

HILLTOP

JUNE
2025

A quarterly publication of writing and art by North Hill residents

Volume 155



From the Editor

We are so fortunate that Mary Beth Maisel has agreed to share her marvelous talent as our Artist of the Month. As you will immediately note from the variety of her pieces, she is endlessly inventive and experimental, spontaneous and playful. From the quality of her work, you would never guess the circuitous route she took and the obstacles she overcame to become the accomplished artist she knew she was destined to be. Discouraged by her parents from studying art after majoring in Russian Studies, attending secretarial school, working at M.I.T. and earning an Ed. M., she became a sixth grade teacher and five years later, talked her way into a newly created position of middle school art teacher. As a new at home mother in the 80's she began to study studio art seriously at the DeCordova Museum School and then, after her husband, Ira Maisel, died in 1985, at the Newton Art Center, Radcliffe Seminars, SFMA, Cambridge Center for Adult Education.

Some years later, she married Charles Valentine, renovated her house and made a studio, which permitted the development of techniques she has chosen for you to enjoy in this issue.

I am profoundly grateful to Tom Weiss for the final two features in this issue. I was stunned recently, when he showed me photos of Netty Vanderpol's needlepoint squares and explained their significance. I knew they needed to have a place in HILLTOP as soon as possible. Tom graciously agreed to create a three page feature and write the text. The matching baby and adult photo feature originated with Ronna Perlmutter, but Tom spent many hours preparing the photos. Enjoy!

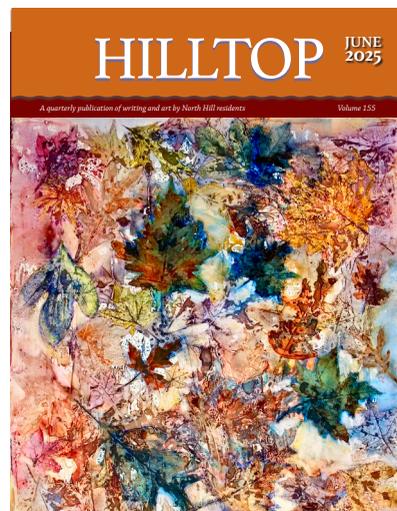
David Crellin, Editor

Cover

Mary Beth Maisel

Eighth Pond 2 • 2005,
mixed media, 22" x 30"

Trees have a life-time interest to me. I remember helping plant saplings as a young child and found all aspects of trees exciting as I observed and tried to understand their structure, habits, life cycles. As I learned to draw, I often used trees as my teachers. They are always moving and changing and have such interesting and important lives! Collecting leaves too is forever challenging. There's always another one that's slightly more interesting than the last. *Eighth Pond 2* gave me an opportunity to experiment with texture and color in new ways and came about as a result of study and collecting and then the joy of using my new studio as a place to try combining methods using more varied media.



HILLTOP

Editor: David Crellin

Editorial Board: Lynn Bloom, Anne Chalmers, Lew Dana, Steve Foote, Bob McNiff, Tom Selldorff, Jack Rosenfeld, Alice Schwartz, Denise Stanford

Team member profile by Gary Seligson.

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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Memorial Day

David Crellin

My indelible image of Memorial Day, which we also called “Decoration Day” when I was a child, is picnicking in a public park with my mother’s family. We were not a large group: my parents, my brother and I, my mother’s brother and his family of four, her two favorite cousins and their small families and her aunt and uncle who’d regale us with stories of fighting in France during World War I. The important thing was that every one of us was always there.

We would start the day, though, by participating in two preliminary rituals. The first was viewing the unending parades that filled Main Street with patriotic color and sound. We’d cheer unit after unit of troops from every branch of the service, military vehicles and weapons of all types, bands, floats with recreations of famous images from the war: Iwo Jima was the one I remember best because it always drew the the loudest cheers. Convertibles ferried veterans from past wars going all the way back to the Civil War’s James A Hard, the parade’s “Grand Marshall,” we cheered lustily while he waved and smiled feebly.

Next we would go to the cemetery where both branches of my mother’s family were buried adjacent to one another to “decorate the graves.” My brother and I would wander impatiently among nearby headstones while my mother fussed endlessly, it seemed, with the semi-circles of tiny red and green leaved plants in front of each of the two grave markers: one for the Plums and one for the Zimmerlis.

Then it was time for the picnic ritual, which persisted, unchanged throughout my childhood and adolescence until after I was married. None of my family seemed to need a beach, and even on the pleasantest of days the lake water hadn’t warmed enough to get in above your knees anyway. Thus we would head annually to Hemlock Park, which had a fenced in reservoir and little else except picnic tables, stone barbecue pits and shelters.

After the parade we’d congregate at one of my mother’s cousins’ houses and drive in a small convoy the fifteen or so miles to the park. My special treat was to ride with her youngest cousin, who’d survived twenty-five missions over France and Germany as a tail gunner in a B17, and his pretty young wife. I’d sit between them on the front bench seat of whatever sporty car he was driving and listen to the Indie 500 on the radio. Once at the park, the men would deliberate about how many barbecue grills we’d need, start stuffing crumpled newspaper into the pits and fanning it until the charcoal on the rack above ignited. The women would busy themselves setting the tables with salads and other picnic accoutrements. We were neither a drinking nor an athletic bunch, so my cousins’, my brother’s and my pursuits, until we ate, were mainly sitting and talking or walking around the reservoir, our voices at levels respectful of the day’s significance.

Perhaps because of my combination of advanced age and my physical vulnerabilities, I am feeling especially nostalgic for our Memorial Day picnics with their family centered celebrations. They ended for us because we did something no one else on either side of my family had ever done. We moved, four hundred miles away, to Boston, for an employment opportunity, and our Memorial Days since have been spent alone or with friends. We’ve had many enjoyable ones for all the years our children were with us and since. We’ve planned them carefully, choosing the people with whom we’d most like to celebrate the day as an unofficial prelude to summer or have accepted invitations from others.

At the same time, however, I find myself doing something my parents and their cousins never had to do: think wistfully about what it would have been like to spend them all with family, who were simply, as family, there for you.

The Liberation of Paris

Francis Passavant

The Liberation of Paris took place on August 25, 1944. I was five years and eleven months old almost to the day. I lived with my parents Charles and Constance Passavant; my older brother Charles, aged fifteen; and my sister Monique, aged twelve, in Neuilly-Sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris.

When we woke up that morning, we knew something important was going to happen, but we didn't know exactly what it would be. Underground newspapers that had been distributed at great risk to the messengers hinted at liberation. In addition, rumors were spreading by word of mouth.

Starting the day before Liberation, we had been surrounded by fighting. We could hear artillery shells, explosions, and ambulances screaming down the street. That day, though, our whole neighborhood began to gather at the corner of our street. From here, we had views of the Arc de Triomphe about a mile away; the main boulevard Avenue de Neuilly which is today the Avenue Charles de Gaulle; and the railings along the Seine. I remember it being hot and feeling hungry. Food had been very scarce during the German occupation.

Suddenly, we saw a tank coming down the street from the Arc de Triomphe. The turret started to turn when it reached our position. It was an American-made Sherman tank belonging to the Second French Armored Division. Nonetheless, we were all frightened. My mother and sister took me home to calm me down. My father and my brother tried to find out what was happening.

The French army had entered the city the previous night to support the resistance forces who had stepped up their operations six days prior.

As the day wore on, the fighting decreased substantially. Emboldened, we went out again

to see what was happening. French and Allied soldiers were loading captured German soldiers into trucks to transport them to prison camps. I have never seen anyone look as frightened as they did. Where the Germans had encamped, the Chestnut trees were burned and scarred from being hit by shells. The branches were full of pieces of uniforms.

The end had come in Paris. The night of the Liberation brought such relief. Two of my aunts unexpectedly arrived at our apartment. We were so happy to see them and to know that they were safe and OK. They had taken a huge risk walking across Paris from their apartment. There was no public transportation, of course, so they had to walk. They could have been shot by a sniper many of which were still around. They had made it safely though. We all shared relief and joy at being together again. Somehow, my mother scraped together a meal for all seven of us. I don't know how she did it. Perhaps she had had some emergency provisions.

The next day, we could hear heavy traffic. We went out again to see what it was. Coming down the Avenue de Neuilly were truckload after truckload of American soldiers. The convoy lasted for hours, transporting troops to the Front. Because my mother was British, we were being raised in a bilingual family. The soldiers were so surprised that we could talk to them. Conversation was limited because they were on the move. Still it made an impression on them that we could speak English. I remember how happy we were to have those few words as the soldiers passed by.

As good as Liberation was, the war leading up to it still haunts my memories. As so many French citizens still are, I am grateful to the Allied forces and the resistance for everything they did to bring an end to that terrible war.

A Friendly Takeover in Germany After WWII

Hans Ziegler

In 1942, for safety reasons, my parents decided to move from their home in Munich to the small town of Selb on the Czech border. Selb was, and continues to be, a beautiful part of Bavaria in the Fichtel Mountains. In addition, the town's claim to fame is the manufacture of fine German porcelain. However, during the war, the German military attempted to develop proximity fuses for bombs but with little success.

During the entire six-years of military action, Selb was spared and continued as a peaceful town. However, understandably, it was beset with daily fear and anxiety about when Selb would be attacked by American troops. The times were challenging. First of all, there were the frequent air raid sirens which forced everyone in the town to seek shelter and retreat to the public air raid shelters or to one's own cellar. Fortunately, our three-story apartment building had a private cellar and my parents rushed us down as quickly as possible. Often we would spend hours, if not an entire night, until the all clear signal rang out.

I recall being very frightened, at age five, by the unpredictable routines and, when asked how much longer this would continue, was told the fighting was still underway but that "peace" would come soon. Sure enough, on September 2, 1945, WWII ended. The news traveled with lightning speed throughout the town and residents, including our family, took to the streets cheering and laughing. However, that feeling of euphoria ended abruptly when it was announced that U.S. troops would take over Selb. The fear of a U.S. military invasion was re-ignited.

A U.S. Infantry company: 100-250 soldiers, arrived and the Commander ordered all residents to assemble in the large courtyard of the Rosenthal China factory. The order also demanded that all residents arrive with any weapons in their possession, so the command caused fright and consternation not knowing what our final fate might be. We were immediately surrounded by soldiers under command of an Infantry

Captain and, in anticipation of what he would say, everyone held their breaths. He spoke decent German, commanded everyone to drop their weapons, raise their hands and be frisked. When it was over, the Captain, with a broad smile on his face, said: "Wir haben eine Sussegeit Ueberraschung fur alle, wen zu Ihren Hausgehen!" ("We have a candy surprise for all of you as you return to your homes.") Then dozens of GIs distributed Hershey bars, Milky Ways and Lifesavers to everyone. The joy and exhilaration felt by the entire town was indescribable.

To our surprise, the affiliation with the U.S. Army troops did not end there. Our apartment was very spacious, occupying the entire ground floor of a three-story building and consisting of four bedrooms, four baths, large living room, dining room and study. After reviewing local real estate options, the company Captain concluded our residence was the perfect place for his company headquarters -- including several officers and senior enlisted personnel. They immediately, but politely, moved in, reserving one bedroom and bath and part of the kitchen for our family. Not happy, though accepting, my parents were surprised by the tremendous generosity and respect shown by them. We were regularly invited to join the staff for dinner and enjoyed wonderful meals so different from our diet of potatoes and carrots. And, the troops always surprised us with gifts from the "field PX" including baking products, milk, beer and cigarettes. The apartment was kept absolutely spotless.

The Commander and staff remained for about three months. During this time, a special relationship was formed. A junior lieutenant from Chickamauga, Georgia and my father developed a long-term friendship providing guidance about a career path when he was finally discharged from the Army. After our move to the United States, the lieutenant and my father continued to communicate, invited our family to visit and were life long friends.
God bless America!

Mary Beth Maisel

Inspired by the world around her.

Painting in Estonia



Tallinn Hillside • 2005, Watercolor, 7" x 5"

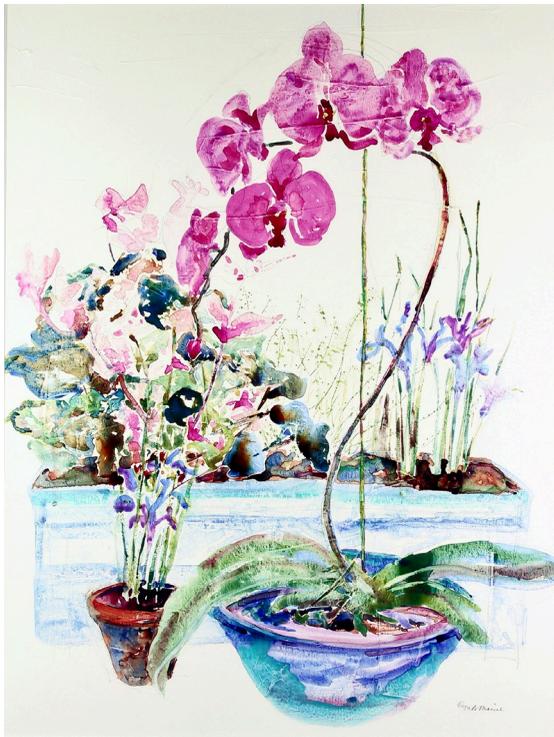
From a week on a farm in Sicily



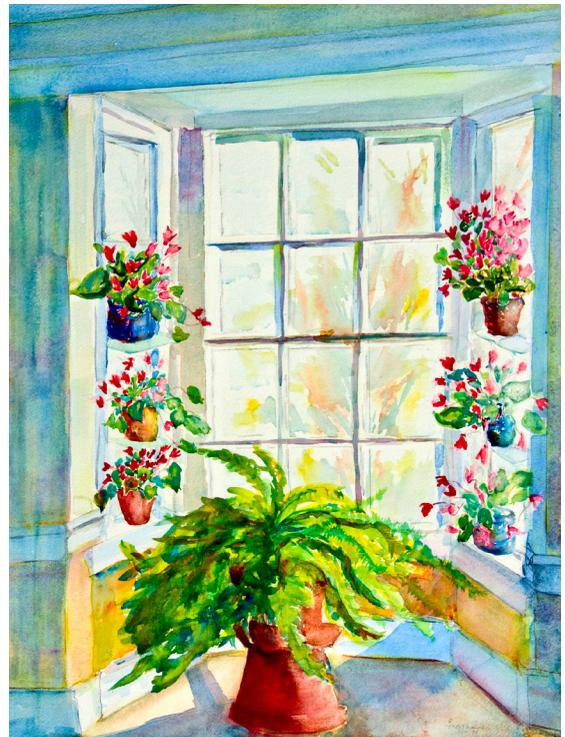
Pecking Order • 2015, Watercolor, 7" x 5"



Welcome Home • 2012
Watercolor, 22" x 30"



Fresh Air • 2002
Watercolor, 22" x 30"



The East Window • 1996
Watercolor, 22" x 30"



Woodsy • 2019
Mixed Media, 30" x 22"



Friend • 2010
Stomp Press, 30" x 22"



Observer • 2012, 30" x 11"
Mixed media on woven gelatin plate monotype

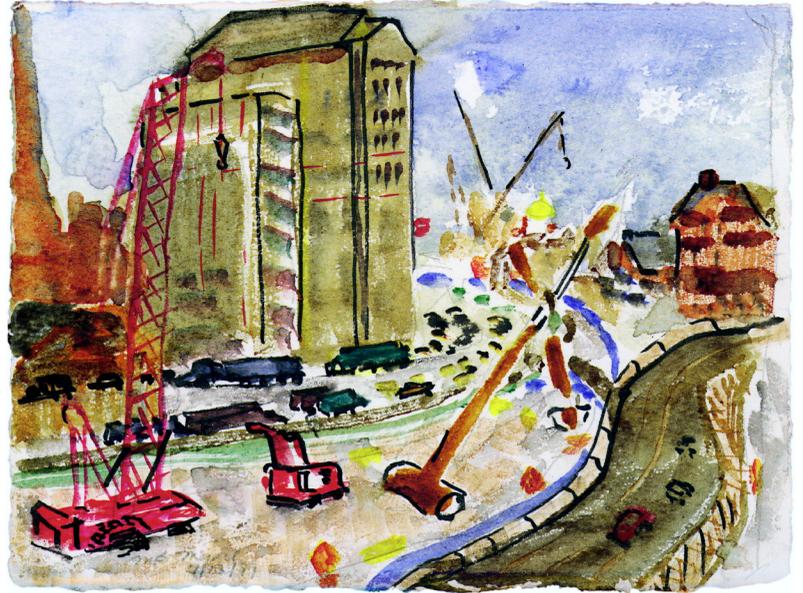


Wood Sprites • 2008
gelatin monotype,
11" x 27"

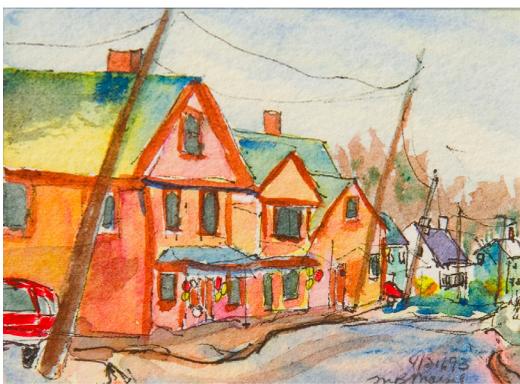


Hotspot • 2007, 10" x 10," gelatin plate
monotype (Mixed media on woven
multimedia collage)

A group of artists was invited to come to Rowes Wharf for an afternoon of painting. I parked in a nearby garage and upon my return to my car I noticed the Big Dig activity and took a few moments to record it with my watercolors.



Left: *Boston Big Dig* • 1999, 5" x 7"
Above: *Big Dig Up* • 1999, 7" x 5"



Moon and Sixpence • 1993
Watercolor, 2-3/4" x 3-3/4"
(The notecard printer asked,
"Are you sure you want to keep
the powerlines?")



Ascending • 2015, 5" x 7"
Whiteline woodcut
Santorini, Greece

Becoming a Woman Doctor in the '60s

Mary Costanza, M.D.

My parents' example set me on the path to medicine and teaching. I could choose whatever I wished as long as it didn't bring shame to the family or the police to our door. I chose Radcliffe, my mother's alma mater, thinking I would follow my father's example and become a doctor, but philosophy also had its attractions.

Graduating in 1958, I attended Oxford University briefly, studying philosophy before I decided that sitting around discussing the fine points of language and other philosophical topics wasn't for me. So I decided on medicine. After brushing up on biochemistry (ugh), I applied to med school in 1963. "Women shouldn't be in medicine," said the Harvard interviewer. This equal-opportunity bastard used to nail his office window shut and ask interviewees, men and women alike, to open it—to test their stress levels under pressure, so he said.

But Radcliffe's president, Mary Bunting, advised me to apply to Dartmouth. When the Dartmouth interviewer asked me the standard question, "How will you manage marriage and children with a medical practice?" I rattled off my standard BS answer: I'd take minimum time off, hire a nursemaid and a home helper. "Bullshit!" said the interviewer, smiling at my prepared answer. His wife was a doctor and he believed the world needed plenty of women in the profession. I felt accepted and honored—but Dartmouth's medical class was already full.

He referred me to the University of Rochester Medical School. The interviewer, a psychiatrist who was also the Academic Dean of Admissions, and I were on the same wave length, with no

hesitation because I was a woman. And I was accepted.

Rochester made it clear that respect for others was their standard. Although on occasion a professor's negative view surfaced, this was uncommon. I couldn't have been luckier than to be at Rochester.

Even the patients seemed to accept us, although occasionally I would meet one who opined, "I don't want no female type doctor working on me!" However, Fran, one of my female classmates, had been interviewing a patient at length, only to be asked, "What's for supper?" Fran, mystified, asked "Why would you expect me to know?" "Aren't you from the kitchen?" said the patient, believing that Fran's white coat meant she was a food worker.

My most negative experience was as a new extern on the Urology service. The urology resident beckoned me to come closer to see the prostatectomy being performed by the residents and staff. As I peered at the patient, his symptoms erupted, and I was covered in warm piss and discarded bloody tissue. The patient's prostatectomy was the occasion for a worn-out joke, and who better to play it on but an unsuspecting female student, in hopes of deterring her from urology altogether. But it didn't phase me.

Fast forwarding fifty years, women have made it. Now in many medical schools, over half the incoming classes are composed of women. What remains of prejudice against women physicians has gone underground, although it still lingers.

This is the fifth 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.

Catching a Keeper

Bill King

In the Summer of 1951, my parents welcomed me to invite my new college girlfriend, Sheila, from Cambridge, for a weekend on Cape Cod. Also present: brother Gib, older than I by almost nine years, with one of his several girlfriends of the time who was a regular Cape visitor. I recall Gib's being as interested in testing the mettle of newcomer Sheila as paying attention to his own date.

At formal Friday night dinner, shortly after her arrival, Gib had purposely engaged Sheila in conversation when the maid replaced the dinner plates with dessert plates with finger bowls atop. His obvious hope was that when the ice cream was passed, Sheila would not have known to remove the finger bowl before popping the ice cream into it. He had successfully managed to embarrass other first-time visitors with that move. Fortunately, I had warned Sheila about some of his introductory tactics for newcomers to the family, and she survived this "finger bowl test."

The following morning, Gib persuaded us that the tide was wrong for sailing, but that the tidal creek at the head of the harbor would be perfect for catching some of the blue crabs that lived there. He escorted Sheila and me with a wooden handled crab net and wire framed basket over a

culvert into the mucky foot deep waters of the creek bed. He showed us the technique of quietly standing with net in hand, bucket partially submerged a few feet away, and carefully watching for crab movement under the surface before scooping the net to catch the skittering crab. He demonstrated, and two crabs soon separately ended up in the net, were brought to the surface, and then skillfully dumped into the bucket below.

"Your turn," he said, handing the net to Sheila. After a few practice scoops to let her feel the drag of the net as it dips into and then through the water to the bottom, another crab was spotted. Sheila hovered the net over the surface and

scooped! Then two more spottings and misses. On about her fifth attempt, Sheila lined up over a target crab and yelled, "Come here, you little bastard," as she swished the net through the water and—Eureka!—there in the net was a crab which we all made sure was carefully deposited into the bucket.



I am not sure whether it was the actual crab or the highly unexpected call from its captor which so impressed Gib, but when we returned to the family house, he informed all that younger brother Bill had found a keeper. And indeed almost four years to the day thereafter, in July 1955, Sheila and I were married.

We Remember

PHYLLIS WHITE
DORIS BARLOW LANIGAN
ROSS WHISTLER

The Plight of the Tick

Lew Dana

Most of us go through life in orderly stages – birth, pubescence, adolescence, adulthood, etc. We make friends, find lovers, enjoy lively social lives, dine out, go to the Cape, throw parties and attend celebrations from senior prom to 50th anniversary parties.

In contrast, consider the life cycle of the lowly, lonely tick. A tick endures a couple monotonous years of hopeful lurking as it morphs from egg to larva to nymph and, at last, adulthood.

In the spring, Mom Tick lays a batch of 2,000 to 4,000 eggs. As the eggs hatch a new generation of thirsty tick larvae (about the size of this period.) is introduced to the world.

Their job: get out there and find a host. Without an infusion of blood, the larva can't survive though it can wait for nearly a year. So, these tiny arachnids venture out and wait for something furry to drop by for dinner. With luck, a mouse or other warm-blooded animal will brush past, and with a deft six-legged grab, the larva's work is done. After feasting on its host, it will drop overboard and rest up through the fall by morphing into the nymph phase.

The nymph now goes lurking, hoping for another host. If it strikes pay dirt, the nymph magically morphs into arachnid adulthood by gaining the requisite legs numbered seven and eight. That's akin to the freedom of getting your driver's license at 16. Imagine trying to crawl up inside a pant leg

propelled by a measly six legs instead of a full set of eight. Come spring, the newly formed adult tick sets about lurking in earnest.

An adult tick's day entails nothing but anxious lurking. Preferably in high grass. There it sits day after day, month after month, hoping that a blood-bearing animal – wolf, mouse, dog, woodchuck, unsuspecting human – will wander by. To keep going for the year, a tick just needs one hearty helping of hemoglobin.

How does a tick know that dinner is in the offing? Not sure whether they have noses, but they do have olfactory sensors on their front legs. (Don't ask me how scientists determined that the bumps on a tick's front legs are odor detecting.)



Apparently a tick can smell you coming in time to get itself ready to pounce... well, not actually pounce. Ticks can't jump. To be frank, if you get seized by a tick, it's your own fault: they can only sit and wait, breathlessly, like a hunter shivering in the chill of an autumn morning in a duck blind. The hungry tick lurks in high grass, hanging on as the wind rustles the stems and footsteps come closer. The difference is that the hunter can go home and warm up after his day out. The tick just toughs it out.

After all that waiting, the successful tick goes in search of a mate. If luck is still with him, he'll get together with a receptive lady friend, and nature's tickly cycle will start all over again.

Life in Asmara

Stan Fisher

In 2003-2004, Jenny and I lived in Asmara, the capital city of Eritrea. At the time, I described the pleasures of daily life in the city:

Every day brings contact with the warmth and beauty of the people here, and the joy of living in a small, pre-modern town, where you can walk down the crowded sidewalks and see life spilling into the streets. People walk arm in arm, greeting each other warmly, kids beam smiles at us and practice their English with a bright “Hello”, “How are you?” followed by a proffered handshake, and many giggles. Goats and cows are herded along to the butchers and slaughterhouses, while horse-drawn wagons carry loads of milk cans, or perhaps a dead (or live) cow tied down on the top. Many bicyclists join in the traffic, some – on feast days – bearing live, trussed goats over their shoulders. The sidewalks are cluttered with vendors, usually women with one or two babies snuggled against them. The women squat against the walls, their wares spread on cloths on the sidewalk. Single cigarettes, a bunch of wrapped candies, a pile of hard-boiled eggs, small packages of toilet tissue, perhaps some newspapers, tiny cones full of peanuts wrapped in newspaper, a few religious pictures, matches or cigarette lighters, and piles of twigs for use as toothpicks.

Chain stores do not exist, and each shop: a bakery, fabric shop, pharmacy, or grocery is unique. A sweater shop houses young adolescent boys operating looms and hand-knitting sleeves. In butcher shops hang beef carcasses, from which the butcher will carve meat to order and grind it up by hand. Sidewalk shoeshine and repair stalls are run by young boys who stitch up shoes and boots in front of their seated, waiting customers.

On our twice-daily trips to and from the university, we ride in packed buses. Diesel-fueled,

their tail pipes spew suffocating clouds of noxious black fumes on the cars and bicyclists traveling behind.

Inside the buses, passengers and their belongings are jammed against each other seven across, swaying along the bumpy streets. The Eritrean passengers are endlessly intriguing. Standing in the crowded aisle, we study from above the women’s intricately braided hairdos and observe the babies on their mothers’ backs, often completely wrapped in blankets, even on the

warmest days. Wide-eyed children steal looks at us, while everyone on the bus attends to everyone else’s child. Children and adolescents offer their seats to adults, and everyone works to fill the vacated seats according to an unwritten pecking order: old women first, then women carrying babies, and then old men. As rare Caucasians riding the buses

(Indian expats are more common and seem to attract less deference) Jenny and I are often promoted to the “old person” category, especially if we are carrying groceries. If no seats are vacant, women sometimes invite Jenny to share their seats or offer to hold our groceries on their laps.

Amidst the stifling, sardine-like crowding on the bus, Eritreans are friendly and polite to each other, and to us. Old men, assuming we are Italian, initiate conversation with me in that language. Younger male passengers on occasion ask in English what has brought me to Eritrea, and on learning that I have come to teach at the University, thank me. All this against the background of loud music on the bus radio, which lends a joyful atmosphere to our swaying and jouncing ride.



Terri Ivanoski: Vista Terrace PurposeFULL Living Director

Gary Seligson

It is 6 o'clock in the morning, and Terri Ivanoski is up and in her running clothes. Year-round, and in all kinds of weather, Terri does her daily 3-4 mile run, then returns home to get ready for work. By 8:30 or 9:00, she is on the job as PurposeFULL Living Program Manager at Vista Terrace, responsible for enrichment programs including fitness.

Terri grew up the youngest of eight children, seven girls and one boy. After graduating Bridgewater State with a degree in exercise physiology, she intended to pursue a career in real estate. But Terri has always been athletic, playing field hockey and softball in college, and still playing golf and tennis when she can. She recently placed in the top five finishers out of 600 in her category in the 7 mile Falmouth Road Race! She also swims and bikes, even competing in triathlons. So, after college, it was natural for her to choose a career in fitness, running programs for corporations and government organizations, eventually managing the Sky Club in an upscale Boston apartment building.

Then – life intervened. Over the next six years, Terri had four children, and it was no longer feasible for her to work full-time and commute from Canton into Boston every day. So, almost 24 years ago, North Hill got lucky and Terri took a part-time job in the Crescent Heights fitness department, before long rising to the position of Fitness Manager. When Vista Terrace opened 11 years ago, she seized the opportunity to get in on the ground

floor of the new operation as PurposeFULL Living Program Manager.

Her children are now aged 29 to 34 and all live locally. Terri and husband Steve recently learned that they are about to become grandparents (of identical twins!) for the first time, and it is an understatement to say she is excited about being a Nana.

Weekends and vacations are spent with Steve and other members of her extended family at their beloved second home in West Dennis. When she retires, they will move to the Cape year-round, and Terri may even consider reactivating her real estate license. She also looks forward to doing some international travel and enjoying her other hobbies of reading, cooking, and playing the guitar.

When asked if she had a secret superpower, Terri revealed that she was the early morning driver of the 40-foot motor home that her family drove non-stop to Florida every year.

In addition to her knowledge and skill, Terri's sparkling smile and engaging personality have made her a delightful fixture in the lives of residents and team members throughout North Hill. And she fondly sighs when she remembers residents she knew who are no longer with us, and talks about how they enriched her life. We know she certainly enriched theirs.



Netty Vanderpol's Needlepoints, "Every Stitch a Memory"

by Tom Weiss

Netty Vanderpol was a resident of North Hill from 1988 until her death in 2022 at age 96. She was born in Amsterdam and endured the German occupation of Holland in 1940 when she was thirteen years old. Netty and her parents were deported to Terezin (Theresienstadt in German), Czechoslovakia where they were imprisoned for fourteen hard months, narrowly escaping transports to Auschwitz. They were freed in a rare prisoner exchange in 1945. In 1984, Netty was inspired by Elie Wiesel who urged survivors "to bear witness to the evils perpetrated by the Nazis."

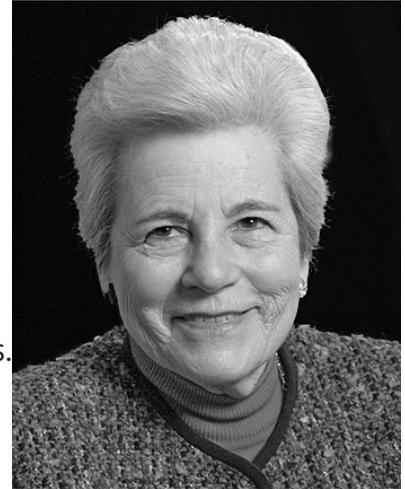
She produced a number of needlepoints including those that depicted her painful Holocaust experiences.



A reminder of the dilapidated shoes Netty wore in Terezin surrounded by elegant squares of the material used to make clothes she wore later in life.



The background and diagonal barbed wire depicts the bleakness of life in Terezin. The Jewish star marked Jews (Joden in Dutch). 257 is Netty's prisoner number on the indicated transport to Terezin.



Netty Vanderpol

Her work was displayed in a Program at North Hill called, "Holocaust Remembrances," held April 24-27, 2017 and described in a book entitled "Immigration & Acclimation Programs, 2017-2020." Two copies are in the North Hill library. One of Netty's needlepoints hangs opposite Apartment H501, near the last apartment where she lived in Crescent Heights.



The photograph of a class is attached to a needlepoint. Only eleven of the students and teachers in this class survived the Holocaust.



A remembrance for Judith Kohn. Above, the Jewish star worn by all Jews (Jude in German); below, the date of transport of Judith to a concentration camp.

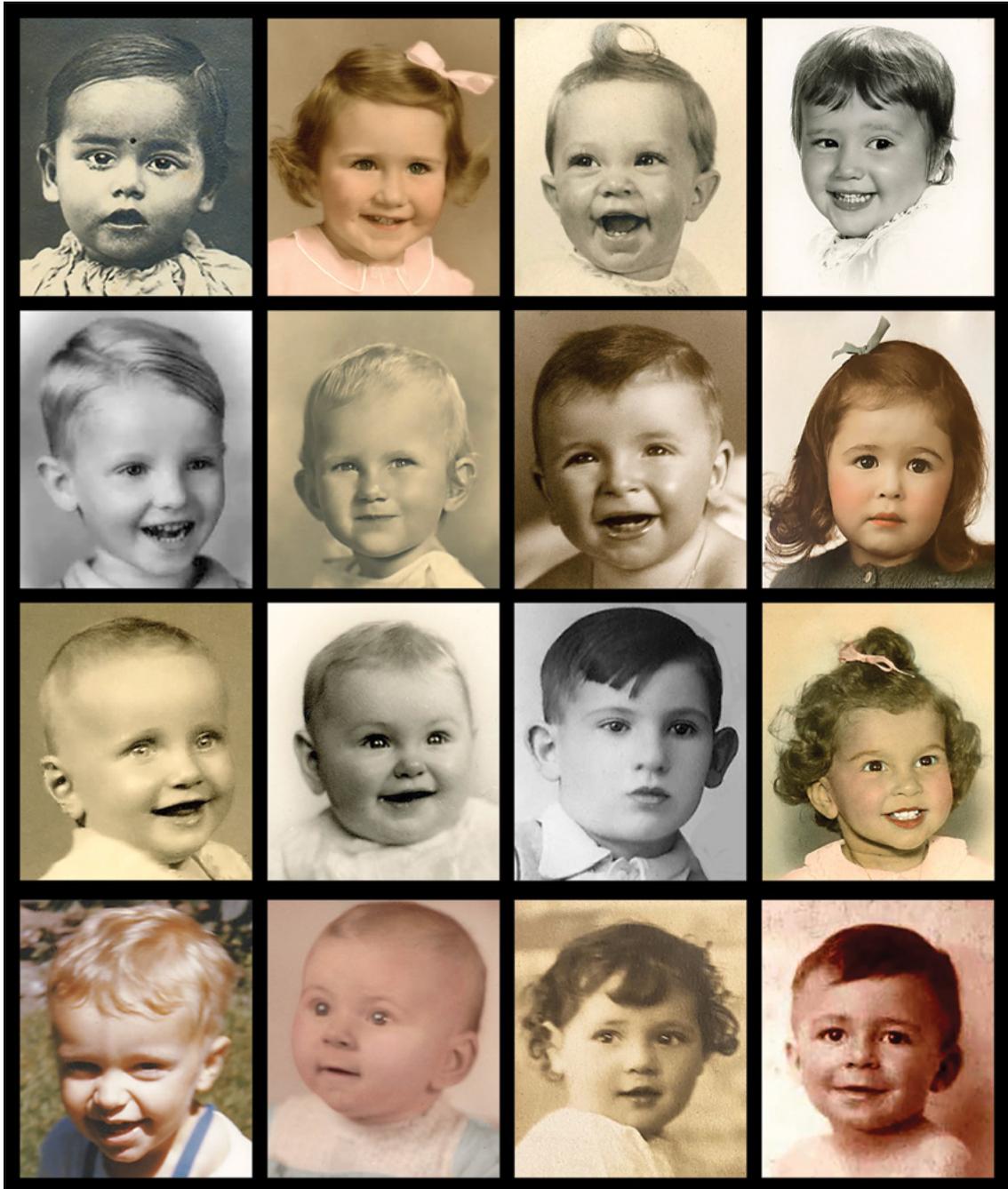
“The Way We Were”

Tom Weiss



Photographs of 16 North Hill residents taken from MyNorthHill/Resident Directory. Each photograph can be identified by its row and column. For example, the photograph of Nancy Blackmun is in the third row and second column so its ID is denoted as 32.

		Column			
		1	2	3	4
Row	1	Anne Lysagt	Barbara Crellin	Betty Brudnick	David Crellin
	2	Doris Sasson	Elizabeth Cook	Grace Berestecki	Ken Grundy
	3	Liz Thorndike	Nancy Blackmun	Phyllis Gibson	Suresh Pradhan
	4	Tom Selldorff	Tom Weiss	Verna Rankin	Zoltan Mathe



Baby pictures of the North Hill Residents on page 18. In the grid below indicate by name or ID to which resident each baby picture corresponds.

		Column			
		1	2	3	4
Row	1				
	2				
	3				
	4				

Answers: Pradhham 43, Grundy 42, Rankin 34, D. Crellin 41, Cook 22, Gibson 33, Lysaght 11, Berestecki 32, Blackman 23, Weiss 24, Mathe 44, Brudnick 31, Thorndike 13, Sasson 12, B. Crellin 21, Seildorff14

Spring Wreaths Brighten North Hill



Photos by Barbara Crellin