrong with this family; we want to read more about them.

Agatha Christie, the most popular mystery writer of all time, considered THE MOVING FINGER as one of her best novels. She masterfully draws us into the story with a brilliant opening line: “I have often recalled the morning when the first of the anonymous letters came.” The mystery is immediately established! We ask: More than one anonymous letter? What did the letters say? Who wrote them? We can’t resist the temptation to keep reading and discover the answers.

Plato said, “The beginning is the most important part of the work.” A mystery writer, therefore, can’t spend too much time working on a first line. Don’t be surprised if you have to finish the initial draft of your manuscript before the right first line crystallizes in
your mind. Sometimes it takes knowing where your story begins and how it ends in order to come up with the “hook” you need.

If you have a friend or a fellow writer who can be brutally honest about your writing, ask them to review samples of your first line. They can tell you if it delivers an impact and stimulates interest. What you’re looking for is someone to say, “That’s it! Now I want to read more.”
MEMORIZATION AND MEMORY

Ken Fettig

“Is this a dagger I see before me, the handle toward my hand?”, and “Half a league, half a league, half a league onward, all in the valley of death rode the six hundred.” If these quotes mean something to you, you probably had English teachers as I did that required you to memorize well known works of literature or poetry. The first is from Shakespeare’s Macbeth and the second from Alfred Lord Tennyson’s Charge of the Light Brigade. Of course there were many other memorization tasks that I had to or wanted to perform before that. There was the Pledge of Allegiance, the Lords Prayer, the multiplication table—ah yes, that was a beauty with the numbers 1 to 12 on the Y scale and 1 to 12 on the X scale and you had to fill in all the blanks from memory. To this day, however, I can still fill those blanks in a flash. I also know the first verse of many Christmas carols such as “Silent Night”, “It Came Upon a Midnight Clear”, and “Hark the Herald Angels Sing” even though I only use that part of my memory once a year.

Those nine or ten cubic inches of brains embedded in our skulls are really remarkable and don’t forget there are a lot of things going on in there besides memory. They control our body functions, receive messages from our nervous system and formulate reactions, process what our eyes see, our tongues taste, our fingers feel, our ears hear, and transform information into ideas and actions. Pretty fantastic isn’t it?

I began to think about all the information that is stored up there. I probably have met and known more than 50,000 people in my lifetime and recognize those names when I see them. I also have a visual image of at least half of them so that if I met them I can connect the name with the image and I also know a lot of information about that person. For instance, I know Don Somers grew up in California, married his high school sweetheart Nancy, flew planes for the US Navy, worked as I did for one of Sterling Livingston’s companies, also worked for The Forum, has three children and one grandchild and likes to both play and watch tennis. I can visualize his
house and I know how to get there from anyplace in the area. If Don called me on the phone he wouldn’t have to give his name to me. I know his voice. I don’t know as much about Nancy but I could still write a few sentences about her, know what she looks like, how her voice sounds, etc. and maybe write a sentence or two about their children whom I can also visualize. Now that is just one family and I could probably replicate that for about 1000 or so families including my relatives, close friends, neighbors, golfing pals, jogging pals, members of TILL, my college fraternity brothers and roommates, old US Army buddies, etc. I hope this doesn’t sound like I’m bragging because most of us can do the same.

That’s just the people end of it. Think of all the information you have stored up there about places, products, how things work, where things are kept, what things look like, taste, feel, how to get from one place to another and maybe an alternate route if traffic is heavy. There must be billions of individual facts stored up there in our craniums, a lot of which we rarely if ever use like the state capitals, and the location of a lot of foreign cities and countries.

Since we keep meeting new people and learning new facts we are adding to that data base all the time. The question then becomes is there any limit or do we suppress or eliminate some data so we can cram more data into that little space. My opinion is that we can keep on adding data but it may take longer to retrieve specific bits of data than it used to. Take the matter of name and face recognition. If I ran into someone in a familiar setting I can usually come up with the name because I connect the person’s identity with that setting and that would be enough of a clue to help me find the name. However, if I met that same person in an unfamiliar setting I wouldn’t have that connecting identification. It may not take long to recall the name, perhaps five seconds to a minute, to search the memory file to come up with the name but that is embarrassing. What to do? Instead of admitting I can’t remember the name, I’ll probably say “Hey pal, what’s new” for a male or “how’re you doing, hon” for a female. Of course they’d know right away that I don’t remember the name but maybe he or she is struggling to remember my name. In that event you make polite conversation while you both are desperately going over possible connections. I attended a reunion once where a fellow
solved the problem by wearing a name tag that said “Hi, I don’t remember your name either”.

When I talk to people my age memory problems are always good for a few rueful chuckles. Everyone can relate to going upstairs to get something and after getting there not remembering what we went up for. And of course lost keys are endemic to people my age. I was concerned enough about this to ask my doctor if I was headed for dementia or Alzheimer’s. His father is my age and he has done some research on the subject. He was somewhat reassuring. He said that just by asking the question I showed I knew what to look for and wasn’t in denial. He said that losing the keys is ok but if you can’t remember what to do with the keys, that’s bad. Forgetting a name is no big deal either, but if you don’t recognize a close relative or old friend, that’s bad. He recommended keeping your mind working like we are doing right now, or doing the crossword or playing scrabble. Another good exercise is reciting more lines from those memorization tasks from long ago, like “Come let me clutch thee. I have thee not but yet I see thee still” or “Canon to left of them, cannon to right of them, cannon in front of them volleyed and thundered. Stormed at with shot and shell, boldly they rode and well into the jaws of Death, into the mouth of Hell rode the six hundred”.
BUILDING A NEW LOG HOUSE

Cordelia Overhiser

This past July we had a family reunion in northern New Hampshire, not far from the Canadian border. Most of our group stayed at a lodge near Pittsburg, but we spent a lot of our time at a small log house owned by relatives. Their family was “in residence”, complete with three dogs (Maple, Leroy and Pickle). Fortunately we had good weather.

Their house overlooks Lake Francis, which is a 2,000 acre man-made reservoir in the Connecticut Lakes region of the Great North Woods. New Hampshire owns the footage around the shoreline, but houses built just beyond the state property have a lovely view.

The family has used this place as a summer retreat for many years, enjoying swimming, boating, and a relaxed life style. The house was built in the 1930s, but unfortunately, without a foundation. So, through the years the wood has rotted from resting on the ground, plus there has been water damage because of inadequate eaves. Though the summer home had many fond memories, with great angst the decision was made to build a new log house.

An architect was hired, an acceptable floor plan very similar to the present design was worked out, and a log builder who does custom work was chosen (no “Pre-fab” for him). The new house is now under construction. It will be slightly larger than the original home and a second bedroom and bath have been added. The main floor space will have a higher ceiling to accommodate two over six feet tall sons. There will be a partial loft, but the living room area will have an open ceiling which gives a feeling of spaciousness. The entryway has been relocated to achieve better flow.

The morning after our arrival in New Hampshire, four of us traveled about an hour to see the progress on the new home. It is quite common for the builder to choose a construction site convenient to himself and his crew. The new house is being built using the
Northern Russian Method, which uses round logs – a time honored tradition in Europe.

The shell for the new home is being built in a large field, as a lot of space is needed to store and work with long round logs. During construction the logs must be kept off the ground and dry. The crane and other equipment also require considerable room and the house itself needs a big area. Plus, the family wants to use the present house as long as possible. It will take about two years to build the new house, and let the logs settle and dry out.

Winter cut logs were chosen, because insects and fungi are much less active in cold weather, and sap isn’t running. After the logs are delivered to the building site, the bark must be peeled from the logs. Since peeling a winter-cut log is harder, a draw-knife, which consists of a handle at each end, must be used to remove the bark. Then a lengthwise groove is cut on the bottom of each log, and after careful use of the scribing tool the log is fitted to the exact upper contour of the log below. Before the log is settled in its permanent place, the groove will be filled with fiber-glass to form a weather proof seal.

Round log structures require high grade material. Logs of soft wood are best (easier to work with). Preferably the logs should be between 18 and 24 inches at the butt end, tapering down to no less than 16 inches at the narrow end, and with as few knot-holes as possible. There is very little lengthwise shrinkage, but about 4 inch allowance should be made for settling of the horizontal logs. Adjustments are made under the window and door frames. The horizontal logs are stacked alternately – widest and smaller end, then reversed to make the top log as even as possible. The stacked horizontal logs are locked together by corner notches. Spruce logs are being used for this building.

When the shell, including the roof, is completed, the aged log house will be taken down and cleared away. Then a poured concrete foundation will be built for the new log home. This type of foundation requires carefully constructed forms and large quantities of cement. Reinforcing bars will be imbedded in the concrete foundation for extra strength. Then the new log house will be taken apart (each log will be marked with a number and letter to facilitate reconstruction) and
trucked to its permanent site. When reassembled, the roof will be shingled, a very appropriate look on a log house. Then a different builder will take over to finish the inside work.

There's still a tremendous amount of work to be done. A stone fireplace will be built in the center of the house. Because of the cool evenings, the fireplace has had a lot of use in the present house. The log walls will be left natural, as they are so unique and pretty. Then flooring, stairs to the loft, plumbing, wiring, cabinets, and numerous other things will be added to get it ready for occupancy. The outside logs will be finished with a water repellant dark brown stain, the same as the present house. A patio will be built on the lakeside of the house, a popular barbeque area. And landscaping will enhance the foundation of the house.

This new log house will be beautiful when finished, and will last many, many years, giving enjoyment to all who live or visit there.
The keel of THE SHIP was laid early May 1942 during World War II, finished five months later, commissioned in January 1943 and named the USS SPENCE. Its construction took place in Bath Iron Works which was located near the mouth of the Kennybunk River about 15 miles from Portland, Maine. The Yard had been building ships since 1867 and had a reputation for building sturdy seagoing ships. This shipbuilding skill was in great demand as the huge construction of ships occurred after Pearl Harbor. THE SHIP was the twelfth of the U.S. FLETCHER Class Destroyer built at Bath and their ships were considered the “Stradivarius” of all destroyers.

THE SHIP, fully loaded, weighted 3000 tons but still was fast, roomy and capable of absorbing enormous punishment. At more than 370 feet in length, it was longer than a football field but only 40 feet wide. It was essentially a high speed seagoing offensive weapon platform. Its five enclosed main batteries were effective against other ships, for shore bombardment and antiaircraft defense. They also had ten torpedo mounts and depth charges for antisubmarine warfare.

The Navy had a great deal of difficulty finding experienced crews during this period. The rate of shipbuilding was outstripping their ability to “train-up” manpower as the country rapidly built their armed
forces. THE SHIP was a typical example. It needed a total crew of 350 officers and men and had to get started with a small percentage of experienced personnel including their new captain, several officers and a few senior petty officers. The rest came from seamen boot camps, technical training schools, and a limited number transferred from other ships. Almost all of the junior officers were from 90 and 120 day officer training programs located during the War at a few public colleges.

Ships were mostly manned by very young adults who were striving to adapt to the Navy Way and challenged by the burdens of responding to unfamiliar levels of leadership. It was a case of having to become grown up before their time. Only a very few of these people had ever been to sea before.

THE SHIP was allowed 30 days after the commissioning to have a “shake-down cruise” to try as rapidly as possible to attain some minimum sense of organization before they reported to the fleet. The crew in time were able to gain experience performing their duties and to begin the extremely important process of discovering and adjusting how to make their duties fit into the overall workings of the ship. The training was continued day and night all hours. The routine was continuous, drill, evaluate, correct, repeat, repeat, repeat until ship evolutions could be done automatically without thought over and over. Artificial emergencies were introduced to determine the ship’s ability to meet them.

Following this initial training period, they received their first fleet assignments escorting convoys in the Atlantic. That did not last as the needs in the Pacific were so great The SHIP was ordered to leave the states passing through the Canal into the South Pacific by way of Pearl Harbor. Training continued in all types of battle readiness.

They found the Pacific area full of numerous activities. The Naval Fleet Resources had reached the point where attention no longer had to be devoted simply to holding a Pacific defensive line but major bases could now be created to launch offensive operations. This phase progressed to what has been referred to as the conquering of islands as stepping stones to the eventual invasion of Japan. The destroyers were in great demand supporting these operations by
screening carrier groups bringing aircraft to the combat areas, bombarding shore facilities, conducting torpedo attacks on enemy ships and providing convoy antiaircraft and antisubmarine defenses.

By its first anniversary, THE SHIP had steamed more than 67,000 miles and had become a veteran of the Pacific Campaign. It had earned 8 Battle Stars and a Presidential Unit Citation. It had, under the leadership of its Captain, established a reputation as one of the fastest reacting and smoothest operating ships in the destroyer fleet. At this point it returned to the states for repairs and the installation of newer equipment. It returned with a turnover of half its crew and a new Captain just in time to participate in a major Pacific Campaign involving more than 100 ships.

It was December 1944 and the Pacific Island offenses had progressed to the invasion of the Philippines. The sheer size of the Japanese concentration in the islands mandated a very large landing force but also an abnormally large proportion of aircraft carriers. The reason for this was the success of the invasion depended on absolute control of the air. The carriers (floating airfields) were the means of moving the necessary naval air forces to within striking distance of Japanese airfields and aircraft.

Each carrier had to be protected by a circle of destroyers to provide antiaircraft and antisubmarine screens. It was not uncommon for 8 to 10 destroyers (such as THE SHIP) to be employed as a carrier screen. These destroyer screens had to be constantly reoriented as the carriers changed direction into the wind to launch and recover their aircraft.

These Carrier Forces soon became known as Fast Carrier Task Forces and were made up of fast battleships, cruisers and of course destroyers. THE SHIP had become part of Task Force 38 which had 13 carriers, 8 battleships, 15 cruisers and 50 destroyers. They operated out of a huge anchorage at Ulithi Atoll in the Carolinas Island Clusters which was about 300 miles east of the Philippines.

The Task Force had left Ulithi early in December for the Philippines and by the 17th had completed three days of intense heavy raids against Japanese airfields and aircraft. They had
consumed a great deal of fuel and ammunition. The destroyers were especially low on fuel. The Task Force Commander, Admiral Halsey ordered the fleet to rendezvous with the accompanying Replenishment Group in an area about 400 miles east of the invasion areas.

There are no filling and cargo stations in the wide Pacific so all operating units had to have their own tankers and cargo ships. These Replenishment Groups had a well established routine of transferring fuel and supplies. The ships needing service would maneuver alongside of supplying ships and maintain their course and speed. The tankers and supply ships use booms to transfer their fuel and cargo being very careful to keep both above water as material movement took place. It was a very hazardous operation even under the best of conditions as there is a great deal of wave turbulence between both ships. In addition each ship has a different rolling characteristic significantly complicating the ability to keep transferring materials above the water.

There was an indication of a storm developing as the transfer began. Weather forecasting in those days was a far cry from what we are used to today. Sailors had to depend on visual appearances of the wind and sea conditions, a falling barometer and limited range radar to judge storm intensity and direction. If possible they would send up a plane to fly through the turbulence to determine storm tracks and size. No planes were dispatched for this apparent storm.

The weather front was fast moving and the sea conditions became much worse. The ships were pelted with rain, the skies darkened the air was full of spray and foam and the waves began to crash over the hulls of ships and especially the destroyers. As the ships plowed through the heavy seas they began to roll and plunge at the same time. It was becoming increasingly difficult to keep fuel hoses and cargo above water. Ships were also having difficulty keeping on station with the supply vessels.

A decision was made by Admiral Halsey to stop fueling. There was conflict interpreting the direction of the storm track which resulted in a series of fleet course changes from a northerly direction to a southerly direction. Attempts were made to begin fueling again. This
proved impossible due to heavy wind velocity and mounting waves. The last course change unfortunately turned the formation right into track of the storm which was now a typhoon. The wind was blowing 50 to 75 knots (about 70 MPH) and gusting to 115 to 120 knots. The destroyers were rolling 60 to 70 degrees

THE SHIP was battling all of this weather as they tried to maintain station with the cluster of the other 100 ships in the Task Group. The most difficult part of the whole heavy-weather problem is of course the conflict between the military necessity of carrying out an operation as scheduled and the possibility of damage or loss of a ship. The safety of a ship against perils from a storms, as well as from those of navigation and maneuvering is always the primary responsibility of her commanding officer.

THE SHIP’s Captain was faced with making a decision with his ship extremely low on fuel. As a result, it was riding high and the ship of its class tended to be top heavy. He had one alternative under these conditions and that was to pump seawater into his empty fuel tanks. The procedure would take about two hours to complete but the result would bring the ship deeper in the water. He delayed his decision with the hope of improving weather and to avoid fueling delay while he pumped sea water out of his fuel tanks to get them filled.
The Captain discontinued all activates on open decks. THE SHIP was steaming on one boiler to save fuel. The crew hadn’t gotten much rest as they had to hold on to anything that would prevent them from being tossed around below decks. Heating food had become impossible. All watch rotations continued. The fuel in the tanks was down to 9000 gallons and when this was expended the ship would become dead in the water within 24 hours. The Captain at this point gave orders to fill the empty tanks with sea water.

The Captain found he was unable to maintain course no matter what. THE SHIP was not only rolling but heeling far over continuously from the force of the wind, leaving very little margin for further rolling leeward. Water was coming through the ship’s smoke stacks, ventilators and blower intakes. Switchboards and electrical machinery were shorting out. Water was two to three feet over the engine and fire room floor plates.

The mountainous waves were now more than 50 feet high. The rolling ship dove from the top of the wave crest plunging to the bottom, burying the front half of the hull, and then climbing back up the next while the ship slowly regained its vertical position. The sequences continued. Over the crest, plunging down rolling, rolling 40, 50, 70 degrees and ---

“The Navy Department announces, with regret, the loss of three Destroyers and considerable damage to other naval units during The Pacific Typhoon COBRA in December 1944. The Destroyers were the USS SPENCE (THE SHIP), the USS MONAGHAN and the USS HULL.” The details:

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NAVY HYMN
Eternal Father Strong to Save
Whose Arm Hath Bound the Restless Wave
Who Bidd’st the Mighty Ocean Deep
   Its Own Appointed Limits Keep
O Hear Us When We Cry to Thee
For Those In Peril On the Sea

I used a number of resources in writing this story including “Down to the Sea” by Bruce Henderson; Destroyer History of USS Spence; The Department of the Navy – Naval Historical Center; The Pacific Fleet Confidential Letter outlining the lessons of the Typhoon COBRA; Fast Carrier Task Forces by Wikipedia; War Diary of the USS Stevens and my own Naval Experience
THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMACK

Fred Laffert

The battle between the Monitor and the Merrimack on March 9, 1862 in Hampton Roads Virginia was the first between ironclad warships and set the stage for the future of naval warfare and the results are well known. The story of how it came to be is less well known. This is that story.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, all warships were wooden sailing vessels, but change was on the horizon. The steamboat and the railroad showed the potential for steam for propulsion and the paddle wheel soon began to give way to the screw-powered steamships. But the naval vessels still carried a full complement of masts since the reliability and efficiency of early steam engines were poor and ships could not carry enough coal for long cruises. In the United States, the Navy received the world’s first steam powered warships, the Demologos, in 1823 and the first major steam warship, the Fulton II in 1837. In 1843, the first screw propelled warship, the Princeton, was completed by John Ericsson and a partner. In 1842, Robert Stevens had received funding to build an ironclad warship, but before it was completed, tests of a new 12” cannon designed by John Ericsson showed that it could penetrate the 4 and ½” armor being used and the cost to redesign it was too much at the time. Later, that same weapon also tarnished Ericsson’s reputation with the Navy when, during test firings on the Princeton, it exploded, killing both the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Navy, along with several officers. Little progress was made in the next few years.

The breakthrough came during the Crimean War in 1855 when the French, advising and training the navy of the Ottoman Empire in the war against the Russians, faced the task of subduing the Russian forts at the mouth of the Dnieper and Bug rivers. The site was such that wooden warships would have been destroyed. The French constructed three floating batteries, protected by 4” iron. In October 1855, these batteries reduced the forts to rubble while sustaining little damage themselves. In that moment, the future of naval warfare was forever changed.
with Ericsson. While he was there, he saw a model of the Monitor and was immediately impressed. He told Ericsson to take it to Washington, but the inventor was reluctant. Bushnell then asked to take it himself and Ericsson agreed. Bushnell instead went to Connecticut where Welles was visiting his home and showed him the Model. Welles suggested he take it to Washington at once. He arranged an appointment with Lincoln who was also impressed and arranged for him to present it to the board the next day. Lincoln again was impressed and the board scheduled another meeting for the following day. At that meeting, two members of the board voted for it, but Davis, the third member would not, citing Ericsson’s past problems with the Navy. Since the board required a unanimous vote, it looked like the game was over and the Monitor would not be built.

But Bushnell was not through. He conferred with Welles and they agreed that Ericsson should appear before the board, and Bushnell returned to New York. Since he remembered how reluctant the inventor had been to go to Washington, he changed the story to say that the model had been tentatively approved, but the board wanted more details. The two men took the night train to Washington and the next day, September 13, 1861, they met in Welles’ office with the board and other officials. Ericsson was stunned when he heard the truth but gathered himself and for two hours explained how his design would work. When he was done, the board accepted the proposal and even urged him to begin work immediately, before the contract could be signed. The price was $275,000 and the vessel was to be delivered in 100 days. The Monitor had weathered its first test.

The 100 day timing was based on the expected completion date of the Confederate ironclad, now called the Virginia. Ericsson had the advantage of the northern industrial base which was located primarily in the East where an extensive rail network existed, while the Confederates had great difficulty shipping iron plate and supplies to Norfolk. Therefore, their completion date was gradually extended. Ericsson’s contract was signed on October 4, 1861 and construction continued apace until the Monitor was completed on January 20, 1862, 108 days after the contract signing. She was launched on January 30th and began fitting out and sea trials seven days ahead of the scheduled date. Her commander, John Worden, had been appointed on the 11th and was present throughout. The trials identified problems with the steering, which took most of February to
repair. On February 20, 1862, Welles wired Worden to proceed to Hampton Roads to meet the Virginia. The Monitor was commissioned on February 24th.

Meanwhile, the Virginia was slowly approaching completion. On February 17th, her crew went on board. Her Captain, Franklin Buchanan, arrived on the 23rd. Loading of stores and training of the crew continued and Buchanan set his plans for an attack on March 7th. In New York, work on the Monitor’s steering continued until it was completed. Worden was ordered to sail to Hampton Roads since the Virginia was expected daily, but coastal storms delayed departure until March 6th. The Monitor was accompanied by two steam ships and a tug. The first day went smoothly with the Monitor being taken in tow by the tug to make as much speed as possible. On March 7th, the weather worsened and the sea roughened. This storm cause Buchanan to delay the Virginia’s attack by a day, but the bad weather was much more serious for the Monitor. With little more than a foot of freeboard, she was in danger of taking on water and sinking, and as night fell, that is exactly what was happening. At 4PM, the water knocked out the blowers and the engine room filled with gas and the pumps stopped. The crew managed to signal the tug to move closer to shore and get the blowers started again, but operating only slowly. Shortly after midnight, rough water again began to enter the ship and run down into the blowers. Since the crew could not signal the tug in the darkness, they could only plug the leaks as best they could and hope the blowers would hold out. Fortunately, they did and in the morning they signaled the tug to move closer to shore where the water was smoother. The Monitor continued its trip to Hampton Roads and arrived late in the day. As they approached, tired and hungry from the night’s ordeal, they could hear the firing as the Virginia destroyed the Congress and the Cumberland. They anchored next to the grounded Minnesota and waited for March 8th to dawn.

The ensuing battle is generally considered a draw, although both sides originally claimed victory. Since the presence of the Monitor prevented the Virginia from breaking the blockade at Hampton Roads it would seem that the draw favored the Union side. But for the two ships that fought this epic battle, the future was not bright. Before the end of 1862, both were gone. Virginia was blown up by the confederates as they evacuated Norfolk when McClellan’s advance on Richmond threatened to surround them. With Virginia
gone, the Navy attempted to move Monitor south where they wanted her assistance. On December 31, 1862, off Cape Hatteras, she encountered a severe storm while being towed, and sank.
The brass plate on his door read simply, *Jonathan Stuart Lowell*. Standing there, outside his door, he thought to himself, *there is a lot of history in that name. They hardly even know me here.*

And if anyone was near, he would ramble on, "Back when I was on the crew team at Harvard", or "You wouldn't believe the places I have been", or his favorite, "I was President Eisenhower's guest in 1954 . . ." but by that time, most folks had continued on their way.

In his eighties, Jonathan, who preferred to be addressed as Dr. Lowell, moved from his spacious estate to an assisted-living facility in the Boston suburbs, popular with his group of acquaintances. He had his own independent apartment, in addition to the services provided by such a place. Of course, there was fine dining in the main dining hall each evening, and 24 hour nursing care if needed, but there was also the convenience of a post office, a branch of his favorite bank, a little general store, a fully stocked library, an exercise room, a game room, and frequent lectures and performances by noteworthy diplomats, writers, and musicians. While there was a bit of adjusting to his new life, he knew it was the right thing to do. With his wife gone, and his children living busy lives across the country, this was the only way he would be able to live safely by himself, and most importantly, among his own kind.

For several years he remained mostly independent, only having to use his emergency call button, two, or was it three times, when he fell in the bathroom. Finally he succumbed to the indignity of a walker. He fell less often, but it took him forever to walk each day to get his mail and to the dining room. He had to stop several times to rest on one of the strategically located benches in the hall. His eyesight began to fail significantly.

He would call out, "Is that you, Fred?" and it would be someone else.

Despite his hearing aides, at the dinner table, he had to sit opposite the person he wanted to talk to, in order to read their lips.
One by one, his acquaintances either died or became ill or disabled, and had to give up their apartment. Reluctantly, they moved downstairs to even smaller quarters, one room in the nursing center. He couldn't bear to visit them there. The wheelchairs lined up, the women talking to themselves in the hall, the occasional screams coming from the rooms. They appeared such fools. Not like him.

And then of course, it happened. One morning he was unable to get out of bed. He rang the buzzer, but they didn't get to him in time, and he soaked his sheets.

"God damn it, where were you?" he screamed at the nurse's aide who finally burst through his door.

Unable to walk the long distance to the dining hall, he now used a wheelchair. He waited each morning for someone to come and help him bathe and get dressed for the day. He waited each evening for someone to come and push him down those long hallways for dinner. By the time they came, always late, he was filled with rage. Priding himself on his punctuality, he hated to be late and could never understand why he wasn't first on the list to be picked up.

Once in the dining hall, feeding himself was a challenge. Parkinson's took a hold of his body, his hands shook so hard he couldn't keep the food on his fork. His tie was stained with food; when his napkin fell to the floor, he couldn't pick it up without falling out of his chair. He became an embarrassment to himself. After dinner he would wheel next-door to the library, but he couldn't read the paper without the fancy machine that magnified the words so large you couldn't see a whole sentence, just random words. Nothing made sense anymore.

Finally, they came to him. They told him he could no longer live alone. They said he needed too much help.

"I can pay", he argued. "How much do you want?"

They said, "No, it's written in your contract, you'll have to move downstairs."
He was too old and weak to fight them. They didn't listen to him now, the way they did when he was stronger, younger, and more powerful.

He decided he would have to accept the fact that he needed help, at least for the time being. He gathered a few important possessions, a suitcase with his best clothes, his diploma from Harvard, a picture of his wife shaking hands with Mamie Eisenhower, and another of himself at the helm of his fifty foot sailboat. He called the orderly to push him to the elevator and get him downstairs. Once there, he settled in as before. He decided he would stay in his room. That way, he would not have to associate with the fools in the hallway, the mumbling old ladies who sat by the nurses station folding and unfolding useless scraps of material. He would tolerate the nursing assistants, who were necessary for his existence, but he would not enjoy it. He vowed not to speak to them - some of them couldn't even speak English. They were Haitian, Jamaican, and Puerto Rican. Their hands had been soiled with the excrement of others; they filled him with disgust. He said to himself, let them do their job and get out as quickly as possible.

He did not get stronger. He grew weaker in mind and body. He pushed everyone away, in a desperate attempt to maintain his life as it had always been. Slowly, everybody and everything began to disappear. There were no more pleasures in life - people to talk to, books to read, concerts to attend, places to go. All he had left was his aching body, his fuzzy mind, and his empty heart.

He fought when they tried to get him up in the morning. He refused to eat. Sometimes he wouldn't even open his eyes. He was reduced to this: an old man, like every other old man in the nursing center, some rich, some poor, some educated, some not. Imagine, a lifetime of being sought after, even revered, only to be abandoned in some basement facility, attended to by people who didn't matter.

Then one morning, someone new came into his room. She said her name was Rose and she had a light, lilting accent, with a hint of Caribbean patois. She pulled up the blinds and began to sing, quietly at first, and then with gusto:

*Don't worry about a thing
'Cause ev'ry little thing gonna be alright'*
Singin', "Don't worry about a thing. 'Cause ev'ry little thing gonna be alright."

_Rise up this morning,_
_Smiled with the rising sun_
_Three little birds pitch by my doorstep_
_Singin' sweet songs of melodies pure and true_
_Sayin', "This is my message to you-u-u."_

_Don't worry about a thing. . .*

He rolled over and was met by a burst of sunlight. He tried to shield his eyes with his hand, but her eyes met his, shining like beacons from her dark skinned face. She greeted him kindly.

"Good morning Mister sleepy head!"

She took a face cloth, dipped in warm water, and began to wash his face, his body, tenderly, all the time talking about her children at home, her husband at work. He listened silently. The stories made him smile despite himself, and before he knew it, he was up and dressed, and found himself in the dining room. She sat with him, and while she held the straw gently to his lips, and fed him spoonfuls of hot creamy oatmeal, she spoke to him about growing up on the island of Jamaica - how she gathered the mangoes for breakfast each morning from her own backyard - how she loved running barefoot through the sugar cane fields, breaking off the canes and sucking their sweetness. She told him about the intoxicating smell of burnt molasses on the day they burned the sugar cane stalks. The entire town was sticky with the smell of it. And each Sunday morning, the church bells rang and rang behind her little cement house. She and her family, dressed in their suits and ties and fanciest dresses and shoes, spent the whole day at church, praying to Jesus in thanksgiving for their many blessings; singing and eating and praying some more.

"It was my favorite day", she said. "All of my family and friends together, just praying and singing and eating all day long. We filled up on all that wonderfulness in order to make it through the rest of the week. Oh, those were happy times."

After breakfast, she wiped his lips with a wet napkin, took his empty
bowl away, positioned his feet gently on the footrest, and began to wheel him back to his room.

He reached out and touched her on the arm. In a gravelly voice, he spoke for the first time in weeks,

"Stop, take me to the day room".

So she veered to the left, and took him down the hall to be with the other residents who had finished their meals. Some were slumped over in wheelchairs, just like him. Others gazed out of cloudy eyes, just like him. But they all lit up when they saw Rose coming.

* Three Little Birds by Bob Marley 1977 Fifty Six Hope Road Music
OLD HIKERS AT GREAT MEADOWS

Barbara B. Feehrer

Who is this man I walk with?

With his hobo hat and stick,

at times I hardly know him,

his step was once so quick…

Through peaceful woods, on sandy trails

we trudge along in silence.

Oaks have now turned copper bronze,

wood asters still edge fences.

Dry brown grasses, pewter clouds,

then brilliant sun breaks through.

The autumn light never fails

to make all feel fresh and new…

through we're now growing older,

Our life's still rich and warm… and gold.
AGAIN

Barbara B. Feehrer

Worry seeps into this otherwise
glorious June day in the garden.
Listening to the orioles,
I'm trying to forget.

Your call was alarming.
Your voice unsteady, artificially bright
with talk of ultrasounds and MRIs
second opinions, nodes and masses.
It's all too familiar
---deja vu---
but this time it's happening
to you.

Let's turn back time
play it again
choose another ending
no phone call
to disturb
today.
May 1

It started two days ago. Yet I have the uncanny feeling it will last for some time. For the record I will describe it hoping that this will not only help others to understand me but provide an objective record of a strange phenomenon. Even as I began my record it was constantly on the fringes of my consciousness waiting to be retrieved. Or should I say waiting to be born? For it was not clear whether the thought is one I had had before or whether it is new. However, I suspect it is not new: at times there is a vague familiarity that I sense as through a glass darkly. I can almost feel it with my mind’s fingers, almost discern its subtle contours. Almost but not completely. It feels strange-- something like an oddly shaped jewel. But this is not quite right for jewels are hard and this has a more ambiguous feel that resists definite description, sometimes fuzzy edged and malleable.

May 5:

It has persisted. I have tried to grasp it in different ways. First trying to reach it aggressively, struggling to pull it into consciousness, it drifts away just out of reach floating limply just beyond my awareness. Then relaxing, and breathing deeply I let go, hoping it will pop, or at least waft, into awareness. Seemingly sensing my strategy it keeps its distance and remains maddeningly just outside of my consciousness. Of course, I have tried to fool it by reading, watching TV, talking long walks hoping that while doing these other activities the thought would suddenly drift into awareness or that it would reveal itself by invading my mind. But nothing works. It cannot be fooled. As soon as I introspect again the nagging feeling and the frustration returns. It is still there snapping my energy, tempting me to
try to pull it in, to catch it before it drifts away. But no matter how hard I try revelation eludes me.

May 18:
It continues. I wonder: Is the thought important? Perhaps even profound? I liked to think that it is. After all, the amount of time I have spent trying to retrieve it would justify nothing less. But I have some doubts. Perhaps it is a trivial thought! That I forget to get one of my shirts at the laundry? That I misspelled a word in a recent letter? But even bringing such a thought to awareness would be a deep relief and a victory. I would be rid of the nagging sensation at last, the long frustration of being unable to know what it was.

May 25:
It has started to disturb my sleep. Last week I awoke in the middle of the night. I did not know why at first. Then I realized that the nagging frustration of not knowing, the longing for revelation of the thought had brought me suddenly out of a deep asleep and catapulted me to consciousness. I lay awake for hours trying to go back to sleep but the thought tickled the edge of my consciousness and prodded me to try to recover it. But the more I tried the more it resisted disclosure and the more my frustration escalated.

June 1:
Sometimes I am afraid that if the thought were revealed, it would be profoundly disturbing. I sense at times that the thought is sinister, even evil, and I devoutly wish I could repress it and find peace from its prodding. I deeply dread the possibility that it will be revealed and try to stop seeking to have it disclosed. Yet at other times I long for its revelation, sincerely wishing for disclosure. At these times I sense that perhaps the thought is joyous and have come to entertain the idea that my fears are groundless.

June 8:
To anticipate your questions: Yes, I have tried psychiatrists. But they have been unhelpful. Hypnosis, drugs, and counseling have not provided any relief. The thought is still there—just beyond awareness, beckoning for revelation and yet subtly resisting. Indeed, hypnosis, drugs, and therapy may make the situation worse for they
all focus my attention on the thought and my inability to capture it. All the learned doctors gravely assure me that there is nothing basically wrong with me. What I am experiencing, they say, is a rather common phenomenon that I must learn to deal with. This is manifest nonsense. Of course, there is something wrong with me. The question is what to do about it. I must have relief.

June 10:
I am sure that the thought is purposely torturing me—causing me to lose sleep and to become obsessed with its disclosure. I can think of nothing else. I have quit my job and sit in my room trying to coax it into consciousness. I talk to it, pleading with it to reveal itself. But it mocks me and teases me. What can I do? I am desperate.

June 20:
Today for the first time it partly revealed itself. But not enough—like a strip tease dancer quickly revealing some hidden part of her anatomy for a fraction of second. Part of the thought flashed into my consciousness but only for a microsecond and then retreated. I could not grasp its significance. Did it have something to with death? Or was it life? Or something subtler? I could not be sure. It was for the moment exhilarating and exciting. But in retrospect the experience was deeply depressing. This unclear and ambiguous glimpse made me want to know what the thought was even more and made me realize how far I was from achieving this goal.

July 1:
I am losing weight. My appetite is nonexistent and I get little sleep. I alternately feel highly agitated and deeply morose. It partially revealed itself again. But, as before, it was a teasing, mocking revelation that provided no lasting satisfaction. This time the glimpse that was provided did not seem to have anything to do with life or death or a subtle variation thereof. Although fleeting and obscure it brought to mind a star in nova. Yet this was not exactly right for it left a vague afterglow of a bouquet of fading flowers. The experience left me very weak and breathless and yet anxious for further glimpses and insights.
July 15:
   But these glimpses and insights did not come. It remains tantalizingly beyond my grasp, inviting my efforts and yet resisting them. I am beginning to conclude that I was right and that it is evil. It is slowly trying to kill me. Yes, why else would it torture me with its partial, obscure and inconsistent revelations, frustrating its disclosure to me at every turn, and mocking my efforts? I can only stand so much. I have begged it, pleaded with it, pray to it, cursed it. I have reached my limit.
   Tonight I will make one last supreme effort to capture it. If I am unsuccessful, I will hang myself.

July 16:
   Last night at midnight it revealed itself in its entirety. It was beyond human description and understanding. I sat in my chair for hours hardly breathing. For a few brief minutes I was at peace.
   And then it happened again. A new thought flicked at the borders of my awareness – or at least I suppose it was a new thought. This time the urge to reveal it was even stronger, and more urgent—like an infinite hunger. I realized that I could not pursue the quest again and yet I must. But the agony of pursuit would be too much to endure. I must stop now. The rope is ready and I must use it.

Talbert Zinnoff
July 16, 2002
11: 56 PM
BIOGRAPHIES

MARILYN BLUMSACK

Marilyn retired from the Medford Public School system after 28 years as a teacher/administrator and became the Director of the Tufts University Osher Lifelong Learning Institute in 2001. Her lifelong learning odyssey began in the 70s when she returned to college after her youngest of four children entered the 7th grade. She graduated from Tufts University magna cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa, and went on to earn two more advanced degrees. She was an active alumna, serving as President of the Association of Tufts Alumni and as a member of the Tufts Alumni Council’s Executive Board. Over the years she participated in many organizations earning leadership roles in several and learning from all she experienced. Now anchored as Director of the Tufts Osher Lifelong Learning Institute she proudly observes that her own odyssey parallels the journey of most Tufts OLLI members who continue to seek and enjoy the challenges and enrichment of lifelong learning.

LORRAINE CAMPBELL

Lorraine was born and grew up in Massachusetts, attended Lexington High School and Boston University. She worked in Boston. After she married, her family moved to upper Bucks County, PA, where they lived on a farm (although they were not farmers) for 40 years. Gradually, over the years she began sketching, took various night school courses and spent several years attending a small local art school. She describes herself as “a painter not an artist—I enjoy mushing around with paints never knowing what will reveal itself.” She works mainly in acrylics and last year’s SPOTLIGHT cover was painted by Lorraine. This year she gives us some breathtaking photographs of Antelope Canyon taken on a trip to Arizona.

BRAD CLOMPUS

Brad holds a BA in English from Grinnell College, an MFA in English from the University of Iowa Writers’ Workshop, and has done Ph.D. studies in English and American Literature at Tufts University. Brad is the author of
two poetry books, *Talk at Large* (Finishing Line Press, 2008) and *Trailing It Home* (Main Street Publishing Company, 2007). His essays and poetry have appeared in such journals as *Cream City Review, Poet Lore, West Branch, Willow Springs, Tampa Review, Natural Bridge* and *Tar River Poetry*. Brad has taught writing at Tufts University, Bentley College, and Baruch College – and has been on the faculty of the Arlington Center for the Arts since 1996.

**MARCIA COOK**

Marcia received her M.Ed. from Tufts in 1966. She has been a teacher of both typical children, and those with disabilities. She is the parent of three adult children, is the grandparent of eight, and formerly, foster parent to 11 infants, one with a severe disability. She has participated in many writing workshops over the past ten years. Her parents were among the first residents of Brookhaven and she enjoyed times with them there, eating in the dining hall, relaxing in the library and taking long walks.

**GARDNER ERTMAN**

Gardner, architect and designer by profession, painter and artist by avocation has left his stamp on many New England private schools as well as Greater Boston area libraries, public and private housing and even a wine cellar.

Born in Kingston MA, he graduated from The Cornell School of Architecture, and, as the winner of traveling scholarships has spent several years traveling in Europe. He practiced with Carl Koch Associates before co-founding his own architectural firm Day and Ertman. After retirement he took an advanced oil painting program under Michael Dowling at the Danforth Museum, and he has also greatly enjoyed Sylvia Feinburg’s classes at Brookhaven. He and his wife, Mary Jane, lived in Wellesley for many years, and now live at Brookhaven. They have 5 grown children and 10 grandchildren.

**BARBARA FEEHRER**

Barbara is a 1961 graduate of Tufts University (as she notes, Jackson College in those days!) holds a M.Ed in Counseling from Boston College and spent about 25 years in public education, mostly in Bedford, MA. She
retired in 1996 and since then has written reviews of children’s books for the Library Media Connection, has taught writing workshops locally, and has enjoyed writing poetry and essays. Her husband also received advanced degrees from Tufts. They have lived in Bedford for more than 40 years, have two children and seven grandchildren. She still enjoys biking, camping, travel, music and reading, in addition to her poetry.

SYLVIA FEINBURG

Sylvia has for several years taught a very popular course in drawing at Tufts LLI. She is a Professor Emeritus at Eliot-Pierson Department of Child Development at Tufts, holds a BS in Art Education from Massachusetts College of Art, an M.Ed. in Child Development and Early Education From Tufts and an Ed.D. in Child Development from Harvard University. Her undergraduate work in art education was followed by graduate work in child development. Her early years of teaching art to children were followed by many years at Tufts in teacher education, child development and early childhood education. She takes joy in helping others – both adults and children - find excitement and satisfaction in self-expression in art.

She has lectured extensively throughout the US and has received two awards for excellence in teaching from Tufts University. She paints on a regular basis and in the winter she teaches drawing in Sarasota, FL.

KEN FETTIG

Ken is a graduate of Tufts (E52) who also holds degrees from MIT (MS 53) and Harvard Business School (MBA 57). He worked in management positions for Texas Instruments, Jostens, and Bangor Punta Corporation before starting his own company, Cornell Concepts, from which he retired in 1991. Since that time he has served as an international tax consultant. Ken has been a member of the Tufts Alumni Council since 1993 and was a founder of the Osher/Tufts Lifelong Learning Institute in 2000. He has led over a dozen courses including The Crusades, World Wars I and II, and Darwin. His latest course, Born Elsewhere, Living Here, is being offered Spring 2011. With his wife Virginia, he lives in Walpole, MA, where Ken is active in community affairs. The Fettigs have two children and three grandchildren. Ken continues to play golf and tennis and enjoys skiing with the whole family.
CLAIRE FLYNN

Claire received a BA in English and History from Regis College and a M.ED from Suffolk University. She has taught in the Reading Public Schools system as a classroom teacher and reading specialist. Currently, she is an adjunct instructor at Middlesex Community College. Reading and writing poetry has been an avocation for many years. The moon, the color purple and the conquest of good over evil hold much fascination for her.

BOB GREEN

A member of the Osher LLI since 2002, Bob is a retired English teacher and School Librarian who occasionally likes to write memoir pieces. His motto is “We all have a story to tell.” He enjoys the company and community of the Osher classes, the EDventure film group and Committee work. While being a member of our LLI he has written several pieces for our Newsletter and decided, with a little prompting, to submit some of his work to SPOTLIGHT.

MARGARET GOOCH

Margaret, a native of Jackson, Mississippi, graduated from Texas Christian University (TCU), obtained a Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, and after teaching English for several years at Meredith College and elsewhere, received an M.S. degree in librarianship from the University of Denver. Thereafter, until retirement, she worked as a reference librarian at the Tisch (Wessell) Library of Tufts University. In addition to taking Osher classes these past two years, she has participated in EDventures interest groups and proudly serves on the Lunch and Learn Committee. She has enjoyed numerous vacation visits to Colorado, as well as occasional travel elsewhere in the United States and abroad, and enjoys keeping up with family in Mississippi and Tennessee.

ARLINE HEIMERT

Arlene, graduate of Harvard College and the Simmons School of Social Work, has worked as reporter and feature writer for both the Boston Globe and the old Boston Herald. Later, as a Social Worker, she worked at McLean Hospital, MGH, at a battered women’s shelter and as facilitator for parenting groups. She and her husband (Cabot Professor of American
Literature) were for 23 years Masters of Harvard’s Eliot House, working to create a community out of some 450 undergraduates, graduate students and faculty. With their two children they traveled to almost every continent (Not Antartica!) Arline “discovered” Tufts LLI through a supermarket flyer – and currently serves on its Curriculum Committee, Executive Board and as editor of SPOTLIGHT. She writes when her dogs permit, and is currently working on a book: “Dammit, Who Let the Doggerels Escape.”

JANE KATIMS

Jane (BA, University of Wisconsin, M.Ed., Lesley University) presently teaches contemporary literature and creative writing at the Cambridge Center for Adult Education and for many years at Tufts Osher Lifelong Learning Institute. She has previously taught at Middlesex Community College, Buckingham Browne and Nichols and the Boston Graduate School of Psychoanalysis. She has authored numerous radio series for Wisconsin Public Radio, one earning her a George Foster Peabody Award in Broadcasting. In 2004, she was awarded a John Woods Scholarship in Fiction Writing. She is the author of a poetry collection, Dancing on a Slippery Floor (2007). Her short story “Until Now” appeared last spring in Pearl Magazine (#40). Jane is presently working on a collection of short stories. www.janekatims.com

FRED LAFFERT, JR.

Fred, with a B.S. from Tufts and an M.S. in Engineering Management from NORTHEASTERN, has spent most of his working life in the manufacture of semiconductors. He has a bidding interest in history in general and the civil war in particular. He has been a very active member of the Tufts –Osher LLI community, has taught many courses, and is currently Acting Chairman of the Executive Board.

DEBORAH LAPIDES

Deborah graduated from Jackson College, Tufts University in 1975. She was a public radio producer for 20 years, producing cultural and current events programming. While on staff at WGBH-FM, she produced two poetry series: “Poetry in America” and “The Massachusetts Poetry Series” – the latter honored with two national broadcasting awards. Following Brad
Clompus’ class this winter, she renewed her acquaintance with poetry and is pleased to be immersed once again in its magic.

Most recently, she was the show director for National Public Radio’s environmental news program “Living on Earth”.

G. DANA MACDONALD

Before retirement, Dana spent 20 years as a management consultant and prior to that period as a senior manager in six manufacturing industries. He has been a very active volunteer since retirement including serving pro bono as a consultant to a variety of non-profit organizations, organizing and presenting transition assistance training programs for 2500 retiring military personnel and as an administrator for a number of professional associations. He is an avid reader and has received a number of awards for his acrylic paintings, several of which have been used on covers of SPOTLIGHT. He is a 1948 graduate of Tufts and has been an involved participant in the Tufts Lifelong Learning Program (Osher) since its inception. He is a retired Naval Officer.

MIKE MARTIN

Mike is a dutiful father of two, a proud grandfather of four, a happily married man of forty-seven years, a contented retired philosophy professor, an author of many obscure but profound books and articles, a tough but mild-mannered ex-Marine, the oldest graduate of ImprovBoston’s five-level program, and a modest, self-effacing mensch.

DR. JOSEPH P. O’DONNELL

A board certified pediatric dentist who has been involved in clinical practice and dental education for more than 35 years, Joe is an Associate clinical professor at Tufts School of Dental Medicine and maintains a private practice in Winchester and Reading. He has authored a number of scientific articles on pediatric dentistry and special needs patients. Also for the past several years he has pursued his life-long interest in creative writing. Under the name J. P. O’Donnell, he has written two mystery novels: *Fatal Gamble*, and a sequel, *Deadly Codes*. Both books have been awarded the distinction of Editor’s Choice and Reader’s Choice by his
publisher. Movie rights for *Deadly Codes* have recently been purchased and he is working on the movie script. www.jpodonnell.com

CORDELIA OVERHISER

Cordelia moved to Massachusetts in 2000 to be near her daughter. At the Winchester Senior Center she heard Sol Gittleman speak about lifelong learning programs in this area. She chose the Tufts program because her daughter is employed on campus. She has been attending classes and enjoying the Tufts Osher Lifelong Learning program ever since—for almost eight years. She has contributed her art and prose to almost every edition of SPOTLIGHT. She has a variety of interests but especially enjoys art.
OSHER LLI MEMBERS

YOU’RE INVITED to CONTRIBUTE to SPOTLIGHT, the magazine that celebrates the many talents of CURRENT MEMBERS involved in lifelong learning.

SPOTLIGHT features:

* Poems *Essays *Research *Commentaries
*Works of art *Memoirs *Photographs * Short stories

GUIDELINES

- Works submitted cannot have been previously published.
- Maximum Length is approximately 3,500 words.
- All submissions MUST be typed in regular Arial, size 14 point font, with the exception of poetry, which may be in any 14 point script or calligraphy font
  (see following page for sample submission)

E-MAIL your submission—as an attachment—to Marilyn Blumsack, MARILYN.BLUMSACK@TUFTS.EDU, with a copy to Arline Heimert, AGHEIMERT@COMCAST.NET. Alternatively (but less preferred) snail mail two copies to:

SPOTLIGHT MAGAZINE
Osher Lifelong Learning Institute at Tufts University
039 Carmichael Hall
Medford, MA 02155

- PLEASE include mailing address and phone number with submissions
- DEADLINE for submissions is JANUARY 15, 2012.
- Accepted work may be subjected to minor editing. Not every submission will be published in the next issue of Spotlight.
- Original artwork and photographs can be returned if a self-addressed envelope is included with the submission.
FORMAT

The following is the format to be used for all submissions.

Font: Arial
Size: 14 pt.

***SAMPLE***

Title: ALL IN CAPS

Author’s Name

- Leave one space between author and title. Center align title and author. Omit “By”.

- Begin the first paragraph two spaces below author name.

- Indent five spaces to begin paragraphs. Use single spacing within each paragraph.

- Leave at least 1.25” for the left margin.

- Do not number submissions as the entire document will be paginated at the printer.

- Please include a short, four- to five-line autobiography.