

# THE HILLTOP QUARTERLY

JUNE  
2024

*A quarterly publication for North Hill by the residents of North Hill*

*Volume 154*



## From the Editor

Dear Fellow Residents,

When Ronna Perlmutter asked me to consider succeeding her as Hilltop Editor, I was honored. At the same time, however, I was humbled at the challenge of maintaining the tradition of excellence she established during her five years of leadership. My wife, Barbara, and I never fail to read each issue from cover to cover and enjoy the variety and quality of the writing as well as the opportunity to learn about our fellow residents' lives. My goal will be to build on the heritage left to me and broaden the level of participation by encouraging as many as possible of you to contribute.

The editorial board and I have made two important innovations in the magazine beginning with this issue. We have expanded it from twelve to sixteen pages, and we have begun to include graphic arts as well as writing. In each issue we will feature a resident artist, as we have in this issue with Nanette Eckert, and work from our art studio.

"We hope you will enjoy the new directions we are taking and be encouraged to contribute as well."

David Crellin, Editor

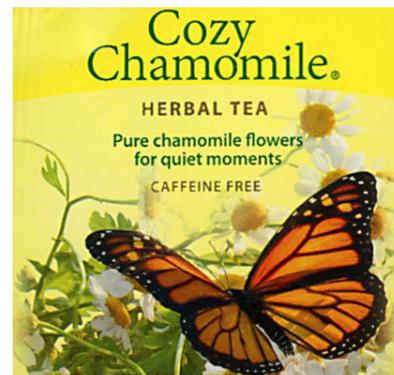
## Front & Back Cover Photographs by Tom Weiss

This male butterfly—his sex identified by the two circular black markings on his wing—was named Cal and released in the afternoon on 9/21/2023 by Sue McFarland. He landed on the hydrangeas in front of the Grand Lobby where I took this photo. Somehow, he knows that he is headed to Mexico.

Those of you having a cup of chamomile tea may ponder the sex of the monarch butterfly depicted on the tea envelope. Although somewhat ambiguous, the butterfly appears to be a male.

## We Remember

GUSSIE STEWART  
FLORENCE MADDOX  
JOAN BRYSON  
SIDNEY FARNSWORTH  
HENRY SHEPHERD  
JOYCE SHEPHERD



## The Hilltop

Editor: David Crellin

Editorial Board: Lynn Bloom, Anne Chalmers, Lew Dana, Marianne Fisher, Steve Foote, Bob McNiff, Tom Weiss

Graphics: Tom Weiss • Copy Editor: Janet MacMillan

The Hilltop is published quarterly and welcomes fiction, essays, poetry, and graphic arts.

Information about submissions can be found on My North Hill under the North Hill Info tab

Please submit your work to [NH-Hilltop@outlook.com](mailto:NH-Hilltop@outlook.com)

NORTH HILL 865 Central Avenue, Needham, MA 02492

## Leo Wept *David Crellin*

On April 11, 1945, soldiers from the 639th Anti-Aircraft Battalion helped liberate Buchenwald. Among those aghast at the inhumanity represented by the hundreds of grotesque corpses and the 21,000 skeletal survivors was Staff Sergeant Matthew J. Bush, 25, of Oswego, New York.

He first saw Leo during his second day in the camp. While eating his noon meal, he spotted a teenage boy foraging for food in a garbage can. Filthy, unshod, and spectrally thin, he dug ravenously into the recesses of the pail.

"After watching him for a while," Matt told me, "I whistled and held out my mess kit with the remains of whatever I had been eating. He looked at me blankly until I waved him over and made it clear I was offering him my leftovers. He peered at me suspiciously before devouring the few bites left in my kit." It proved to be the basis of an instant bonding between the two. Before long, the boy became

"Leo," and Matt became "Sarge." Beyond a few other rudimentary words, their communication, however, was limited to Matt's providing what he could find by way of clothing, a pair of boots, and food to supplement the meager rations for the starving hordes the army had been unprepared to encounter.

"There was just something about him!" Matt said. "Before you could believe it, we would kid around with each other and he never let me out of his sight. There was plenty for us to do, but he'd always be there by my side, until one day we got orders to move out. Leo and I saluted each other, as had become our custom, and I said 'Goodbye' as we formed up. Leo, though, wasn't ready to part. 'No!' he said shaking his head vigorously. He meant it too, because when we broke our march for lunch, there was Leo. As he was that night and for the better part of a month or so, until my Company Commander finally said he had to go.

Leo started to protest, but I made it clear there was no alternative. I saluted him but he didn't return my salute. Leo wept."

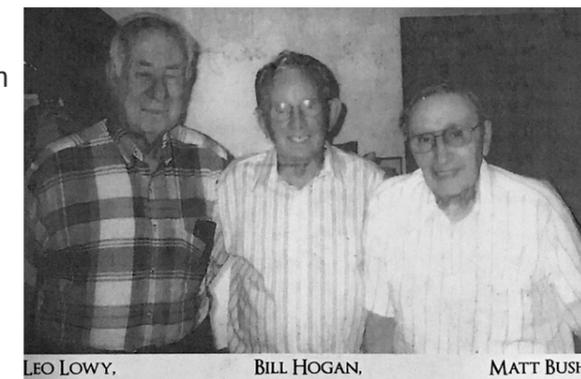
It was the last Matt would ever see of Leo...he thought. Then, one day in June of 1980 he was unpacking a carton of lettuce in the local A&P, where he'd returned to work after discharge. "I looked up and was startled to see a tall well-dressed man approaching me," he said, "carrying a dozen roses and a box of candy. 'Hi Sarge!' He greeted me. I looked at him blankly, trying desperately to place him, until he added, 'I guess you've forgotten. It's me, Leo.' Then, putting the roses and candy on the counter, he saluted, before throwing his arms around me. I couldn't find any words and just listened, dumbfounded, to his story."

Somehow he had remembered half an uncle's address in the U.S. With help from a lieutenant, in my company, he was able to contact him, in New York City. His uncle managed to get him

a visa and he came to the States, where he flourished academically, eventually became a civil engineer and worked as a construction manager for Howard Johnson's, married, moved to New Jersey and raised two sons.

Recently he had initiated a search for Matt, whose name he had uncannily remembered. The Army and National Archives helped by identifying the units and personnel who had liberated Buchenwald. The roses and candy were for Matt's wife, Rose, my wife's first cousin, who was overwhelmed at meeting Leo and hearing his astonishing story.

Of course Matt and Leo remained in contact, until Matt's passing on October 21, 2010. Matt's son-in-law was tasked with calling Leo to deliver the sad news. "How did he take it?" I asked him, when we spoke later. He responded, simply, "Leo wept."



LEO LOWY, BILL HOGAN, MATT BUSH

## Monarch Butterflies at North Hill *Sue McFarland*



Raising monarch butterflies has been a passion of mine ever since I started hatching them in my first grade classroom in the early 1970's. It was an exciting way to start the year as it really piqued the curiosity of the children and drew them into loving science!

The life cycle of the monarch butterfly is magical. It's fun to search for the eggs, which are found on the backs of milkweed plants. When a caterpillar hatches from an egg, it eats its egg casing and then eats the milkweed exclusively, molting, and growing for several days. Once it has had enough to eat, it will spin a web so it can attach to a branch and hang in a 'J' shape for a bit and then become a chrysalis. After about ten to fourteen days the chrysalis turns very dark and

transparent. Soon a butterfly emerges. After several hours, the wings dry so that the butterfly is able to fly and can be released. The butterflies we released in September 2023 at North Hill, are the last generation for that season and will fly 2,000 miles to Mexico, where they spend the winter. The lifespan of these monarch butterflies is only a few months so that three to four generations later the progeny return to the northeastern part of the US. To learn more see [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Monarch\\_butterfly\\_migration](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Monarch_butterfly_migration)

I am very happy that so many of the residents at North Hill were able to enjoy observing the different stages of the life cycle as much as I did. Hopefully, we can do it again next August!

*(Photos by Sue McFarland & Tom Weiss)*

## Monarch Migration *Stan Fisher*

In November 2023, 8,000 migrating monarch butterflies arrived to overwinter in a eucalyptus grove at Pismo Beach, on California's Central Coast. These were members of North America's "Western Monarch" butterfly population, who migrate annually from British Columbia to feed and mate in one of California's 250 stopover sites. Monarchs east of the Rocky Mountains migrate from southern Canada and the northern and central United States to their overwintering sites in Mexico. Like other California stopover sites, the Pismo State Beach Monarch Butterfly Grove offers both shelter from harsh weather, and adequate sources of flower nectar, upon which adult monarchs feed.

Since first discovering the grove in 2015, my wife and I have visited Pismo Beach each February during our annual stays on the Central Coast. On several occasions, the clustering orange and black butterflies virtually coated the leaves and branches of the towering eucalyptus trees (as shown in the telescopic photo taken on February 7, 2019).

Once, we witnessed their mating ritual. As females filled the air among the trees, the males pursued them, batting at them and forcing them to the ground. After a tussle, the males would overpower the females, clasp them, and lift them to the branches above where they would mate.

The size of the monarch population fluctuates according to factors such as weather and the availability of suitable habitat. In 2022 the arriving monarchs at Pismo Beach numbered 16,000, while in 1990 there were 230,000. Given their substantially reduced numbers, the migratory monarch butterfly population is now considered vulnerable to endangerment in the wild.

Observing the monarchs has given us an appreciation of their intricate life cycle and delicate beauty. In return, we must support such efforts to preserve their natural habitat as maintaining their forest cover, planting milkweed, and fighting global warming.



This is the first in a series of talks that eight women residents of North Hill presented in February 2024 in a panel discussion: **Coming of Age as a Professional in a Male Dominated World.** Educated before 1975, these woman learned as they earned, achieving success in law, biochemistry, medicine, software engineering, fine art, government and sports. The Hilltop will feature their essays in future issues.  
—Lynn Bloom, series organizer and editor of these essays.

## Joining the Men's World of Banking *Pamela Henrikson*

When I was thirteen I entered a girls' school. For the next twenty-six years my "day job" took place in girls' schools or women's colleges. At the age of thirty-nine, I was hired by BayBank and thus entered a male-dominated world.

I never really thought about the challenges I faced as a woman banker, so thank you Lynn for inviting me to participate in this panel and stimulating me to ponder how I navigated.

I believe that I came into this male environment with certain helpful mind sets.

1. Having spent my early life in places run by women, I assumed that a woman could do whatever had to be done.
2. I was the eldest of four children and had always considered myself part of the family power structure. My parents seemed to respect my opinions.
3. I had twin brothers who were nine years younger. I was very comfortable with young men.
4. My father had worked for the New England Merchants National Bank before he was recruited by a Cleveland bank, so I had some understanding of the Boston banking and business scene. I knew several of his business friends and was not intimidated by successful men.
5. My husband was very supportive of my career.

I was hired as a Specialist in Not-for-Profit organizations and charged with building a portfolio of credit and non-credit services for schools, colleges, hospitals, and other not-for-profits.

Many of the other bank officers were totally perplexed by my role, and I was quickly given the nickname of "Not-for-Profit Pam." I suppose I might have viewed this as bullying, but I saw the humor and wasn't particularly bothered.

In 1979 BayBank was a dominant consumer bank in the suburbs but had just opened its first office in

the city of Boston, which with Cambridge, was my primary market area. Fortunately, my boss gave me a long leash, so I had time to build business. I had to get out and tell the BayBank story.

Often I would be told by a prospective customer that he already had four Boston banks to choose from so Why did he need BayBank? However, I did have the best banking toy in town – the automated teller machine or ATM in which BayBank had pioneered!

On a cold call in the early years, I often sensed an attitude of "why bother with a woman?" But that was less of an issue in the course of the 1980s when it became more customary to see women in business, especially banking.

Internally, the challenges I confronted were, in my opinion, more the normal political and competitive battles of any large organization than opposition to me as a woman.

I did often wonder if women were paid as well as men. I faced this inequity when I was asked to assume management of the private banking and trust department and discovered that a man reporting to me had a larger salary than I. When I mentioned this to my boss, he was somewhat dismissive, but the next time my salary was reviewed, I received a sizable raise.

Occasionally I enjoyed advantages as a woman. One of my sideline responsibilities was administering major charitable contributions. When the Chairman was unable to attend a fundraising event he would often send me. One morning I found myself at a breakfast hosted by Dick Hill, Chairman of the First National Bank of Boston. Upon entering I was greeted by my first name. I wondered how the hosts knew my name until I sat down and realized that I was the only woman in the room. Furthermore, I was seated next to the Chairman himself! Any man as junior as I would have been seated at the far end of the table.

## Owl Be Seeing You *Lewis Dana*

Around 10:45 the other night, I turned the TV off and chose a book to wind up the evening. As I flipped to the bookmarked page, a low-register "Hoo-HOOHOOoooo" sounded faintly from outside our apartment window. Norbert, lying at my feet, raised an eyebrow.

Off and on during our time here at North Hill, we've heard owls, particularly in winter. But never such a powerful, basso profundo. Intrigued, I went out on the terrace to hear more clearly. Another powerful hoot boomed through the night air. I thought, "That must be one huge bird." After a few more deep, mournful hoots echoed through the trees, soprano hoots returned the call from North Hill's main drive.

Rather than stand shivering, coatless in the cold, and noticing that it was about time for Norbert's evening constitutional, I went back inside, put on a coat, got the leash from the closet and issued the usual command. "Wanna go out, Norbie?" He leapt to his feet, and we headed down the back stairs to the Bay View Road exit.

## A Grand Old Chief *Sally Hammerness*

My older brother, Charles, always had a dog and it was always a big one. But it was his last one, Sam, a glossy Golden Retriever, who had the biggest heart of all. My brother had schizophrenia and so he did better with animals than with people, and Sam was handsome, confident and charmed everyone he met. He was a bridge between my brother and the outside world. When we went walking, Sam would stride ahead proudly carrying a stick in his mouth like a banner. People would stop to admire him and I don't know who was more proud, Sam or my brother. When Sam developed a nasal tumor, it was a blow to us both, but we had hopes that the Tufts Medical Center in Grafton could cure him.

Charles would drive down from New Hampshire and I from Wellesley to talk with the veterinarians about medications and treatments. Sam bore these

As we came out the door, another operatic "Hoo-HOO-HOOoooo" greeted us from close by.

I made several assumptions: That bird must be in the trees directly across the road. Based on the awe-inspiring bass, he must be a "he." And, it's

January, so maybe owl mating season has begun.

Suddenly bass hoots wafted in from much farther away, drawing higher pitched even more distant hoots in return. Moments later, another "Hoo-HOO-HOOoooo" close by. And, again in a higher register, hoots from just over there.

I stood in the middle of the road, fascinated. A quartet of owls? Just a pair of fast-moving birds? "Are we surrounded by owls?" I marveled to Norbert.

As I wrestled with that question, a snap of a twig high up in a tree at the road's edge pinpointed the location of at least one owl. I looked up from the blackness of the trees into the faint gray sky, and there he went, a ghostly shadow, a great bird, wings spread, beating slowly for lift, then banking a wide turn to starboard as he wafted silently off in search of romance.



## “Le Travail” in Paris in the 1960s *Tom Selldorff*

I joined Amstan, American Standard company's Paris-based “International Coordinating Group” in 1965 and worked there for about three years. In the 1960s, Paris was—and today still is—a marvelous, magical city, which spans the broad river Seine with the commercial and residential portion on the right bank and the academic, artistic, and administrative activities on the left.

In those days, the French attitude toward work and business was more relaxed than that common in the United States. First came an enjoyment of good food and wine, then came conversation and appreciation of the finer aspects of life, art and politics and only then, if time allowed was one permitted to discuss the commercial subject and purpose of the moment.

Being mostly Americans, members of Amstan were generally seen as neutral parties, able to act effectively among competing national interests. We also immensely enjoyed the French culture and lifestyle, especially when it came to business practices. The thirty or so of us were quartered on one floor of an imposing turn-of-the-century mansion at 121 Boulevard Haussmann which had been converted into the headquarters of the French “Ideal Standard” company. The Boulevard Haussmann—named for the architect of the grandiose star-like layout of central Paris—is one of the broad avenues radiating from the Arc de Triomphe and was one of the most elegant residential locations in the late 19th century. Most of the offices had fireplaces with marble mantels, gilded mirrors, and other architectural elements not usually found in a business environment.

While Amstan occupied a separate floor in the building we were totally dependent on the French

company's support facilities like the telephone (which, at the time, the French still considered as an instrument of the devil) and we followed other business routines normal to the host company. This included a two-hour lunch, when the plugs were pulled on the telephone switchboard and the office doors locked at exactly noon until the early afternoon return at two p.m. Consequently, there was nothing for us to do at lunchtime other than walk down the Avenue Haussmann to a local bistro or brasserie for a glass of wine (or a beer) and a “sandwich jambon” or maybe a “steak frites.” These ubiquitous small restaurants were usually family-owned, with the matriarch (Madame) at the cash register, the husband (Monsieur) in the kitchen and a son or son-in-law (Garçon) or two as the waiters. The regular clientele was known personally and was always met with a smile and a

quip. There were usually four or five of us, and we would spend an agreeable hour discussing the foibles of the moment. Typically, there would be Steve P., an erudite Harvard grad fluent in ancient Greek, Gene D., a former advertising executive and author of a torrid novel set in Italy, Jacques N., a Belgian amateur race-car driver, and I. Steve was a CPA and the Chief Internal Auditor, a very responsible position in the company. Yet he had an impulsive streak when it came to the stock market and

engaged in wild speculations on companies nobody had ever heard of. Over lunch, he would describe his gains and (mostly) losses in great and amusing detail. Others would add stories of their own, so that and a lot gentle ribbing took the first hour of the enforced two hour lunch break.

*Cont. on Page 10*



Je vous écoute, Monsieur. A watercolor by Steve Foote.

## “Le Travail” in Paris, *cont. from Page 8*

Then, to pass the time until the two o'clock reopening of the office, we would amble over to the Champs d'Elysees a couple of blocks away. There we would take a table at an awning-shaded sidewalk café, slowly sip a “café au lait” and watch the girls go by, swinging their hips as only French demoiselles can do. There was almost always a gentle breeze, and we'd enjoy hearing the tinkle of coins landing in the porcelain dishes, each marked with the cost of the drinks they were

## A Night at the Copa *Robert McNiff*

The 1950's were a time of change and contradiction. American cars were moving from Henry Ford's standard black to bright color schemes with dazzling chrome and fins. Televisions were overtaking radio in our living rooms. Ladies wore demure skirts with below-the-knee hemlines, but bikinis were all the rage at the beach. Parents seemed determined to give their kids all they'd had to do without during the Depression.

None of this concerned my friends and me. We, like most teenagers of the time, were busy enjoying our high school years.

As our senior prom approached, my classmates and I decided to “go big,” treating our dates to a live show at the famous Copacabana night club in New York City after the prom. This wasn't an inexpensive proposition, so we agreed to pool our resources and immediately began exploring ways to control expenses.

There were ten of us, so we decided to make bulk purchases when possible. After successfully negotiating a deal to rent the tuxedos, we approached the local florist. He was willing to give us a group discount, with one catch: he insisted we accept identical corsages.

Despite misgivings—surely one of our dates would notice—we agreed to his terms. Arriving at the prom, my head was spinning with a

served on. What a delightful interlude in a usually busy day.

As the saying goes, “There's no free lunch!” so our work did require frequent travel to the various European subsidiaries. They limited this pleasant lunchtime ritual, but it remains in my mind as by far the best and most civilized period of a checkered career.

million potential explanations for the corsages. To my surprise, none of the ladies said a word about them during the dance. But I wasn't convinced we were out of danger. It could still come up on the ride to the Copacabana.

When it didn't, I breathed a sigh of relief, ready to enjoy the rest of the evening. I wasn't ready for what happened when we walked into the Copa. As the maître d'hôtel steered us toward our seats, several men stood up and stormed out of the club. Apparently, they were unwilling to be entertained by Billy Eckstine, the Black star of the show.

The maître d' smoothly changed course, ushering us to the now empty table, one of the best in the house. Eckstine, known for bantering with his audience, was in great form. He must have been aware of the insult, and gave our table the royal treatment.

He asked what we were celebrating, the name of our school and told us he hoped we would enjoy the show. When he dedicated a song to the “lovely ladies at ringside,” our dates swooned.

We left the Copa in high spirits. Even the hour-long wait for our ride home couldn't dampen our mood. And yes, the limousine was a deal, too. An uncle of a friend had given us a special rate for the car—a 1939 LaSalle. It was old, but it was big and roomy, which was a good thing. The six of us needed every inch of space to accommodate our dates' hoop skirts.

## Meet Master Chef Rob Fox *Marianne Fisher*

A smiling, strapping five feet eleven inches, decked out in his fashionably black chef's attire and skull cap, Rob Fox speaks proudly in sonorous tones about his job, staff and years at North Hill. Looking for a career at the ripe old age of eighteen, Rob started as a dishwasher at LaDonna Restaurant and Cafe in Mansfield, his home town. The year was 1990. It didn't take long for this ambitious young man to want more. He observed the salad/appetizer maker and said, “I can do that!” He did, too, and so much more.

Over the next few years, Rob rose to Head Chef at this busy Italian restaurant. More hungry than proud, in 1998 Rob headed to North Hill where he gave up his toque to become a line cook.

At that time, there was no Summa, Bistro Cafe, Pines Edge or Vista Terrace. The main kitchen served breakfast, lunch and dinner for both Independent Living and Skilled Nursing. “In 2001,” adds Rob, “I was asked to open the Bistro.” He did so well that in 2014, he was offered the position of Executive Chef, in which he's still going strong. No formal training. Just drive, dreams and talent. And are we lucky!

As Head Honcho, Rob hires and oversees all twenty-five back-of-the-house staff in all kitchens, including the Team Kitchen. He writes the Summa menu, both dinner and brunch, the Café menu, as well as the Team Member menu, cocktail party, holiday and Café menus. Paul Duest, the Bistro Chef, writes the Bistro menus.

Rob's modus operandi: “Presentation is so important. The eyes eat first. I want every dish to taste as good as it looks.” His menus are current, ethnically diverse with many choices, including daily specials and vegetarian delights.

To keep us looking forward to dinnertime, Rob designs four seasons of menus each year with four weekly menus each month.

You haven't had a Summa tour with Rob? Treat yourself to a gleaming, spotless, stainless steel enclave of pots, pans, utensils, counters and equipment. Listen carefully as Rob waxes eloquent about his new toy, the Combi Oven.



The “Combi” stores recipes, cooks and steams, and its internal probe alerts you when the meat is cooked. It's even self-cleaning! There are eight Combis on campus.

Cost-conscious, Rob portions his own filets and creates his own sauces and salad dressings. He's very proud of and grateful for his talented staff and all their contributions: “We would not be successful without the team of dedicated individuals I'm lucky enough to work with.” He recruited Mark,

the Pastry Chef and Mike, a Bistro Chef away from LaDonna where they had all worked together those many years ago.

Rob works five days a week from 9:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. more or less. When not at work, he prefers to eat out. Can you blame him? His family consists of his wife of twenty-six years, Tracy, and their sons Tyler (23), who is looking into Business Management and Ryan (19), a freshman at the University of New Hampshire. As a family, they have skied and travelled extensively.

Rob and Tracy will soon be off to Switzerland and Lake Como for their first trip abroad. A rib-eye guy, Rob is looking forward to enjoying some special pastas and a few bottles of Barolo at the Grand Hotel Villa Serbelloni in Bellagio.

Buon viaggio and buon appetito from all of us at North Hill.

# Artist Amongst Us: Nanette Eckert

## Elizabeth Cook and Tom Weiss

### The Mystery of the Colored-Chalk Drawing

In Summer 2022, as we all were bored with COVID-19, amusing colored-chalk drawings appeared on the newly paved Bay View Road. These drawings were photographed by a number of residents and were displayed in the September 2022 issue of Hilltop. But, who was responsible for these drawings? It took a poem by Judy Hoberman (A Puzzlement) as well as a staging by Alice Polley to arrange the Big Reveal in the Commons on August 29th, 2022.

Nanette Eckert was revealed to be the instigator of this mischief meant to amuse and mystify the residents; her enthusiastic accomplices were her daughters, granddaughters, and nieces. While these family members lived in California and Kentucky, they came to North Hill on visits to Nanette, where they plotted their adventure.



The first drawing to appear on Bay View Road was done on June 13, 2022 by Laura Eckert, Nanette's daughter.



Drawing done by Sharron Hilbrecht, Nanette's niece on July 20, 2022.

They met in Nanette's apartment to produce cardboard stencils of the subjects to be drawn, and then chalk tracings were done on the Bay View Road after 10 p.m., in the dark of night. They wore black garments, toted flashlights, and were never detected by residents. Sureptitiously and unbeknown to Nanette, Lew Dana joined the fun and added his artistic skills. The mood of the residents prior to the Big Reveal was captured by Judy Hoberman's poem.

### A Puzzlement

There is an artist in our midst  
Whose urge to draw she can't resist.  
On Bay View Road she had the chance:  
Its walking path she would enhance.  
The stenciled drawings on the lane  
She decided were too plain.  
So in the darkness of the night  
When everyone was out of sight  
She got down low on hands and knees  
To show off her abilities.  
She added details to each one,  
Admiring all that she had done.  
It still remains a mystery  
Just who this clever one might be.  
Is there a Resident so spry  
That she could kneel, then stand up high?  
Perhaps a bird with its white "chalk"  
Produced the art work for our walk!  
—Judy Hoberman

As our former CEO Ted Owens wrote to Nanette, "You touched our hearts and gave all of North Hill a very big and wonderful gift."

### Portrait Sketching

"Sketching is therapeutic for me. I love doing portraits of our residents."



Sketching Class watching Cyrus Whittier demonstrating sketching techniques.

Nanette Eckert has been participating in Cy Whittier's portrait class for several years. "Drawing portraits requires my total concentration. As I have become more adept at capturing a likeness, it has become more and more fun." Wouldn't we all like to have that experience?



Jack Rosenfeld poses as Cyrus Whittier works up a preliminary sketch.

Nanette was born and raised in Louisville, Kentucky, graduated from the University of Louisville as an English major. She had no particular courses in studio art. However, her older brother was an art professor and worked in oils and watercolor.

Nanette and her husband Jim, who was with General Electric, and their four children, lived mainly in the Midwest. During that time Nanette's studies were focused on completing her Education and Library Science requirements. When they moved to Needham, she worked as a school librarian, retiring from Lexington High School.

When Jim retired, Nanette's dream to live in Europe came true. They moved to Vienna where Nanette held a position as librarian for the American International School in Vienna. They returned to Needham and in 2015 moved to North Hill. Jim died in 2018.

Along the way, Nanette had taken up photography, sketching and watercolors. She was delighted to find a drawing class at North Hill. She describes Cy Whittier as "very talented, an excellent instructor. His curriculum enables his students to develop their skills."

Do go down to the Art Studio and look at her results from class participation on the far wall, which are reproduced here.

And of course, feel free to see Cherie Clinton (Artist-in-Residence) and sign up for a class or to be a model!

Leila Kern commented on her experience of sitting for her portrait done by Nanette: "Sitting as a model for the portrait drawing class felt

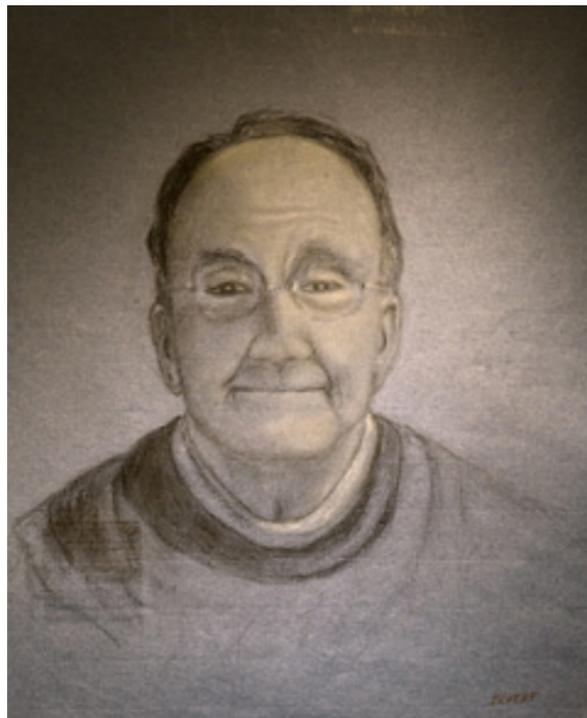
like a small contribution I could make to the robust arts program here at North Hill. Little did I know I would be blown away by the portrait Nanette did of me. She is really very talented. Nanette has agreed to give me the portrait of me and I am looking forward to having it framed."



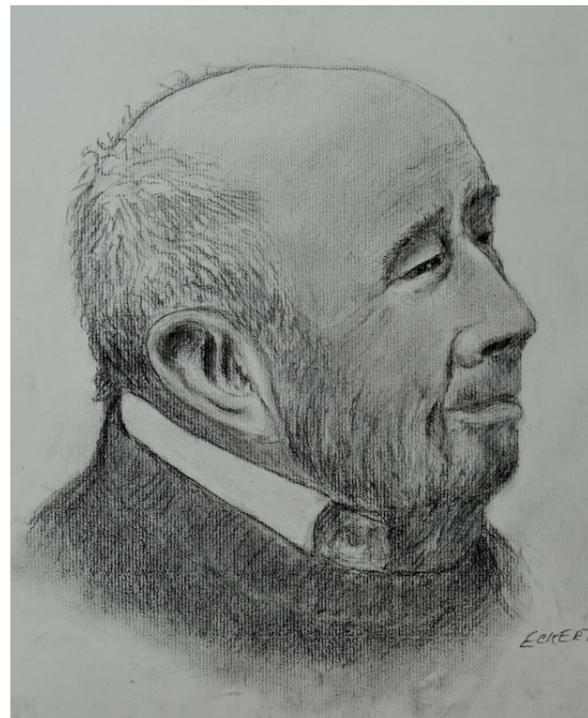
Portrait of Leila Kern.



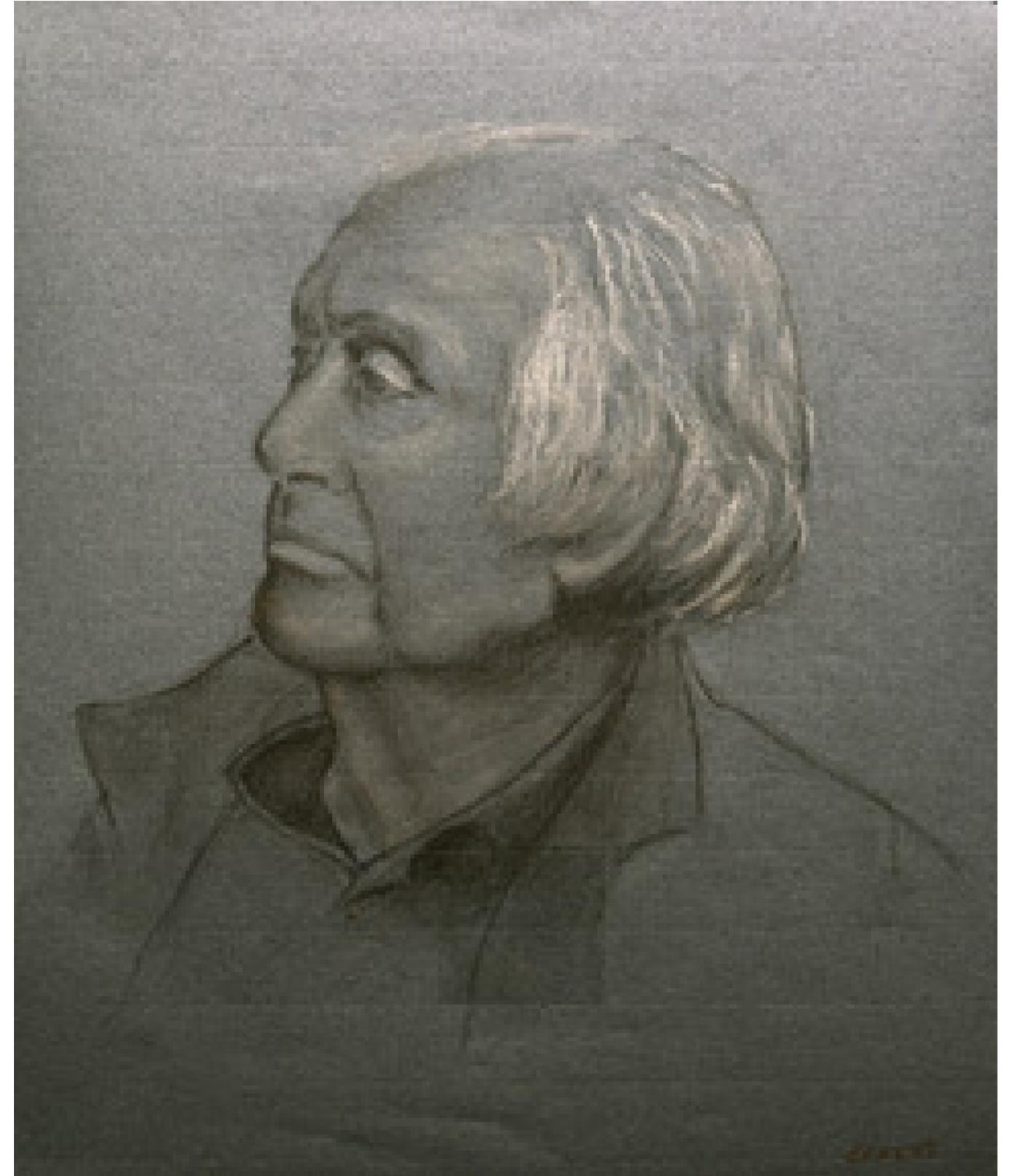
Portrait of Areya Daniel-Graves.



Portrait of Peter Metz.



Portrait of Jack Rosenfeld.



Portrait of Peter Fox.



Gail Poler



Kitty Bownass



Grace Berestecki

### Wire Workshop, April 21, 2023



Stan Fisher

14 residents joined award winning wire artist and sculptor Ryan Kelley for a wire tree art class. A self-taught artist, Ryan has been creating his signature trees for over ten years and shows his work regularly with the New England Sculptors Association. Ryan is a gifted educator who will teach you to create a wire tree in any style you like. All you have to do is provide a fist sized rock that will serve as the tree's base. Visit [www.wirebyryan.com](http://www.wirebyryan.com) to see how he creates these beautiful trees. We are delighted to share the finished trees created by North Hill residents along with a tree created by Ryan Kelley.



Marty Grundy



Sue McFarland



Harriet Greenfield



Lynn Bloom

Resident artist's name is below each photograph.  
Wire tree photographs by Tom Weiss