

## From the Editor's Desk

Dear Reader,

It is wonderful to be back in print again! Happy Thanksgiving!! With each issue of this newsletter, I marvel at the creative talent within our family. This issue in particular is a showcase of literary and artistic contributions from all the people I could strong-arm into contributing! Yes. Harassment is an editor's prerogative and I used it liberally this year. I guess you people should be happy I don't tweet. However, I should give a shout out to Madeline Jayne who submitted her poem really early and got the ball rolling!! Nice job Mads!

You may notice some recurring themes running through this issue:

College- the beginning and the end are touched upon as Dillon gives advice to his younger cousins and Aunt Jean-Marie reflects on the choices that our teenagers face.

As you will see, The ARTS are heavily represented in this issue: We have THEATER. We have MOVIES. We have ART. We have SONG! And we have POETRY. Actually, a lot of poetry. Not mine, sadly. However, I have been inspired by these works to start reading Virgil. No joke. But, I digress. Enough about me. Let's get to the Newsletter! It's really good!! Happy reading...

Sincerely,  
The Editor

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## 5 Things I Learned in College

*By Dillon Stambaugh*

Dear friends and family,

Rest assured, I will graduate college in May of next year.

Despite the long odds—chiefly, the covert adoption operation led by my parents to rescue me from enslavement courtesy the Russian circus (you will have to ask Connor and Leigh about that one)—I will promptly enter the work force in 2017 as a contributing member of society. Alas, the American Dream at work.

So, with graduation on the horizon, I thought it would be nice to reflect on the past four years I spent in New England at Roger Williams University. I also aim to educate Hannah, Joe and Isabelle on what to expect as they maneuver through the throws of teenage angst and prepare for college, and provide insight on the current status of academia for those who graduated before me. Let's get to it, shall we?

1. The clichés are true.

Yes, college really is the best four years of your life. Yes, you will make friends that last a life time. Yes, yes and yes, one hundred times over. But yet, there's *still* no place like home. And yet, home *is* where the heart is. That does not change, and these ideas aren't mutually exclusive. Leaving your family for the better half of four years is trying and difficult, but it simultaneously offers you a newfound appreciation for your loved ones and home state. At one moment, you will find yourself having the time of your life – meeting new people, cracking jokes, expanding your intellect. A moment later, you will find yourself uncontrollably

weeping into a half-eaten bowl of Ramen that was salty enough to begin with. My point is, most of what people say about college is true. Trust the clichés, but understand they work both ways.

2. College is a time for trying new things.

Deep breath everyone, we aren't going there. But on a serious note, I found that some of my best experiences in college came out of attending events I never thought I would care about. I came into college with a very rigid, closed mindset and learned pretty quickly that, in order to better yourself and get the most out of your college experience, you should try new things. Wherever you go, colleges have a ton to offer. The other day I painted a cat while drinking wine at a school-sanctioned event in the campus dining hall. The feline could've used some work and the Pinot was average, but the experience was lovely. I've attended seminars with award-winning actors, traveled to New Orleans and Orlando through clubs and participated in more poetry competitions than I can remember. Along the way, I've made friends from all walks of life. It's important to keep an open mind and try new things. Again, cliché, I know. But you're not just paying \$40 thousand a year to give your parents and future self a heart attack. Go out there and get the best bang for your buck.

3. You will maybe possibly probably definitely hate your first roommate.

It happens. My first roommate was awful, Leigh's almost burned the dormitory down with incense or voodoo (something like that), and I think Connor's was genuinely a good dude, but that's two out of three of us Stambaughs so already the odds aren't great. Just be prepared. Stick it out for a year and

then you can live with whomever you choose. If you happen to get stuck with a blabbering insomniac with little understanding of personal space and social cues, be civil. Keep your distance, but maintain enough of a rapport so that tension is minimized. It will only affect your freshman year if you let it.

4. Don't take Friday classes.

This is basically scripture. The elder Stambaughs taught me this one, and I'm forever thankful. Don't do it.

5. Be thankful.

'Tis the season. One day out of the year isn't enough to express your gratitude. Thank your family for allowing you the opportunity to further your education, because college is, how do you say...expensive. Call your siblings, parents, grandparents, pets and tell them you love them and that you appreciate them, even if they are mad at you for spending too much at the local pub the night before. I'm forever grateful for the past four years, and I look forward to one final semester. Thanks, everyone. I wouldn't want anyone else in my corner.

With love,

Dillon

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## The Lion in Shrewsbury

By J.R. Donohue

On November 16<sup>th</sup>, I attended a play at the Two River Theater in Red Bank. The play "The Lion in Winter" was well received and a good time was had by all. All being, a group from the Shrewsbury Senior Homesteaders and some of the writer's friends from grammar school. All totaling 84, mostly tottering seniors.

The play takes place in the twelfth century and stars King Henry II, his wife Eleanor of Aquitaine (who has been locked up in a castle for 10 years, but released by Henry to spend Christmas with the family. How nice!) There are three sons Richard the Lionhearted (you may recognize the name), Geoffrey, and John (the bad King in Robin Hood movies), plus King Philip of France and King Henry's mistress, Alais (young and beautiful).



The whole story revolves around who will be the King after Henry. Eleanor favors Richard, Henry favors a wimpy John and the fight is on. Oh, I forgot - Eleanor was a well-educated beauty and former Queen of France. She got an annulment from the Pope to marry Henry. Swords and knives are drawn on a regular basis and near the end of the play Henry locks up the three sons in the dungeon. In my time you were sent to your room.

This all reminded me of my family on Staten Island's Davis Avenue. My sister Alice could play Eleanor with ease. She could charm you to death and was known to start some trouble along the way. No, she did not carry a knife, but did play the piano.

My Father would have probably locked up my Mother in another house (castles are hard to find on Staten Island) if he had a bad meal. Thankfully he never had a bad meal. My Mother wanted me to be King. She was very smart. My Mother did carry a knife to cut string beans. My Brother Joe fits into the Richard the Lion Hearted role. He carried a gun, being a policeman. This would give him an edge against the sword wielders. He didn't play piano but sang a lot. A new dimension to the play, a sing-a-long.

Anyway, back to the play. In one scene, all the players are on stage arguing, arguing and arguing. All the players leave the stage except Eleanor, who turns to the audience and says,

"All families have their ups and downs".

Happy Thanksgiving

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## Ode to Maine

By Madeline Jayne

Comes around once a year  
You get out of the car and it's like a new world  
The air bites you with its chill  
Mosquitoes swarming around you  
You hear the ocean howling  
Cousins laughing  
Drifting down the river  
Hams and hots for dinner  
Goosey smores at night  
Beach fires  
Games  
Loud music  
O' Maine  
without you  
there would  
be no  
summer  
No fun and  
No family.





## Happy Turkey Day, everyone!

I have a logo now, so you know I'm coming in hot. Before we get into the reviews and recommendations, a quick update on me: Baltimore life is going well (there's more here than murder!). I'm single and that's okay. I have a few friends (we met on Craigslist). I have a job. I have a car. But most importantly, I have a family that is MORALLY OBLIGATED TO READ WHAT I HAVE TO SAY. So that part is fun. I digress. Without further adieu, allow me to provide you with the vessels necessary to escape the world for a few hours.

### What to Watch in Theaters

#### *Doctor Strange (PG-13)*

I know what you're thinking: another Marvel movie? Aren't there like 25 of these already? Ugh. Bear with me here. You haven't seen the Marvel Machine do something like this before. Doctor Stephen Strange (an American-accented Benedict Cumberbatch) is a handsome jerk at the pinnacle of his surgical prowess until a terrible car accident leaves him with crippling nerve damage in both of his hands. He journeys to Nepal to heal himself, but ends up studying the mystic arts and discovering some powers he didn't realize he had. Aside from tying nicely into the rest of the Marvel Cinematic Universe, director Scott Derrickson has assembled an incredible cast (Rachel McAdams, Chiwetel Ejiofor, Tilda Swinton also feature) and the craziest visuals since Inception blew our

minds back in 2010. This trippy crowd pleaser will have you smiling when you see the words "Doctor Strange will return" pop up in the credits.

Rating: 3.5/4

#### *Moonlight (R)*

Maybe superhero flicks aren't your thing. Maybe you want something deeper, something heartbreaking and beautiful. Maybe you want to feel. Follow Chiron across three pivotal periods (literally told in three chapters) of his life as he grapples with a dysfunctional family, a tough neighborhood, and love. Each chapter is gorgeously shot in Miami. Director Barry Jenkins will become a household name after this, and his cast is absolutely aces, particularly Mahershala Ali as Chiron's drug dealer/role model (yes, you read that correctly). Get used to hearing about this film as it is sure to be a major contender when the Oscars come around. *Moonlight* is mesmerizing, folks.

Rating: 4/4

### What to Watch at Home

*Let's be real—you're all going to be in a food coma after binging on some yum-yums. Check out a few great titles available for rent/streaming:*

#### *Don't Think Twice (R)*

This is, in my opinion, the best film of 2016. There, I said it. If you are not familiar with the comedic stylings of Mike Birbiglia (shame on you), let this film be your Sherpa up his mountain of Genius. The film is centered on an improv comedy troupe in NYC, and it's the off-the-cuff ad-libbing of the wonderful cast (Birbiglia himself, Keegan Michael-Key, Gillian Jacobs, and more) that

really makes the movie soar. The claws come out when one of the cast members hits it big and gets called up to a Saturday Night Live-ish show. It's truly hilarious, but it's also a thoughtful meditation on fame, friendship, greed, and being happy. Don't just take my word for it, though—the film sits at 99% on Rotten Tomatoes.

Rating: The Best

### ***Finding Dory (PG)***

“Really, Connor? These are all geared towards adults. What about something family friendly?” Fine, but I'm writing this because I want to, not because you told me to. You know the saying “if it ain't broke don't fix it?” Usually I would agree with that adage, especially considering Finding Nemo is as close to a perfect animated film as you can get. However, Pixar outdoes themselves with Finding Dory. This movie is funny, touching, insightful, and manages to pack an emotional gut punch. I cried...man tears.

Rating: 3/4

### **What to Look Forward To**

#### ***La La Land***

I'll keep it brief, because even typing about this film makes my fingers dance and my heart ache with anticipation. This one had me at “An Original Musical starring Emma Stone and Ryan Gosling from the director of Whiplash.” Say hello to your Best Picture frontrunner. **December 9<sup>th</sup>.**

#### ***Silence***

Martin Scorsese is back in the director's chair filming his passion project about two 17th-century Portuguese missionaries who

return to Japan to minister to Christians who've been outlawed.

Can you ask for a better cast than Liam Neeson, Andrew Garfield, and Adam Driver? Probably not. Are they Portuguese? Not even close. **December 23<sup>rd</sup>.**

### ***Live By Night***

Say what you will of Ben Affleck the actor, but Ben Affleck the director has a spotless track record after *Gone Baby Gone*, *The Town*, and *Argo*. This one sees Affleck's character walk away from his father's life as a policeman and into the criminal underworld. One look at the trailer and you know you're in for something special.

**December 25<sup>th</sup>.**

*By Connor Stambaugh*

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### **Seguin Light House Archives:**

*The following are actual diary entries from Seguin Light House Keepers during the summer of 2016. Now on view at Maine Maritime Museum, Bath ME.*

Date: July 11, 2016:

Time: 1700

Clear night, view exceptional. Disturbance noted on Small Point Beach. Used binoculars to follow progression of group hiking down a road presumably from one residence to another. Lots of laughter and bottles clinking.

Date: July 12, 2016

Time: 1300 hours

Seguin Ferry arrived as usual. Twelve passengers disembarked, and one small dog. Demanded beer and a sandwich. Noted that we are not a restaurant! They all started laughing. Strange. Apparently there is a lot of joking around with this crew. Sold some



mint green sweatshirts, though—maybe they are not so bad.



Date July 13, 2016

Time: 1600 hr.

Clear day. Choppy seas. Thought we saw some seals today approaching the island. Turned out it was two teenage girls on a paddleboard. Very unusual. Brought them onshore and listened to their story. Came from Small Point-- 5 miles away! Had been floating on said paddleboard while conversing—conversations with these two can last for hours, apparently. (Note to self: may want to employ them on Seguin- it can get lonely and we could use some lively conversation!!). Offered to call the ferry to bring them back but they said no not necessary. Still had some time so they decided to paddle back and see what the Brennans (more Irish people?!) were doing. We gave them some sunblock.

Date: July 15 2016

Time: 2100 hr.

Clear night (again!) Stars are lovely and once again we can see clear across to Small Point. It seems very quiet (as it should be at this hour) except for music and song emanating from one blue cottage. We like to listen to the radio on the island and hear some music so we thought initially this would be a nice change—but—OK ! Can someone please send some lyrics to this group! Every song starts out great! Lots of enthusiasm! Everyone knows the words. For

about 30 seconds. Then we hear something like “OAK--lahoma. where the wind comes brmmminbmumble down plumblemumble.. and the mumble da and doodata.” Otherwise it’s great. Heh.

Date July 18, 2016

Time 1700 hr.

Twilight on the island. Very beautiful. Another beautiful close to an amazing day (again!). Settling in with some chowdah. And then we hear some strange sounds coming from the beach of Small Point. Not singing again! No- it is more like a protest march. Got the binoculars out. Yes. It looks like a small group is heading down the little beach toward a small beach house chanting: “What are we having for dinner!!” Gosh, we feel sorry for the chef! Oh, now I see a truck coming down the dirt road, laden with provisions and a tall man is running out of the Beach House- toward the truck- We hear him say: “Geraldyn! I can’t find my olive oil! Where is that saucepan that I like?! What! We have 17 people?! Where did all these people come from?! Oh, we’re having drinks first? Great, but I can’t sing until I get these things in the oven....

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**“Ice Sculpture”**

*Photograph by GERALYN DONOHUE*

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**ATTENTION**

*By Steve Dent*

She asked me "What are you thinking?"  
I'm thinking exactly what story  
I must tell to keep this gaze  
- the touch of sound, the muffled  
roar, the arabesque of snowflake  
dissolving on my lips.

As I drift out the spinning frames  
of glass, from the chalkboard,  
to the snow falling like angels  
and holding firm like magic  
to a spruce bough. I'm thinking of how  
my boots will collapse at the gunnels

when I walk across the deep field  
to the dairy again; to get fresh eggs,  
when school ends.

*from a collection of poems called: Farming*

**Discernment and the College Tour**

*By Jean-Marie Donohue*

College Tour galore  
Keeps the mind spry  
with the soul yearning for the right choice.  
Differences for the Elite  
And those that are beat –  
Arboretum Campuses that  
Encompass the Whole  
Jesuits and Admissions that  
Bring the game.  
Can a sixteen year old  
really be charged to make this decision?  
Or is it all up to Admissions?

Party School ... or not?  
Where did you apply?

Swarthmore has a 400 acre campus of  
diversity

But has a problem with “Ums”.  
Villanova has Jay Wright on a golf cart  
And buses full of students to service.  
Haverford has a nice bookstore that no one  
wants to buy anything in,  
Except a college tour postcard to go to  
Mikey Brennan.

Hampshire has the Ken Burns Film Building  
for the Arts,

But is too full of communication.  
Amherst has curious George and the dream,  
But George will have graduated.

U Mass has Joe Jayne and café Amherst  
But is HUGE.

Mount Holyoke has the International  
Students and circle classrooms,  
But is lacking Boys.

Smith has houses for dorms and pole-  
vaulting,

But is full of Smithies.  
Northeastern keeps you real,  
and is right across the street from MFA,  
But you have to go to MIT for the big  
partay.

Holy Cross is sweet and purple with a  
Hogwarts cafeteria,  
But Jesus, Mary and the Cross are  
everywhere.

BC has the elite student of service,  
But the students are like “BC-bots” –  
too perfect.

Uncle Johnnie’s Olin was a blast,  
Everybody was there.

BU is one long street,  
That no one wanted to walk down.

Paul Smith is on St. Regis Lake with a  
Lumberjack program,  
But only Jean-Marie and Colin want to  
go there.

Skidmore has tap dancing brain surgeons as  
graduates,  
But will Hannah ever see it?

Brussel Sprout Clover sandwiches and  
Discernment, with Eagles flying into the  
Windshield.

Does that mean BC?

To be continued...



## **Reasons Why Raking Shouldn't Exist on 15 Matthew Dr.**

*By Hannah Jayne*

1. The falling of the leaves is continuous. Is it worth breaking your newly painted nails over raking the yard only to have it be covered by more leaves within the next 24 hours?
2. A father who does not have his yard perfectly raked is a grumpy father. Why not let it all go and instead enjoy the fall foliage as it covers the lawn?
3. Raking on a weekend consumes every second of your social life. If you aren't raking at that very moment, you are either getting texts from your parents informing you when you must rake or coming home to a yard free of any leaves but full of agitated faces who spent their afternoon doing something other than what they intended on doing.
4. Unfortunately, time would be better spent finishing homework assignments that **WILL** be checked the next day rather than raking leaves that **WILL** be there to haunt you again the next day.
5. Because the weekend revolves around when you will take part in this dreadful activity, you must be proactive and if you know in advance raking will not fit into your weekend schedule, raking on weekdays is also encouraged. :)



## Ocean

By Helen Jayne

Water  
Crashing  
Splashing waves  
Beautiful colors  
That are  
Down low  
And come up  
With a beautiful  
Glow

Snowflakes that stay on my nose and  
eyelashes  
The Petco box comes and I love what it  
brings,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

(Reprise)  
When the dogs bite,  
when the bee stings (yes, I was recently  
stung by a bee)  
when I'm feeling sad,  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
And then I don't feel so bad!!!

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## These Are a Few of My Favorite Things

By: Larry Stooges

Edited By: Leigh 'New Dog Mom' Stambaugh

*About Larry: Larry is newest addition to the Stambaugh/Donohue/Fulton (that's right-I said it) clan! He was adopted from Arkansas and now lives in the posh Seaport neighborhood in Boston. Just over a year old, he's come to discover the finer things in life. Can you say Blue Buff-a-Lo?*

Long lasting dozes and whiskers on kittens,  
Zippers with metal and very full kitchens,  
Anything chewable, tied up with string,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

Cream colored frenchies and black & white  
poodles,  
Door bells, and sleigh bells, and leftover  
noodles,  
Seagulls that fly out the windows it seems,  
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dogs bite,  
when the bee stings (yes, I was recently  
stung by a bee)  
when I'm feeling sad,  
I simply remember my favorite things,  
And then I don't feel so bad.

All my mom's dresses and dad's mustaches,



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Appendix:  
Graphic Art Contribution by Ian Chick