

THE HILLTOP

SEPTEMBER
2024

A quarterly publication of writing and art by North Hill residents

Volume 154



From the Editor

Dear Fellow Residents,

Thank you for the many enthusiastic compliments you have given us for our June issue. Your responses to our Artist of the Month feature and the extra content afforded by the additional four pages were especially important to us. This month we are very proud to feature a small sample of Helen Meyrowitz's extraordinary achievements in drawing and painting. Her work, on display in museums throughout the country, including MOMA, has brought her international acclaim even as she, today, works diligently to explore new ways of expressing her artistic vision.

On a sad note, we regret Tom Weiss's "retirement" from the Board. Tom served faithfully and productively as Board member, photographer, and graphics specialist for many years. We will greatly miss his presence. At the same time, we welcome Tom Selldorff to Board Membership. Tom is an avid writer and contributor to The Hilltop. His strong sense of what constitutes good writing will help us continually strive for excellence in our publication.

We hope you will enjoy the mixture of humor and writing about serious topics, as well as Helen Meyrowitz's magnificent works of art in this issue.

David Crellin, Editor

Cover

Capriccio #8 is one of a series of fifteen drawings done as homage to Desiderius Erasmus' essay "The Praise of Folly" (second edition) published in Latin in 1514. It is a critique of the flaws of society and the Church in their misguided pursuit of power and glory. It was hailed as a comic masterpiece and is still considered so today, when it is as relevant as it was in the Sixteenth Century.

The rented clown outfit, or Fool's Cap, worn by my model is a universal metaphor meant to bypass rational thought and help the viewer think visually.

The character of the fool or clown is universally found in some form in all cultures and in all times. The clown is the eternal child in all of us who sees things as they are.

Helen Meyrowitz



The Hilltop

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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

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Sox and the Single Woman *Lynn Z. Bloom*

“No more milkmaid dresses,” said Martin, my new husband, whose imaginative aesthetics began—but did not end—with my wardrobe. Banished was the pale blue shirtwaist with demure ruffled bodice, replaced with a bright purple sundress with a formfitting top, full skirt, and fitted jacket—just in case. Although throughout our sixty three years of marriage his plumage remained modest, he enjoyed shopping with me. He saved me from disaster when I asked “Does this dress make me look fat?” And he insisted on clean lines, elegance, and color, always color.

With one exception. The male gaze ended at my ankles, and socks were out of sight, out of mind. Until Martin died, on Father’s Day three years ago, my socks were serviceable and unremarkable. Even my favorites, an indestructible pair of grey merino wool socks embossed above the ankle with a small darker grey kiwi that we bought in New Zealand thirty years ago, were the essence of innocuousness.

The autumn after Martin’s death, on a Thanksgiving visit to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, I spied a pair of blue checkerboard ankle socks in an artsy boutique and snapped them up. Returning minutes later for a matching red pair I did not realize that I would be making a new sartorial statement. As they passed by, men and women whom I knew—and didn’t know—began to say “Love the socks.” Never

before had my ankles received any visible notice, so the commentary was surprising. “I like your socks.” “Great socks.” “Where did you get them?”

Encouraged, I expanded the wardrobe. More checks—black, pink, green. Mondrian Minimalist Geometric de Stijl art socks. Gray bamboo socks patterned with puffins, orange and black. Then, the ultimate acknowledgment of the sox appeal: people began to give me exciting pairs. Black with cubistic Picassoesque faces. Hokusai’s wave, breaking over a blue ocean. A dark palate enlivened by green leaves and carrots—orange,

yellow, purple. From the British museum, light gray, striped to look like a library checkout slip. I was wearing these the day the donor died, and I wore them two more days in her honor.

When wearing a dress and conventional nylons I met friends for dinner who asked, “Where are your fancy socks?” I realized that

I needed patterned kneesox to maintain my reputation. Christmas gifts of white socks adorned with purple thistles, and black socks with red, orange, and yellow nasturtiums intertwined, arrived to inspire compliments—and cavorting—in the new year. Martin would have been pleased. Yet if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, I have yet to obtain the ultimate accolade—compatible socks appearing on a different pair of ankles.



The Bodyguard *Robert McNiff*

My college social activity was financed by various summer and part-time jobs. Most were fairly mundane: waiter, bellhop, gas station attendant, supermarket clerk. My all-time favorite job was a little more interesting, bodyguard to a freelance leg model.

The model, a former classmate, was an aspiring actress who had landed a few non-speaking roles on Broadway. Like many young thespians, she needed to supplement her income. She'd found her niche as a leg model; her lovely legs graced many magazines ads for ladies' nylon stockings.

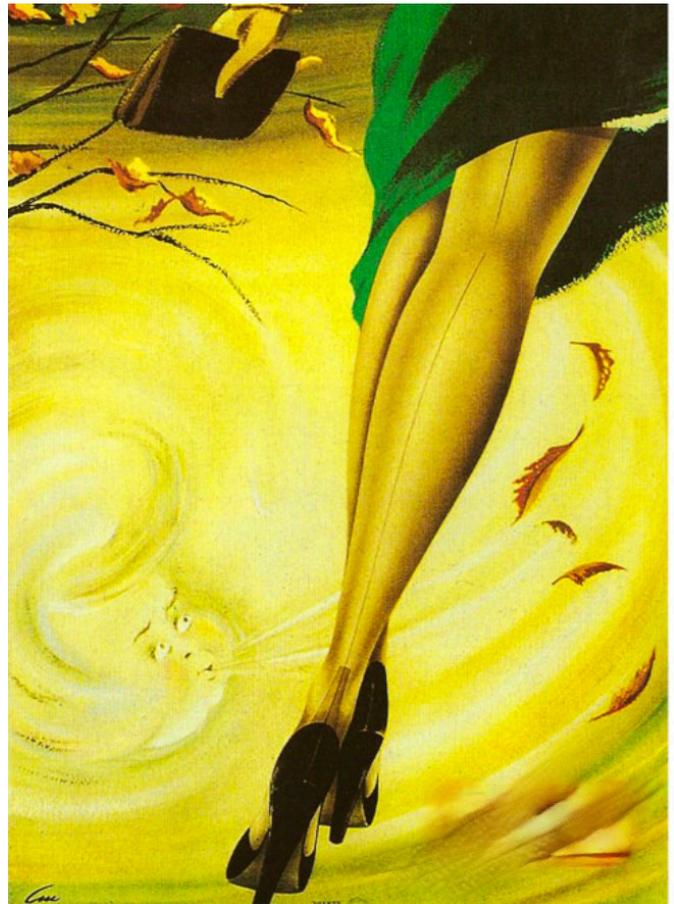
While the work paid well, the hours were long—and the models were vulnerable to unsavory photographers who harassed them or made unwelcome advances. They took advantage of the fact that the models had no recourse.

After a particularly unpleasant incident, my friend asked if I'd attend photo sessions with her. She reasoned that having her "brother" accompany her was a good way to discourage bad behavior.

My job was to intercede on behalf of my "sister" when things got a little too hands on. This required me to closely monitor a number of lovely models, who were wearing just a bit more than was necessary to keep their nylons in place.

The studios were full of cameras, lights and sophisticated equipment, but I learned little about the intricacies of photography. I did, however, acquire a vast knowledge of what constitutes a great pair of legs: knowledge I find useful to this day.

My academic schedule limited me to just fifteen sessions during a period of six months. During that time, I met a number of hosiery company



representatives, who shared some fascinating market data.

They reported that in a typical year, women purchased ten million pairs of nylons. Despite each pair selling for less than two dollars in 1956, the profit margins were generous. Of course, no one suspected that just a decade later, Twiggy and the mini-skirt would forever change the industry.

My bodyguard career came to an abrupt end shortly after graduation when the 3rd Armored Division needed my protective skills in Germany. Fortunately, upon arriving in Europe, I discovered the knowledge acquired during those photo sessions had international application.

When Junie Met Ellie *June Harris*

When Mac and I moved into North Hill in 2013, construction was well on the way for an expansion of the facility to be called Avery.

Workmen were everywhere tearing down walls and replacing them with large plastic sheets. Although many areas of the building were being redefined, two important venues were still intact and in use: the Fitness Center and The Dining Room on the third floor, which offered buffet dining only.

We soon found out that standing in line for a buffet meal was a great way to meet people. The many open and friendly residents who greeted us made us feel most welcome. Again and again, we made connections, finding commonality in both backgrounds and acquaintances.

One evening we were standing next to a particularly warm and friendly woman who turned to greet us. After a few preliminaries, we established that she and I both grew up in Brookline and attended high school there. Her graduating class, we quickly determined, was two years ahead of mine. "Oh," I said, "you must have known my cousin Claire Saltman. She was in your class."

"Indeed, I did know her," she responded with a smile, "but I knew her cousin Junie Cutler even better."

"Wait," I said, incredulously. "Did you say Junie Cutler? That's ME! I'm Junie Cutler,"

After an exuberant hug, she responded. "And I'm Ellie Scholl." Then the memories just poured out of Ellie and me playing together during the many years we lived directly across from one another on Winchester Street. What a reunion! After over seventy years of separation we were back together reliving a happy time in both of our lives.



But this story does not end here. The next day I found an old photo album filled with pictures of my growing years and just as I was about to open it, out fell a picture of Ellie and Junie ages eight

and six smiling broadly in front of my home on Winchester Street.

Our friendship renewed, Ellie and I see each other often around the "campus" of North Hill and, each Monday evening we meet for dinner to share our news and keep our connection strong.

Helen Meyrowitz

She Wears Many Hats 1995 – 1996

The series "She Wears Many Hats" addresses the juggling act that I experienced at a particular time of my life. I was dealing with the demanding challenges of raising a family, going back to school for my Masters as well as carving out some time to make art in my studio.



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2 Hat Spill



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#11

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Capriccios, 1997 – 1998

“Now what else is the whole life of mortals but a sort of comedy, in which the various actors, each disguised by various costumes and masks, walk on and play each one his part, until the manager waves them off the stage? Moreover, this manager frequently bids the same actor go back in a different costume, so that he who has but lately played the king in scarlet now acts the flunkey in patched clothes. Thus all things are presented by shadow, yet this play is put on in no other way.”

Erasmus, *The Praise of Folly*, 1511



Tumblers, 1998 – 1999

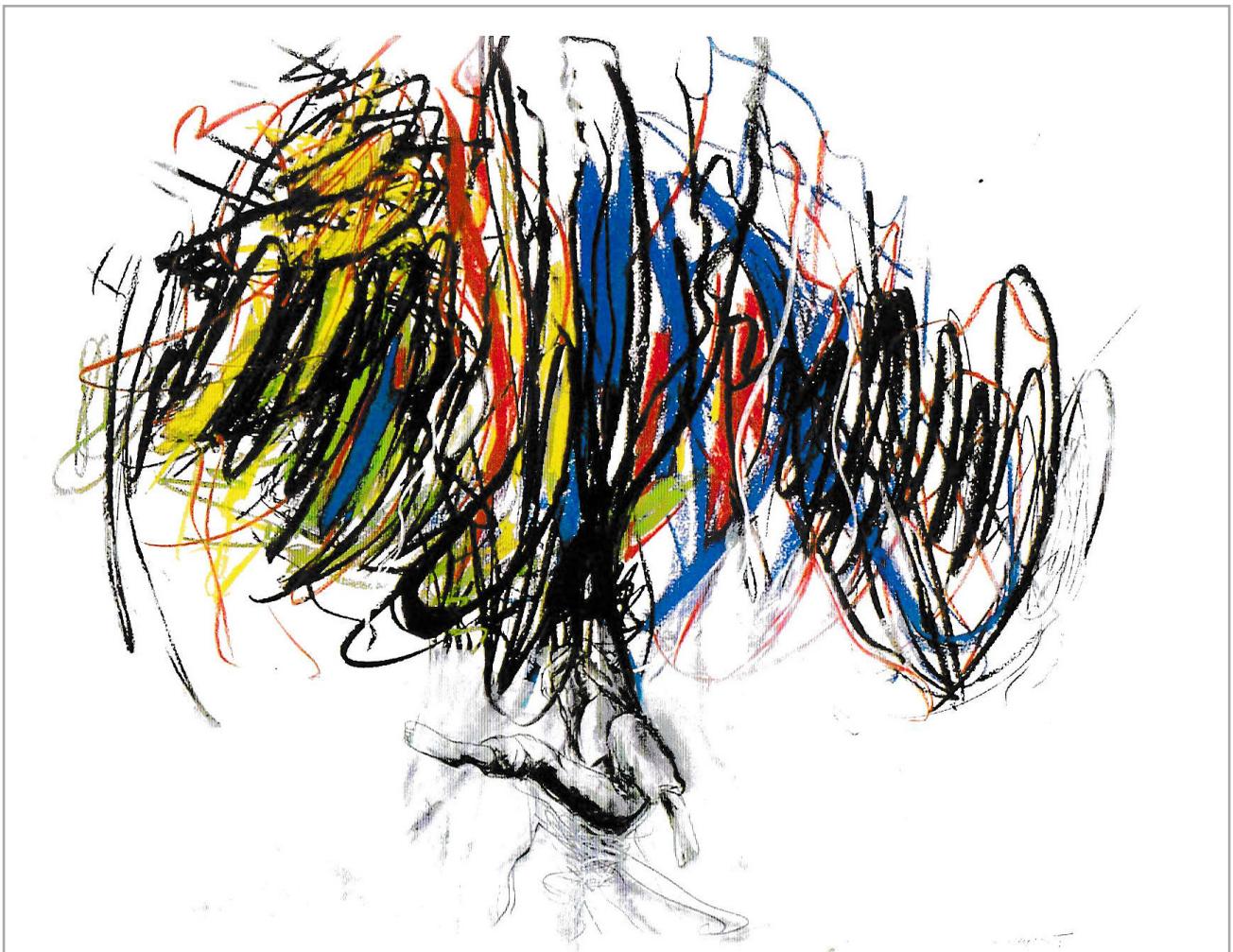
In this series I once again return to a basic theme in both my life and my art. Whether in free fall or hanging on for dear life we are all caught in and propelled by unanticipated life forces.

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Up-Rooted, 2004 – 2006

“Drawings are always a compelling read – they arouse an urge to read the lines and between the lines – that is, to decipher them as autobiography.” With these words from Judith Brodie, curator of prints and drawings at the National Gallery of Art, I invite you to see the ostensible subject of my drawings, bulbs and plants, as a stepping-off point for a further range of experiences, emotions, and memories.



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Up-Rooted addresses my state of mind as a suddenly transplanted native New Yorker. The subsequent drawings of bulbs reaching, striving to plant their roots so that they can grow – eventually flower – can be seen as a metaphor for my efforts to put down new roots in a different soil.

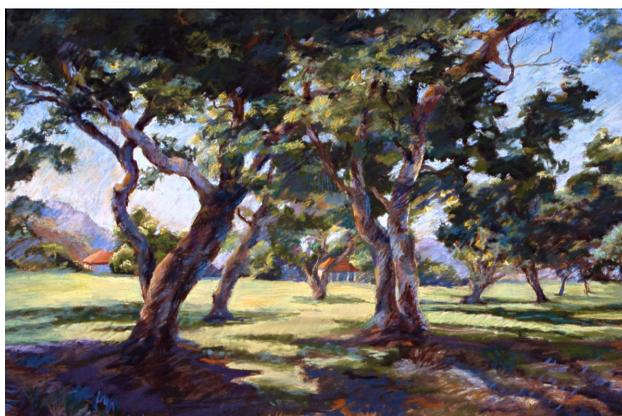
An Italian Story *Stan Fisher*

It was May 1960. I was hitchhiking to Rome and was picked up by a big truck, driven by two Italians. In Cecina, a town near Livorno, we stopped at a small restaurant for lunch. For two hours the drivers badgered the waitress, an attractive girl of twenty and the proprietor's daughter. They were trying to convince her she should marry me and go to America. They wanted her to give me her address, so I could write to her. Her father was all for the idea, but nobody asked my opinion, so I smiled good-naturedly and worked at my veal cutlet.

Finally, we left, and I thought the idea had been dropped, but no sooner did we climb into the truck than one of the drivers handed me a piece of paper on which, penned in a feminine scrawl, was the name "Maria Grazia Bianche" and an address. The driver gave me a few suggestive pokes in the ribs and ground his pointed forefinger into his cheek. He assured me that her papa was rich, and would I write to her? Fingers crossed, I amiably agreed. I had learned the powerful allure of an American passport.

Call After Midnight *Josie Foote*

When Steve looked out the window of the plane as we descended to Kona Airport on the Big Island, all he saw was black, scorched earth. "Where are all the palm trees? I thought it was going to be all green!" he said. "That's lava. We're on the volcano side. There'll be plenty of green." I replied.



"Untitled" pastel on paper Josie Foote

He was relieved when we arrived at our lavishly planted resort. Not only were palm trees shooting up from brilliant green lawns, but there were also brightly colored plants of many shapes. We had a fine dinner on the terrace in perfect temperature overlooking the ocean and then turned in early because of the time change.

Around four a.m. a voice came out of the ceiling, "TSUNAMI WARNING. Assemble in the lounge in twenty minutes for evacuation to higher ground. Do not bring luggage. TSUNAMI WARNING. Assemble in the lounge in twenty minutes for evacuation to higher ground. Do not bring luggage."

Steve got up and went into the bathroom. I stared out our balcony doors. We had an ocean front room. It was pitch black out there! A wall of water was headed directly for us, and we couldn't

even see it coming! I was paralyzed. I could hear Steve brushing his teeth! He came out of the bathroom and began loading clothes into his suitcase. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THEY SAID NO LUGGAGE!!" I yelled.

"We have a car. We'll put the luggage in the car and follow the hotel bus to higher ground," he explained.

"Oh, Right!" I realized.

And that is what we did. We followed the bus up a hill to a golf club where we were greeted by soft Hawaiian music and a smiling staff in colorful clothing. They were standing behind a lavish breakfast buffet as if it were an ordinary day. Televisions about the room broadcast images of the sea from various points on the island while discussing an earthquake under the sea to the west.

After several hours during which the sea rose only a few feet, a man on a paddle board was spotted coasting on the unimpressive waves. "And here is a fellow just over from Japan." joked a reporter. It was a non-event.

Women in Science: Opportunities and Barriers

*Kathleen M. Nauss, Ph.D in biochemistry;
environmental health scientist*

Thanks, Lynn, for the opportunity to participate in the panel discussion of “Coming of Age as a Professional in a Male-Dominated World.”

A bit of background: I attended an all-girls high school and graduated from a small women’s college in 1961, where I majored in chemistry. I went on to get a PhD in biochemistry from the University of PA in 1965. My career has included teaching, ten years as a research scientist at MIT, after which I pivoted to science administration at a nonprofit, followed by consulting for a diesel engine manufacturer.

My professional career spanned the late 20th century, which was a period of rapid scientific, social and cultural changes. I benefited from the United States’ response to the Soviet Union’s launch of Sputnik in 1957. Millions of dollars went into increasing our country’s scientific capacity, not just manpower but woman power – an important resource that had been systematically overlooked.

Coming from a women’s college, I was blissfully unaware of gender discrimination when I entered graduate school in 1961. But, as I later learned, only 5% of biochemistry faculty at the top twenty schools were women, and the percentage of full professors was under 2%. Women of my generation were often discouraged from taking up math or science because they were thought to be incapable of doing the work, or would quit to get married. The best-selling novel, *Lessons in Chemistry*, revolves around the misogyny, discrimination and sexual harassment that were all too common in science labs prior to the 1970s.

Penn’s biochemistry department was in the medical school where I took my introductory

courses. At that time, medical schools admitted about 5% women, and they were mostly nonexistent on the faculty. It was indeed a man’s world!

A seemingly trivial anecdote illustrates the impact of this gender imbalance. Our department occupied the third and fourth floors of the medical school. There was a men’s room on the fourth floor, a men’s room on the third floor, a men’s room on the second floor, and you guessed it, a men’s room on the first floor. The women’s rest room was in the basement. Ever since that experience, the location of women’s rest rooms has been my litmus test for an organization’s attitudes towards women.

One lesson I quickly learned was the importance of having supportive mentors. The single female faculty member in the biochemistry department provided critical support for the female medical students and graduate students. Later, I was lucky to do my dissertation work in the laboratory of an eminent British physiologist, who not only supported female scientists, but was also a romantic. He backed my goal of finishing my degree as soon as possible so, in his words, I could get back to Boston and marry Alan, which I did in 1965.

That year I experienced a more overt example of gender discrimination. The \$5,000 Massachusetts Heart Association postdoctoral fellowship I received supposedly came with a \$500 stipend for dependents. However, the stipend was given only to the male fellows for their wives.

In the 1970s such inequalities started to change as legal challenges forced universities to address overt discrimination. The landmark Title IX

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This is the second in a series of talks presented by eight women residents of North Hill in February 2024 during a panel discussion: Coming of Age as a Professional in a Male Dominated World.

The Duck Pond: A Family Tradition

Marianne Fisher

The Duck Pond sits off a quiet lane in the village of Easthampton, Long Island. It is part of a twenty-four acre Nature Trail that has enchanted families, including ours, for decades.



The inspiration for this nirvana was an imaginative Easthampton woman who in 1901 created a Japanese Water Garden on her property, consisting of lush gardens topped with thatched-roof pagodas. Channels of water were crossed by bright red bridges under which the creator passed in her little, yes, bright red boat.

Sadly, there are no remnants from the garden, except for her precious land which was eventually bequeathed by her descendants to the Village of Easthampton in 1955 to create the Nature Trail.

Visiting this natural paradise has been an integral family tradition since my brother built his home there in 1963. During family stays, it is customary to head to the Duck Pond to feed the squawkers

with bags full of kernel corn or poultry feed. It seems their tiny mouths are not able to handle our fancy breads and bagels.

As we approach the pond, a raft of squawking Wood Ducks and Mallards, impatiently waiting with open beaks, edge each other out of the way to get their treats. There is much splashing about as the ducks race for the remaining floating kernals. We laugh at the Mallards who tip their heads under water to feed while their feet and tails hang in the air. The Mute Swan elegantly cruises, her head held high above the others. She always manages to get her share.

The ducks are year-round residents because the pond never freezes over. Its gurgling water continues its flow over a narrow waterfall, ebbing its way to the nearby Atlantic Ocean.

When the squawkers are satiated, we cross one of many wooden bridges to follow the stream into the Nature Trail. Never more than four feet wide, it always tempts the young ones to leap over it. Yes, there's some splashing and laughing. As we continue, there are trees to climb, birds to spot, and lots of wildflowers to admire. The many benches provide sit-spots to relax and maybe even spot a fox or white-tailed deer.

Soon it's time to head home and leave other acres to explore in future times. These family explorations have been repeated and enjoyed for over sixty-one years and four generations. Hopefully the Duck Pond and Nature Trail will remain a family adventure for generations to come.

North Hill Chair Man: Mark Dangelo

Marianne Fisher

Who's responsible for the multiple arrangements and rearrangements of chairs in North Hill's venues? Mark is! Who's responsible for moving rows of seats indoors when showers suddenly threaten? Mark is!

He carts dozens of chairs back and forth and back and forth from their storage across the street to the Commons, Lower Level, the Bridge Room, Art Gallery, even the Town Green – anywhere and everywhere in Crescent Heights. No challenge goes unmet by our Chair Man.

Mark arrives in the morning, gets his to-do list and starts right in. He likes working with a seating chart like those he gets from Krissy, although he often returns after an event to find a different resident-made configuration.

Mark also has responsibility for all the carpets and rugs in Crescent Heights. He's a master at challenging soil spots out of any floor covering.

When you hear his big vacuum coming your way, it's better to dodge than being sucked up.

Mark has a cool outside interest: ice hockey. An aficionado since he played for the Natick Comets, Mark has been coaching ice hockey for twenty years for boys and girls ages five to twelve at the William Chase Arena. If pressed, he admits he prefers the girls and grins, "They don't talk back." Mark is deservedly proud of the Trophy his boys

eleven to twelve Pee Wee team won in 2023. Congrats, Coach! Yes, he's a Bruins fan.

Mark relaxes with his time share trips to Hawaii, Las Vegas and Disney World. A beach-and-surf lover, he spends his free time exploring new sands in Maine, New Hampshire, and the Cape.

A Natick native, Mark still calls it home. He and his sister, Sharon, a loyal fifteen year North Hill Housekeeper have lived in the same house with their parents and devoted themselves to their care until they passed—their mother just recently. Mark is a good brother and a good cook. His menu includes his specialty of sausage, potatoes, peppers and onions. Sure sounds like a winner!

Mark has had a busy work career. After high school, he worked for his father in his Newton Plumbing Supply business for four years, then served for six years as a nursing home supervisor, two years as a janitor

at Regis College, three years at a rehab facility in Wellesley, five years in construction, and finally, fortunately for us, North Hill for 35 years.

Though Mark generally sports a serious visage, a little smile might cross his face when he asserts that he has thoroughly enjoyed helping residents for all of his time at North Hill.

Thank you, Mark, our Chair Man.



We Remember

ELIZABETH LEE
SUE CAHNERS
DIANA TICHNER

PETER FOX
MARY RYAN
AUDREY ROBBINS
ANN JOHNSTON

MARTIN WALTER
SHIRLEY RALSTON
MICHAEL MILLER

The Dance of a Lifetime *David Crellin*

My father's vow that he'd dance on his hundredth birthday had resonance far beyond the facetiousness with which those words are often spoken. From age seven, when his newly widowed mother dragged him and his brother to dance halls weekly as she searched for a prospective husband, he'd always been an avid dancer. He chose his life partner, my mother, for her ability to follow his lead as he whirled her around the dance floor to the strains of a thirties big-band foxtrot or waltz.

For forty-nine years, dancing was the center of their married lives. Neither had the slight attraction to pastimes other than dancing. They took weekly lessons for decades to keep abreast of the newest dances: Quick Step, Swing, Two Step, Cha-Cha, Rumba, Samba, Tango, and Merengue. They also taught two classes, gratis, each week, beginner and advanced, for their friends in the basement of one's toy store.

On free nights, they'd practice as best they could in our tiny living room, its fireplace mantle's array of ribbons and trophies bearing witness to their skill and grace. One of my brother's and my greatest failings was the ineptitude we displayed during their valiant attempts to teach us even the simplest steps. In desperation, as they prepared to celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, they even paid for us to study with a woman and her daughter, but that initiative, alas, also ended with disappointment.

They belonged to two dinner dance clubs which met regularly during winter months and never missed the Sunday afternoon "Tea Dance" at a

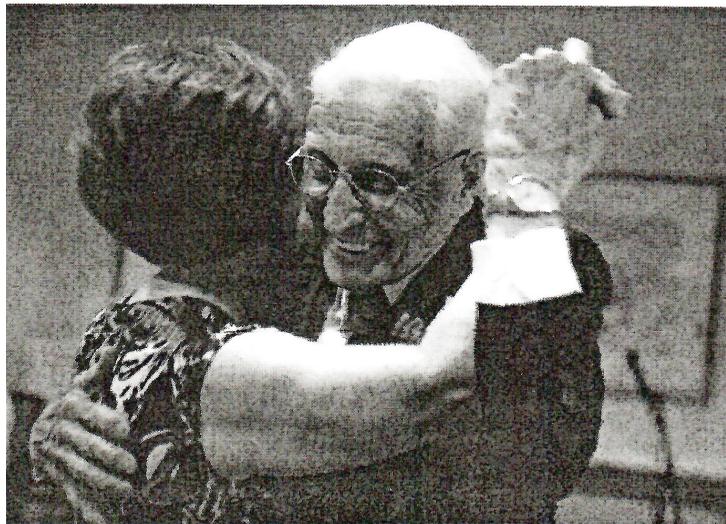
local community center. They were much sought after dance partners wherever they went, my father for his "strong lead," as he proudly described it and my mother for her ability to follow or, on many occasions, discretely overcome her partner's deficiencies.

Everything about their lives changed tragically when a coronary bypass at seventy-two left my mother with a mended heart but the debilitating effects of a stroke. She and my father still danced from time to time for the first several of her final ten years, but she eventually declined to the point at which a nursing home was a necessity.

My father went reluctantly to dinner dances alone and danced with friends' wives or widows, one of whom he married a year or so after my mother's death. Then one freezing February night, as my father was taking the trash barrels to the curb, he slipped and broke his hip. He'd never walk again without a walker or cane. With the support of his doctor and lawyer, I

convinced him to leave the city where he'd lived for ninety-eight years and move to an assisted living facility a short walk from our home in Boston.

For several months he wallowed in self-pity, but eventually his irrepressible conviviality reasserted itself, and he became a popular member of his community. A dedicated physical therapist pushed him to strengthen his injured leg and regain much of his natural gait. An attractive woman in her forties, she was a perfect choice for him, matching his quick wit with hers to get him from one plateau to another and cheer him when he became discouraged.



KAYANA SZYMCZAK FOR THE BOSTON GLO

Floyd Crellin wows the crowd as he waltzes with physical therapist Mary Keohane during the 100th birthday party at Goddard House in Brookline.

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It was to her that he first proposed the idea of dancing on his hundredth birthday. She supported the idea but unfortunately didn't dance herself. Apparently he convinced her that learning to dance and then be his partner for a waltz on his birthday would not violate her professional ethics. Their therapy sessions thus turned into dance lessons as he played tapes he'd made for teaching on a boombox he had insisted on having in his room. With her supporting him, they practiced and practiced steps he choreographed into a routine that relied heavily on his spinning her while not overtaxing his ability to move too quickly or dramatically.

The administrators at the facility outdid themselves to highlight the event's significance. The site was their large common room with chairs arrayed around the perimeter. Someone provided a long stemmed red rose for my father to present to to his partner. She had exchanged her uniform for a flowing, flowery dress and heels. My father

had insisted on a trip to the barber shop the day before, had shined his shoes to perfection, liberally applied his familiar cologne and wore his best suit.

The stage set, and the rose presented, the dancers, she imperceptibly as possible supporting him, advanced to the center of the room. With a nod from my father the music began and with it, their routine. One hand holding hers high in the air and the other touching her waist lightly, my father guided her through their sequence of steps. At first he grimaced in concentration as he dealt with lingering stiffness and his effort to make sure his inexperienced partner got everything right.

As their dance finished, the crowd applauded wildly; my father and his therapist embraced, and I believe that a broad smile broke out on his face, though I couldn't be certain as I watched them through my tears.

Women in Science, cont. from Page 11

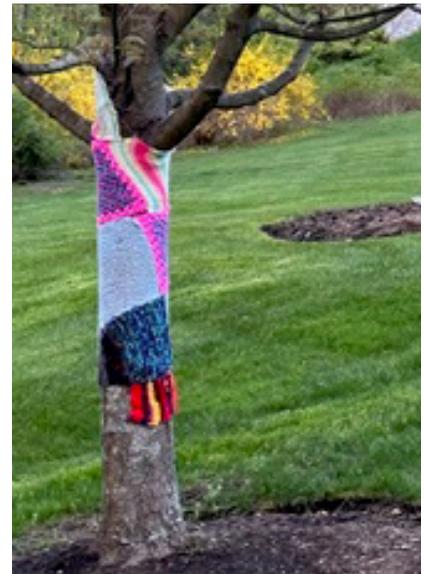
ruling in 1972 instituted new bans on campus sex discrimination. But the problems did not go away. Although discrimination became less overt in the 1980s, it became subtle and less easily challenged.

The impact of such harassment on scientific careers is illustrated by the experience of a group of women who worked at MIT during the 1980s and 1990s. They were led by Dr. Nancy Hopkins, who actually got down on her hands and knees with a measuring tape, and proved she had less laboratory space than her male counterparts. After collecting and analyzing lots of data, Hopkins and her 15 colleagues, all of whom were tenured and highly accomplished, came up with irrefutable findings of systematic differences in salary, lab space, committee assignments and access to resources. As a result of their work, in a landmark 1999 report, MIT publicly admitted it had discriminated against its female faculty. This extraordinary move not

only resulted in changes at MIT, but also forced academic institutions across the country to reckon with pervasive sexism in science. This story has been chronicled in a recent book called *The Exceptions; Nancy Hopkins, MIT, and the Fight for Women in Science*. It was written by Kate Zernike, a journalist who broke the story for the Boston Globe in 1999.

I'd like to end on a positive note and finish with this slide which shows the spectacular view from Schoodic Institute, where I am on the board of directors, to Acadia National Park. Schoodic Institute is a nonprofit partner of the Park supporting its science and education programs. When I meet with our interns and fellows, I am delighted to see that the women outnumber the men. There are still issues to be resolved, but women now serve at the highest ranks of the Department of Interior and other federal agencies. So, I think the future looks promising.

Call It Yarn Storming, Yarn Bombing or Yarn Graffiti... *Irene Gladstone*



North Hill residents adorned our outdoor environment with a colorful, textile art installation in May for Needham's 2024 Open Studios.

Residents of Crescent Heights, Vista Terrace and Pines Edge knitted, crocheted, wove or "pom-pom'd" over 450 yarn items. They then creatively joined individual pieces for display on trees throughout the campus. North Hill's Artist-In-Residence, Cherie Clinton, led the

project as a way for residents to participate in a community endeavor regardless of their art background, creative confidence or physical abilities. It engaged residents in a tactile, relaxing and entertaining project whether they worked in the studio or took it home in a pizza-box kit.

A tree decorated with a knitted house (top, center) welcomed visitors to a place where residents create, learn and have fun.