

The Jaffrey Center OCCASIONAL

April 1979

42° 49'n by 72° 03'w

no. 1

PROFILE

For so small a community Jaffrey Center seems to us quite remarkable in its cosmopolitan array of interesting people of varied backgrounds. No doubt some intriguing tales await to be told! This first issue of the *OCCASIONAL* gives, then, a brief glimpse of one of our neighbors. *PROFILE* will continue to be a feature in upcoming issues.

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Mrs. Ingeborg Hanson--known to her friends as *Ing*--has lived in the Center since 1963, until a year or so ago in one of the old Cutter houses and now across the street in an apartment in another old Cutter house. The lovely period furniture crafted by her late husband and the various *objet d'art* of her sister, Florence Sandberg, made the move with her.

At 89 years of age she's been described by acquaintances as *sharp as a tack* and despite some hearing problems *Ing* seems to be getting along just fine. She's commonly seen out and about on her daily walks to the post office.

Cooking she thinks of as among her favorite diversions and her baking and confectionary are annually in demand for the Church Fair. We've included below a recipe *Ing* devised for those who must restrict their sugar intake.

Another pastime is pressing flowers. *Ing* transforms delicate spring and summer flowers into attractive framed pictures and greeting cards. You may have seen some of her creations at the annual Civic Center Art Show.

ING'S DATE & NUT SQUARES

- 2 eggs beaten
- 1 tbsp. apple juice
- 1 square semi-sweet chocolate
- ½ square bitter chocolate
- 1 cup dates, chopped
- 1 cup nuts, chopped
- 4 rounded tsp. flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Beat eggs until light. Add apple juice and then add chocolate (melted in a double-boiler) and beat again. Add dates & nuts and finally the flour mixed well with the baking powder. Spread in a greased shallow pan & bake in a very slow (325°) oven 15 or 20 minutes.

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Many years of persistent research and all too many false starts have finally paid off! Right here in Jaffrey Center a revolutionary new hybrid sugar maple has at last given forth its first sap. And what a bounty! A fine light color...an almost frisky bouquet...and the most compelling taste with just the barest lingering hint of creosote. Truly a triumph!



CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Cannon could be heard from there on day [43 across] was raised.
6. Where neighbors congregate and news emanates (initials).
8. What one might take on a hot day in [24 across](anagram).
9. An infrequent neighbor.
12. Snow ___.
14. A boxer's hope.
15. A common sight on [24 across].
17. Monadnock 4 is an old ___ house.
19. Co-author of town history (initials).
21. Purveyor of pleasant things.
23. Another co-author (initials).
24. Just right for a swim.
26. What one resident we know sees as a local fiscal solution.
28. Regarding (abbreviation).
29. One can do this on [52 across].
30. Overseer of heritage (initials).
31. Using an [34 down] can make you ___.
33. A product to ward off [15 down].
34. Not welcome at picnics.
36. Georgia (abbreviation).
37. Roads in winter are often ___.
40. These 'tractors' are [22 down] -efficient and good in [50 & 52 across].
41. A sweet annual gift (first 3 letters; see 2 down for last 2).
42. A large body.
43. Seen elsewhere in the Occa-sional.
49. Sorry! Can't do much with this.
50. An unloved season.
51. Chemical element Tellurium (abbreviation).
52. The more of this first leads to more of [50 across] later on.
53. Outcome of wet gloves too close to the [17 across].
54. A related though inferior protuberance to our very own.

DOWN

2. Last 2 letters. See 41 across.
3. A neighboring town (initials).
4. General direction of [3 down].
5. In abundance this winter.
6. Another neighbor (nickname).
7. Stoves eat this up.
10. Common calamity in old houses.
13. What much of the town becomes during mud season.
15. Unwelcome springtime visitors.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8					9	10
11			12		13	14
	15	16			17	18
19				20	21	22
23		24	25			
	26	27				28
29			30		31	32
33				34	35	36
37		38	39	40		41
		42				
43	44		45	46	47	48
49					50	
	51		52			
53					54	

16. What many a birch did this past winter (anagram).
17. A famous surname round here.
18. What we hope they're doing in the burying ground (initials).
19. Same as [23 across].
20. First name of [17 down].
22. On everyone's mind particularly in winter and in 1979.
25. Only as strong as the weakest (anagram).
27. This doesn't work either!
29. Use in emergencies only.
31. What many live on (initials).
32. Frostbite often strikes here.
34. Nearly obsolete for cutting now.
38. This family's legacies are still to be seen on Main Street.
39. What women often do.
40. Often heard on a summer's morn.
41. There's more than one of these behind the [43 across].
43. Northside growth on an [7 down].
44. One's duty in November (anagram).
45. What one might go to the Inn for (slang).
46. The call of a nocturnal bird sometimes heard here.
47. Needed pumping this past winter.
48. Next to matches Jaffrey's most famous product (singular).

UP

11. Makers of something one might find in Walla Walla (initials).
30. Roman gambler's lucky number.
50. Commonly used by parents when addressing their children.

CALENDAR

April	16	Taxes due	
	23	Fast Day	
	28	Jaffrey Center Clean-Up Day	(See Page 3).
May	5	Kite Flying	Jaffrey
	12	Scavenger Hunt	Recreation
	26	Raft Race	tion
July	28	VIS Annual Meeting	8 pm
August	1	Jaffrey Center Women's Society Annual Fair	
July 6, 13, 20, 27, August 3, 10 & 17		Amos Fortune Forums	

MOVIE! MOVIE!

Hollywood comes to the Meeting-house! That's right. Plans are now afoot for a mini film series this summer. The dates are a bit fuzzy at the moment but look forward to at least four weekday evenings of fun and entertainment reliving those madcap days of the 30's and 40's when movies were movies and gas was 12.9¢ a gallon. Proceeds, by the way, are earmarked for the VIS.

THE WEATHER-EYE

We can't predict next year's weather--other than to say that we'll no doubt have some--but we can take some instruction by looking back in history. No surprise that January is our coldest month, July our warmest, the mean for the year being 46.9°, which is the highest in New Hampshire (unfortunately most of these figures are for Keene which is milder). The lowest mean for a non-mountain station is 37.3° at First Connecticut Lake. The absolute minimum for Concord (closest station) was -37° on February 16, 1943 and the coldest winter, also Concord, was 1917-18 when the mean December-February temperature dipped to 15.5°. The warmest reading for Concord was on July 5th, 1911, when the thermometer reached 102°. And the warmest summer was 1949 when the June-August mean reached 70.1°. Precipitation at Keene averages 39.18" annually which is about 2½" less than at Boston but is higher than at Concord.

The wettest--or snowiest--month is November closely followed by June. The driest, February just squeezing out October. The most precipitation in New England (non-mountain station) seems to fall at New Haven, the least at Burlington. Looking at snowfall the records for Concord since 1871 are 19" in 1944 (greatest in 24 hours), 27.5" during the Great Blizzard of '88 (greatest in one storm), 122" in 1873-74 (greatest in one season) and 37.0" in 1923 (greatest depth on the ground).

Given all these inches and degrees why do we all think it has at other times been colder, warmer, wetter, drier or deeper? Oh, by the way, take care on the 9th of August when the earthquake hits!

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THE JAFFREY CENTER OCCASIONAL, *the lighthearted diversion of an informal group of Jaffrey Center citizens tired of the long winter and of receiving rejection slips from more established journals.* Submissions of nearly any sort are invited for future issues. Box 307, Jaffrey Center, N.H. 03454 or call Valerie Angeloro at 532-8349.

This first issue was the work of Tom & Valerie Angeloro, Rob Stephenson and Abbie & Pierce Hollingsworth. No lawsuits please.



The Jaffrey Center OCCASIONAL

October 1979

42° 49'n by 72° 03'w

no.2

PROFILE

You may not have seen her out on her daily walks recently, but nevertheless Ruth Bernbaum--one of Jaffrey Center's oldest residents in both years and duration--remains very much an active member of the community. Her lovely house and gardens on Main Street are always pleasant sights. The property was purchased in 1915 by her future husband Ernest, Professor of English at Harvard and later Department Chairman at The University of Illinois. Following marriage in 1921, she started her long association with the Center. Upon the Professor's retirement in 1945, the Bernbaums took up permanent residence here but still managed to travel extensively spending many of their winters in Europe. The Bernbaums were always active in Center goings-on: Ernest was a founder of the Thorndike Club and Ruth was one of the original members of the Reading Group, in which she is still very active today. After the Professor's death in 1958, Ruth continued and even increased her involvement in civic affairs. She belongs to the Congregational Church where she is a member of the Womens Society and the Choir. Ruth has also been a long-standing member of the Village Improvement Society, the Jaffrey Womens Club and the Thorndike Club. In recent years Ruth spent her winters in Florida. Last year, however, she wintered here and intends to do so this year as well. We're sure the lights in her windows will cheer up those early winter nights.

-Tom Anseloro

NEITHER SNOW NOR SLEET . . .

It seems assured now that our Post Office is to remain after all. The new contract will be with Virginia Jennings, owner and proprietor of *The Old Post Office*. This means another move--at least the tenth since 1801--and a return to across the street. The present location in Ruth Stevenson's barn was chosen in 1974. Up to then it had been for many years overseen by Mrs. Meyers and at the same spot to which it will shortly resettle. It is expected that all will have been accomplished by the end of the month. We'll remember with fondness, however, Mary Cournoyer, our last postmistress, and her husband, Joe, here seen on their last day, the 31st of July.

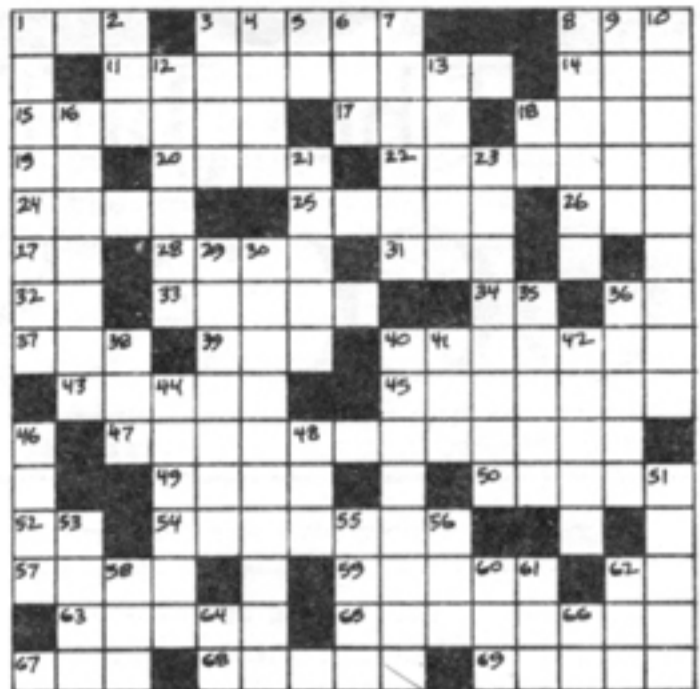


ACROSS

1. Step or not (Fr.)
3. It's the poor wot gets it.
8. Babies & politicians get it.
11. Philippine guerrilla.
14. Identity card (Abbrev.)
15. Support.
17. Architect.
18. Indigo.
19. Filipino center.
20. Secretary of State.
22. Tramp.
24. Kali hit man.
25. A month in Spain.
26. Billy Martin (Abbrev.)
27. Tax receipts (Abbrev.)
28. What fans usually are.
31. Humorist.
32. Old soldiers organiza-
tion (Abbrev.)
33. Footprints on the ___ of time.
34. Presided over the founding
of 8 & 42 Down (Init.)
36. She swung a mighty racquet.
37. They skate on it in Germany.
39. King.
40. Uncas was the last one.
43. Profitable company.
45. Old ties.
47. Queen.
49. Swinging nymphet.
50. Viewpoint.
52. Chief London official (Abbrev.)
54. Mating.
57. Paroxysms.
59. Unattractive coat.
62. Manner of swimming.
63. What a scout is, inter alia.
65. He hated Paris.
67. Gentle & big.
68. Untidy.
69. Color.

DOWN

1. Plus.
2. Protects us (Abbrev.)
- 3/29. Finagled 8/42 Down.
4. Venetian beach.
5. Article.
6. Survey.
7. Team.
- 8/42. Big ditch.
9. What we all are doing every
day.
10. Cowards.
12. Wiped out yellow fever in
8/42 Down.



13. Record.
16. Israeli forefather.
18. Suffix denoting agency.
21. Bully president's nickname.
23. Engineered 8/42 Down.
29. See 3 Down.
30. Costly pigskin receiver.
35. Vie.
36. Prayer.
38. Puerta del ____.
40. God told him to take the
Philippines.
41. An hour in Havana.
42. See 8 Down.
44. Tissue check.
46. Mere money.
48. 3-year republic (Initials).
51. Strip ____.
53. Here to Jaffrey.
55. Ideas.
56. Juniper juice.
58. Long or short ____.
60. Music hall.
61. Bulldog.
62. Eavesdropper.
64. Kind of radio reception.
66. Article.

POND REFLECTIONS

A Poem

A low banked bush
soft dipping lapping leaves
a swamp stump:
splintered prison
where a plastic spider weaves.
Its prey--a frantic fly--
tears at glass bonds
withes and heaves.
How hopelessly it tugs
for its dried shell will soon join
the scum
of summer's browned, drowned bugs.

JAFFREY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Twenty-one years ago a group of interested citizens from Jaffrey met in Library Hall to discuss the formation of a Society, the purpose of which shall be educational, including the preservation of Jaffrey history for transmission to later generations. Thus the Jaffrey Historical Society came into being. Throughout the years since that time the Society has met regularly, and a review of its projects and programs reveals great progress in carrying out its aims and purposes.

Mention of the Historical Society brings to mind three of its most noteworthy projects: the preservation of the Little Red Schoolhouse, the Society's Historical Rooms and the Old Roads Tour.

The Little Red Schoolhouse House built in 1822 by David Gilmore, Jr., in School District No. 11, on the west side of Dublin Road beyond the Ark. The total cost of the school was \$200! It was discontinued in 1886 and sold to Joel Poole for preservation. Subsequently the Town authorized the Historical Society to move it, and in May 1960, it was placed in its present location on the Meeting House grounds in Jaffrey Center. Funds, materials and labor, contributed by the citizens of Jaffrey, restored it to its original condition so that by October 12, 1961, it was opened to the public. The old bench desks--graded in size--a potbellied stove, schoolmaster's desk and many schoolbooks of the period add to the charm of this memorial to early education in Jaffrey. The American flag, flying above the Schoolhouse on Saturday and Sunday afternoons signals all travelers on Route 124 that school is open, and visitors are welcome to view a typical schoolhouse of more than 150 years ago.

A visit to the Historical Rooms in the basement of the Civic Center is a trip down Memory Lane. Through the generosity of members, the townspeople and others, the

society has acquired many antique heirlooms which can be viewed and enjoyed by all. The displays are enlarged and changed from time to time and include a country store, early tools, Hannah Davis bandboxes, dolls, buttons, quilts and other fine antiques. Since the installation of glass doors at the entrance to the rooms, the displays may be seen at any time that the Civic Center is open.

The crisp fall air and brilliant foliage lure those who enjoy the outdoors to take part in the Old Roads Tour which is conducted every October. The super highways and hard-topped roads are left far behind as members and guests climb into their four-wheel drives to travel the grass-grown lanes in the remote areas of Jaffrey and its surroundings. Sometimes crumbling foundations, cellar holes and deserted houses are all that are left to be seen along the way, giving evidence to once flourishing neighborhoods and industries long abandoned and forgotten.

Meetings of the Society are held at the Civic Center the first Tuesday of every other month, and the Directors meet on alternate months to discuss and vote on any important business. Dues to the Society are minimal and are used for programs and a bimonthly newsletter which keeps members informed of the activities and work of the Society.

A variety of programs, all of which pertain to the history and preservation of our heritage, has been offered to the members over the years. Planned programs for this year include the Old Roads Tour (scheduled for October 14), special Christmas music, an exhibit and talk on early lighting, a Band Concert by the Keene Legion Band, a visit to a museum located near-by, and a talk on New Hampshire's great attraction *The Old Man of the Mountain*.

An atmosphere of good fellowship prevails at the meetings which are open to the public, and, of course, new members are always welcome.

-Hester Ames

A COUNTRY TOUR

Residents of the Center are well aware of many beautiful country roads that lead to charming villages, shady forests, sparkling lakes, and magnificent mountain views. When out-of-state visitors express an interest in discovering this unique corner of New England, we like to take them on a leisurely round-trip tour that also offers an opportunity to take a walk, enjoy a swim, have a picnic, or stop at a country inn.

A favorite of ours that includes all of these possibilities is to head towards Peterborough where the Monadnock

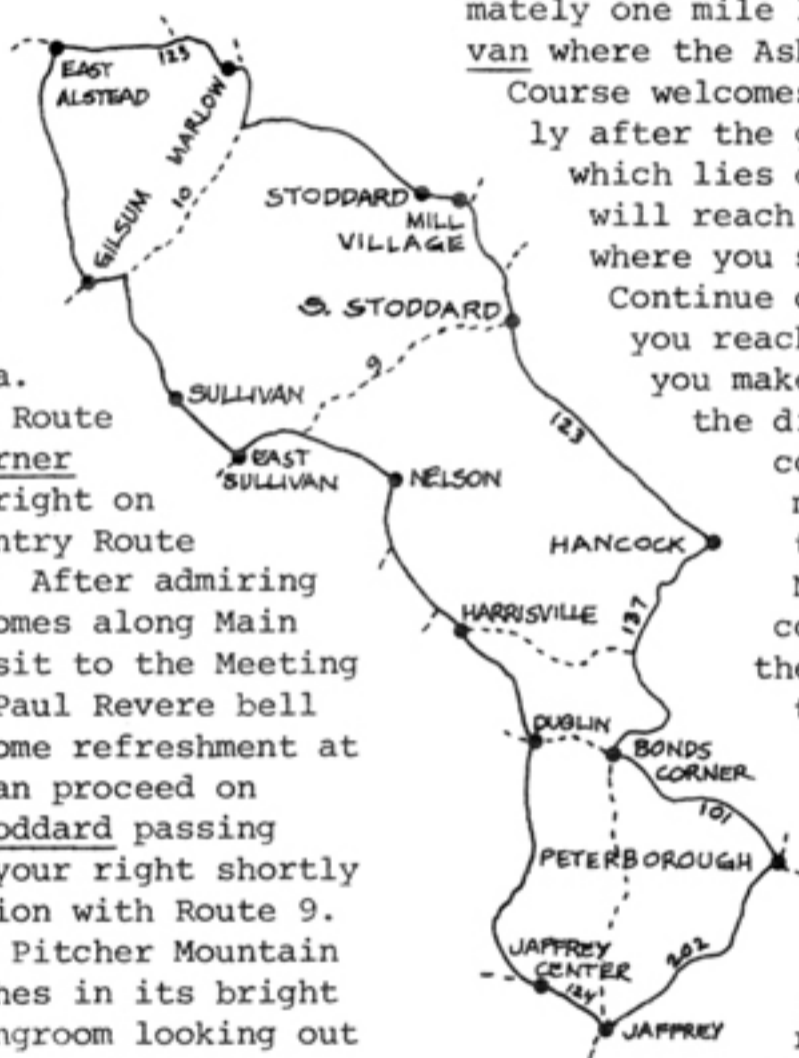
Region Association maintains an information center that has a wide array of maps and descriptive literature concerning the area.

From there take Route 101 to Bonds Corner where you turn right on the winding country Route 137 to Hancock. After admiring the well-kept homes along Main Street and a visit to the Meeting House with its Paul Revere bell (and possibly some refreshment at the Inn), you can proceed on Route 123 to Stoddard passing Island Pond on your right shortly after the junction with Route 9. In Stoddard the Pitcher Mountain Inn serves lunches in its bright and cheery diningroom looking out on a lovely garden. Two miles further on an easy climb up Pitcher Mountain will reward you with a magnificent view of the surrounding countryside. (In season you can pick blueberries for a nominal fee.) Continue on Route 123 until you reach Route 10 which you follow for about a mile until the intersection with Route 123. Just beyond the junction there is a small picnic area overlooking Lillie Pond which reflects the steeples of the town's white buildings. Continue for another

four miles on Route 123 until you reach East Alstead where you make a left turn on a shady country lane to Gilsum. Immediately on your right you will see Lake Warren, while on your left there are many interesting granite ledges. In Gilsum you can visit the Bear Den Geological State Park and the Soldiers Monument made of local minerals. Less than one mile south beyond the village, just off Route 10 you can admire a beautiful old stone bridge spanning Ashuelot Gorge (look for sign to Surry). Retrace Route 10 and take your first right (unmarked), a narrow road unpaved for approximately one mile leading to Sullivan where the Ashuelot Ridge Golf

Course welcomes guests. Shortly after the golf course, which lies on your left, you will reach Center Street where you should turn left. Continue on this road until you reach Route 9, where you make a left turn in the direction of Concord. In about 2 miles turn right towards Nelson. In Nelson an old colonial church, the Town House and the famous stained glass windows in the library make for an interesting stop. You then proceed to Harrisville, a restored mill town

picturesquely situated along a still pond, very inviting for a swim or boat ride. You can then continue to Dublin on a road running through dense forests until in about 2 miles there is suddenly a beautiful vista to the left. On reaching Route 101 in Dublin you will see on your left the headquarters of Yankee Magazine and, closeby, the Dublin community church. Don't miss the drive around Dublin Lake at the west end of the village. Between the village and the Lake turn on-



to Upper Jaffrey Road which on the way to Jaffrey Center takes you past some lovely farms and views of Mt. Monadnock.

The entire trip is about 80 miles, primarily on roads with little traffic and few commercial establishments.

-Herb & Colette Gramm

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF CARLETON CHIPMUNK

Those of you who chanced to see the premier issue of *The Occasional* will perhaps remember our furry friend Carleton who had set out early last spring to perk up his winter-weary body by tackling mighty Monadnock. We left him somewhere below the treeline climbing his little heart out. As we return to his odyssey we find him still climbing . . .

Carleton, trudging steadily along, now passed out from under the sylvan canopy of the forest and lower slopes and immediately found himself confronted by a towering wall of boulders. Although not expecting such formidable obstacles, he could hardly turn back at this stage. In fact, this rugged terrain was the perfect opportunity for him to put his new Vibram-soled boots to the test. He leapt forward onto one of the smaller rocks and then to another slightly larger one and then to a third larger still. Before long he had a very nice rhythm underway and his up-mountain progress was heartening. Even a false summit or two didn't discourage him too much. Before he knew it--actually it was about 6 weeks later--Carleton found himself poised on still another gigantic rock ready to pounce forward and up when he realized there was no more 'up' there. In fact, everything was down...far down. Carleton had reached the summit of Grand Monadnock! Moments ago he was a thoroughly tuckered out chipmunk; now the joy of triumph and accomplishment rushed through his very being. He tossed his Austrian alpine hat high in the air, let out a mighty

shout (or rather a sharp squeak), and proudly unfurled the Jaffrey flag that he had optimistically placed at the bottom of his backpack. While about to plant it on the summit--fully aware of his achievement as the first chipmunk to have climbed right to the top--he chanced to gaze over his right shoulder. "WOW!!!"



he exclaimed. What he saw turned his little legs to jelly; his head reeled and his heart raced. In short he was totally ga-ga. What did Carleton see over his shoulder on the summit of Monadnock? And what does it mean? All will be revealed in the next issue.

-Rob Stephenson

DID YOU KNOW?

Part 1

Have you ever thought about New Hampshire in terms of other places? For instance, did you know that Israel is smaller by more than 1000 square miles but is three times larger in population? Or that the State is ten times bigger than Luxembourg? What do we have in common with Burma, Guatemala, Ireland and Turkey? Similar population densities, that's what. And old Hampshire--the English home county of Captain John Mason, one of the original recipients of a land grant here, and after which New Hampshire was named--is only one-sixth the size in area but half again as large in population. And Jaffrey...Well, Jaffrey has an area of 40 square miles--larger than Buffalo, Miami or Nashville and larger even than New Haven and Hartford combined. What's even more startling is that Jaffrey is nearly double the size of Manhattan: There are about 4000 of us but 1,500,000 of them!

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

Annual Meeting. The Jaffrey Center Village Improvement Society held its 72nd annual meeting on July 28 at the Melville Academy to review developments of the previous year, outline future activities and elect a number of officers. The Executive Committee now comprises the following: *President* Robert Brandin; *Vice Presidents* David Gourd, Davida Woods, Virginia Burgess, William Locke and Burgess Ayres; *Treasurer* James Kennedy; *Chairman of the Finance Committee* Mary Batiste; *Recording Secretary* Rachel Evans; *Corresponding Secretary* Jane Cunningham. In addition there are the following committee heads: *Buildings* Molly MacCready; *Grounds* Thomas Angeloro; *Membership* Sally Pierce; *Entertainment* Valerie Angeloro. Dick Cunningham is *Custodian*.

At the annual meeting the resignation of Francis Quinlan as Treasurer was accepted with regret. There was a vote of thanks to him for his many years of worthy service and to his secretary, Ellen Caron, for her valuable assistance. The resignation as Finance Chairman and departure from Jaffrey Center of Bill Schofield was also noted with regret.

Refurbishing the Old Meeting House. Last fall the Old Meeting House, which belongs to the Town of Jaffrey, was repainted outside and in. In addition the floors were refinished and the 50-year old stage curtains were replaced. As in the past, the VIS paid for the interior work and the Town for the exterior work. The VIS took the lead in obtaining funds at the annual Town Meeting, drawing up the specifications and generally supervising the work. At the request of the VIS, the Town also agreed to install railings at the entrances of the Old Meeting House for safety's sake.

Post Office. Following Mrs. Cournoyer's decision to terminate her contract, U. S. postal authorities notified boxholders that the Jaffrey Center Rural Station

would be closed. The VIS organized a special meeting and drew up a petition requesting reconsideration. As a result the postal authorities agreed to solicit new bids for continued operation of the 'post office' in Jaffrey Center.

Clean-up Operations. During the spring a volunteer workforce of VIS members made a start at thinning out and cleaning up the newly acquired VIS property at the corner of South Road and Mountain Road. The Town was good enough to provide a chipper to dispose of the brush. The two triangular commons and the Blacksmith Lot--all owned by the VIS--were also tidied up. Further volunteer clearing & cleaning operations will be held this fall.

Upgrading the Lower Common. The VIS is cooperating with the Town in upgrading the lower common. The Town plans to widen the turn-around from Main Street to Harkness Road, making it possible to eliminate the short cut-off road and return that portion to grass. A survey of the common has been made and plans are being formulated to raise the ground level to provide better water run-off and prevent draining of salt and sand into the common. The Town has agreed to provide the fill and loam while the VIS will share bulldozer expenses and buy the seed. VIS volunteers are expected to provide labor for raking, seeding, etc. Rob Stephenson has agreed to draw up a landscape plan with the help of Pierce Hollingsworth, Tom Angeloro and Elizabeth Batiste.

Cemeteries. The Town has cleaned up the debris and repaired the damage done to headstones in the Old Burying Ground caused by storms last winter. Rob Stephenson is making a visitors guide of the cemetery showing the location of prominent graves. It will be placed on the wall of the Horsesheds.

-Bob Brandin
FLASH! Post Office stays (see p. 1)
& South Common proceeds. -Editor

WHAT'S COOKING

APPLESAUCE CAKE (Valerie Angeloro)

- 1/2 cup butter (1 stick)
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1-3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground clove
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 2 cups sweetened applesauce

Cream butter until soft. Add brown & white sugar. Beat in egg. Sift together flour, salt, baking soda, cinnamon & clove and gradually add to butter mixture. Add raisins & chopped nuts. Stir in applesauce. Bake in 9" tube pan for 50-60 minutes at 350°. Ice with lemon icing: Soften 3 tbsp. butter, add 2 cups confectioners sugar, add grated rind & juice of lemon until right consistency for spreading.

*

First I use a blow-torch and burn all the old paint off. That takes all of the spring and some of the summer

Then I do a lot of scraping and then I get out the belt sander.

Then I sand by hand to smooth things down. Then I put on some Cuprinol.

Then I prime the whole surface, then I caulk and then I put on the final paint. That takes me to early October. Unless it rains a lot.

. . . I think I'll put on vinyl siding next year.

GREEN TOMATO MARMALADE

(Grace Gourd)

- 3 qts. sliced green tomatoes
- 6 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 6 lemons

Mix tomatoes, sugar & salt in a bowl. Peel lemons slicing the rind very thin. Boil the rind in 1 cup of water for 8 minutes. Drain & discard the water. Slice lemon pulp thin and remove seeds. Combine lemon rind, pulp & tomato mixture in a large kettle. Heat to boiling and cook rapidly, stirring constantly for about 45 minutes or until thickened. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal. Makes about 6 half pint glasses.

FRENCH CIGARETTES (An authentic French recipe handed down through the generations to Chris Reid)

- 4 egg whites
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup flour
- 1 cup melted sweet unsalted butter (clarified)
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Beat egg whites until very stiff. Gradually add sugar, beating continuously. Fold in flour. Add vanilla and lastly add the melted butter. With a teaspoon drop on a greased cookie sheet. The dough should then be spread thin using the back of the spoon. Bake for ten minutes (preheated over 375°) then roll each on a pencil while keeping the others warm. Place seam-down on a platter and let cool. The first few may be difficult, but once you understand the timing it should go quickly. My mother only bakes these cookies for Christmas and special occasions. To give you an idea of the delicate flavor, Pepperidge Farms' version doesn't run even a close second!

DID YOU KNOW?

Part 2

According to a recent *Newsweek* article, New Hampshire has a greater percentage of its total land area in Federal ownership than any state east of Colorado!

THANKSGIVING BASICS

ROAST STUFFED TURKEY

- 9 lb. turkey (if different weight alter ingredients accordingly)
- 1 lb. sausage meat
- 2/3 cup chopped onions
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 package prepared stuffing mix
- 1 oz. slivered almonds
- 1 oz. walnut pieces
- 1 lemon
- 2 oz. Bourbon
- 1 stick butter or margerine
- Salt, pepper, oregano, thyme & sage to taste

In a large saucepan saute sausage until nearly brown. Add onions & celery and saute until golden brown. Stir in stuffing and remove from heat. Peel the rind off of the lemon, chop the rind and add. Stir in seasoning and nuts. Add Bourbon. Stir well and put aside.

Wash the turkey inside & out and pat dry. Rub the inside with the remains of the lemon. Stuff the turkey with the mixture already prepared. (Do not overstuff as it will expand.) Sew the turkey up. Cover the turkey with a butter or margerine soaked cloth (or place in a paper baking bag) and place in an uncovered roasting pan. Roast at 325° following directions included with the turkey or as found in a standard cookbook. After removing from oven let sit for 15 minutes before carving.

GRAVY

After removing turkey from pan, place pan briefly in freezer compartment until grease & juices congeal (about 10 minutes). In a saucepan over medium heat put 3 tbsp. of congealed grease & juices, mix with 3 tbsp. flour and add 1 cup of turkey broth (or water or milk). Simmer 5 minutes stirring continually until it thickens. Add cut-up giblets (liver, heast, gizzard) that have been pre-boiled (varying times depending on parts used).

-Sidney Smith

HOLIDAY DINNER

There's been some talk lately about arranging a local gathering at the Inn the Sunday evening before Christmas. Perhaps a hearty Lasagna feed or something of that sort, and followed--or preceded--by the usual Center caroling. It would also give us the opportunity to encourage the culinary talents of the Inn's new chef, Tom Pontichelli, recently arrived from Iowa. If the interest seems to be there we'll get cracking on it. Look for an announcement in the Post Office.

ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE

Perhaps you've noticed the two new saplings now taking hold along Main Street on the Blacksmith Lot. These young crimson maples are gifts to the Village from Sally Roberts in memory of John Batiste of the Center and Kurt Martin of Somerville, New Jersey. May these trees prosper and be a pleasure to us all.

*

THE JAFFREY CENTER OCCASIONAL, the lighthearted diversion of an informal group of Jaffrey Center citizens, welcomes submissions of nearly any sort for future issues. Box 307, Jaffrey Center, N.H. 03454, or call Valerie Angeloro at 532-8349.

This second issue was the work of Hester Ames, Tom & Valerie Angeloro, Bob Brandin, Grace Gourd, Herb & Colette Gramm, Abbie & Pierce Hollingsowth, Chris Reid, Sidney Smith, Rob Stephenson and Wally Tripp.



Monadnock

4

1857

The Jaffrey Center OCCASIONAL

July 1980

42° 49'n by 72° 03'w

no.3

THAT WAS THE WINTER THAT WAS

It was an interesting though strange winter. Snow and skiing were nearly non-existent. On the other hand the skating was terrific. Heating bills were lower-- or rather fewer gallons, cords or kilowatts were expended. Somewhat due to the mild temperatures but also conservation seems to have caught on as the new ethic. We all enjoyed what we trust will now be a tradition: a festive and merry community Christmas dinner at the Inn, its reception so enthusiastic that a St. Patrick's Day dinner complete with green beer was inevitable. During the weeks before the Primary the politicians were as thick hereabouts as blackflies in May: George Bush stopped by the Inn to dine and meet us locals, and see what it got him! Another Inn visitor-- Willa Cather's niece.

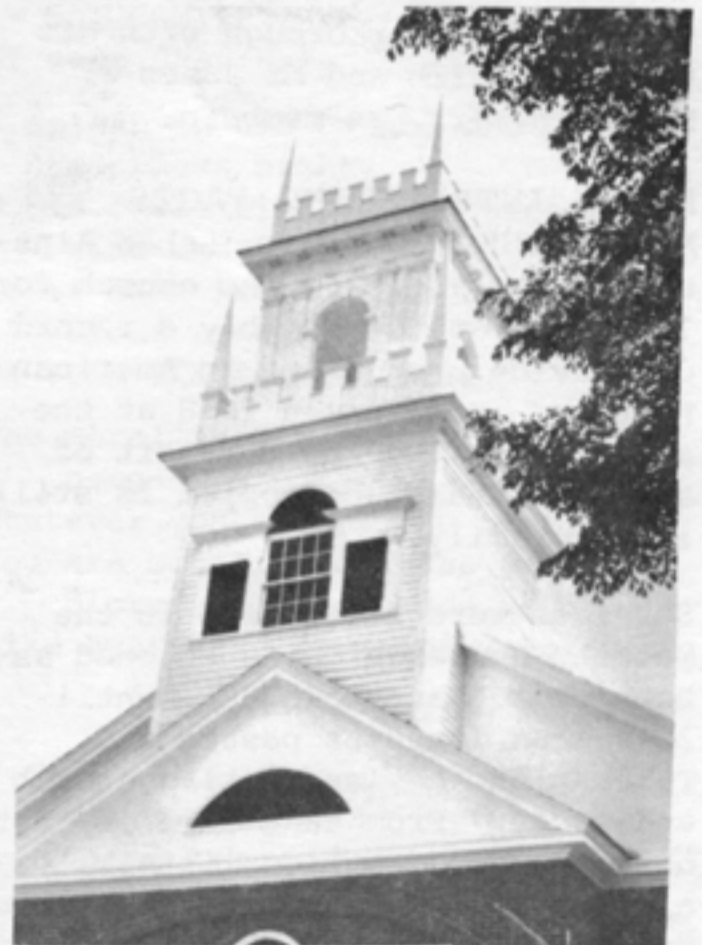
And so now on into summer!

200th ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF JAFFREY

The First Congregational Church of Jaffrey in Jaffrey Center was organized on May 18, 1780, and observances marking the 200th Anniversary of the occasion will be held this summer. The weekend of July 19 and 20 has been selected for the celebration to take advantage of the warmer weather and because many members of the congregation are summer residents.

The celebration will begin on Saturday, July 19, at 2 p.m. with a bell ringing. This will be followed by the formal unveiling of the portrait of Laban Ainsworth which has been beautifully copied by Mrs Grace Godwin Way of Hancock. Participating in the unveiling will be Mr Bancroft F. Greene of Shreveport, Louisiana, a descendant of the first Pastor. At the same time a hand-lettered roster of ministers serving the church will be unveiled with Mrs Thomas Page assisting.

On the same afternoon an historical exhibit will be opened in the Parish House, the items for which have been patiently gathered by Dr and Mrs Robert MacCready and



arranged by Mrs Roger Smith and Mrs Robert Warfield. Hostesses will be present and refreshments will be served on the lawn.

A 90' by 30' tent will be erected on the Common which will be used for a buffet dinner for members and friends of the church at 6 p.m. on the evening of July 19th. This will be followed by a light and fun-filled program in the Meeting House planned by Kathy and Burgess Ayres. Also as a part of the evening's festivities will be a presentation of a gift of audio-visual equipment to the Trustees of the Jaffrey Public Library by Dr Francis M. Woods, Chairman of the Benevolence Committee, the gift being made possible by volunteer contributions of members and friends of the church.

A most interesting history of the church has been written by Mrs G. Ernest Wright and published with the assistance of Bud Lyle. It will be available for purchase at \$1.50 a copy during the course of the celebration.

The Anniversary Committee responsible for all phases of the occasion is chaired by Mrs Albert Burgess of Peterborough with Mrs David T. Smith and Mr James T. Kilbreth, Jr., as members.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CHURCH: Laban Ainsworth was pastor of the church for 76 years! quite possibly a record of service unequalled in American history. He died in 1858 at the age of 100, and the portrait of him which has been copied is still in the family.

Services were first held in the Meeting House which functioned as both church and town hall until 1819 when Congress passed the Toleration Act, separating church and state. From that time on, not only the Congregationalists but also the Baptists, Unitarians and Universalists were entitled to hold services in the building

since its maintenance and upkeep were paid for from public sources.

In 1831 the Congregationalists made plans to build their own church and the brick and wood building that we know today was completed in that year. The cost was \$2,680.63! In 1981 the building will celebrate its 150th anniversary.

-Eva Locke

AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI, THE SEER

First recited at the community Christmas dinner at the Inn, 23 December 1979.

All the heirs of the Prophet are
hardy and bold
And quite unaccustomed to fear.
The wisest of these, in our time,
I am told

Is Ayatollah Khomeini, the Seer.

If you should need a man to
arouse all Iran,
And harrass the Shah from the
rear,
Or further his route--you have
only to shout
For Ayatollah Khomeini, the Seer.

Now, the heroes are plenty and
well known to fame
In the ranks of the top Commissar;
But the one that he chose is a
man with no name--
Call him *Ivan Skavinsky Skivar*.

He can imitate Brezhnev, play
ping-pong and pool,
While he foments an African war;
In fact, quite the cream of the
Muscovite Team
Is *Ivan Skavinsky Skivar*.

One day this bold Russian crept
into Iran
To stir up dissension and fear.
He stirred it up so that he trod
on the toe
Of Ayatollah Khomeini, the Seer.

"Some Communist goat is rocking
my boat--
With his scorn, or his praise,
or his sneer.
The things that he says can be
taken three ways,"
Said Ayatollah Khomeini, the Seer.

The anxious old bird delivered
this word
And returned to Iran from afar.
His mind was all set and blind
to one threat--
From *Ivan Skavinsky Skivar*.
Thought Ivan, "I'll hide in a
group by his side
Till the country is riddled with
strife;
And then I'll emerge with our
Communist purge--
To order religion and life."
The Shah and his crew, and the
government too,
Stand aside while the mobs come
to cheer.
Without Persian oil, the pot
wouldn't boil
For Ayatollah Khomeini, the Seer.
Khomeini's dull knife can't carve
up the life
That is planned by the U.S.S.R.;
A weak U.S.A. can be frightened
away
By the threats of a Middle East
war.
When the gathering mobs had all
struck, and lost jobs,
Their sentiments started to
veer--
"If the Shah could return, oil
would flow, sell and burn--
In spite of Khomeini, the Seer!"
"Go get that bad Shah!" said
Skavinsky Skivar.
"Our 'Students' will aid you, no
fear!
Take hostages, too, if he's not
sent to you,
As boss Ayatollah and Seer."
To stave off the threat, the Seer
in a pet--
Defied International Law.
He lost control where the Black
Sea waves roll,
Over left-wingers threatening
war.
The Good Russian Bear was quick
to declare
"As anarchy seems very near,
You'd far better let us throw
our own net
Over aging Khomeini, the Seer."

"The Moslems may squirm, but our
rule will be firm,
And bar both Khomeini and Shah.
It's long been our dream to foment
this scheme
Through *Ivan Skavinsky Skivar*."
"All people must die, but they
don't need to fry,
If historical precedents hold.
The 'Boxers' rebelled, but they
got repelled
And the Allies reaped fortunes
in gold."
"When we bar all our gates with
Communist states,
There'll be no more Freedoms to
fear.
For once it is ours, you need
not send flowers
To Ayatollah Khomeini, the Seer."
"Then a tomb will arise where the
deep Black Sea rolls,
And graved there in characters
clear.
Are 'Arab, when passing, please
pray for the souls
Who have died for Khomeini, the
Seer.'"
Stand firmly, you allies of Free-
dom and Peace,
And oil not the hinges of War.
You should not put trust in the
Communist rust
Of *Ivan Skavinsky Skivar*.
A splash in the Danube one dark
moonless night,
Would cause ripples to spread
wide and far--
If it came from a sack fitting
close to the back
Of *Ivan Skavinsky Skivar*.
The moral is easy in this lengthy
song--
Whatever you see or you hear,
You are courting decease by
disturbing the peace
Like Ayatollah Khomeini, the Seer.
-Kitty Trimble

*

HOUSEHOLD HINT: Dental floss
makes a strong and long-lasting
thread for sewing on buttons.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

The VIS is able to report on a number of things since the last issue of *The Occasional*. Despite a threatened closing the Post Office is happily with us still. Back across the street where it once was and under the capable direction of Virginia Jennings, it remains an indispensable community meeting spot. With the help of the Town, the VIS aided by volunteers has regraded and seeded the Lower Common. Plans for further improvement are now being formulated. And on the Upper Common the flagpole has been painted and re-rigged. Also, the VIS has joined with the Historical Society and the Historic District Commission in sponsoring an *Historic Preservation Conclave* to be held at the Meetinghouse on the 16th of August. And there's a clean-up crew being organized to again tackle the VIS lot at the corner of Route 124 and Gilmore Pond Road. There's still plenty to do there so come along and give a hand! (10 a.m. July 12th). Remember, the Annual Meeting is at 8 p.m. at Melville Academy on Saturday, July 26th.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MISCELLANY

A recent book by Clark Judge, *The Book of American Rankings*, has caught our eye. It ranks every state according to a variety of attributes and characteristics, some reasonably bizarre. How does New Hampshire measure up? Most often somewhere near the middle. But in some surprising instances it ends up either at or near either end of the scale. Here are some examples:

Number of farms, 47th but ahead of Nevada, Rhode Island and Alaska. Percentage of land in farms, also 47th (9.7%). Birthrate, 42nd. We're second in the percentage of the native population for which French is the mother tongue

(13.7%) behind the front-runner, Louisiana. New Hampshire ranks 49th in violent crimes and 50th in prostitution (one person--male--was charged in 1976). Absolute last as a place where musicians and composers live, but second in deaths from diabetes and third in deaths from arteriosclerosis. One the other hand, we lead the pack in gonorrhoea! Only Nevada consumes more beer, but we're 23rd when it come to alcoholism whereas Nevada's on top again. The State's last in dollars kept in commercial checking accounts, but fourth in the percentage of population owning stock (Vermont is first). We come in dead last in the number of both men's and women's bowling leagues!

ODE TO A BLACK FLY

Off with thee, dark spirit!
Bug thou never wert,
That from Hades, or near it,
Probest thy sting part
In profuse prickings of premeditated art.

What thou art, we know not;
What is most like thee?
From hailstorm clouds there
flow not
Darts so sharp to see
As from thy presence showers a
rain of malady.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy unwelcome strain?
What swamps or swales or
mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What spite of thy own kind? What
specialty of pain?

We itch before and after,
And scratch for what is not;
Our resigned laughter
With real hope is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are of a
time when thou'll be naught!

-Knott A. Schweitzer (W.M.)
(with abject apologies to William
Wordsworth)

WEATHER SUMMARY - Readings at Silver Ranch Lee Sawyer

HIGH & LOW TEMPERATURES - F°

	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980
JAN	-11 58	-20 59	-13 55	-26 52	-8 35	-5 55	-8 54	1 56
FEB	-16 46	-13 52	-18 52	-6 61	-3 46	-10 37	-16 43	-5 49
MAR	10 58	2 63	4 54	1 66	19 67	-6 55	8 68	-4 58
APR	18 85	20 80	18 66	11 90	16 81	18 60	23 75	21 70
MAY	29 77	25 83	30 90	28 80	30 91	24 90	29 90	32 83
JUN	30 90	36 90	32 90	37 88	47 84	43 88	35 88	
JUL	46 90	49 89	40 89	42 88	41 91	42 93	42 92	
AUG	46 92	40 87	40 96	35 92	39 90	46 88	38 87	
SEP	28 90	25 81	30 75	29 84	34 85	28 84	28 81	
OCT	20 72	17 75	26 70	19 73	21 75	18 75	20 84	
NOV	13 65	? 72	22 69	11 60	19 65	10 70	22 66	
DEC	-2 59	2 54	-13 58	-5 51	-12 45	-2 50	-5 57	
Low	-16	-20	-18	-26	-12	-10	-16	
High	92	90	96	92	91	93	92	

INCHES OF PRECIPITATION - Total & Inches of Snow

JAN	4.01 17	3.66 15	3.60 28	4.72 23	3.09 29	8.35 49	11.03 33	0.76 3
FEB	2.03 8	2.21 7	3.25 19	2.85 11	3.47 48.5	1.10 29	2.28 4	1.00 9
MAR	3.24 trace	4.63 5	2.88 6	2.28 17	5.59 20+	1.79 12+	4.11 2	7.66 5.5
APR	4.96 6	3.06 5	2.55 4	2.35	1.99	1.84	4.22 7	4.39
MAY	4.24	4.80	1.24	4.26	2.94 8+	1.66	6.30	1.03
JUN	5.96	2.30	3.50	1.60	4.91	3.15	1.39	
JUL	2.48	2.34	6.30	2.83	2.04	1.76	4.57	
AUG	2.29	2.84	7.42	5.23	1.43	3.84	4.02	
SEP	1.75	6.49	7.20	2.05	5.99	1.07	4.21	
OCT	3.44	1.91	5.15	4.14	4.67	4.77	5.02 3	
NOV	2.08	na 2	4.24 2	0.76 3	3.29 4	2.32 11	3.82	
DEC	9.00 5	4.29 18	4.86 31	2.57 11.5	5.89 29	4.50 23	1.95 1.5	
Tot:	45.48	38.53*	52.19	35.64	45.30	36.15	52.92	
Snow	36	52	90	65.5	139	124	50.5	

*Excludes November

	1 G		2 S	3 A	4 B	5 S	6 F	7 D	8 F	9 R		10 L		11 O	12 B	13 G	14 O	15 N
16 G	17 P	18 N		19 S	20 M	21 G		22 T	23 N	24 C	25 B	26 M		27 S	28 B	29 M	30 I	31 O
	32 O		33 R	34 O	35 K		36 T	37 L	38 D	39 N		40 O	41 R	42 G		43 A	44 G	45 E
46 F	47 B	48 B		49 O	50 H	51 J	52 J	53 F	54 N		55 H	56 S	57 I	58 C	59 Q		60 N	61 H
62 C		63 N	64 P	65 B		66 J	67 K	68 H	69 I		70 C	71 A	72 S	73 C	74 R	75 F	76 B	
77 N	78 H		79 R	80 O		81 E	82 F	83 Q	84 E		85 J	86 D	87 N		88 E		89 F	90 E
91 A	92 L	93 I	94 G	95 H	96 G		97 K	98 E	99 F	100 S	101 M	102 D		103 E	104 P	105 B		106 N
107 K	108 B	109 Q	110 E		111 D	112 H	113 E	114 B	115 H	116 E	117 F		118 K	119 A	120 A		121 D	122 G
123 L	124 H		125 E	126 N	127 K	128 Q		129 T	130 B	131 M		132 R	133 P	134 J	135 H		136 O	137 F
138 P		139 A	140 K		141 B	142 S	143 D		144 L	145 J	146 T	147 H		148 G	149 D	150 F	151 R	152 M
153 B		154 H	155 O	156 S		157 A	158 B	159 R		160 Q	161 M	162 S		163 I	164 T	165 S	166 R	

DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Bob Brandin

CLUES

WORDS

- A. ___ Academy 91 3 120 157 139 119 43 71
- B. Local landmark 105 47 114 4 48 12 141 158 65 76
28 108 130 25 153
- C. ___ Jaffrey Road 24 70 73 62 58
- D. Bock beers 86 149 121 7 38 143 111 102
- E. Lively gathering 103 98 116 84 81 110 90 45 88 113 125
- F. Famous local citizen 137 6 53 117 150 82 89 46 99 75 8
- G. Quaff ale 1 13 94 44 16 42 148 122 21 96
- H. ___ for all good men 78 115 55 112 147 154 61 124
135 50 68 95
- I. Hot ash 57 93 163 69 30
- J. Rowley ___ 66 145 51 85 52 134
- K. ___ Davis 107 118 140 127 67 97
- L. Live free ___ 37 123 144 10 92

M. ___ and get gas	29	161	131	20	101	152	26				
N. Cold panes	35	60	126	18	15	54	77	39	87	23	106
O. Rapids	49	155	32	40	14	136	34	80	31	11	
P. Little Red School	133	104	64	138	17						
Q. Go with washstands	59	160	128	83	109						
R. Centenarian	79	74	166	159	33	151	9	132	41		
S. Xanthippe, Katharina & Biddy Gargery	19	56	165	5	156	162	142	2	72	27	100
T. ___ horse	22	164	129	36	146						

JAFFREY HISTORIC PRESERVATION CONCLAVE

Saturday the 16th of August is the date set for the Jaffrey Historic Preservation Conclave, an afternoon gathering co-sponsored by the Village Improvement Society, the Historical Society and the Historic District Commission. Participating will be experts from the State Historic Preservation Office, the National Trust for Historic Preservation, the Heritage Conservation and Recreation Service and--we hope--the Southwestern N.H. Regional Planning Commission and the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. Perhaps others as well as the organizational planning proceeds. The Conclave will be held in the Meeting-house and it will be open to all without charge.

It is being planned as an educational rather than an academic or professional meeting, a chance to learn what historic preservation is and what's being done elsewhere in New Hampshire and the Nation. Historic districts--what are they and how are they created? What do you do once you have one? What private and public assistance programs are there and for what purposes? Where can I go for

advice on restoring an old house or business premises? Does preservation make economic sense? What tax advantages might there be? Does the Energy Crisis have implications for preservation? What should we in Jaffrey be thinking about in the years ahead? Are there still buildings or resources that should be preserved? What is 'adaptive reuse' and does it offer opportunities for our region?

It is questions and issues such as these that will be posed, discussed and--we hope--answered at the Conclave. It will be a forum to which all in the Monadnock Region are welcomed.

The planning committee for the Conclave includes Tom Angeloro, Mary Batiste, Lucy Carpenter, Molly MacCready, Marjory Shattuck and Rob Stephenson. Look for more detailed information later in July.

*

Forty-three years after publication the two-volume *History of Jaffrey* by Albert Annett and Alice E. Lehtinen still lives! Pristine copies are still available at \$25 a set, certainly a bargain given today's book prices. Volume III which appeared in 1971, is also available at \$25. For sale at the Jaffrey Library.

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

Very soon now that long-time Center fixture, Ruth Stevenson's *Oribe Shop*, will close its doors for the last time. It will do so after a long and interesting history. First opened by Miss Alice Cann as a tea room sometime prior to 1920, *The Oribe* got its name from the fine Japanese china tea service that was used. During the war years the tea room, which was in the barn, remained closed. With a return to more peaceful times Ruth Stevenson bought the property and re-opened the tea room in 1946. Both the gift shop and the tea room enjoyed many successful seasons and many can no doubt recall with pleasure the fine meals served. It is said that the desserts and pastry were particularly memorable. Local women helped in the preparation and serving and often 80 or more patrons were catered to in a day. All good things come to an end, it seems, and in 1967 the tea room itself was closed although Ruth continued on with the gift shop. From 1975 to last year our Post Office occupied the front section of the tea room, but that, too, has now left to return to its earlier quarters across the street.

When the gift shop goes it will be the passing of an era. On the other hand, Ruth Stevenson will still remain and her friendly greetings and lovely gardens will continue to cheer us on as we pass by.



WHAT'S COOKING?

OVEN FISH CHOWDER (Rob Stephenson)

Serves 6-8

- 2 lbs white fish
- 4 potatoes cubed
- 1 bay leaf
- 2-1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 whole cloves
- 3 onions sliced
- 1 crushed garlic clove
- 1/4 tsp. white pepper
- 1 stick butter
- 1/2 cup white wine
- 1/4 tsp. dill
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 cups light cream or milk
- few celery leaves

Put all ingredients except the cream in a casserole with the potatoes at the bottom, covered by the onions, then the wine and seasonings, then the butter and then the fish on top. Cover and bake at 375° for 1 hour. Heat the cream to scalding and add to chowder. Stir to break up the fish. Garnish with parsley or dill.



BLUEBERRY COFFEECAKE (Alyssa Hamilton)

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1-1/2 cups sifted regular flour
- 1 egg
- 1 cup blueberries
- 2 tsp. double-acting baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Combine sugar, salad oil and egg. Add milk and mix. Stir in combined dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Stir in blueberries. Spread in greased 9" square pan. Sprinkle with streusel topping. Bake at 375° for 30-35 minutes. *Streusel Topping:* Combine 1/2 cup light brown sugar, 2 tbsp. regular flour, 2 tsp. cinnamon, 2 tbsp. salad oil. Sprinkle on batter.

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF CARLETON CHIPMUNK

Those who have followed closely the gripping saga of Carleton, the Jaffrey Center chipmunk, will recall that he set out to climb Monadnock, had reached the summit and while admiring the view had chanced to look over his shoulder. Remember how mightily startled he was by what he saw? We once again rejoin our hero...

Carleton's eyes reeled; his heart raced; his furry little body trembled. Not five paces away, leaning languishingly against a granite outcrop, was a vision of loveliness the likes of which he had never seen before. She—for before him was a perfect 10 of a female chipmunk—eyed Carleton with an intent but kindly gaze through long exquisitely upturned lashes. Her tawny tail flicked with a certain regal seductivity. Her designer *dirndl* was smartly complemented by patent leather Gucci climbing boots. Her Chanel wafted towards him on the summer breeze. "Wow!" thought Carleton. Her "Well, hello!" brought our mountaineer back to his senses—just barely. "I'm Carlotta, just up from Dublin. What's your name?" Despite his rustic upbringing Carleton was soon chattering away with the obviously sophisticated and frightfully urbane Carlotta. And it wasn't long before they really knew quite a bit about one another. Carlotta, it turned out, was really from New York City where she was an artistic director at a big Madison Avenue advertising agency.



She told Carleton about her beec tree penthouse in one of the nicer sections of Central Park. It was rent-controlled and a real find. But not long ago she decided to take a six months' leave of absence from the firm in order to pursue her true passion and destiny. In a word she wanted to write. Carlotta had taken several creative writing courses at the New School and now wanted to really let loose all that pent-up verbiage. What better than a change of scene? So she packed her typewriter and thesaurus, sublet her penthouse and sought out the peace and tranquility of Dublin. She absolutely adored it there and had found just the perfect summer place from which to court the muse.

Carleton was, of course, fascinated by all this and showered her with questions about the big city and wasn't life there very fast and free? Fortunately he was able to hold his own by impressing Carlotta when he casually mentioned that Willa Cather had often come to Jaffrey from New York to do the very same thing. (He made a mental note to discuss with Carlotta the thematic undercurrents of *My Antonia*.) For her part Carlotta thought her new acquaintance, if not exactly suave and sophisticated, at least was quaint and comfortable.

Noon had long passed and soon they would have to part and descend mighty Monadnock and go their separate ways. Carleton was preoccupied with this impending—and sad—reality when Carlotta briskly turned in the cutest manner, nuzzled Carleton's shoulder and coyly whispered in his ear: "Carlo, darling, why don't you come back to Dublin with me for a visit?" Carleton blushed deeply, nearly dropping his alpenstock from which still fluttered the Jaffrey flag,

gave his ready acceptance to this exciting suggestion, and wondered how fate could be so fortunate.

With great and anxious expectations the two set off forthwith down the Pumpelly Trail, destination Dublin.

-Rob Stephenson

NEXT ISSUE: Life on the other side of the mountain.

A DOG STORY

Springer Spaniel Thinks She's a St. Bernard!

On Monday, November 5th, 1979, two dogs belonging to Mrs Charles Roy of Jaffrey Center set forth to cruise the immediate environs of their property. They had been known to saunter off the legal limits from time to time, but they had had luck on their side until this fateful Fall day.

Papillion, the large black standard poodle, and *Bernie*, also black, an Alsatian-Labrador cross, had trotted down Route 124 out of Jaffrey Center and headed towards Keene.

The pair had entered the driveway of David Shattuck and had been on the return journey, when they were struck by an oncoming car traveling from Keene towards the center. The driver managed to kill *Bernie* outright and to badly wound *Papillion*, and then with a nonchalance known only to the unfeeling and the wicked, he--or she--left the scene of the crime. Out and out 'hit and run'!

The Jaffrey police were duly notified of the accident and the lifeless body of *Bernie* was soon removed. Mrs Roy, distraught over the disaster, hastened to confirm the whereabouts of *Papillion*. She conferred with the Jaffrey Dog Warden; she advertised in the local papers and on radio; she placed notices in various public places hoping

that someone might come forward with a clue as to *Papillion's* fate. Was he lost? Had the driver snatched him away at the site of the accident? Was he wounded and wandering about dazed and unable to find his way home? At length Mrs Roy had a telephone call from an interested traveler who told her he had seen a large black poodle standing beside Route 124 at just about the spot where *Bernie* had been hit.

Now all that this indicated was that the poodle had indeed survived and had doubtless taken to the woods nearby and must be in shock or wounded or both and was unable to get himself home. Daily, Mrs Roy returned to the spot where *Papillion* had been seen, calling out his name, but with no response. She was desperate, and no wonder! The dogs had been members of the family in every respect, and she felt herself to blame for having let them run free. If only *Papillion* could be found, one way or another, dead or alive. The not knowing; the wondering if the dog was dying of starvation or from wounds inflicted by the car: this was the haunting agony! It was now Friday, nearly a week had elapsed and still there was no sign of the poodle nor word of him.

Another day passed. Surely a dog could not live (if indeed he was alive) having gone so long without food and water. Mrs Roy reviewed the events of the past week with Mrs Jennings, the Postmistress of Jaffrey Center and owner of two right smart West Highland Whites. Mrs Jennings was sure that the missing dog was in the area and probably was too stunned to do anything but lie low and wait to be found or to die. "Well," she insisted, "we must make a real search for the poor thing--and why not do it starting early tomorrow morning."

Also being a profound dog enthusiast I couldn't help overhearing this conversation in the Post Office and asked whether I might join the posse. The more help the better.

So at the appointed time we three women set out armed with blankets, a thermos of water and a leash. At the very last moment I decided to take *Brandy*, my liver and white English Springer Spaniel, just in case she might be able to flush the missing *Papillion* from the woodsey thickets. One thing we had each armed ourselves with was a bright red wool cap: The hunting season was in full swing--not just for poodles but for fair game--and none of us cared to be mistaken for a deer or a bear or the like!

So into the deep woods by the roadside we three plus *Brandy* plunged, the latter abristle with excitement. Walking--and feeling not unlike the police on a man-hunt--our trio plus one began to comb the leaves and underbrush, walking parallel to one another a hundred or so yards apart, all calling "HEEEEEER Papy---COOOME Papillion!" But the Sunday woodlands were a maze of fallen tree trunks, briars and burrs and were all matted with wet leaves that carpeted the ground. We moved slowly in this fashion for about twenty minutes. Then *Brandy*--she and I were furthest from the road--began to run in large circles--nose to the ground having obviously found the scent of some sort of animal. She worked her way tighter and tighter into the bull's eye of the circle, becoming ever more frantic. Suddenly, with a whoosh and a jump, an enormous beaver (a good deal longer than the spaniel and distinctly heavier and with a tail that doubled its length) started up right beneath where I was standing. At first startled and speechless, I soon came to and grabbed *Brandy* by the collar, having by now remembered that a beaver's teeth

are the tools of his trade and also his defense. Looking back to where Mrs Roy was waiting--500 yards back up the path--I was about to say: "Look at the great beaver that *Brandy* flushed," when much to my astonishment--wonders of wonders--I saw, dragging from beneath the underbrush behind Mrs Roy, a large black shape. Could it be? It was indeed! "Look, Mary, look behind you...your dog...*Papillion*... there he is...turn around!"

Well, there he was, crawling, dragging towards his mistress: wounded, matted, wet, hungry, painfully thin, a large gash in his left buttock, a badly broken leg, and in complete shock. But there he was--ALIVE--and *Brandy* had made him, poor dear, even more miserable than he had been all that week, by forcing him to move from his place of refuge beneath the brush and leaves. *Brandy* had indeed flushed the missing *Papillion*. She was a heroine! A life-saver not unlike those legendary St. Bernards in the Swiss Alps who have saved so many human lives. Well, this one was a canine life--and why not?

The ensuing hasty trip to the vet in Peterborough, the cleaning up of the wound, the feeding and strengthening of the animal prior to a necessary operation, and then recuperation at the vets, finally the eventual triumphal journey home to the Roy's house--all this filled a busy week after the Sunday-That-*Papillion*-Was-Found.

Brandy received honors in the form of a bouquet of chrysanthemums (just in time for Thanksgiving) from a grateful Roy family. *Brandy*, herself, was overcome by so much attention, extra flattery and adulation. In fact, she seemed rather put out by the whole thing: that lovely Sunday morning tramp through the woods, those woodlands so crammed with the myriad smells of plant and

and animal life. The tramp had ended abruptly, far too soon for Brandy's liking, and just why it all had come to such a halt is something that Brandy still is pondering. Perhaps she will never understand; but there is one thing for certain: any time there's a chance of another such walk, Brandy will be only too happy to go along!

-Kathy Ayres

HERO LINE



CALENDAR

- July 11-12 Woman's Club Book Fair
- 12 VIS Cleanup (see article) 10 a.m.
- 12 First Church Anniversary program (see article) 2 p.m.
- 17-19 St. Patrick's Carnival
- 19 First Church Anniversary Dinner (see article) 6 p.m.
- 20 Monadnock Music 4 p.m.
- 25-27 Jaffrey Jubilee Weekend
- 26 VIS Annual Meeting Melville Academy 8 p.m.
- 27 Monadnock Music 4 p.m.
- Aug 3 Monadnock Music 4 p.m.
- 6 Annual Woman's Society Fair
- 8 Monadnock Music
- 10 Monadnock Music 4 p.m.
- 16 Jaffrey Historic Preservation Conclave (see article)
- 16-17 VFW Ambulance Fund Flea Market
- 24 Monadnock Music 4 p.m.
- 26 Jaffrey Historical Society. Niels Nielsen talks on *The Old Man of the Mountain*.
- 31 Monadnock Music 8:30 p.m.
- Sept 9 Primary Election-State & Federal offices

AMOS FORTUNE FORUM

Fridays at 8 p.m. at the Meeting-house.

- 11 July C. D. B. Bryan, author. *Friendly Fire and Some Not so Friendly*
- 18 July Rabbi Roland B. Gittelson, Father Anthony Haglof & Prof. Francis X. Cheney, theologians. *Religion--Past, Present and Future*
- 25 July Ira U. Cobleigh, economist. *The Roaring Eighties on Wall Street*
- 1 Aug Jeff MacNelly, Pulitzer Prize cartoonist. *A Sharp Pen Draws the Political Scene*
- 8 Aug John A. Gould, author. *The Truth of Fiction--A Novelist's Aesthetic*
- 15 Aug Harold H. Hammer, oil company executive. *Energy--Problems, Production and Prices*
- 22 Aug W. Anthony Jenkins, former pro basketball player. *The ABC (A-Better-Chance) Program Revisited*



THE JAFFREY CENTER OCCASIONAL, the lighthearted diversion of an informal group of Jaffrey citizens. Submissions of nearly any sort are invited for future issues. Box 307, Jaffrey Center, NH 03454, or call Valerie Angeloro at 532-8349.

This third issue was the work of Hester Ames, Tom & Valerie Angeloro, Kathy Ayres, Bob Brandin, Alyssa Hamilton, Eva Locke, Wes Mallery, Lee Sawyer, Rob Stephenson, Kitty Trimble & Wally Tripp.

The Horse Sheds

1810



The Jaffrey Center OCCASIONAL

Dec. 1980

42° 49'n by 72° 03'w

no.4

WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING?

The Center has been a hub-bub of activity since our last issue burst forth upon the scene. In July the First Church celebrated its 200th Anniversary with a series of events, all well-attended and properly festive. A baby boom of sorts is developing: A son, Seth, for Tom & Valerie Angeloro and, at any moment now, Chris & Claire Bean should be able to announce a new arrival. Hollywood, or rather the Public Television equivalent, made an appearance for the filming of Edith Wharton's *Summer*--lots of activity, color and confusion. The Amos Fortune Forum raised some eyebrows on at least one occasion while the strains of Monadnock Music soothed the spirit at other times. An Historic Preservation Conclave was held at the Meeting-house; the VIS had its annual gathering at Melville Academy; the Woman's Society ran still another nifty Fair;

and the state and national election process reached its usual climax and thankfully is now behind us. Most recently, Sally Roberts hosted a community party in observance of the sesquicentennial of the Inn: Much good cheer, an array of tasty edibles and many elaborate costumes of an earlier era. Before us now, perhaps a warm and quiet winter!

A CHRISTMAS INN-VITATION

Last year's lively Christmas party at the Inn is to be repeated and it looks like it's well on its way to becoming a tradition. Holiday cheer and conversation and perhaps some singing will accompany the roast cornish hen dinner (\$5 per person). Sunday the 21st of December is the date and things will get underway following the late afternoon church service. Sign up at either the Inn or the Post Office.



INSTANT CHICKEN

"Oh, come on Beth! It won't hurt anything." Frank was pressing his sister Beth.

"It will too, and then we'll be in big trouble!" Beth threatened.

"Well, I don't care," said Frank. He placed the egg in the microwave oven and set the dial for 30 seconds.

After the oven turned itself off Frank opened the door and put two fingers on the egg.

Beth had a look of disgust on her face.

"Oh my God!" said Frank. "The egg is pulsing."

Up till now Beth had been quiet.

"That's it. I'm leaving." She walked into the living room and turned on the TV.

Frank turned back to his egg while Beth turned to the 'Price is Right'.

Frank closed the door and set the dial for five minutes.

After four minutes and thirty seconds the micro-wave jumped four inches and banged down on the counter. The bang caused the door to pop open, automatically turning off the oven and ejecting a full fledged eight pound chicken.

After an hour Frank was plus ten chickens, one rooster and one chick and minus a dozen eggs.

After a few days Frank's chickens started to lay eggs which he experimented with. He discovered that:

- (1) After ten minutes the chicken came out cold, dead and featherless.
- (2) After 15 minutes the chicken came out cooked perfectly.
- (3) If you put an egg on a plate with a puddle of barbecue sauce, it comes out bar-b-q style.
- (4) After seven minutes you must scrape the egg out of the oven.
- (5) After six hours the egg turns from egg to chicken to cooked to dead to decayed to egg again; in other words, one

generation.

Weeks passed before Frank was able to get a patent on his discovery. When he did get the patent he took out a loan from the bank and opened a restaurant: "Frank's Chicken Palace."

It was a palace to everyone, except his sister and parents whom he employed as cooks and waitresses.

After a while the bank had been paid and Frank wanted to start a chain. Slowly but steadily his chain grew as did his family's hate for him. Frank's family had no other place to go and because there was a wealthy member in the family they were refused welfare, unemployment pay and social security.

And so life went on for fifteen years. Frank was now 33, and no woman in her right mind would marry the greedy Frank. All other fast food places were trying to buy "Frank's Chicken Palace" but Frank was greedy. All he ever wanted was more money and he knew he wouldn't get it by selling out.

One day Frank was placing eggs in his walk-in micro-wave. He secured the door and set the timer for 4 minutes 30 seconds. After 3 minutes the electricity went out for 36 seconds. Frank was worried about the 50 eggs he had put in the oven. The oven finished out its time. Frank opened the door slowly and cautiously, afraid to look in the oven.

Frank stood there in awe. Every row and shelf contained an 8 lb. mutated chicken, each with its own character and appearance. Some with 3 eyes, 6 legs, 5 wings and 2 beaks. Some were purple, orange and black. Have you ever seen a calico chicken? The chickens converged on Frank and pecked their little hearts out. Beth stopped making french fried chicken feet and shut the door of the micro-wave. Beth

set the oven for 6 hours. When the oven finally shut off all the chickens were back to eggs and Frank's body was gone. Since Frank had not written a will, his restaurants were left to his sister and parents. The family donated to all major organizations and charities. Since nothing was left of Frank they buried the eggs which were left in the oven at the time of his death. For seven weeks the graveyard smelled of rotten eggs.

-Jack Sanderson

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF CARLETON CHIPMUNK

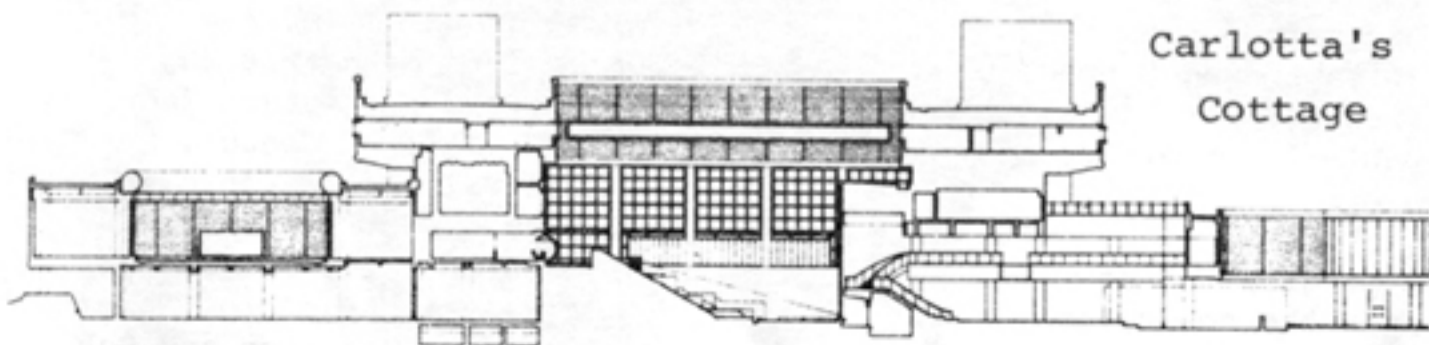
Once again we pick up on our furry hero who we last left about to descend mighty Monadnock in the company of Carlotta, a very fetching Dublin chipmunk.

Carleton, his heart all a flutter, sneaked surreptitious side-long glances at Carlotta as they skipped down the Pumpelly Trail. She thoroughly enjoyed the awed attention her rustic companion was giving her. Soon the outskirts of Dublin came into view. Carleton had never ventured so far from Jaffrey before. It was all so new and, of course, he couldn't start to guess how it would all turn out. After all, no lady chipmunk had ever invited him home before. Such thoughts quickly vaporized when, stopping, Carlotta pointed and exclaimed: "There it is, Carlo. My little country retreat (for you'll remember she was really a Manhattan chipmunk). Isn't it

sweet?" Carleton tried hard not to gape, he really did; but there was no getting around it. He was thoroughly taken aback. He had expected a cozy forest home, just the basics; an old restored beech tree perhaps. But before him, just across the clearing, was the most amazingly palatial--and very avant garde--house he had ever seen. Pure white concrete walls, expansive plate glass windows, odd angles of every degree. Calders and Moores were scattered here and there on the manicured lawns and ancient carp swam lazily in the reflecting pool. Carleton had nearly recovered sufficiently to remark how swell it all looked when Carlotta said: "If we hurry, darling, we'll just have time for a splash in the hot tub and a glass of bubbly before Mario serves dinner." "Who's Mario," Carleton meekly inquired "Mario? Oh, he's been with me for years. I couldn't survive a minute without Mario. Good chefs are so hard to find, you know. And so hard to keep."

Poor Carleton's little head was spinning as he changed out of his alpine gear in the guest room and donned the Calvin Kleir kimono that Carlotta had laid out for him. "I don't know if I can handle all this," worried Carleton. "I mean this isn't exactly what I'm used to." Puzzled but nonethelss excited, Carleton left to join Carlotta on the patio. She was already immersed to her chin in the big redwood hot tub, and as she dis-

Carlotta's
Cottage



creetly averted her eyes Carleton slipped in beside her. It certainly felt good, he had to admit. Far better than splashing in the horse trough back in Jaffrey. The chilled *Dom Perignon '57* was opened, the glasses filled and the toasts given. The two weary bodies relaxed as the sun dipped below the summit of Monadnock. They both sighed contentedly.

-Rob Stephenson

NEXT ISSUE: Buster and Jacaranda arrive.

GRAVE FACES Martin Booth

Martin Booth is an English poet who visited our village during the summer of 1979. He wandered about the Burying-ground and was inspired to write this evocative poem. It appeared in a collection of his verse published in England this past July and he has kindly allowed us to reproduce it here.

*

suddenly, they seemed to show themselves, like children playing in a copse of trees: the breeze stirred leafy in the full, green maples and the mountain ash and the dappling light, sheer off Monadnock, caught their brows and cheeks

mostly in dark gray slabs of stone, the bare earthbones of the mountains thereabouts, someone had carved the epitaphs and topped them off with face, innocent as babies', primitive as a clown

some glowered down upon the scent, scorched grass: some looked up, wore a

ring of wings about their ears: others saw the place as sad—and yet others of this stony host verged upon a smile to lighten the gloom of ground, tree shade and sepulchre

each was oval, egg-like simple in every way (— the grain of stone, the colour, the uniform of carvings upon headstones—) save in emotion

never have such faces shown such love, hate, fun or mockery; reflected the fates of the settlers sown below the visages caught at me, took my breath away

the rest of that day they followed me eighty miles north across New Hampshire and, that night, try as I might, they would not quit me

the town—and grave faces of Jaffrey have me

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