

# Little News Weekly

All the News... That's of "Little" Interest.

Thanksgiving Edition 2024



Topps

IMMORTAL.

FIND HORSEMAN'S WINE VARIABLES.

PUREST OF HEARTS MEM-GARDS.

DEWEBREWER'S AUTOGRAPHS.

AND

A CHANCE AT THE INFAMOUS...

1/1

BOB DONOHUE

## A Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

Behold the 2024 Thanksgiving Edition of Little News Weekly!

It's important to note that this is the Thanksgiving Edition. You know, we have so many editions it sometimes does get hard to keep track.

This year has been full of life-changing moments. We've endured grief and sorrow with the loss of our beloved patriarch, J.R. Donohue. We've celebrated love in its highest form with engagements and weddings. We've applauded our graduates, who continue to impress and amaze. We even extended our daily Wordle streaks to 71 days (oh sorry, that was just me).

In all seriousness, a lot has happened. Life will continue to happen to all of us. What's most important is that we share what's happening with each other, in good times and in bad times, and know that we are not alone.

...and what's a better way to share what's happening than A FAMILY NEWSLETTER?

Hit it, boys!

[the band begins to play the theme to a Turkish Soap Opera at a very loud but endearing volume]

Warmest Regards,  
Dillon Patrick Stambaugh  
Editor-in-Chief



**Life of the Party**  
by Isabelle Rosa



*Donohues old and new all know of  
traditions true.  
Of nights of gleeful cheer, full of laughter  
and lots of beer.  
The Irish way, we always say, is the best of  
them all.  
We'll sing and dance, the joy of chance, who  
will know the words?  
Have a Dewar's, more for me and yours.  
It's behind the bar, not too far, right next to  
the chardonnay.  
We love it here, with those so dear, one may  
say.  
And to this day, the rhythms they play, along  
the burlap walls.  
Big Bob Donohue, calls for an answer,  
"Wine for my horse men" And from the  
dancers "We ride with the dawn."  
Holidays, birthdays, celebrations, no lack of  
declaration, the basement has seen it all.  
The years go on, oh the love they carried on;  
Gooma and Poppy, the happiest a  
couple could be.  
How lucky are we to have loved and been  
kin to thee.  
And it was through one dance, a wonderful  
chance, our story came to be.  
At the end of a song, on one knee till dawn,  
belting an Irish ballad was he.*

*Our patriarch, at the center of it all, and  
though he's gone we will not fall.  
I pledge to sing and dance till my last day if  
it's my last chance, together with the  
Donohue Clan we are and will be.*

...

I feel incredibly inspired by Poppy's constant effort to make sure everyone was having fun. To live a life of laughter, singing, and dancing. To bring families together and keep loved ones close. To be the life of the party, the patriarch of our family.  
To Poppy! Cheers!

**Beware The Tingler**

By K.D. Jayne  
With final edits by J.P. Jayne

On a Sunday early in October, I was listening to NPR in the car as usual and they were interviewing the program director of The Coolidge Corner Theatre in Brookline, MA. They were discussing the latest offering at the theatre in honor of Halloween. The Coolidge had decided to screen the works of director William Castle, a director from the late 1950's who specialized in incorporating gimmicks into his classic horror movies which include "The Macabre", "The House on Haunted Hill," and notably, "The Tingler." The



Macabre, for example was advertised that it might “scare you to death” so a hearse was parked outside the theatre! The Coolidge planned to do this for its 2024 showing of the film! The Tingler had a different gimmick, which the Coolidge also hoped to recreate. The premise of this film is that a scientist (Vincent Price) has discovered that what gives you that spine-tingling feeling is actually a parasite which, in the movie, he surgically removes from an unwilling housewife. At one point in the movie, the screen goes dark and Vincent Price announces: “I have now released the Tingler into the theatre!” You would know if the Tingler got you: The seats in the movie house were rigged with something called “Percepto;” delivering electric shocks to the moviegoer!



So, as you can imagine, my eyes got very wide as I listened and I jotted down the date when the Tingler would be playing. I had to go. In a weak moment, Joe Joe agreed to go with me. It was a Monday evening and I had no idea how many people would be there; my first thought was not too many. Oh, I also signed up for the 30-minute seminar beforehand. Yep.

For those unfamiliar, the Coolidge is a well-known art house, an independent movie theatre in the Boston area. It is in Brookline, which isn't Cambridge, but has a similar vibe in some respects. So pretty artsy, diverse-an interesting community. BTW- I saw a James Bond triple feature at the

Coolidge when I was at BC back in the Eighties. Since then, the theatre has had a lot of renovation and some good financial support. I was happy to get back there and knew Joe would find it interesting. I was encouraged as we approached the theatre from the sidewalk, and I overheard a man saying with a pointed finger in the face of another man, “I am going to see The Tingler, did I tell you that?” Ooh, I thought, this was going to be good.

And it was. From the super-relaxed ticket taker (I'll let you know when we're ready), to the avid Tingler fans waiting to get in (Joe referred to that one man's permanent scowling expression as a “mean mug.” We kept sneaking a peak back into the crowd and it never wavered!) to the jolly old people (very excited to be out! Cheers all around!!) to the one worker at the Coolidge running around with a walkie-talkie. Joe whispered to me “This is a classic theatre employee situation- lots of employees but only one worker.” We nodded knowingly. He knows this from his prior experience working under the lights at Littleton High School Theatre. I know this from him telling me. More on the walkie talkie guy later.

But first there was the seminar, which was given by the program director himself in a separate room upstairs. He had a power point presentation and talked to a crowd of about 50. Very well spoken, funny and informative, he was a youngish man with tattoos, a beard, glasses, flannel shirt and wore a beanie. Joe said that he was EXACTLY what he was expecting. He gave a very interesting presentation on William Castle and was holding a replica of the Tingler as he spoke from the podium. He ended his talk nicely, and we were about to go down to the theatre--but no! there was time for Q&A! Hands were raised. The best was the man who didn't have a question but

an accusation “you never mentioned his television career!” Joe shot a look at me. He was deeply amused.

So we are finally ushered back to the lobby but having gone to the seminar, we had VIP status, and were cordoned off away from the rest of the population. Our ticket taker was still there, lackadaisically keeping the VIPs (us) separated from the general public, many of whom were starting to look confused behind their glasses and scarves and get-ups. And confused we all became, as time went on and we were not admitted to the theatre. Here is where the man with the walkie-talkie comes in: running around up and down the stairs. No one else was doing anything. I ate all of my popcorn and Joe drank his beer. An announcement was made “Technical difficulties! A bit of a power problem. But we are working on it!”

Finally we were admitted to the theatre and that’s when mayhem broke out. While Joe and I took our seats promptly, the crowd comes in and a bunch of people start feverishly looking for the seats that were equipped with Percepto. Apparently these people had gotten the inside scoop that not all seats were rigged, only some. And people really wanted to be Tingled!! One guy was frantic and was in a full sweat as he ran up and down the aisles asking people if the seat next to them had the Tingle. We saw him multiple times, and Joe said “His face is glistening with sweat!” I can’t even tell you how long it took to get these people to find a seat. Joe really liked when the sweaty guy came by again, this time taking pictures with his flash on. Joe thought that was really funny. But he also said he should have gotten another beer.

Finally, when we are all seated, the program director goes up to the podium ostensibly to introduce the film. Everyone applauds, but he says, “No, no, I have some unfortunate

news, we were unable to fix the power problem and will NOT be able to show you The Tingle today. BUT we can show Edgar Allan Poe’s “Tales of Terror” on our 35 mm projector,” At this ,the crowd goes wild. Arms were raised in victory! I kid you not. They were overjoyed. And as a bonus, he tells us, the power problem had nothing to do with the installation of Percepto. It is working and what’s more, they plan to use it— they will be zapping us haphazardly throughout “Tales of Terror.” More cheers!! He also promised that the Coolidge would schedule other showings of the Tingle where our tickets would be honored or we could get a refund. Needless to say, everyone stayed put. Joe and I decided we had to stay for a while and find out about Percepto—we’d come this far.



We stayed for the first tale (of three) in the movie. Within a few minutes Percepto went off under someone’s seat and there was a fair amount of screaming all through the audience. It turned out that Percepto was in fact a network of very powerful motors. Each time the “Tingle” was initiated under one seat, the vibration was felt throughout the theatre. Joe was impressed and laughed, “That’s a powerful motor! You can’t tell me that the “power problem” had nothing to do

with the Tingler installation!!” Actually, he said that several times.

As we left the theatre, we were more than satisfied with our experience. Joe said it was even better than actually seeing the Tingler! He considered it to be “funniest possible outcome.” Thank you, Coolidge Corner. We had so much fun. We can’t wait to come back!

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### **Pumpkin Macaroni & Cheese**

By Sibyl Jane

This savory dish is a fall spin on classic comfort food. My recipe came about in an attempt to recreate the Trader Joe’s Butternut Squash Mac & Cheese that only comes out once a year. After a few tries, this version is the best and so delicious. Don’t knock it until you try it!

½ lb Mezzi Rigatoni pasta (shells or another short pasta shape work too)  
½ stick Butter (4 Tbsp)  
¼ Cup Flour  
2 Cups Milk - not skim  
7.5oz Pumpkin puree, half of a 15oz can  
2 Tbsp Trader Joe’s Pumpkin Butter  
⅛ tsp grated Nutmeg  
¼ tsp Pumpkin Pie Spice  
Pinch of cayenne pepper (optional)  
Salt & pepper  
2 Cups Trader Joe’s Gruyere-Cheddar cheese\* grated  
⅓ Cup Parmesan Cheese  
Half a sleeve of Ritz crackers crushed

Spray or lightly butter/oil a 2 QT casserole. Set aside. Pre Heat oven to 350 degrees, if baking right away.

Boil water for pasta. Salt well. Cook pasta half the time indicated on the box. It will finish cooking in the oven. Start sauce below. Drain pasta when ready and layer in the casserole dish with cheese. Start with half of the pasta, add half of the cheddar and repeat with remaining pasta and cheese. You can drizzle the pasta with olive oil before assembling to keep pasta from sticking together.

Start sauce in a medium sauce pan by making a roux: Melt butter over medium heat. Add flour and whisk. Let cook for a couple minutes to cook out any flour taste. Add milk and whisk until smooth. Stir in pumpkin puree, pumpkin butter and spices. Stir often. Sauce will thicken and be ready when it coats the back of a spoon. Shut off heat and pour over the casserole right away.

Stir the sauce, pasta and cheese gently in the casserole to be sure the sauce covers. Sprinkle parmesan over the top, if not already added. Top with crushed Ritz crackers.

Bake 25 minutes or until bubbling around the edges. Enjoy!

Note: This can be made ahead and kept in the fridge or frozen until ready to bake. If baking from the fridge or freezer, cooking time will be longer.

\*Any blend of cheese or all cheddar will work for this recipe. I suggest cheddar and gruyere, but fontina or gouda with cheddar is delicious. A yellow cheddar enhances the pumpkin color!



## Paris is Always a Good Idea

-Audrey Hepburn, Sabrina

By Leigh Fulton

I have always loved Paris. As a little girl I romanticized the idea of visiting the city of love- thinking it was a place only movie stars would visit. When my roommate invited me in college to go with her family, I (and my three other roommates) jumped at the opportunity. It was magic- I loved everything about it and knew it wouldn't be my last time visiting the city of lights.

Fast forward nearly 10 years later and I had the opportunity to visit once again with my college best friends. Like a scene out of *Sex & the City*, my best friend Pat, works in the handbag department at Bloomingdale's and gets a free hotel room twice a year (sigh). She invited us in 2019, right after our wedding to tag along- how could I say no?!

Immediately upon return (and likely since we started dating), I proposed the idea of going to Paris with Cam. Of all the places in the world I'd tell him (other than Africa), it's the one place I was dying to go together- the romance, the food, the SHOPPING - whatâ€™s not for a guy to love?

"I'm never going to Paris!" he would say. "I don't like the French!" A true Boston Bruins fan at his core, Cam has a hard time disassociating culture with sports grudges. For the Bruins rivals are Canadians, thus French, so the hypothesis is we are never to travel to France.

Or so I thought!

For my 35th Birthday / 5th wedding anniversary I was surprised (truly, I fell off the couch) with a trip we got to plan together to go to Paris! I was elated!! He

even went so far to put together a list (with the help of Conde Nast traveler) of all the most fabulous hotels (that we didn't stay at but I appreciated the "we can stay here when we're CEOs notations). For his birthday I surprised him (back at ya, Hubby) with an extension to Bordeaux. While nothing would ever top experiencing Paris with Cam (I'm now realizing I'm going to get some husbands in trouble here), one of my favorite things to do is experience new places with him, so off to Bordeaux we go!

We went on the trip this past October and it was nothing short of spectacular. We stayed at this little adorable hotel, Grand Powers, with a view of the Eiffel Tower from our balcony and one of those little teeny cafe tables right there to enjoy a morning cappuccino in a robe. "Yes! it's me, Leigh in Paris I'd wave to the onlookers down below." We had beautiful weather to see all the main sites- Notre Dame (which we missed the opening by 2 months), a day cruise on the Siene, and the Eiffel Tower. We enjoyed long lunches (what's that with a 4 year old and 1.5 year old) sipping champagne cocktails and I was on a quest to find Cam the best French burger possible. We shopped (A LOT) and went to two of the best bars in the world, the Hemingway Bar in the Ritz Hotel (near the last doorway Princess Diana ever walked through) and the Little Red Door.

After four magical days and nights in Paris, we took the high-speed train (boys, now I have your attention!!) to Bordeaux. We had a lovely, local guide here named Guillaume (William in French) that shared with us the history of Bordeaux and took us to embark on our wine tour. Bordeaux is split into the right and left bank- we stayed on the left and the wines vary greatly by region, class and their access to limestone, which is what makes wines from the Bordeaux region so

unique. We traveled to our first winery in Bordeaux in Fronsac, owned by a relatively new vintner, Sally, who is British and went on her own Eat, Pray Love journey to start her own winery, George 7. A lovely and impressive British businesswoman, she has high hopes of getting her wine into the palace by the time George the 7th becomes King. From there we went to a winery near St. Emilion, an ancient French village dating back to 2nd century AD when the Romans used the vineyards for their wine. Here the limestone is vast and produces fruitful grapes and provides ample aging temperatures underground in caves. Our last vineyard of the tour was to Chateau Fleur Cardinale, which was in the center of the sprawling hills outside of St. Emilion, where all you could see was lines of grape vines and the Chanel Vineyard off in the distance.

Our little hotel was perfection- nestled near chataeu Smith Haute Lafitte vineyard, which was recently (to our surprise after we returned from the trip) named the #7 vineyard in the world. We rode bikes through the local vineyards, saw a rainbow, experienced a French hurricane (who knew!), enjoyed a spa day (see Cams article for more details here) and ate one of the best meals ever at the hotel's restaurant.

At the end of the trip, we were relaxed, full from the city of love and the best butter in the world (truly don't know how they make it so amazing) and ready to return home to Rhys and Rowan, who was very excited to hear about our trip to the Olympic Tower.

Happy planning husbands, Cam is available for further inquiry (and roasting) 508-954-7688!

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## Wedding Advice from a Man Who's Been Married for 87 Days By Dillon Stambaugh

Hey, everyone! Now that I am an expert, I thought I'd share with you my top 10 tips for a successful marriage.

1. Happy wife, happy life. Put your loved one first and consider their needs.
  2. Don't sweat the small stuff. You can expect conflict, but don't let the little things bog you down.
  3. Communication is key. Prioritize communication and get to know your partner's style of communication.
  4. Don't buy the wrong bread. If she asks for Sourdough, she wants the artisan kind – not the one that looks like sandwich bread even though it says sourdough on the packaging. Those are different breads.
  5. Put in the work! Marriage is work and requires more than just fondness for each other.
  6. Even if you think that you got the correct bread, next time, call from the grocery store. It's easier this way and, even though the people at Trader Joe's will think "Hey look at this idiot! He doesn't know what sourdough is! What a moron!" – that's OK. It's better that you get the right bread.
  7. Be vulnerable. Be prepared to share your wants, fears, and desires with your partner.
  8. Compromise. For example, if you bought the wrong bread at the grocery store, you should compromise by throwing that bread in the garbage and going to buy more bread.
  9. Make time for each other. Spending quality time is the best way to bond as a married couple.
  10. Quit your job. Dedicate your life to the craft. Make a bread so good it make's Paul Hollywood kiss you on the lips. All in a day's marriage.
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**Conversations You Might Have If You've  
Been Married for 32 years**

*A cautionary tale*

*By K.D.Jayne*

My husband announced one recent morning that he had had a terrible dream. In it, a caiman was latched onto his arm. For those of you who are unaware, a caiman is an alligator-like reptile indigenous to Brazil(?) but also found in Puerto Rico as a non-native species. An important fact that I will get back to later in this story. Also, by the way, it turns out I am not misspelling caiman. It is not spelled like the Cayman islands. Go figure. Anyway, in the dream, my husband said the caiman had grabbed hold of his forearm and he was working hard to shake it off. "Ah", I said, "So that is why your arm (which was around me) was shaking so violently?! I was worried you were having some kind of seizure!" "Yes!" he says triumphantly, "YOU were the caiman!" "Oh," I say, "That is just great, I am some kind of alligator in bed with you?" He laughs and says, "Actually it is not so bad, I got the caiman off and saw that it didn't have any teeth, just had buttons where his teeth should be." Further analysis on my part led me to think that I am seen as some kind of caiman-like threat, but ultimately harmless.

But this is not the first time the caiman threat has been discussed. In 2021, we visited Hannah in Puerto Rico, where she was doing a project with WPI. She had plans to take us out to the rainforest where we would see waterfalls and there was a nice swimming hole. We didn't have a car, so were discussing different options like signing up for a day-long guided tour which was pretty pricey. Hannah then suggested

we could take an UBER. John worried about this from a number of angles, no cell service out in the rainforest being one but the other was even better: the caiman threat. At this point I decided to secretly record the conversation. The complete audio recording can be accessed through this [link](#) but here is an excerpt that I transcribed as best I could:

*JTJ (musing): waterfall...swimming holes... and we're out in the middle of nowhere... all of a sudden Mr. Caiman comes up and has a little fun with, with some people, bites my leg off, And it's like -Wait! I don't have any cell phone reception. Worse than that my batteries are dead!*

*HDJ: What are you saying now? What's wrong? (Pause) Yeah. I'll tell you this,, Worse comes to worse: We don't have any reception, We can't get back, but are we going to die? I don't think so*

*JTJ: (inaudible)*

*HDJ: I don't think so*

*JTJ: If there's nobody there?*

*HDJ: Ok, we walk to the closest...like...*

*JTJ(interrupting): The caiman just bit my leg off*

*HDJ: Oh My God*

*JTJ: I can't walk*

*HDJ: Dada. Now I feel like we are living in a sea of caimans because Dada...(inaudible)*

*JTJ: I want you to find a caiman for me*

*HDJ: No*

*JTJ: Put that in the search for... you know.. activities for Monday, where to find a caiman*

*HDJ (interrupting): We're not finding a caiman, why do you want to find a caiman*

*JTJ: Because to show you guys, you've never seen one*

*HDJ: you're crazy*

JTJ: *I'm not crazy*

HDJ: *Yeah you are. People bring... These are like guided tours with tourists. People would not bring tourists to the rainforest if there was a giant threat of DYING from a caiman*

JTJ: *I understand that. But at first we weren't going to have a guided tour we were going to take an Uber and drop us off in the middle of nowhere on the side of the road.*

HDJ: *yeah*

JTJ: *60 miles away...from...*

HDJ: *But even with that... Even with that...*

KDJ: *No. The whole reason we came up with that was because we didn't want to pay for the guided tour, right? Now we are going back to paying for the guided tour because you don't want to be dropped off in the middle of nowhere. Which I get. I totally get. But either way we are still going to have the Caiman Threat.*



And I will leave you with that to ponder. I think that sums it up nicely.

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[https://Inweekly.com/articles/2024/caiman\\_treat.mp3](https://Inweekly.com/articles/2024/caiman_treat.mp3)

## A Man's Guide to the Spa

By Cam Fulton

After 5 years of marriage to Leigh, I've grown to enjoy a nice few hours at the spa. We stayed at a beautiful spa hotel in Bordeaux that was directly adjacent to the now #7 ranked winery in the world. We arrived about an hour early for our separate massages, so there was plenty of time to enjoy the other amenities. I opted for the steam room, which can only be described as the Congo, but make it lemon. It was so dark and foggy in there that I was growing skeptical there were other organisms present. After my sinuses were totally clear, I exited the steam room and met up with Leigh, who was relaxing by the outdoor pool in her robe. We loaded up on cucumber water while we waited for the masseuses. Camille and Laure arrived about 15 minutes later. I awkwardly approached Laure, who was about a quarter my size and tried to introduce myself. She immediately explained in broken English that Camille, who was more like half my size, was clearly my masseuse. Leigh and I parted ways and Camille and I had an extremely awkward conversation about beauty products using purely nouns on the way to the massage room.

The massage room was like any other spa I had been to, so I appreciated the familiarity. That was quickly broken when Camille pointed to the disposable thong in a sealed plastic bag on the table. She told me she would leave while I changed from my bathing suit into the thong. I was a bit perplexed why there wasn't a yes or no question involved. I paused for a moment while I thought about the possibility of Leigh paying the masseuses to play a trick on me. Camille's stoic face revealed she was very much not kidding. Before I could rifle

off the dozen questions I had queued, Camille exited and I carefully searched for the thong's instruction manual. There was indeed no manual present, so I went with pure intuition. One of my dad's favorite phrases popped into my head: "one size fits none." Clearly I was taking much longer than typical French customers because Camille just stormed in before I could manage to get any clothes on. I managed to scurry behind the back of the door and quickly throw it on. I glanced at myself in the mirror on the wall and wisely looked away. I briskly made my way over to the table and plopped myself under the towel.

Leigh rarely informs me of what massage she booked, so that made for some interesting back-and-forth with Camille as I debated the need for Google Translate to enter the picture. Camille asked "what would you like to use for the massage? to which I replied "what are the options?" That question clearly did not resonate because Camille went ahead and just picked some body butter. During my brief stint in athletics, I used to have chronic issues with hamstring tightness, so I have always appreciated a good hamstring massage. I can't say anyone has ever massaged my glutes, though. As I frantically tried to remember the safe word from Eurotrip, Camille luckily moved on to my arms and never looked back. As the massage came to a close, Camille asked "how do you feel?" At the time, I was thinking about whether I would have to cut myself out of the thong, so I awkwardly blurted out "tres bien." Camille gave me some nice promotional material on the vat of body butter she used and I bid her adieu. I was left in the room to determine how to undress from my glorified diaper and dispose of it. I finished up and headed towards the locker room, where I tried to decipher the difference between the trash basket, the towel laundry basket, the

robe laundry basket, and the sandal basket. I finally met up with Leigh at the pool once again, where I interrogated her about colluding with Ashton Kutcher on our spa experience. She wisely denied any involvement and we enjoyed all that Les Sources de Caudalie had to offer.

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### **History (Channel) Trivia!**

Submitted by the History Channel's #1 Employee, Bettina Bucco

#### **TRIVIA:**

#### **1. Which year was the first Thanksgiving celebrated?**

- a) 1605
- b) 1621
- c) 1635
- d) 1642

#### **2. What meat was most likely eaten at the first Thanksgiving?**

- a) Turkey
- b) Chicken
- c) Venison (Deer)
- d) Duck

#### **3. Which U.S. president declared Thanksgiving a national holiday?**

- a) George Washington
- b) Abraham Lincoln
- c) Franklin D. Roosevelt
- d) Thomas Jefferson

#### **4. What popular Thanksgiving dish is made from mashed sweet potatoes, brown sugar, and marshmallows?**

- a) Sweet Potato Casserole
- b) Pumpkin Pie
- c) Cranberry Sauce
- d) Green Bean Casserole

**5. Which Native American tribe is known for helping the Pilgrims during the first Thanksgiving?**

- a) Cherokee
  - b) Apache
  - c) Wampanoag
  - d) Sioux
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**Movie Star Emotional Support Group**

EXCLUSIVE: Little News Weekly entertainment correspondent Connor Stambaugh had the opportunity to sit down with Nicolas Cage, Clint Eastwood, Tom Cruise, Denzel Washington, Timothee Chalamet, Leonardo DiCaprio, and Keanu Reeves to discuss life, death, and the movies.

This is that attempt at a meaningful conversation.

**Thank you all for getting together, I know your schedules are insane.**

Cage: Happy to be here, my man.

Denzel: Haha...alright.

Chalamet: This is so cool.

Eastwood: \*Grunts\*

Keanu: It's an honor. I find the Little News publications to be insightful and human in a way that you just don't see all that often.

**Has anyone heard from Tom? It's not like him to be late.**

Chalamet: Tom Cruise is coming?! Oh my gosh.

Leo: How long is this thing gonna take?

**As this is meant to be an emotional exercise, I want to start by getting a little deep here. We at LNW experienced quite the loss earlier this year. What do you think happens to us when we die?**

Keanu: I think that when we die, the people who love us will miss us.

Leo: Who knows. I'll tell you this, though. Every moment I am in this room and not on my yacht, I am dying a little more and more inside...

Chalamet: I like boats, too!

Denzel: Haha...my man.

Cage: You know, it's fascinating really. Death and life happen all around us all the time. So, in a way it's almost impossible to distinguish---

---EDITOR'S NOTE: In the middle of Cage's asinine response, there was an explosion in the roof. Tom Cruise was then lowered down into the room, shirtless, by helicopter---

**Hi, Tom. Nice of you to join us. Can you tell us where you're dropping in from?**

Cruise: It doesn't matter where I came from. What matters is right now. And explosions.

**Great, thank you so much.**

Eastwood: You're welcome.

**Not even going to touch that one. Anyway, what do you all think about the increased importance of mental health. I imagine it's particularly relevant given your level of fame.**

Cage: The mind is a fickle queen.

Cruise: Movies are the only thing that can cure anything. And I should know. I saved movies.

Chalamet: I guess my take on mental health is just, like, let's all have a good time. You know?

Keanu: I think that everyone needs to take care of themselves in a way that is conducive to their own emotional journey. Wounds heal. Chicks dig scars.

Eastwood: Who's the skinny kid?

**Clint, that's Timothee Chalamet. You have been sitting next to him for almost thirty minutes now.**

Eastwood: \*Old Man Growl\*



**I fear we are not going to make any major emotional headway today. Let's lighten things up a bit. What is your favorite movie starring someone in this room?**

Cage: First, let me just say that I am in awe of the talent of everyone in this room. For me, I think I would have to say **THE ROCK**. That movie rules.

Cruise: Great explosions.

**What about someone *else's* movies?**

Keanu: I personally found Tom's work in **MAGNOLIA** to be quietly devastating.

Cruise: Great bakery.

Denzel: Look I am probably going to win my third Oscar in a few months, but even I can't hold a candle to the kid in **CALL ME BY YOUR NAME**. What an introduction to a new star.

Timothee: Wow, thanks man! I loved you in **BLACK PANTHER**.

Denzel: ...I was not in **BLACK PANTHER**.

Chalamet: Oh, uh, then...I love **SPEED**.

Leo: Great drug.

**Wow. Moving on. What is one thing you can't leave home without?**

Keanu: My motorcycle.

Leo: A gorgeous, 23-year-old model who can barely speak English. I'm a simple man.

Timothee: Wow, haha. Probably my sunscreen. The sun hurts my body.

Denzel: Whichever August Wilson paperback I am reading.

Cruise: Some sort of moving transportation that I can hang from. Ideally high off the ground.

Eastwood: \*Holds out his hand and makes a gun with his fingers, aimed at Timothee Chalamet\*

Cage: I wear a lot of snakeskins. So maybe something snakeskin.



**I think its fair to wrap this up. What's one thought you would leave with our readers?**

Leo: This was a waste of time.

Chalamet: Is there any food? I weigh like 95 pounds.

Keanu: Be kind to one another.

Denzel: Keep working hard.

Cruise: See more movies.

Cage: \*Stands and does a karate kick\*

Clint: \*Slowly reduces to a pile of dust\*

**Thanks, everyone. Stars—they're just like us?**

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### **Oh, The Things You'll Eat**

*By Cam and Leigh Fulton*

On the list of things to get excited about in France, the food was at the top of our list. We started our culinary journey at a Parisian restaurant called Bistrot Paul Bert, who owns the bragging rights to inventing the steak au poivre. It was a small shop. They still kept their reservations by hand in a large book. Anybody who has eaten steak with Leigh knows there must be sauce, so she was in heaven. But before the steak arrived, we found out just how exotic French cuisine can be. We started with some beef

carpaccio, which we found out mid-bite was actually strips of beef tongue. We chalked that up to details they could have left out, but more on that later. Their steak fries were the unsung hero.

Another notable stop was Girafe, which has a beautiful rooftop directly adjacent to the Eiffel Tower. We went in mid-fall, so naturally they shuttered the rooftop for the season the night that we were there. Unfortunately, that meant we could barely see the Eiffel Tower at all. We sat next to a nice mother-daughter twosome from Fort Worth. The trip was the daughter's high school graduation present. One thing we learned while in Paris is that people from Dallas have a lot of money and like to let everyone know about it. The mother explained how she created some gluten-free children's cookie that is in Kroger, while my mind just continued to spout out: "how did this 17 year-old dupe her parents into taking her to Paris?" We tried some oysters from Normandy that were very tasty and some tremendous sea bass.

We were barraged by Instagram influencers from the US going to La Renomee in Paris, so we decided to see what the buzz was about. We opted for beef tartare, escargots, the burger, and a filet mignon. The waiter looked mildly horrified at that amount of food for two, but was even more horrified when we ate everything. What a delicious

meal! One thing your mother never teaches you: how to use that crazy snail shell clamp. After outing ourselves as clueless Americans, we really hit our stride. They had a cool basement cocktail bar where Leigh tried desperately to get them to squeal on where they bought their wallpaper.

We took a train to Bordeaux for the latter part of the trip, where our wine tour guide Guillaume picked us up. He was a young newcomer to wine tours, but was very knowledgeable and was a joy to talk to. We let him know we were planning on visiting the city of Bordeaux the next day, so he supplied his favorite local spot. Bordeaux is known to rain on and off pretty consistently, so we got caught in a few downpours before arriving at the cozy bistro. Not surprisingly, everyone spoke exclusively French and the menu was entirely in French. We put our smart phones to work to translate the menu. It was an open-style kitchen, so we could chat with the chefs in the little English they could muster. They stood tending to about 8-10 stews each. One of them was also tending to the order of whole chickens they had just received. I will save the full details, but let's just say the guillotine isn't totally outlawed in French kitchens. We sat next to three businessmen, who were clearly having what Guillaume called a "wine lunch." They were proudly upholding the lazy reputation of French workers. We ordered an artichoke



heart and a duck breast and both were phenomenal. It was definitely the best duck



dish Cam has ever had.

We ended our culinary journey at La Grand'Vigne, which was the restaurant at the hotel we stayed at. It has two Michelin stars, so we were looking forward to it the whole trip. The only choice for the meal is how many courses you would like from the tasting menu, so we didn't hesitate to SuperSize it. They had an extravagant wine and drink list, but we opted for the sommelier to make the pairing for us. We started with little bite sized foie gras encased in some thin, crunchy raspberry, which was probably our favorite bite of the trip. The waiter approached the table and asked us if they should reveal the identity of each dish before it was served. We both caught each other's gaze and noticeably gulped a bit. After a tasty langoustine crudo topped with caviar, they brought us into their kitchen for a bit of a backstage pass. The head chef, Pierre (of course), greeted us and thanked us for being from Boston, but not subjecting him to a Boston accent. He revealed they have 45 chefs for the 15 tables in the restaurant. We looked around and noticed about 50% of them were scrubbing stainless

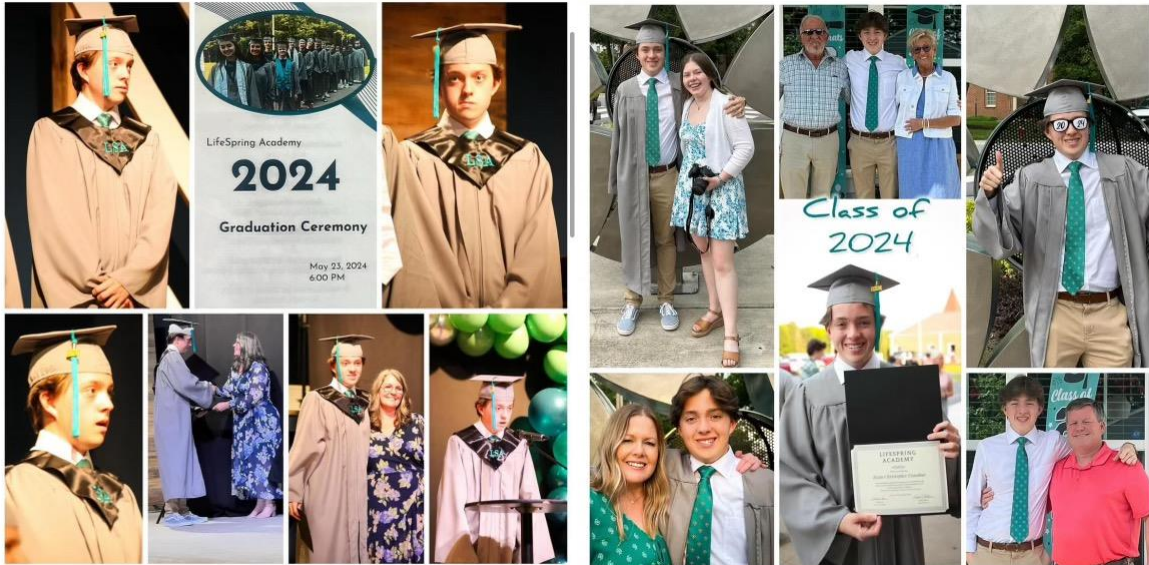
steel and I think I could hear Joel McHale shouting obscenities. We thanked them for the tour and returned to our table. They quickly brought out one of their star dishes: pigeon breast in some blackberry sauce. We briefly regretted our choice for them to inform us before eating, but it was really good. It's fair to say France really got us out of our culinary comfort zone, but we couldn't beat the taste and the company.

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# GALLERY OF GREATNESS



**RYAN DONOHUE**

**UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
WILMINGTON**

**MAJOR: UNDECIDED**



**Ryan's Next Chapter!**



# GALLERY OF GREATNESS



Longleaf School of the Arts




Dance Recital 2023

**Nutcracker**




HALLOWEEN 2024  
"RAYGUN"



**Hip-Hop Hyenas**  
Choreographed by Jose Velasquez

- Aiyanna Beard
- Taylor Vick
- Emma Donahue
- Marley Mayo
- Noah Oviol
- Hayley Grissom

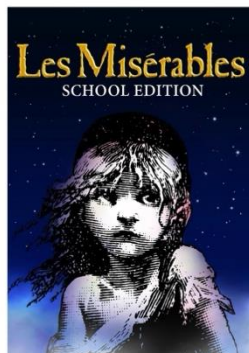
LSA Dance Department Presents



**THE LION KING**  
May 16<sup>th</sup> - 18<sup>th</sup> at 7pm

Longleaf School of the Arts

**Les Misérables**  
SCHOOL EDITION




April 10-14

# GALLERY OF GREATNESS



The Queen of Hearts, slaying



# GALLERY OF GREATNESS



Rhys the Arteest



Rowan's Thankful Turkey

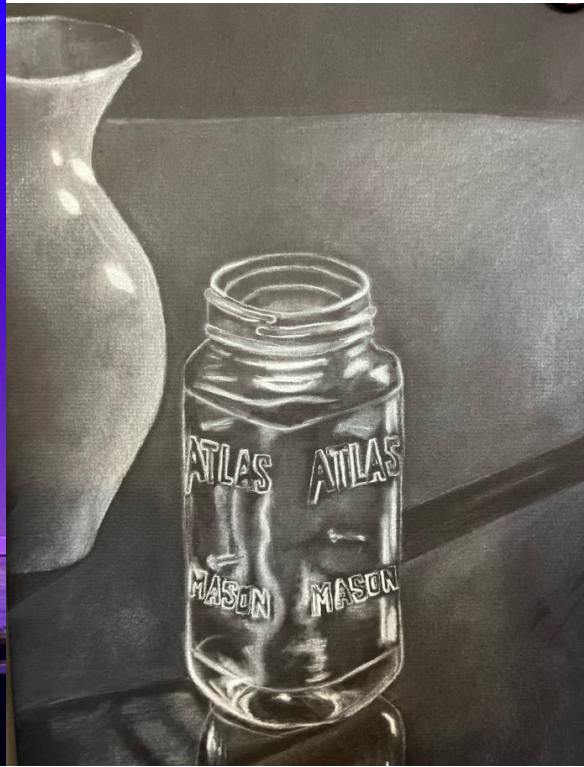
# GALLERY OF GREATNESS



**Madeline Jayne and her Colgate Crew!**



# GALLERY OF GREATNESS



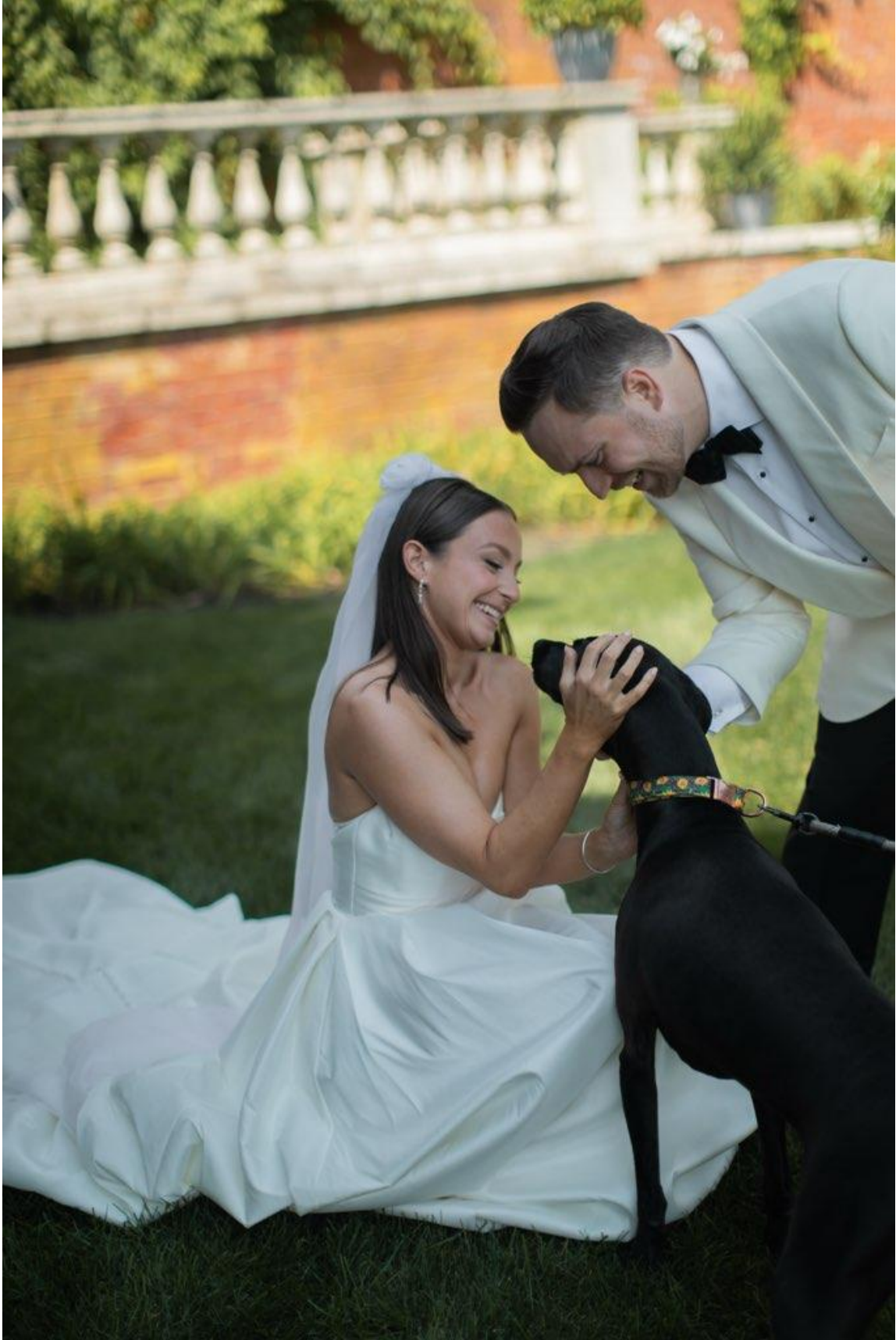
Helen Jayne's Artistry on Display

# “The Wedding”

*Bettina Bucco & Dillon Stambaugh in Beverly, Massachusetts – August 2024*















Christmas Bread Pudding  
Recipe by Leigh Fulton

Every year since I graduated college, I have made this bread pudding recipe on Christmas for dessert. While it is liked by all, no one loved it as much as Poppy did. He said it reminded him of his mother...and the Great Depression! So Poppy, this one is for you!

1 loaf brioche, Challah or other sweet bread  
4 ounces butter, melted  
16 ounces white chocolate, chunked  
2 cups milk  
2 cups heavy cream  
2/3 cup sugar  
1 vanilla bean, split  
8 large eggs

Preheat oven to 325 degrees.

Cut the brioche loaf into 1 inch diced cubes. Place in 2 quart baking dish. Drizzle with melted butter. Toss chunked white chocolate with bread cubes.

Combine, milk, heavy cream, sugar and vanilla bean to a boil over medium heat until sugar is dissolved. Whisk eggs until smooth. Add hot mixture to eggs slowly, ( too fast will scramble the eggs), stirring constantly. Do not whisk or custard will have a great deal of foam on the surface. Skim foam from custard. Strain the custard over the bread cubes and chocolate. Let stand for 10 minutes to allow custard to soak into the bread.

Place baking dish inside another larger pan. Pour hot water into larger dish to reach 1 inch up the side of the dish. Bake the bread pudding for about 45 minutes to 1 hour until custard is set and brioche is golden. Yields 16 servings.  
Christmas Bread Pudding  
Recipe by Leigh Fulton

## Grief and Gratitude

*By K.D. Jayne*

This past September we lost my Dad. While the grief that I feel is real and deep, it was also expected. I will miss him terribly. But what was unexpected in the time after his death, is the sense of stillness that I felt. Into that quiet world, the things I have found to read, or more accurately the prose that have found me, have provided more than comfort. More like inspiration. Take for instance my random look into a literature anthology where I find myself reading a quote from Antoine Saint-Exupery:

“When a man dies, and unknown world passes away. The hard bone of each skull is, in a sense, an old treasure chest”

Isn't that so true? And in my father's case, I think the treasure was huge. My Dad had a legendary number of friends and together with his family members, each had their own unique relationship with him. He was Poppy to some, Mr. Donohue to others (you know who you are!) and Big Bob to still others. Everyone saw a different part of the treasure that was my Dad.

On another day, I opened up an email from Poem of the Day. On that day it was Robert Frost:

### *Nothing Gold Can Stay*

Nature's first green is gold,  
Her hardest hue to hold.  
Her early leaf's a flower;  
But only so an hour.  
Then leaf subsides to leaf.  
So Eden sank to grief,  
So dawn goes down today.  
Nothing gold can stay.

For me the magic in this poem is that it conveys sadness but also acceptance. This is the way of the world: nothing gold can stay. But how wonderful it is to see the Gold. That is how I feel now—so grateful that I knew the unforgettable person that was my father. And he is not just a memory for us, is it? Don't we all, in a way, take up his banner and continue to “ride with the dawn”? My Dad's life was a prime example, I think, of what the poet Robert O'Shaughnessy wrote in his “Ode,” which contemplates how the dreams of the “music makers,” and “the movers and the shakers” carry forth into the next generation:

A breath of our inspiration  
Is the life of each generation;  
A wondrous thing of our dreaming  
Unearthly, impossible seeming —  
The soldier, the king, and the peasant



Are working together in one,  
Till our dream shall become their present,  
And their work in the world be done

Lastly, I am going to leave you with a Haiku that a friend sent to me last month. I believe this is an old poem which my friend turned into a Haiku because he knew that would make me: 1) smile (it did) and 2) count the syllables (I did). Here it is:

When you're sorrowful,  
Truth is you weep for that which  
Has been your delight

And delighted I remain to be my father's daughter. And very grateful. Thank you, Daddy.



**TRIVIA ANSWER KEY:**

1. B
2. C
3. B
4. A
5. C