

From the Editor's Desk

Dear Reader,

As I write this, it is now just a few days before Thanksgiving. It is Sunday November 19. I have taken a break from my preparations. I am actually in good shape! Somehow going to Market Basket for the big shop really puts me in the mood!



It is a classic scene at Market Basket on the Sunday before Thanksgiving AND, you guessed it, the Patriots are playing today too. Here at THE BASKET we have an odd but comfortingly familiar blend of Patriots jerseys and butterball turkeys. I was going to take a photo of some of my fellow shoppers, but instead- here's a peek at my shopping cart! Yay! (Madeline Jayne don't look too closely!!) Lots of goodies. I think we are ready!



And we have a super Newsletter. As usual, harassing the contributing writers started early and has, in fact, worked. Actually, once these people get started it is hard to

stop the juggernaut. With a day or so to go before the deadline, I wonder how many more phone calls I am likely to receive like this : "Oh, can you change [insert item here] in my article?" And "I wrote another article- I am sending it via pony express," and "please don't print what I gave you- that was from my secret diary," and here is one I received yesterday:

JM: Isabelle is sending a picture as her contribution... (pause)

Me: Good.

JM; Well, it is really my idea

Me: Oh, do you want credit? (chuckling)

JM: No. But it was my idea and I had already written something

Me: You can write more than one thing. Daddy wrote two articles.

JM: THAT'S RIGHT!

Me: So yeah, that is fine

JM (reluctantly): It is a picture. (deep breath) I want a picture of Woody in the Newsletter. Woody has to be in.

Me: alrighty then...

Little does she realize that Woody (Geraldyn and Steve's dog) is already in! On the cover no less. The days leading up to the deadline are full of gotcha moments like this!

Also interesting is the increasingly sophisticated nature of these writers. I fully expect to enter into a non-disclosure agreement with Connor at some point. And I will do it happily!!

So sit back, put your feet up. Pour yourself a nice little drink and enjoy this year's Newsletter.

Thanksgiving Has Arrived!!

The Editor

Bama Bound Bob

By J.R. Donohue

Looking back on the year, I remember the “Infamous Track Party” on July 8th. Good turnout. I never realized I had so many relatives eager to lose money. I happened to win by using my scientific brain at handy-capping horses. I bet a trifecta box using my house number (415 Davis Ave.) from Staten Island. Yeah Bob!

The party back at the house was good, no police, no fights, but we did set a record in consuming alcohol. I'm thinking of banning alcohol at the track and back at the house for next year. If you believe that you are ready to buy the Brooklyn Bridge.

In October I visited Mobile, Alabama, flying down with nephew Kevin Ahearn and wife Judith to attend the wedding of Caitlin Schwall, my sister Alice's granddaughter. Someone named Karen Jayne also flew in from Boston. Good time was had by all, southern hospitality still lives. Good food, plenty of Dewars (that's Scotch for the uninformed). What else can you ask for? Just more Dewars. We also visited an Irish bar, Callaghans. I'm sure that's not surprising anybody reading this, great hamburgers and tee shirts. The back of my tee says, “You Can't Drink All Day, If You Don't Start in the Morning.” I agree wholeheartedly. We also took in the Battleship Alabama and a military park that included a submarine, tanks, WWII planes, and helicopters, quite an assortment. I missed the Duck Tour in Mobile Bay, but I did bring back two quackers that I intend to annoy everyone with at Thanksgiving. Honk Honk.

Again, the time in Mobile was memorable. The Groom's family is from Argyle, N.Y. (near Glen Falls) and were

great fun. My niece Sheila lives in a house next to a cow pasture and feeds the cows thru the fence. Try and retain all this useless information, I might have a quiz later.



Happy Thanksgiving to All!

Bob or Uncle Bob or Poppy

P. S. I almost forgot the Cathedral in downtown Mobile where we went to Mass on Sunday. Beautiful. I thought I was in the Vatican. In the Cathedral is a spiral staircase that goes down to the Crypt Chapel below. The story goes that there is also a tunnel that, during prohibition, led to a speakeasy. You can't make this stuff up.

Madeline Jayne Wins Champion at Finals!

By Sibyl Jayne

After months of practice, numerous shows and long hours Madeline Jayne qualified* to compete at the Western New England Professional Horseman's Association (WNEPHA) Medal Finals over Columbus Day weekend held at Mount Holyoke College in South Hadley, MA. The weekend started on Saturday, Oct 7 with show preparations for both Madeline and the beloved pony, Dora. Dora was bathed and ready for the braider who came at 2pm. Madeline had to clean tack and get all

equipment packed up to go to Mt. Holyoke for finals on Sunday, October 8. Show day started at 5:00am to get dressed and over to Mount Holyoke by 6:30am to meet Dora off the trailer. Before dawn, Madeline, Dora and other friends who qualified were ready for a warm up practice, or “schooling,” before the official start at 8:30am. Madeline and Dora were ready and calm.

The Short Stirrup division is the first to ride. It is for riders 12 years old or younger who show over jumps that not exceed 18 inches. There was a total of 22 Short Stirrup riders that morning who qualified from Western Massachusetts and Eastern NY. The riders are assigned an order and go in the ring, one at a time, to jump the same course. They each go two times. After the second round, only 10 are called back by the judges. The judges ask them to return for a “flat class,” which means no jumping and everyone rides together. Riders are asked to walk, trot, canter and are judged against one another, but also the standard for good performance and equitation. Madeline made the call back and rode beautifully on the flat. Her transitions were clear and immediate, Dora was bright and energetic. Madeline was in excellent form and rode smart, keeping a good distance from other riders the entire time. At the end of the class, all riders are asked to stand in the middle of the show ring with their backs facing the judges. Madeline rode her very best and that was all that mattered.

The announcer comes on to excuse two of the ten riders from the ring. They would not place that day and were allowed to leave. The remaining eight would definitely be in the ribbons, but who would get what?! The suspense was killing. The announcer comes back on moments later after the excused riders are out of the ring and starts with eighth place. With each

name and number announced there was applause and a ribbon presented. After 4th place, 3rd place, the excitement was palpable. Could this be Madeline’s year?! When 2nd place was announced and Madeline was left standing the team knew it - and so did she, “...and the 2017 WNEPHA Short Stirrup Medal Champion is Madeline Jayne riding Adorable ME! Congratulations...” Coaches and mom run out into the ring to congratulate Madeline right away. Ribbons are given to Madeline and Dora. Prizes are presented and pictures taken. Madeline and Dora were all smiles and left the ring with applause and cheers most loudly from the supportive team and family from Muddy Brook Farm.

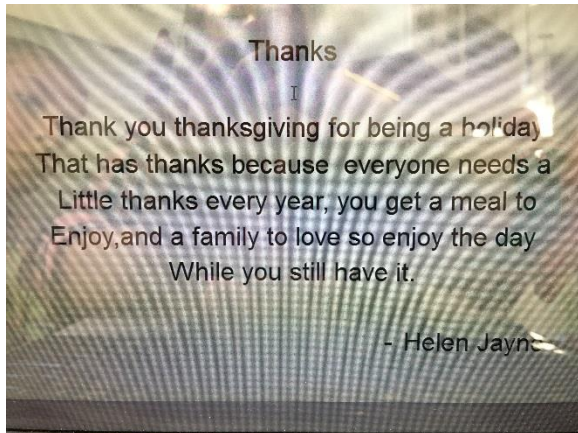


Madeline will now move up a level to “Pre Children’s,” which is for riders 13+ and show over 2 foot jumps. Sadly, Dora will not move up with Madeline. Dora is designated for Short Stirrup riders so after

two years of showing together this pair will separate. This was Madeline and Dora's second trip to WNEPHA Medal finals. In 2016 they finished 3rd overall. To come back this year and win it all is the best ending to their run as a formidable team.

*Footnote on qualifying: In order to qualify, a rider must compete in at least 3 away shows AND earn a total of at least 10 Medal points over the regular season, May - October. Medal points are accrued by competing in the division's medal class, which is usually a more difficult jump course than the division standard. A rider must place 1st -4th in the Medal class in order to receive points. The rider is judged on equitation (position) and performance in comparison to the other competitors and the standard.

~~~~~Poetry interlude #1~~~~~



Ahh—time for a recipe....

### Sibyl's Favorite Pear-Tini

*Makes one, but Double or triple as needed!*

*In cocktail shaker over ice add:*

*2 parts Grey Goose La Poire Vodka*

*1 part DiSaronno Amaretto*

*1 part fresh lemon juice*

*1/2 - 3/4 part Simple Syrup*

*Shake and pour into martini glass.*

*Garnish with pear slice. Enjoy!*

*Simple Syrup recipe:*

*1 Cup sugar*

*1 Cup water*

*In a small saucepan, bring sugar and water to a boil; simmer until the sugar is dissolved, 3 minutes. Remove from the heat and let cool completely. Store in mason jar or small pitcher.*

## Where in the World Has Leigh Taylor Been?

*A 2017 (Brief) Travel Log  
by Leigh Taylor Stambaugh*

- **January 23<sup>rd</sup>- 29<sup>th</sup>- San Diego, CA**  
Activities: La Jolla Cove, San Diego Zoo, Tacos & Margs, Stay in Coronado
- **February 17<sup>th</sup>-19<sup>th</sup>- Loon Mountain NH**  
Activities: Skiing 101
- **March 1<sup>st</sup>-6<sup>th</sup>- Nassau Bahamas**  
Activities- Swimming with Dolphins, Learned to play Craps & won some \$\$\$
- **April 27<sup>th</sup>- May 1<sup>st</sup>- Ambergris Caye, Belize – Bachelorette Party**  
Activities: Secret Beach, Swam with Sting Rays & Sharks
- **May 6<sup>th</sup>-7<sup>th</sup>- Portland, Maine**  
Activities: Brewery Hopping to Allagash, Death of Cam's Car (RIP ol' Bess)
- **May 19<sup>th</sup>-20<sup>th</sup>- Newport, Rhode Island**  
Activities- DILLON's GRADUATION! Turning some tassels
- **June 15<sup>th</sup>- 19<sup>th</sup>- East Orleans, Cape Cod, MA**  
Activities- Wedding Season kick-off, Family Vacay, Baseball Scouting
- **July 1<sup>st</sup>-9<sup>th</sup>- 4<sup>th</sup> of July in Maryland / Return of the TRACK**  
Activities: BBQ, Horse Betting...and then losing!
- **July 28<sup>th</sup>- August 1<sup>st</sup>- Tybee Island & Savannah, GA- Bachelorette Party**  
Activities: Eating Southern Cookin', Dueling Pianos, Ghost Hunting, Saw the Forrest Gump Bench (Calling Connor Stambaugh)
- **August 10<sup>th</sup>-11<sup>th</sup>- Brief NYC Stint,**  
Saw T.I. perform ('Rap Crap' according to Coleen)
- **August 19<sup>th</sup>-20<sup>th</sup>- Back to Newport, RI- Bachelorette Party**  
Activities: Wine Tasting, Sunset Cruise
- **September 1<sup>st</sup>-2<sup>nd</sup>- Bethpage, NY**  
Activities: NOT GOLF, Wedding!

- **September 9<sup>th</sup>-10<sup>th</sup>- Baltimore & Jefferson, MD**  
Activities: Visit Connor Bear, Baby showing Baby Fulton (new nephew!)
- **September 16<sup>th</sup>-17<sup>th</sup>-Bridal Shower in NYC for the College Roomie!**
- **September 28<sup>th</sup>-31<sup>st</sup>- Wolfer Estate-Sag Harbor, NY (Hamptons)**  
Activities: Bridesmaid Duties #2 on the Year
- **October 6<sup>th</sup>-10<sup>th</sup>- Iceland!**  
Activities: Seeing the Northern Lights, Geysers, Waterfalls, waterfalls, more waterfalls, ponies, went in a dingy next to glaciers, Blue Lagoon, Tasted baby whale
- **October 20<sup>th</sup>-21<sup>st</sup>- Washington DC**  
Activities: Smithsonian Zoo, EPIC Karaoke performance to 'The Power of Love'- Made headlines, Monument viewing
- **Nov 2<sup>nd</sup>-5<sup>th</sup>- Scottsdale, AZ- Bachelorette Party**  
Activities: Hike amongst Cacti, Another NO-GOLF, GOLF destination, swimming in the desert
- **Nov 6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup>- NYC Sales Conference & Wedding (xoxo Gossip Girl Style)**

Don't worry everyone- I've officially entered a 'NO FLY ZONE', but WHAT does 2018 have in store?!



~~~~~Poetry interlude #2~~~~~

Where I'm from

by Madeline Jayne

I am from Muddy brook Farm
IEA zone finals
Ribbons of every color
Champion and reserve
I am from food driven ponies
Pulling you out of the tack just for the grass
It's crazy, I know



I am from bonfires on the beach
Mint chocolate chip ice cream
Boat rides in the fog
Playing the most complex board games
till midnight
And sleeping with the sound of the ocean

I am from my family
Millions of cousins, it's hard to count
My mom and dad always helping out
My little sister trying to get me in trouble
Even though she can be fun
to ride bikes with

I am from my bedroom
the teal blue color it has
From the posters of candy

and horses on my wall
I am from my electronics
always keeping me entertained
when there is nothing else to do

And lastly I am from me
The soft blonde hair
The bright blue eyes
And the passion for riding
and playing with my friends



The Real World: West Long Branch

Hello, everyone! Thanks for tuning in to Season 22 of the Real World, West Long Branch Edition. This season features a wacky group and is full of surprising twist and turns. Buckle up!

First, let's meet the cast:

Dillon: Dillon is a recent college graduate who is just now entering the real world (Ha! Wordplay!). He's the proud owner of three different vests, takes pride in his knowledge of *most* state capitals and, wait for it, just moved in to a cozy brick home with two awesome roommates!

Coleen: Coleen lives down the hall from Dillon. She is a fabulous school teacher with great hair and even better fashion sense. Coleen and Dillon's riveting banter, including spats over leaving a debit card at the bar, Notre Dame's playoff odds and forgetting to flush the toilet, will be a focal point of Real World: West Long Branch. Oh, and Coleen is Dillon's mother. Dillon lives with his parents! Wild!

Bruce: Bruce also lives down the hall from Dillon. **WARNING:** If at any point during the show you hear alarming, patterned roars - fear not. No one is being tortured; that's just Bruce catching some Zs! His thunderous snores hold up against the best in the business. Bruce is a strong advocate of mowing the lawn four times a week and is even rumored to take the occasional lap around the house for inspection. He loves ducks and maps and don't ever ask him if he knows his password. Oh, and he's Dillon's father. Dillon lives with his parents! Huzzah!

Pure, wholesome television.

What to Expect (Sneak Previews):

In Episode 1, Dillon says to Coleen, "If dad asks, I mowed the lawn."

In Episode 2, Coleen schools Bruce on everything NCAA Football.

In Episode 3, Dillon wears Bruce's Crocs. Bruce is **NOT HAPPY**.

In Episode 4, Dillon uses dish soap to clean Bruce's Crocs.

In Episode 5, Coleen tells Dillon he could be and should be in the NFL.

In Episode 6, Coleen, Bruce and Dillon watch Fashion Police. Disgruntled and confused, Bruce retires to his laptop, where he forgot his password.

In Episode 7, Dillon does yard work while his father charts his performance and growth on pad and paper. Dillon breaks two rakes. -5.

In Episode 8, Dillon thanks his parents for waking up early and for driving him to the train every single morning, feeding him endlessly, giving him a home, washing his clothes (although he should really start doing that himself), and loving him. He loves and appreciates them, too.

Drastic turn. See what I mean, folks?

Bonus Footage: Dillon lands a job at The Topps Company and begins his adult life as a child would, gawking over baseball cards.

Stay tuned for more zany storylines!

By Dillon Stambaugh



Nice catch, Dil

Composition by Ian Chick



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Sunday at the Cinema with Coleen

or (How a British Period Piece Restored My Faith in Humanity)

by Connor Stambaugh

"You know what movie I'd like to see? The one with Queen. Queen Victoria—what's that one called?"

"*Victoria & Abdul*."

"Yes, that one. I want to see that."

"You should. I bet it's playing in Red Bank."

"No it's not. It's only playing in Eatontown."



My eyes lit up. I knew I had to take my mother to the movies. She looked up show times! That's when you know. Confession: I didn't agree to go with her because I harbored some innate desire to see this movie. In fact, I had a multitude of reservations about *Victoria & Abdul* going in: On paper it looked to me like the sort of Oscar-bait film that would beat out a more deserving title come awards season (like that time *The King's Speech* triumphed over *The Social Network*, a wound that will never EVER heal). I felt Judi Dench could play this role in her sleep and that this film fit too snugly in the wheelhouse of director Steven Frears, who also helmed *Philomena* and *The Queen*. Nobody seemed to be

particularly *challenged* by this project. It looked to be a walk in the park, a film sure to play well with casual adult moviegoers numb to the blockbuster noise. (Note: it *is* playing well—from a box office perspective, *V&A* is one of the sleeper hits of the year). All of this to say that *Victoria & Abdul* is not my cup (spot?) of tea.

No, I agreed to go solely because I would experience something truly special: watching a movie with my mother in theaters, just the two of us. I couldn't recall the last time that happened, or if it ever had. And so we went. We walked around the mall and grabbed a coffee with a lid that wouldn't quite stay on. We tried to find the perfect black shoes for her dress. We looked at each other after each preview and to offer a thumbs up or thumbs down. Everything was remarkable. As I reclined into the dark red faux-leather chair, I knew that even if this movie bored me to death I would at least meet my maker with a big, fat smile on my face.

As the credits rolled, a peculiar sensation materialized: I enjoyed it! I laughed, I cried, I was emotionally invested. I would like to see this film get recognized during the awards season and that is just simply not a sentence I would have typed a week ago. Judi Dench was predictably solid but the true standout for me was Ali Fazal as Abdul Karim—at once charming and heartbreaking. It was everything I knew it would be (a little cheesy here, a little cloying there, very *very* British) but still surprised me with its humor and depiction of the ugly side of the English monarchy.

Yes, *Victoria & Abdul* was a deeper and more challenging film than I was prepared to give it credit for. Though as it resonates, I am left wondering how—or if—I would have enjoyed this film if I saw it alone. Would I

have laughed as hard? Would I have cried the way that I did? I'm not so sure.



Last year at Christmas dinner I gave a toast to the power of film, rambling through the wine about how and what we can take away from the medium when we treat it as a tool for learning instead of just a means of escapism. Don't get me wrong, when I turn on the news and hear about the boundless river of rotten nonsense plaguing the world, my first thought is "how can I drown this out for a while." And the answer eleven times out of ten is to throw on a film and transport myself to a different place— a place where bad things might happen but don't matter. But the movie-going experience is also one that brings people together. You sit there in the dark silence of a theater drinking in the work of a team of (usually) hundreds of people who are trying to say something, and while you might not always agree with what it is that they are saying, it still evokes a response. And it's incredibly rare that you have the exact same response to a film as the person sitting next to you. Instead, you dissect and you pick and pull apart about what worked and what didn't. You criticize and you bond. I'm not a critic—*everyone's a critic*.

The films that you watch and the time that you spend watching them will always be secondary to the people you choose to watch them with.

I can sit here and recommend ten thousand films to you and feel good about myself. But my opinion doesn't matter—I don't care

what you watch unless you do. I would rather you watch *The Emoji Movie* instead of *Citizen Kane* if it made you *feel* something. I know that I might walk around acting as if I have some enlightened taste for movies, like everything I say on film is absolute fact because I perceive myself as being able to see film through this crystalline lens that is uniquely my own. That's all hot air. I don't know anything. At least, I didn't until the lights came up when I was at the cinema with Coleen. We went to see a movie and we laughed and we cried together in a room full of absolute strangers. We learned about Queen Victoria and her friendship with the servant Abdul and in two hours without saying a single word to each other we somehow grew closer to each other as human beings. Such is the majesty of film.

Sheesh. I feel like Jerry Maguire at 3 a.m. writing his mission statement (it's not a memo). Am I having a crisis of conscience? Why am I writing this? Why are you taking the time to read it? The answer is simple: because we care about each other. And because we care about what it is that each other cares about. That's love, and it is the reason for being.
-CS

P.S. Of course I'm still going to leave you with a few recommendations. Check out some of the best things I've seen this year, in no particular order:

Film

The Big Sick, Baby Driver, Get Out, It Comes at Night, Thor: Ragnarok

Television

The Handmaid's Tale, Atlanta, Big Little Lies, American Vandal, Mindhunter

The Visitors Rake

By J.R. Donohue

A week or so ago, John Jayne became the owner of the initial version of the Visitors Rake, which will probably be sold nationwide next year. Ad the name implies, anyone visiting will be presented with the "Rake". There will be some exceptions, that I thought should be noted.

Relatives are all expected to rake, except Mother and Father-in-Laws, rich Uncles or Aunts (in case you expect an inheritance), and of course Mary Miller.

Doctors and Nurses are exempt. Imagine they came to examine you and they say "I'll look at you but first I have to rake."

Dentists and Chiropractors must rake, even if there are no leaves.

PH D's must rake. They are probably "raking it in" anyway.

Funeral Home Directors are exempt. You might need these people.

Transvestites, He or She must rake.

Teenagers must rake. They are as bad as Dentists.

Politicians must rake! They are worse than Dentists and Teenagers.

Plumbers are exempt. My Father was a plumber.

card-carrying Communists must rake. Unless they show up with a hammer and sickle. Then we will find them something else to do.

Teachers must rake, unless they have given your kids a good grade or accept a bribe to

do so.

Aliens from Outer Space must rake, but if they are about to zap you with a ray gun, you might want to think it over.

Linguists must rake. They are too smart for their own good!

Police, Firemen and Sanitation Workers All of these are exempt. Imagine, Policeman saying "You made me rake and I'm giving you a ticket", or the Fireman saying the same, only adding "Burn Baby Burn". Sanitation Workers are always cleaning up.

I am sure there are others that I've missed, but you can always add on to the list. How 'bout a prize for the first user? A Visitors Rake, perhaps?

Happy Raking,
Poppy





Title: Changing My Tune
Artist: Geralyn Donohue

In her words:

“This is the Wallace & Donohue painting that was in the Musee Le's Beaux-Art Museum show in Switzerland. Not a great angle but the only photo I have for now of this piece. circa 1988. It is quite large 6 x 7 x 4 ft. This was my painting from a W & D show we did in the East Village NY where Wallace and I worked separately on pieces within the same show. Complicated set-up!”

Glamping

by J.M. Donohue

"You passed the test". As we sat by the camp fire later in the evening, I heard those words. Little did I know there was a camping test. That is probably why I have not been taken camping in the past five years.

This was my bright idea for the long weekend in November. I said, "We always talk about camping, why don't we actually *do it*." Now I understand *the look* I would get from Colin when camping would come up in a conversation...Colin was thinking and sizing me up if I could actually successfully camp happily. As the planning days progressed and the weather forecast changed, we went from planning on camping next to cascading falls and streams in the Catskills, to camping next to the Boreas River in the Adirondacks (which is absolutely beautiful) - so we could get out and get home if the "Glamping" went bad. The few people that I trustingly let it on our plans for camping all shrilled to me, "*You are going to FREEZE!*". My children thought camping was a great idea and never mentioned that I might freeze - *I love them!*

If you live in the Adirondacks, particularly anywhere near Colin's town of Minerva in Essex County, NY, you are fully aware of the latest effort by a train company to store supposedly "cleaned out" old oil rail cars in Minerva, NY. This has everyone in a hoopla, including Governor Cuomo, Peter Bauer with Protect the Adirondacks! (who I call Peter Pan), the Adirondack Park Agency, and everyone in Minerva. A folk song has been written and posted on youtube about the bad oil train cars, with a counter youtube video posted online of the CEO of the train company playing guitar. In case

you didn't catch this yet, once you cross the famous "blue line" boundary into the Adirondack Park (the largest park in the United States), the news that matters *changes*, it is like you are on a different planet. Of course though, this news matters to me. Being a seasoned eco-activist, I got the gist of the situation in like five seconds. "So, this CEO just started having the train cars delivered, left them there, and has left everyone scrambling. And he says if the State of NY will give him the permits he has been asking for to restore the train line for deliveries to and from the mine, he will move the cars? If I was a creepy greedy train CEO, that is what I would have done - smart move on his part. Now they are all lawyering up and scrambling for a regulation to get the oil car trains out - hmmm - wonder how this will play out - after all - IT IS THE ADIRONDACKS and also, Cuomo loves the Adirondacks. Hmmm."



We camped right near the train tracks where the oil cars are slowly being creeped in to be stored by the slick train CEO. Down the *miles and miles long* Northwoods Club Road in the Vanderwhacker Mountain Wild Forest is where we camped... us and the hunters. The Northwoods Club at the end of the road was established as a hunting club years ago, in the 1940's. Winslow Homer spent many of his summers painting

here. (Winslow Homer and I love the same places, the Jersey Shore, the Adirondacks, and Maine - I get enchanted in the feel of his paintings.) If you want to see lots of men in camouflage walking around with guns, and prefer it not to be in a war zone, go to the Adirondacks in the first few weeks of hunting season.



I entered heaven after the camp was set up, we were right next to the cascading Boreas River. I am quoted as saying, "This is better than the Ritz". Colin had pulled his truck in, we unloaded it, Colin effortlessly set up and popped up the walk in tent, and built a crackling warm fire. Pulling in and having everything so nice and cozy is supposedly "Glamping". I contributed to this by once again lobbying to bring the beach chairs with us, which Colin has dubbed "The Chairs of Oppression." I kinda like to take the beach chairs everywhere - I am a Jersey Shore girl you know. So we sat in the comfy beach chairs by the fire and the Boreas River eating brie and french bread with green apples, sipping our wine. Colin also brought fish and lots of other food to cook.

Colin is "The Forest" and he is "The Camper". I wouldn't do this Glamping/Camping with anyone else, and I am so happy I finally got let into the sacred campsite environment with him. I behaved and didn't act like it mattered when the mouse jumped out of the open air potty.

I slept through the most exciting part of the wild forest night. At approximately 3am, what Colin says sounded like a roaring steaming locomotive train coming over the mountain, was actually *the wind* and a *flash freeze*. *The temperature dropped 30-40 degrees*. Immersed in the evening with the beauty and stillness of the wild forest, I had forgotten to turn off my cell phone alarm, which woke us up at 4:45am. Colin jumped up and at first he could not find my blaring siren phone, he even ventured outside to look for it while I was concentrating on staying warm under the covers. He found the stupid phone, but now we were awake, and it was freezing outside. Then, the dreaded I have to go to the bathroom feeling came and it was too cold to think of actually getting up. Our big water cooler had frozen outside and it had snowed.



Low and behold as I silently contemplated to myself for the 39th time that I was going to get up in a minute to go outside and venture in the woods to the open air potty with the mouse's home, Colin popped up and said, "We are out of here." He got the truck and warmed it up, put everything in the truck that he thought we needed to take with us, and then he got me in the truck.

I was soon at his home where I got tucked in and warm, and enjoyed the joys of indoor plumbing. The horses had been out that night in the field, and they were spooked from the blaring wind and their backs had

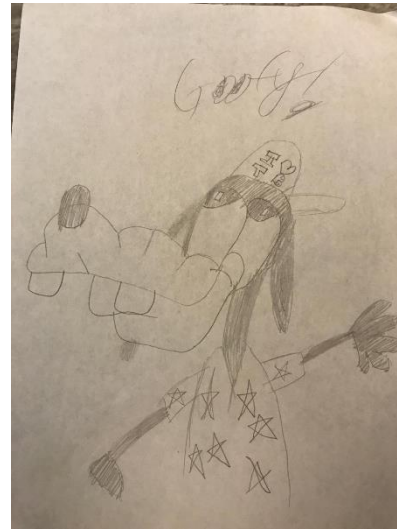
frozen. So, after getting me in safe and sound, Colin got the horses in the barn to eat and warm up. Then he came in and said to me, "It's so nice out now, I going to go up on the mountain" and away he went in camo gear, with his bow and arrow, looking for a deer (*I am not kidding*). He came back a few hours later with no venison for the freezer, but he had a smile and a A+ for effort. The weather showed online as 1 degree. I can't imagine what it was with the wind chill, wait a minute, actually, I can.

Rather than thinking of the icky oil train cars all day, the "Glamping" experience gave me great appreciation for the American pioneers. I wondered about them and I had great conversations with Colin that day on the history of the settlers, how they lived, the life on a covered wagon, how did they actually do it, and how they didn't or did freeze to death. I wondered if I would have survived as a pioneer, which I now figure as a 50/50 chance of survival for myself, but I give Colin a 99% survival rating as a pioneer.

On this Thanksgiving, I have a greater appreciation for the Pilgrims who didn't "Glamp," but actually traveled to a new country, forged through forests and cold, built new homes and families, and somehow survived without indoor plumbing their whole lives.

A Toast to "Glamping", the Pilgrims and a Happy Thanksgiving!

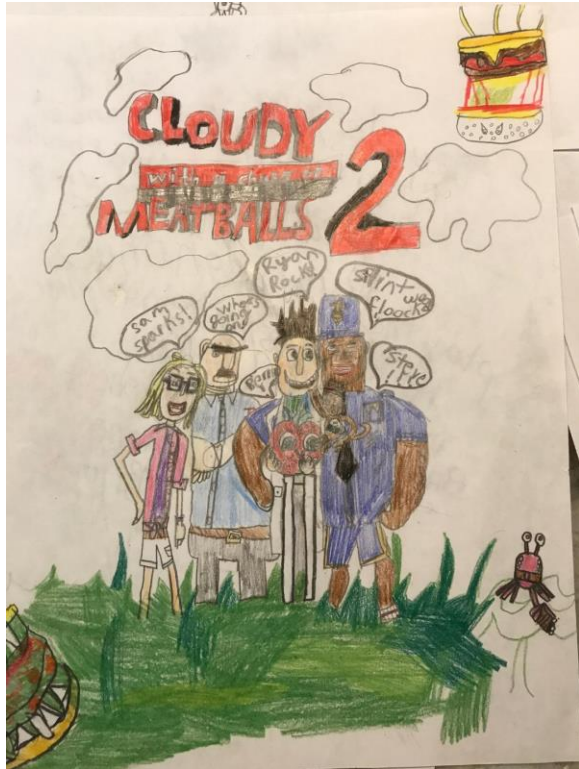
The ARTS



"Goofy" by Ryan Donohue



"Cheeseburger Robot" by Ryan Donohue



“Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs 2”
by Ryan Donohue



by Emma Donohue



Woody in Small Point

~~~~~Poetry interlude # 3~~~~~

**MAINE**  
*by Steve Dent*

Look back at the beach –  
the moon rests on the ocean floor  
in a blur of conscious light  
and the irregular tide crashes in  
fits, swiping at the rocky shore.

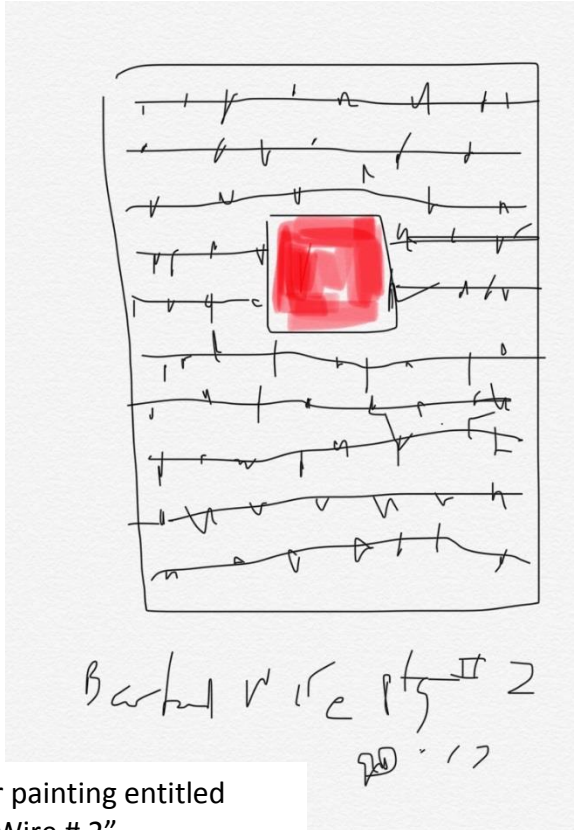
Conversation has turned  
mute and the Beer-Lambert law  
remains too thin to be absorbed.  
The cool nightfall settles  
heavy on its passengers. Still

we decide to scuttle the yellow  
dingy in the green foam  
rather than return to polity  
and the constant reminder  
of a man-made universe.



*“Harvest Moon,” photograph by K.D. Jayne*

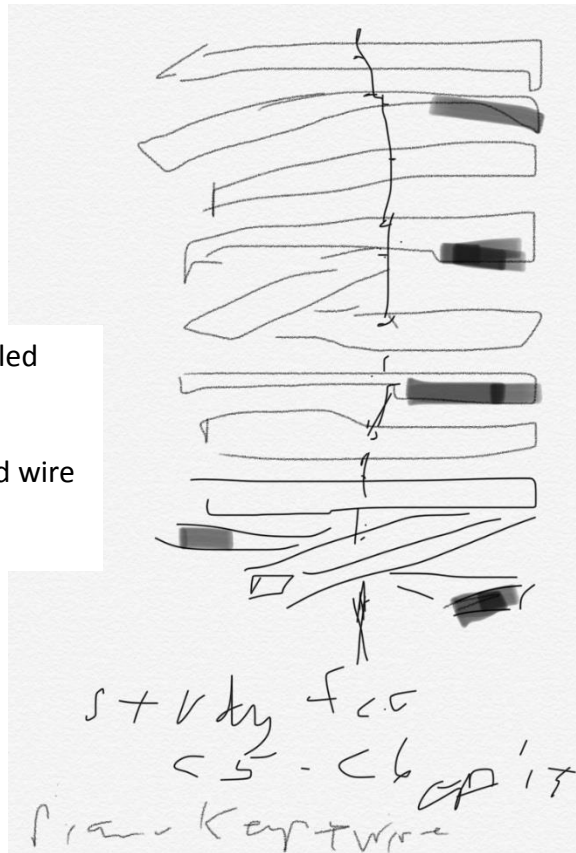




Signed sketches by  
Geraldyn Donohue

Sketch for painting entitled  
"Barbed Wire # 2"

\*Steve Dent is currently  
composing accompanying  
music



Sketch for sculpture entitled  
"C5-C6"

Made with piano keys and wire

# Little Bee's Big Plan



By H.D. Jayne and  
K.D. Jayne

Little Bee is ready to go to school—or so he thinks!! Unfortunately he failed his flying test—which is usually required for Buzz Academy. And Little Bee won't take advice from the older animals living with him—not even Big Bee, who wants him to go to flying school!! Little Bee says phooey on that and goes off on his own and comes up with the Big Plan! Read this book to find out what happens as Little Bee goes on an adventure and learns a few things along the way.

Little Bee's Big Plan is part of the series **BEDTIME STORIES**—great to read at bedtime or whenever!

Suggested age range 3-7.

"Astounding! Who knew a small bee could be so entrancing! Bravo Jayne ladies..."

- *Kirkus Reviews*

"Eradite and enriching. Sure to complement any nursery library. Every child must read this!"

- *New York Times Book Review*

"I learned so much from this little book about life, love, and the will to survive. So refreshing to learn something new about bees!"

- *J.J. Bumbelbuss, author of "A Bee In Her Bonnet"*

[Buy Now](#)

*Available for the Holiday Season on Amazon.com*