# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Section</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>New Residents / Memoriam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Letter from the Editor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>My Military Careers (Part Two)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>The Legacy of Our Early Presidents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>The “Americanos”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Flight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Sounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Artists in the Scene: Joe Garon</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Founding Members:
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Joe Garon, Editor, Betty Hull, Editor,
Ellie Hynna, Jim Loan, Editor,
Elaine Martin, Frank Morris, Ginny Pittman,
Jean Santangelo, Editor, John Shinas
Pat Loan, Editor-in-Chief

Morgan Slowek, Technical Support

Front and Back cover photos
By Joe Garon

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# NEW RESIDENTS

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</thead>
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<td>Jane Davenport</td>
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<td>Dick &amp; Estelle Woodcock</td>
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<td>Dorothy Stahr</td>
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<td>Bud &amp; Chrys Trotta</td>
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<tr>
<td>January 2017</td>
<td>Beth &amp; Don Deschenes</td>
<td>246E</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Mary Olander</td>
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# MEMORIAM

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<td>Ruth E. Fye</td>
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<td>John P. “Phil” Luken</td>
<td>November 29, 2016</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harold “Harry” L. Sim</td>
<td>December 11, 2016</td>
</tr>
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<td>Sybil Sim</td>
<td>December 31, 2016</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frank C. Morris</td>
<td>January 13, 2017</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jo-Anne Laible</td>
<td>January 18, 2017</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear readers,

I’m interested in receiving feedback from you about the stories and articles in each issue of our magazine. One way to do this is to send a note or letter to me with your response or reaction to what you’ve read. Those notes and letters would then be published with your name, or anonymously, in the next issue in a section called “Letters to the Editor.” They do not have to be typed. Just leave them at the front desk or put them in my Village Mailbox #429. Suggestions and ideas would also be most welcome. Because this magazine belongs to all of us, I’m inviting you to share your comments.

Thank You
Pat Loan
#429
I recently realized that I have a total of 63 years of “military” service. No, I didn’t retire as a general or admiral from one of the armed services. Actually I’ve had three military associations – two years with the US Army Corps of Engineers, forty years with the Acton (MA) Minutemen, and 21 years as a volunteer with the US Coast Guard Auxiliary.

ACTON MINUTEMEN

In 1972, now married with two children, we returned to Massachusetts after spending seven years in the Chicago area on a company transfer. I found out that a group called The Acton Minutemen had been formed several years earlier, so I joined. The Acton Minutemen and a number of other minute companies in eastern Massachusetts are dedicated to remembering and reenacting events that occurred before and during the American Revolution. The timing in the early 1970’s was a perfect lead-in to the celebration of the bicentennial of the start of the revolution. On the morning of April 19, 1775, the Redcoats marched from Boston to search for and destroy munitions that the patriots had hidden in Concord. On the way, there was a skirmish in Lexington, but during this time 10 minute companies were marching to Concord. Captain Isaac Davis of the Acton Minutemen volunteered to take his company to meet the British troops. Captain Davis was the first person killed. During that long day the Redcoats were harassed as they marched back to Boston. Hosmer and Hayward of the Acton Minutemen were also killed. Interesting that in 1975 we had a namesake of each of the three casualties as members, but I was the only one of the three not related biologically. Years later, after becoming the commanding officer, I was proud to be the first Davis to lead the Acton Minutemen to the Old North Bridge in Concord in more than 200 years.
Over the years, we re-enacted battles and other events of the colonial period. During some battles, I decided to die early in the battle in order to take pictures of the scene. How convenient that my cartridge case was a perfect place to keep the camera out of sight until the right moment. One of my best shots was at the battle of White Plains during which I was able to capture the scene framed by the legs of a Minuteman who was still standing.

In addition to our annual muster and march to Concord to meet the Redcoats, we participated in hundreds of events around New England. I probably marched in over 400 parades and historic events. I learned some valuable lessons from these events:

1. Be as close to the front as possible.
2. Try not to be behind horses.
3. NEVER be behind elephants (we had that experience once).

The most uncomfortable event was in January 1976, when we participated in the ceremony marking the arrival of Colonel Knox with the artillery his troops had secured from Fort Ticonderoga, NY. When I left home it was snowing lightly and the temperature was 11 degrees. When I returned home, it was still snowing lightly and the temperature was 11 degrees. How fitting that if Colonel Knox had not had snow the artillery would have arrived much later, and its use in causing the British troops to evacuate Boston may not have happened. Moving heavy cannon on snow sleds drawn by oxen is much easier and faster than on wagons over rutted or non-existent roads.

As an aside, the Acton Minutemen appeared in 30 Independence Day parades in Chatham, starting in 1978.
One of our most interesting events was participation in “June Day” in Boston for the annual election of officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military unit in the US in continuous operation. This was an all day event, starting with lunch, a parade through Boston, a review by the governor, election, and a dinner to complete a long day. The most memorable June Day was in 1988 to celebrate the 350\textsuperscript{th} anniversary of the company. The Ancient and Honorable is the third oldest military unit in the world. London’s Honorable Artillery was formed in 1537 and the Vatican Swiss Guards were organized shortly before 1500. At one of the dinners, one of my tablemates was a London pike-man, who fortunately didn’t bring his weapon to dinner. These 40 years were a joy for meeting and celebrating with great groups of people.

(Patriot Color Guard
(Jeff Davis on far left)
(Photos from Jeff Davis)

Redcoats

(This is the second in a series of three parts. Part one was in the Nov/Dec issue and part 3 will be in the next issue.)
THE LEGACY OF OUR EARLY PRESIDENTS

Our first four Presidents each played a significant role in the American Revolution, and provided the leadership needed to bring the country through the tumultuous time of our revolt against the British crown. As a result of their efforts, we became the United States of America. Remember them on February 20th – Presidents Day.

(Info sourced from Wikipedia.)

George Washington commanded the Revolutionary army.

George Washington  1789 – 1797

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson worked on the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence.

John Adams  1797 – 1801
Thomas Jefferson  1801 – 1809

James Madison was one of the authors of The Federalist papers, which advocated the ratification of the Constitution.

James Madison  1809 – 1817
THE “AMERICANOS”
By Pat Loan

Some years ago Jim and I vacationed in the Piedmont area of northern Italy. We rented a house at the top of a hill in San Giorgio Scarampi. The roads all circle round and round as you drive to the top. The nearest town with a restaurant was Perletto. It too has its own hill, and at the very top was Trattoria Della Torre. Traveling to and from each town was quite an excursion – around and down from San Giorgio and then around and up to Perletto. So it took some time going and coming, but it was well worth the effort. The restaurant turned out to be a wonderful place to eat.

The dining room was quite simple and plain. You entered thru a doorway that was covered only with stringed beads to keep the bugs out in summertime. The long rectangular dining room consisted of wooden tables and chairs, somewhat utilitarian in style. One wall was covered with photographs taken of customers, visitors and local friends who had dined there over the years. Another wall had cabinets and shelves filled with bottles of wine that were served throughout the courses at dinner. It was not the décor that made this establishment so popular; it was the proprietors and the food that they served.

The owners consisted of a family of four – Mom, Dad and 2 sons, one 19 years old, the other 10. Mom ran the kitchen with one assistant and sometimes with help from her 10 year old son. Dad was bartender, maitre d’ and waits staff helper. Their older son was head waiter. The family didn’t speak English and we didn’t speak Italian, but we understood each other. Occasionally, some of the diners would speak a few words of English.
Our first dinner there was so delightful that we went back often during our stay. I once asked if we should give our name for a reservation we were making when our family would be coming to join us. The answer was, “No, no.” “Americanos,” and he pointed to the reservation book. That became our name in the book, as we were the only Americans in the area. You are not given a menu when you dine there. The food and wine would just keep coming, course, after course, after course. Dinner typically lasted three hours. Some of the food served we’d never tasted before, other foods consisted of more traditional Italian cuisine. All of it was amazing. As the evening progressed it felt like a large family gathering. The owners and the locals accepted each of us as one of them. It was as if the proprietors had invited all of us to their home for an evening meal. Even their young son proudly came over to us to recite the numbers one to ten in English, which he had just learned at school. As we left that first night, everyone gave and received hugs and kisses – one on each cheek, as is the Italian custom.

When we returned home from this vacation, we sent a letter of thanks and a copy of the photo we had taken of our family and theirs to the restaurant owners. (Jim was able to write the letter in Italian with help from the internet and an Italian friend.) We hoped our picture would be added to their wall of photos.

A few years later, we were planning our 50th Wedding Anniversary trip and decided to see southern Italy this time. However, we did want to take a side trip north to Perletto so we could celebrate at our favorite restaurant. The nearest hotel was some distance away from Perletto. Since our hotel manager spoke Italian, we asked her to call in a reservation for us for the following evening. We waited while she made the request. The answer she received was, “Oh no, we’re full up.
Tomorrow is a big holiday!” I quickly asked her to tell them that we are the “Americanos.” This time the answer was, “Oh yes, yes. They can come anytime. We always have room for them!” I was so struck by their instant recognition of us and their generosity that, of course, I began to cry.

The next night, we arrived in town and went directly to the top of the hill expecting to find the restaurant. The building was still there but it was empty and locked up. We knew they must be in town somewhere as it is a very small town. So we drove along a few roads looking for the restaurant. Finally, we stopped and asked some locals, “Restaurante?” They would then point down the hill and so we kept on looking. All we saw was an area with gates that were locked. Eventually word spread through town that two “Americanos” were riding around looking for Trattoria Della Torre. We retraced our path and ended up at the place people kept pointing to. There was no sign. However, this time the locked gates had been opened and there stood the proprietor and his family waiting for us with open arms and hugs and kisses all around. The main entrance to the restaurant had been around the other side and, in the dark, we had missed it.

Once inside we were very impressed with this new location as it was far more upscale than the previous one had been. At the entrance was a cozy cocktail lounge area and over the bar, in clear sight, was the picture we had sent to them of both families that had been taken years earlier at the old restaurant. It was the only picture on display at this new location. It was such a wonderful gesture of welcome from this special family and, once again, I cried.

This was the most glorious dinner celebration we’ve ever had. The atmosphere, the food, the local clientele and our friendship with this special family were all just the same as before.
FLIGHT
By Oliver Beardmore

For ten years before moving to Thirwood Place, I was an interpreter and tour guide at Carillon Park in Dayton, Ohio, a museum dedicated to the memory of Wilbur and Orville Wright. When I started at Carillon Park my awareness of the Wright Brothers could be covered by one sentence: “They invented the airplane – what a stroke of genius.” You don’t have to get very far into the story to realize that this was not the case. I soon discovered that they did this by exploring the subject of manned flight, identifying the problems and proceeding to solve them in a systematic, well planned sequence and, as a result, they became two of the greatest scientists and engineers that ever lived. With no formal scientific or engineering training, they accomplished what had defied man for centuries – the ability to fly.

There had been interest and activity involving flying throughout the 19th century. Hot air balloons, dirigibles, kites and gliders were all tried. The typical research program involved getting a really good idea during the cocktail hour, then build the perfect machine, then crash and then wait for the next good idea. That was not the Wright way.

In typical Wright fashion, they first decided they needed the perfect place to fly. Research proved this to be Kitty Hawk, NC. There was always a steady wind of 15 to 20 mph, always from the same direction; there were few trees and lots of soft sand for bad landings. Lastly, Kitty Hawk was an isolated island at that time and a 3 day trip from Dayton. There would be no snooping eyes to watch what they were doing and see their failures.
They first identified the three problems: lift, power and control.

They had acquired their own lift and drag data from the glider they had built in 1902. Those trials indicated that they had solved the problem of lift. It was solved by the design of the wing. They designed the wings to be curved on top and flat on the bottom. This made lift by changing the direction and pressure of the air that is forced at them as the engines thrust the plane forward. The wing design of the 1902 glider is basically the same as the wings on a plane landing at the Dayton Airport today – 115 years later.

Next came the problem of power. At this time there was no such thing as an air-moving propeller. They designed the propeller on paper in the laboratory, how big, what shape, how fast does it turn, how much air does it have to move. The first propeller was carved out with hand tools and the design is still used today. Keep in mind that they were over 8 feet in length. Now they needed an engine.

Their research proved that they needed an engine weighing less than 180 lbs., but no such engine had yet been built. So they had an engine built in their bicycle shop by Charles Taylor, a bicycle mechanic, with the equipment he had available in the shop, a drill press and a lathe. The engine had an aluminum block which had never been done before, 4 cylinders, no radiator, no carburetor, no spark plugs and was gravity fed from a tank that was mounted over the pilot’s head. It had 2 speeds – ON and OFF. Now they had a powered aircraft, the Wright Flyer I, and test flew it at Kitty Hawk in the fall of 1903.
They had an airplane but knew they had control problems. They felt that to be a practical airplane the pilot had to have the control to go where he wanted to go and not just fly in a straight line. From their bicycle experience they knew that one had to lean in order to make a turn. They reasoned that the same would be true of an airplane. To make this happen they developed wing warping which today we call ailerons. Years later, men trying to fly still kept their wings parallel with the earth and tried to turn with rudder alone. There is no way you can make an airplane turn if the wings are level. One wing has to go up and the other down. In 1905 the Wright Flyer III was built to generate the data necessary to apply for patents, which they did in early 1906. The Wright Flyer III turned out to be the first truly practical airplane.

In the United States, the road to manned flight began in 1899 with kite flying, then to the first powered flight in December 1903, and finally to the first controllable, practical airplane – Wright Flyer III. In a period of six years the Wright boys had developed the wing, the propeller and the control system which we still use today, and all without government money.

By 1908 after achieving success in Europe, they finally became world famous. This publicity led to a famous naysayer quote by Tommy Edison, “The Wright Brothers are wasting their time. The airplane has no future.”

Orville was the first man to fly, and he was alive when Chuck Yeager broke the sound barrier in 1947. How’s that for a lifetime?
Orville flying the Wright Flyer III (1905)

Chuck Yeager and the Bell X-1 (1947)

(Pictures sourced from the internet.)
SOUNDS
By Jim Loan

What are the sounds of the city as evening comes
they are of home coming traffic and taxi cab hums
And subway riders leaving the stygian cavern
to a boisterous evening at the local tavern

And that of hawkers selling their wares
and of neighbors discussing their daily cares
The haunting calls from the girls of the night
and the gentlemen’s toot of their horn in delight

As dark settles in the noises do fade
to the sounds not really human made
The alley denizens will rummage and steal
to sate their hunger with an alley meal

The sirens wail rushing to another distress
hoping to quickly clean up the mess
The sounds of the city gradually fade away
before they resume for yet another day

While out in the burbs the drivers arrive
the evening has begun, it is just after five
The soccer moms cheer for their kids in the game
the neighbor’s dog barks loudly just the same

The little birds chirp and the big owl hoots
while mom cries out, “Take off your boots!”
The dog’s final bark fore it’s in for the night
while the full moon rises to the children’s delight
The garbage brought out and the can covers clang
the cars backed in and the garage doors bang
The sounds of the burbs gradually give way
before they resume for another busy day

While out in the country the sounds are less harsh
like the herding of cows and the frogs in the marsh
The barn door clangs shut and the cows settle down
and the small shops close in the little sleepy town

The small rushing brook goes bubbling on by
as up in the tree there's the hawk's screeching cry
The farmer's wife rings the old supper bell
while the moose bellows loudly in the high mountain dell

The last flutter of wings before dark settles in
as the horses neigh by the outdoor oat bin
The fox in the yard causes the chickens to scatter
the back door slams because supper's on the platter

The life in the city is noisy and busy
while in the suburbs folks are in a tizzy
Life in the country is more quiet they say
but each has its own way of ending the day
ARTISTS IN THE SCENE: JOE GARON
Interview by Pat Loan

Joe Garon’s interest in photography began while he was still in high school. The impetus first came from his love of nature. He frequently hiked in the Hudson Palisades area near Alpine, New York, where the scenic beauty inspired him to capture it on film. After high school he continued these hikes, but this time with his college buddies. At the end of the day, they would all gather at Joe’s house for conversation and great dinners prepared lovingly by his Mom. Later, during his world travels, always with his camera at the ready, he continued to capture the natural beauty around him.

The photograph on this issue’s front cover was shot in Thailand. This was a visit Joe made to the site of what once was the Siamese kingdom of Ayutthaya which existed from 1351 to 1767. The kings of Ayutthaya derived their authority from the ideologies of Hinduism and Buddhism. One of the most important duties of the king was to build a temple or a Buddha statue as a symbol of peace and prosperity.

¹The Ayutthaya kingdom under its eighth monarch, King Borommatrailokkanat (1448 – 1488), enjoyed great prosperity and the capital city was known to be one of the largest and wealthiest of the East. The scene on our cover is at the entrance to the Wat Yai Chai Mongkol Temple and features dozens of life-sized, stone-carved sitting Buddha statues, covered in saffron colored cloth robes that were donated by religious supplicants. This clearly shows that this kingdom must have enjoyed a time of tranquility and great wealth.

During a trip to the Cotswolds area in south central England some thirty years ago, Joe snapped a picture of a local village with homes
built of limestone nestled along–side a curving rural road on a typically cloudy day at dusk. He was struck not only by the unique architecture but also by the natural beauty of the whole area. The serene mood created in the stillness of this empty road, at this time of the day, in this particular bucolic place left a memorable impression on Joe, as this is his favorite photo.

Castle Combe in Wiltshire
(Photo by Joe Garon)
Some 20 years ago, on a side trip from Greece, Joe and Claudia took a guided tour of Görene National Park in Cappadocia, Turkey. (See photo on back cover.) ²This site has exquisite landscape entirely sculpted by centuries of above ground erosion which created a succession of ridges and pinnacles, known as hoodoos, which have been used for human habitat dating back to the 4th century. We know that early Christians inhabited these spaces during the Byzantine period due to the many artifacts that have been discovered there dating from that time period. During more recent centuries the hoodoos were used for refuge by the locals during the many Arab invasions.

In northern Turkey, a similar site of refuge from invasion by marauding armies was used. However, these sites were underground tunnels which resulted from naturally occurring geologic formations. ³Back then “Stone Age” man connected many of these tunnels into a massive network crisscrossing Europe from Scotland to Turkey. Clearly both these scenarios are evidence of the ways in which humans, with help from Mother Nature, have always utilized their intelligence and ingenuity for the purpose of survival.

All three of these photographs are part of Joe’s “Retrospection” series which capture the past and touch on the subjects of ancient cultures and architecture. Just the viewing of these pictures becomes a history lesson in and of itself, as well as insight into the human experience over many centuries.

¹ Source: thai–buddhas.com
² Source: whc.unesco.org
³ Source: dailymail.co.uk