

HILLTOP

MARCH
2025

A quarterly publication of writing and art by North Hill residents

Volume 155



From the Editor

Dear Friends,

I am pleased, on behalf of the Board, to feature Josie and Steven Foote as our “Artists of the Issue.” They met on a painting excursion to Provence and we are the beneficiaries of a lifelong relationship which has fostered their subsequent development as artists. Interestingly, they work with different materials and paint different subject matter. They frequently, however, share commentary about composition, color and ideas for variation in their apartment studio.

Josie didn’t take studio art classes until her children were in high school. She then enrolled in the Kansas City Art Institute and earned a B.A. in Painting. Because she found painting as a career lonely, she continued with her occupation as Reference Librarian at the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art in Kansas City but began to paint seriously.

As an architect, Steve worked for forty-five years at the renowned Boston architectural firm of Perry Dean Rogers Partners serving as the firm’s president for his final ten years. “I would do a sketch,” Steve explains, “and then ask the client, ‘Is this what you meant?’ They would reply and I would do another sketch. ‘How about this?’ I would respond with another sketch. The building’s design would evolve until the final plan and massing was agreed.”

I hope you will enjoy the work of these two talented residents as much as we have in assembling this issue for you.

David Crellin, Editor

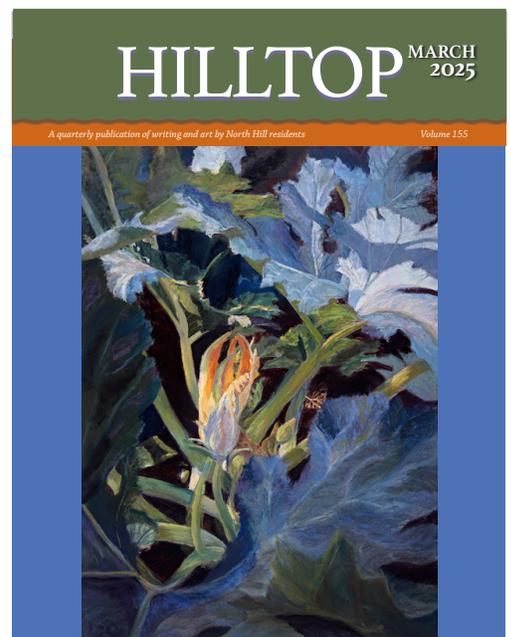
Cover

Josie Foote

Squash Blossom

Pastel on Paper

I discovered *fiori fritti*, fried zucchini blossoms, in Florence, where I was spending the summer in school. They are delicious but unfortunately rare here because the season is short and vendors can make more from selling the vegetable itself. When I married and had a garden, zucchini was the first thing I planted. They make a nice picture too.



HILLTOP

Editor: David Crellin

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

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

NORTH HILL 865 Central Avenue, Needham, MA 02492

Easter in Eritrea

Stan Fisher

It was 2004, and we were living in Eritrea. Jenny and I walked with our friend Hezy to observe the late-night/early morning Easter service at the Coptic Christian Enda Mariam Cathedral in Asmara. The streets we navigated were dark and deserted. As we got closer, we found ourselves in a small stream of people heading to church, mostly women wrapped head to foot in their white cotton shawls. Many small children, as young as three or four, were also dressed in white. The modern stone church had several illuminated crosses on the roof.

We arrived just as a group of priests bearing large shining gold crosses streamed out of the church into the outer walled courtyard. The priests and altar boys were dressed in brilliant reds, gold, greens and blues; everyone else was wearing white and carrying lit candles. The candle bearers, who were mostly women and children, lined the processional way on both sides, as the priests and followers walked and danced around the church three times to the sounds of large kettle drums and chanted prayers. Aromatic incense was swung, candle stubs were dropped by singing fingers, and groups of small boys huddled to light and share new candles. The night sky was full of stars, and a pale wisp of moonlight.

As the only whites in a crowd of hundreds, we felt elated to join the procession around the church. As usual on these occasions in Eritrea, the congregants seemed as pleased to see us as we were to be there.

Eventually we followed many of the congregants back into the church, taking the time first to remove and leave our shoes outside. The floor of the spacious interior was covered with carpets, and brightly colored religious paintings and frescoes decorated the walls. Gold-gilt circles formed halos around the heads of the saints, showing the Byzantine origins of this Coptic art.

As in all Eritrean Coptic churches, men and women used separate entrances and stood or sat on opposite sides of the church. In the front, closest to the stairs leading up to the central, sacred chamber in which the holy ark is kept, were the children: boys spilling out from the men's side, girls from the women's. The service was conducted by a coterie of priests wearing long white robes and white turbans. They chanted, swung incense censers, and read from ancient texts supported on portable, cloth-covered lecterns.

At the culmination of the service, around midnight, a priest announced that Christ had risen to redeem mankind. At this point, priests bearing large crosses stationed themselves in different parts of the church. Other priests were at the exit doors, facing the outer courtyard, in which large numbers of worshippers who had never entered the church

congregated. Thus positioned, the cross-bearing priests gave worshippers the opportunity to approach and recite a short prayer affirming that Christ had risen to redeem us. Afterwards, the worshipper would bow and kiss the cross twice.

When we left the church at about 1:00 A.M., people in the courtyard were still standing in orderly lines facing the church doors, waiting to perform the ritual. The street outside was busy with traffic, as whole families arrived, toddlers to seniors, to participate in this annual ritual. It is a religious duty, we were told, to attend church for this purpose on Easter.

Hezy, Jenny and I walked home through the deserted streets. As we walked, we shared our impressions of the service. The chanting had reminded Hezy, an Israeli, of Jewish prayer melodies. The scene had aroused Jenny's nostalgia for childhood candlelight Christmas services. And I could not get out of my mind the beautiful faces of the Eritrean children, dressed in white, each reflected in the light of a candle.



Tent Life

Robert McNiff

Voices on the Common, early one summer morning, attracted my attention. Several North Hill team members were erecting a tent in anticipation of an evening concert. A stiff breeze complicated the process, but soon the tent was in place and staff were placing chairs in neat rows. As I watched, memories of my first tent came flooding back.

My “tent” was an old oilcloth tablecloth suspended from a rope and attached to a tree. It didn’t do much to keep us dry, but allowed us to imagine we were at a base camp waiting to challenge Mt. Everest or preparing to explore a secret cave.

On my birthday in 1942, things took a turn for the better. My parents surprised me with a tent so complex it required adult assistance to erect. We spent hours sorting through the ropes, poles and pages of instructions. As my dad drove the final tie-down stake into the ground, we were startled by cheers and shouts from our neighbors. When my mother ran across the lawn shouting “Doolittle bombed Tokyo,” we realized the cheers were not for us. I might not have known who Doolittle was, but the war had gone so badly up to that point, it was good news.

News of what became known as the Doolittle Raid, was our first offensive action of the War and generated great excitement. People were waving flags, cheering and honking horns celebrating. At first, few details were available and President

Roosevelt added to the mystery by telling the press the mission was launched from Shangri-La. In fact, sixteen B-25 land based bombers took off from the aircraft carrier U-SS Hornet, a remarkable feat.

Doolittle’s heroes inspired new tent adventures. As the cockpit of a B-25 bomber, it carried me on a series of dangerous missions where I shot down dozens of enemy planes on my way to becoming a fighter ace.

Years later, I discovered imagination isn’t enough for some tent adventures. My tank unit (turned out I wasn’t an Air Force fighter ace, but an Army tank commander) was assigned to tent housing at a temporary military depot in Germany. My troops and I enjoyed the novelty of tent living. Perhaps some of us carried fond boyhood memories of oilcloth tents. Our enthusiasm quickly faded when winter arrived with cold rain, sleet and snow, and the wood-burning stove remained our only source for heat and hot water.

Each year on my birthday, I think of the Doolittle Raiders and the thrill of setting up my tent with my dad on that historic day. But any lingering romantic childhood dreams of camping out are promptly pushed away by the memories of a government-issued tent somewhere in Germany decades ago.



B&B McNiff

Two Love Poems

Seeing You Across the Aisle on Back to School Night To Barbara

His chalk dust voice and patronizing glare
Impale my restless flesh against the desk.
He rants of rules, of punishments of tests;
I wince with awkward smile or blankly stare,
A skeptic at his unconvincing care
For kids he blatantly regards as pests.
But then across the aisle in my regrets
At being in his charge I catch your hair,
And suddenly my mind forgets his voice
At shock of you framed in another time.
Stripped of our kids and years I make you mine
Once more in adolescence and rejoice
At my conquest. What strange and stirring thrill
To find forgotten youth within us still.

David Crellin

Nothing Should Change Us

Nothing should change us
No distance of years
No differences of ways
Nothing should come between
Our great thoughts of life.
The world is wide
so that each of us
May be dazzled by different moods
And even be as clinging moss
To some unknown rock.

Even as we draw closer together
We will find a new distance,
A new muse, a separate wish,
A stranger desire, a bond to sever.

But nothing should change us
Nor rob our souls of secrecy.
WHO knows or cares
If the setting sun
Lights identical flames in you?
WHO has time to consider
The course of each current
Or the way of each dream,
The meaning of music
Or the secrets of Seraphim?

You too must have felt
The weirdness of a whim
Casting shadows or throwing lights
Uncertain, then sure
Full of youth and vagueness.
We are young, wanting
The wisdom of the world,
To paint on each other's lives.

There is no running back to
Separateness or to the lure
Of a former life.
Our differences walk
With tender feet and majesty
Finding a common path,
A shared expression
A shared personality
Our selves intact but new.

But nothing should change us

And in lives filled with uncertainty
We recuperate by holding hands
By finding strength in togetherness
In individuality...

Sybil Greenblatt Miller - 1958 - "To Mike"
Written 3 weeks before our marriage
11th January, 1959

Josie Foote Works in Oil and Pastels

The beauty and endurance of nature are an antidote to distressing news of violence, hardship, and injustice in the media. Nature's ability to regenerate gives me hope.

Making a painting is like opening a box of questions:

“What’s included?”

“What’s excluded?”

“What gets moved or removed?”

It’s a conversation between explicitness and obscurity. It’s a game of chase and

catch when the sunlight and shadows wink and morph so quickly.

It’s a dance of push and pull between bright and muted, warm and cool, light and dark.

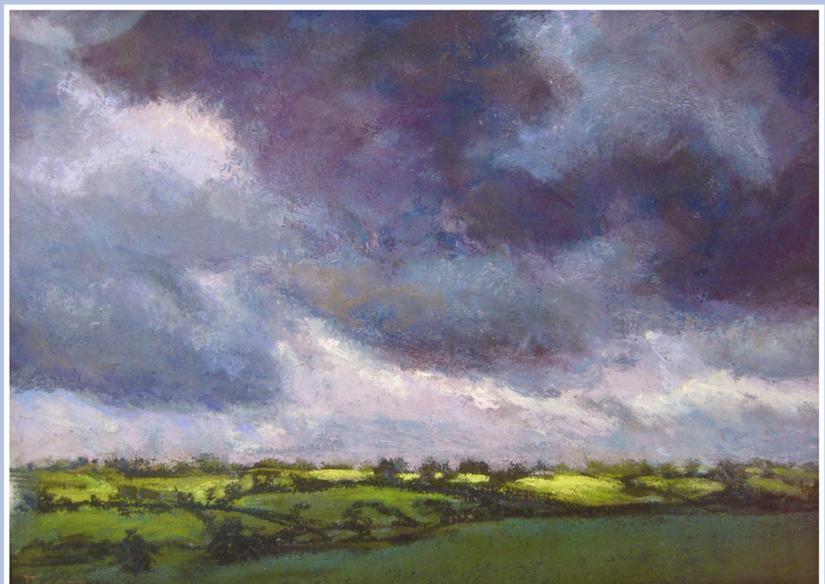
Although I strive for serenity in my paintings, something unknown often creeps into the pictures.



Malibu Pier, oil on canvas



Couple on the Rocks, oil on canvas

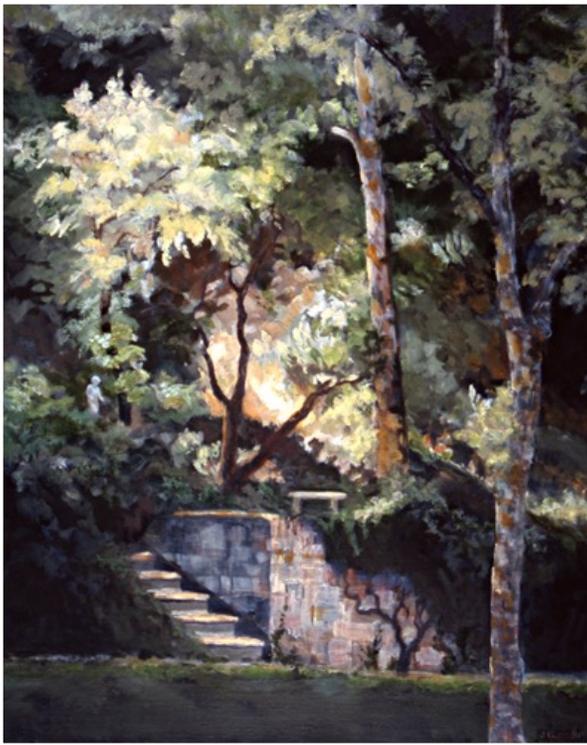


Storm Over the Cotswolds, pastel on paper

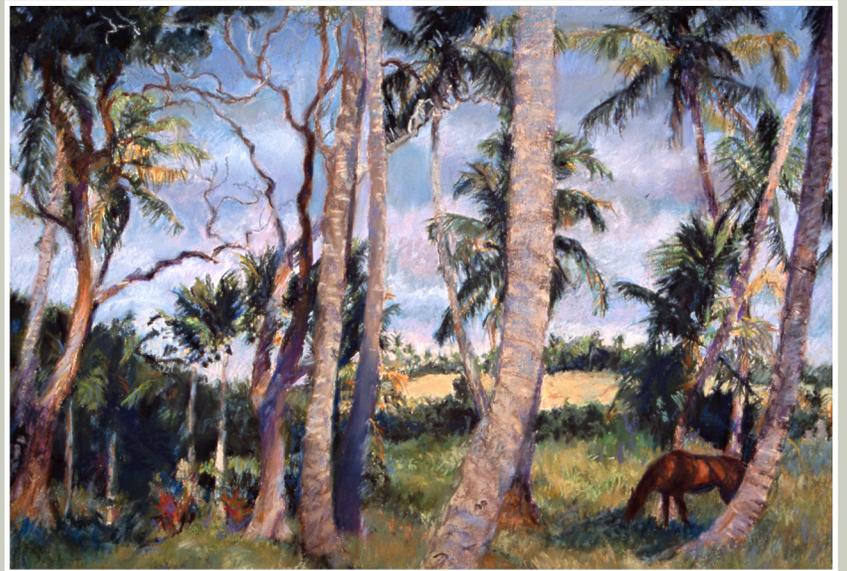
It has been such fun living with someone who shares my enjoyment of capturing a visual image. I love the influence of color, the adventure of lines, the satisfaction of shapes. Steve has helped me appreciate the impact of value contrasts (light and dark) and placement of emphasis.

I prefer painting nature because I'm attracted to sensuous curves in landscapes or plants.

My work doesn't serve political protests or social justice. It's just to remind people to stop and look around. There is so much beauty even if it's just the way the light falls on a staircase.



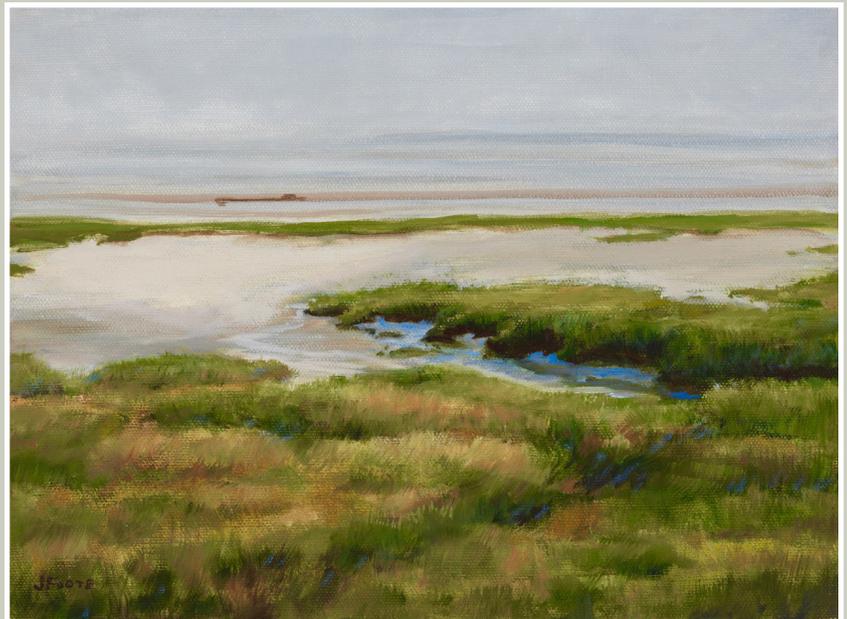
Stone Steps and Statue, pastel on paper



Pony in Paradise, pastel on paper



Resting Peacefully, oil on canvas



Orleans 1, oil on canvas

Steven Foote Watercolors

During my architectural career I focused on buildings on college campuses.

One measure of success is how your projects improve campus life by the increased sense of life in the space into which your building fits.

I.M. Pei's *Louvre Pyramid* in Paris is an example.



I.M. Pei's *Louvre Pyramid*

This quality of light and space can be also observed in collections of buildings or the way parts of the composition cast shadows on adjacent components.

Sometimes cities reveal themselves in layers, as is the case in the harbor approaching Valetta, in Malta. The row of buildings on the water are downstage, then a mist conceals the next streets, and finally the taller buildings in the background appear.



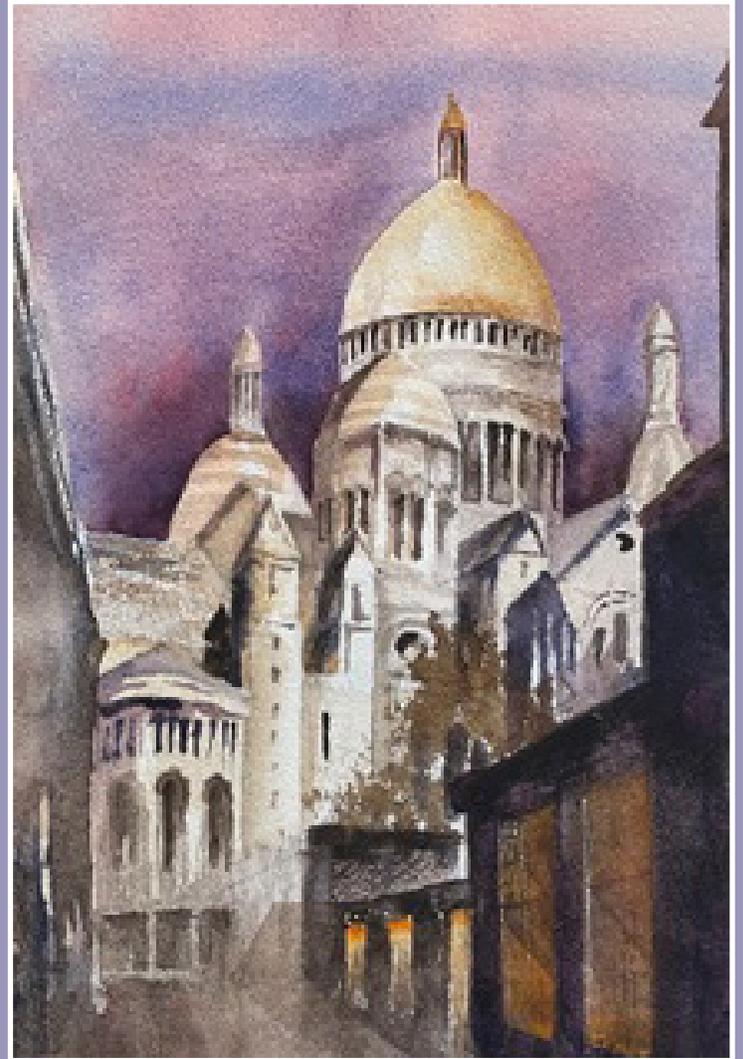
The Harbor at Valleta



Josie coming home on Rue de Grenelle



Coffee on Montmartre



Chapel at Sacré Coeur

Buildings sometimes jostle each other as though they were trying to get a better view of the city. This is the sense I got walking through Montmartre in Paris looking up at the Chapel Sacré Coeur.

I found that just walking around the city with a sketch book and a few paints allowed me to get down the essence of a scene. Sometimes later I thought that was enough; the sketch went into my website as a “sketch” rather than a “painting”. Occasionally passersby stopped and remarked that they preferred the sketches to the paintings.

Dumpster Diving in Dallas

Tom Seldorff

Airlines, airports and business travel by air have all changed a lot in the last fifty years. Airline personnel used to be much more casual and accommodating, flight attendants used to be young and pleasant, and travel was, in a word, much more fun.

Around 1970 our company had developed a blockbuster technology that was able to save substantial sums for the automotive industry and it was my job to introduce it as widely as possible. Automotive assembly plants were scattered across the country, but one of the largest was in Arlington, a suburb of Dallas. I had arrived on an American Airlines flight late in the evening for a meeting the next morning and was anxious to get off the plane and to the hotel for a good night's rest. In those days, one's ticket was handed to the attendant at the gate who placed it in a folder with the seat number. Since it was no longer needed on arrival most passengers left the folder on the seat for the cleaners to dispose of.

I was nearly the last person to leave the jetway from the plane to the terminal. I suddenly realized to my distress that I had left the folder on the seat with the ticket for my next flight still attached and in the folder. The gate agent was just closing the door to the jetway behind me, but I managed to persuade him to allow me back to the plane to find it. I rushed to the plane just as the cleaners were leaving and – not surprisingly – found the seat spic and span with no folder to be seen. The last of the cleaners was still aboard and when I asked her what was done with the detritus from the plane, she said: “Oh, that's all gone into the dumpsters over there,” pointing to the big green metal containers at the edge of the tarmac.

Back to the counter I went and persuaded the agent, who was just leaving since it was well past 10:00 pm, to let me go on the tarmac to see if I could retrieve the ticket. Fortunately, the field was well lit, and I easily found the dumpsters. Pulling together some wooden pallets to form a rudimentary ladder, I climbed onto the first one, never mind getting my clothes dirty, and found a number of plastic bags with the stuff the cleaners had collected. But several flights had landed around the same time. Sorting through those plastic bags took a while, since I needed to first check the contents to determine which ones came from the flight I had arrived on. Planes had fewer seats in those days so sorting the bags was more feasible than it would be with today's twin-aisle jumbo jets that hold hundreds of passengers.



Undeterred, I rummaged until I found two plastic bags where ticket folders showed our flight number on the front. The rest was relatively straightforward. Luckily, the trash was almost all dry with no half empty coffee cups, so the search was not too messy. After about half an hour of digging, Hurrah! I found my folder with the ticket for the next leg of my flight schedule still safely attached.

Much relieved, I returned to the terminal only to find all the staff had all gone home. I did leave a note to express my deepest and sincerest gratitude.

I doubt... no I'm certain... no such escapade would be possible at an airport in today's paranoid security environment. But it's fun to think back and enjoy the memory.

My Experience in a Male Dominated Field

Liza Martin

In 1964, with trepidation, I accepted a job to program TX-2, an experimental computer at M.I.T.'s Lincoln Lab. I had gone to girls' schools through high school, where the science courses were mediocre. A physics teacher had remarked "Since you are girls you won't understand this, so I won't bother explaining it to you." When I said I might major in math in college, a friend's father whom I greatly respected told me, "You don't want to become a lady mathematician." At Brown, I majored in Biology – a far cry from engineering. But what really concerned me was I thought that M.I.T. was only for geniuses and I was afraid there would be social repercussions - I didn't want to become a nerd.

The group I joined turned out to be warm and friendly. My male boss and a woman who had programmed on an even earlier computer at M.I.T. were wonderful mentors. They taught me how to program, starting with easier tasks and moving progressively to more challenging ones. It was a great way to learn, and helped build my confidence.

It didn't particularly bother me that men who were doing similar work were in a higher pay grade. Occasionally my boss, a feminist, would come to me with out-of-band raises to make up for this discrepancy. Once we few women were given a raise and a promotion to almost, but not quite, match the job status of the men. I remarked to my boss that this must be a result of the equal pay legislation passed in 1963. He replied that he wasn't sure this still lower status would stand up in court.

I had been in awe of the hardware engineers, all male. But I felt that some of them didn't respect me. A breakthrough came when the lab director, at a lab-wide meeting, mentioned that "we all

know that software is harder than hardware." This is probably debatable. But, wow. Those hardware engineers better respect me now, I thought.

When funding for our group's work began to dry up, I had an interview with a man in another group. As we sat talking, I faced him and a small girly calendar sitting on his desk. I was surprised at how disgusted I felt. I didn't pursue that job.

My last job at M.I.T. was in the Lab for Computer Science (LCS). My boss was pleasant and reasonable but this environment was tougher – I didn't get much support but I had lots of autonomy. I worked on developing the ARPAnet and then the Internet. This involved a lot of programming but also meetings in various parts of the country with Internet working groups. The work was interesting, challenging, and gratifying. I was amazingly lucky to have fallen into the middle of it.

But LCS and its sister the AI Lab did have their warts. There were two female faculty members and 18 female graduate students; I was the only female non-faculty research staff member. In 1981 the female graduate students and I started to compare notes about our experiences in this predominantly male environment. Eventually we met with Mary Rowe, the ombudsperson for women and work who reported to the M.I.T. president. She advised us to make a list of uncomfortable or offensive incidents and take the list to a faculty member whom we trusted. The list consisted of mostly micro-aggressions, such as assuming that we weren't serious about our work, or we weren't qualified to do the work, or collegial overtures to male graduate students were sometimes assumed to be romantic ones.

We took our list to Peter Elias, a senior faculty

Cont. on Page 12

Cont. from Page 11,

My Experience in a Male Dominated Field

Liza Martin

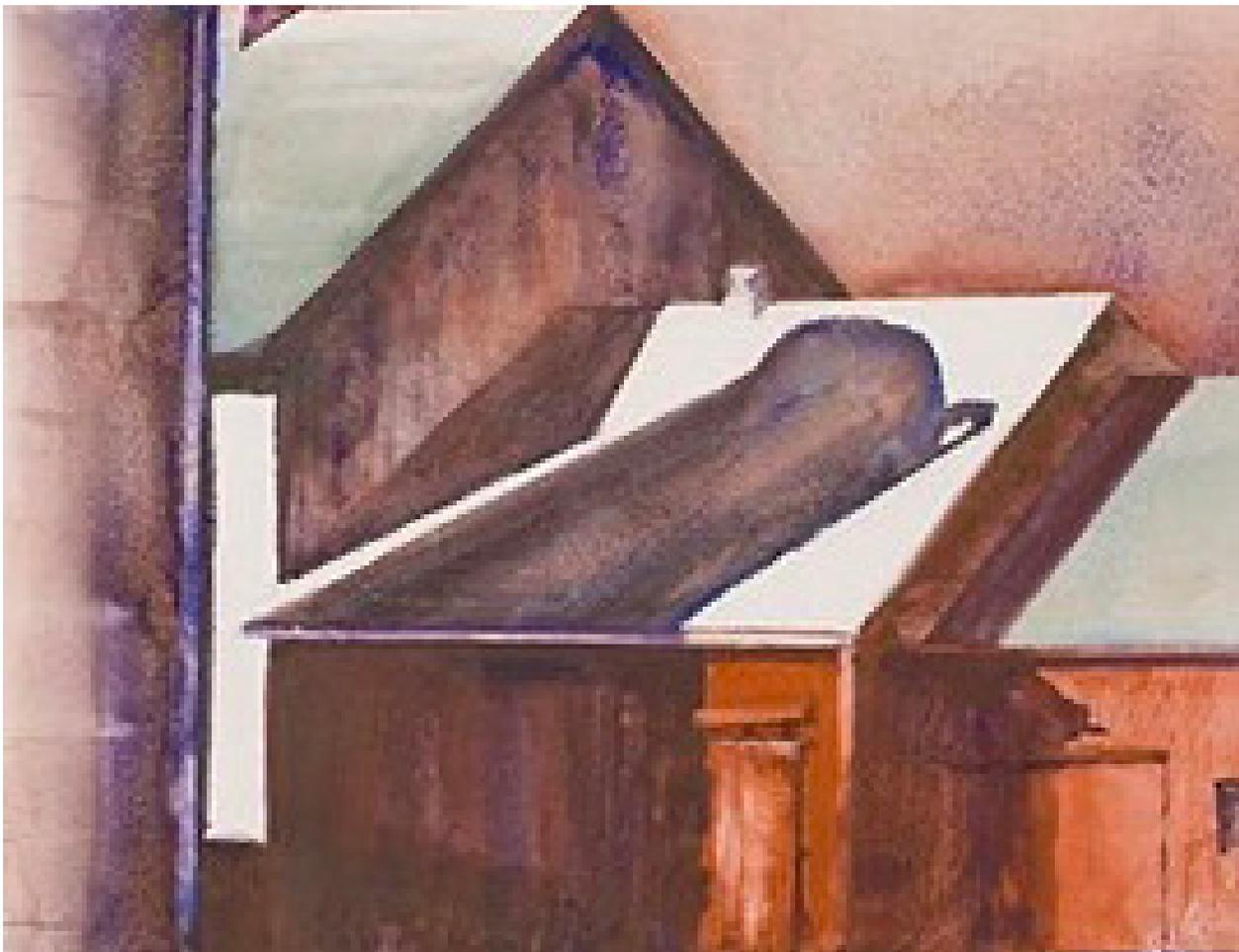
member, who presented it at an LCS/AI faculty meeting. Apparently, this was the most emotional meeting that many had ever experienced--an early example of consciousness raising. As a result, some of the wiser male faculty members talked with each of us individually to find out what could be done to make us more comfortable. And, one or two of us women talked individually to some of the male faculty members who were especially shaken by our report. A description

of the offensive incidents with a discussion of the faculty responses was published in 1983 as *Barriers to Equality in Academia: Women in Computer Science at M.I.T.* The report was widely distributed and referenced.

After 20 years at M.I.T., I worked in the profit sector for 18 years. But I've run out of time to tell those tales.

Morning Light in Cornwall

Steven Foote



Grandmas Rock

Lynn Z. Bloom

Jenny Wilder called during dinner, “My daughter has tickets to the Billie Eilish concert, *“Hit Me Hard and Soft,”* at the Boston Garden next week. Want to come?” “Yes,” I said, my instinctive reaction to anything new and exciting. “Yes, I do.” Her daughter Kristina is Eilish’s personal trainer.

Eilish, twenty-two, is a gamin-like soprano, whose music incorporates (says Wikipedia) pop, dark pop, electropop, emo pop, experimental pop, goth-pop, indie pop, teen pop, alt-pop, and pop rock. I can’t imagine what any of these terms mean. Despite Eilish’s international fame and plethora of awards, including two Golden Globes, two Academy Awards, and twenty Guinness World Records, I wouldn’t have known who she was had it not been for Jenny.

My acceptance of this invitation startled my son, Laird. “I never told my children how to behave at rock concerts because they never went to any. I don’t know what to say to you, Mom, but be sure to wear earplugs. And don’t let anyone give you anything to eat or drink!” Devoid of body piercings, tongue studs, and tattoo décor, my preparation consisted of getting a Covid shot and listening online to a few of Eilish’s surprisingly singable songs.

Over the years, I have flown happily around Everest via 12-seater Buddha Air, and was only mildly concerned when rocketing down the Amazon in a motorboat only inches above the piranha-filled water. But I began to worry when Laird added, “Take your cane, and make sure you have an escort.” I lost sleep, couldn’t eat. I decided to spring for a private ride to the Garden. At least we wouldn’t get lost in a mob of fans seventy years younger than we.

The event turned out to be a hoot, enjoyable from rocking start to electrifying finish. Of course Kristina would not throw her beloved mother to the wolves: she had a VIP escort service shepherd us to the right entrance where Ian, the security officer, handed us off to Michelle who cheerfully whisked us through Garden enticements — pizza, beverages, and concert merch: CDs, vinyl records, and clothing.

In our front row seats opposite the band, we were close enough to feel the heat from the pyrotechnics that erupted from the stage at startling intervals. We would have danced to the beat that throbbed throughout the performance except for a peaceful crowd standing before us who never sat down during the three and a half hour program.



Eilish in an oversize basketball shirt and shorts, knee-socks and sneakers, bounced hopped and leaped from one end of the vast stage to the other, when she was not on top of or inside the huge cage that elevated her above us.

As in all Eilish concerts, everyone joined in singing with the star, who inspired tears of joy, if tears there were. If the lyrics were sad or problematic (we couldn’t make them out amidst the pulsating accompaniment), the collective singing washed anything negative away. The buoyant lass next to us, Chloe, Jenny’s step-granddaughter, spoke for her ecstatic peers: “I sang all the songs. I smiled throughout the concert. I have never smiled so much.”

No Good Deed Goes Unpunished

Hans P. Ziegler

When I was a freshman at Red Bank Catholic High in Red Bank, N.J., we had a lovely nun, Sister Magdalene, as our religion instructor. It was a daily hour-long class from two to three p.m., the last class before school adjourned. It was boring and we could not wait for it to end.

One day, before Sister Magdalene arrived, I suggested to a small group of classmates that we accelerate the class by setting the wall clock thirty minutes ahead. We did not have a ladder so they lifted me up to reach the clock, and I set it to 2:30 p.m. Sister Magdalene entered class and started her instruction. As she gave her lengthy monologue, she glanced at the clock and said: "Oh my, time really does pass quickly, so we will have to wrap things up in ten minutes"... the clock read 2:50 p.m. Ten minutes later, we were out of there, leaving class at 2:30 p.m. I thought it was a clever escapade and went home with a smile on my face.

The next morning, the fun came to a screeching halt. Our religion class was asked to go immediately to the school auditorium to attend a special meeting with Principal Sister Eleanor and Sister Magdalene. Sister Eleanor started the session: "Sister Magdalene tells me that one of you must have played a nasty trick by setting the clock ahead in her classroom by thirty minutes. Now, you have a choice: The person responsible can stand up and admit their despicable act. On the other hand, if no one comes forward you, the entire class, will be punished as a group and, I can assure you, all your parents will know about it."

After a few moments of silence and all eyes of

my classmates glued on me, I raised my hand and said, "I did it."

"All right, class, you all are dismissed," said Sister Eleanor, "Go back to your normal classes. Hans, you stay here."

After the auditorium emptied, Sister Eleanor, Sister Magdalene and I sat in eerie silence that felt like an eternity, Sister Eleanor cleared her throat and said, "Hans, call your mother or father (no way!) and tell them one of them must come here this afternoon to pick you up and discuss an appropriate punishment for you." The phone call with my mother was not well received after I described the situation to her. However, we both agreed that my father did not "need to know" about this incident.

The meeting in the principal's office with both Sisters was short and sweet. First, the punishment for me was to buy a toothbrush, a bucket and some floor cleaner. Starting the next day and for an hour every day after 3:00 p.m., I was to scrub the entire Religion classroom floor with a toothbrush. Second, if I were ever to pull another stunt, I would be "out" of RBC!

I finished the job in six days, got the message and resisted the temptation to commit any nefarious deeds from then on. I was also deeply grateful that my father never knew about it. Otherwise, I probably would not be here to share this story!

"No good deed goes unpunished!"

We Remember

NANCY HARRIS
PAMELA HENRIKSON

ALEXANDER LEVINE
JUDITH LOWE
DANIEL SULLIVAN

SYBIL SISKIND
PATRICIA PETRILLI

Summer, '36

Chuck Roazen

I'm with my parents on a beach in Swampscott.

A policeman comes up to my father and says, "Sir, I have to give you a ticket. You are topless and this is a 'No Topless Beach'. The only exceptions are for children under the age of eight." My father reaches into his bag and pulls out a note from his doctor

stating that he recently had his liver operated on and needed to expose the scar to the sun in order for it to heal properly.

The policeman looks at the note, looks at the scar, and says, "No ticket this time" and walks away.

The Bear that Wouldn't Budge

Janie Batista

Plantain Pond Road hugs the lower slopes of Race Mountain in the small Berkshire town of Mt. Washington MA. Laurel and other bushes grow densely on either edge. On one side the terrain pitches precipitously downward, and on the other climbs steeply to the summit far above. Walking home one evening, I looked up to see an enormous black bear lumbering over the crest of a small rise in the road straight ahead of me. Bears were not at all uncommon in the area, but this was by far the largest I had ever seen.

I stopped, waiting for the bear to turn aside, but it didn't pause for even a second at the sight of me. It just kept coming at an even pace in the center of the narrow dirt road. Clearly, it was I who was supposed to move, except that the tightly interwoven bushes on both sides made a lateral escape out of the question. Possibly, I thought, if I stood stock still on the road's edge, the bear would simply ignore me and continue on its way, but doing so seemed too risky.

Reluctantly I turned and began walking back up the road away from the bear, which, by now had significantly closed the gap between us. I didn't run because I'd heard that doing so might excite the bear, but I certainly didn't want to walk too slowly.

So both the bear and I proceeded up the road while I turned my head from time to time to check on the bear's progress.

I decided it would be calming to me, and maybe the bear, to talk out loud because I needed to decide what to do at a three-way fork in the road. In the manner of Winnie the Pooh, I said, "If I were a bear, would I want to start up Race Mountain? No, I would not. It's too steep and rocky. Would I go to the gravel pit? No, it's too boring. Would I go straight to the YMCA camp? Yes! There might be left-overs."

When I reached the fork, I turned turned right, toward the gravel pit. After about fifty feet, I turned my head to see which way the bear would go. Sure enough, he came lumbering through the intersection, giving me a nod to see where I was and headed straight toward the Y camp.

Whew! With a huge sigh of relief, I turned and retraced my steps towards home, my knees a bit shaky.

North Hill Pauses to Pose for a Close-up

Lewis Dana



Turkey views the Bistro...
... and hikes the pink trail.



Fake berries warn of
real poison oak.



Is North that way?



Hot summer day
for re-paving
Bay View Road.

In brilliant
morning sun,
G-wing windows
reflect onto
I-wing wall.



North Hill geology: Can you spot the real rock?