

THE HILLTOP

December
2021

QUARTERLY

A publication written by and for the residents of North Hill

Volume 151



The Last Rose
of Summer

From the Editor

Dear friends,

The golden glow of autumn continues this November. Crisp days will soon become icy, but I still treasure this my favorite season.

May your holidays be joyous and may the New Year be a good one for you and your loved ones.

With affection,
Ronna

The Hilltop

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Cover Story

She called about 5 PM in late October last year. “I don’t think we have ever met, but I hear you like to take pictures.” What she then said led to a two week obsession with one flower still blooming in Ted Shivmer’s raised garden just outside my window. It was a single rose growing tall and proud, surrounded by gardens well past their prime. “That rose reminds me of a poem by Thomas Moore, ‘The Last Rose of Summer,’” she said, “and I thought you might like to take a picture of it.” I was intrigued by her associating this flower with a famous poem and googled it. Although it is about the last days of life, I saw something much different in Ted’s rose--its strength and determination to live

a full life to the very end. Fifty some shots of it from various angles and in increasingly cold temperatures later, I put down my camera. When I looked out my window for my daily inspiration the next morning, the rose was gone, the victim of an early snow fall on October 30th. A year later, I am photographing the Bay View Rd. project--equally intriguing, but without an anonymous phone call or a poem to inspire me to deeper thought.

— Al Woodcock

Tidbits

Pies That Made the Day in November 2020

Like many of us at North Hill, I was uncertain and somewhat depressed about how this year’s Thanksgiving was going to go. For me, it was the first time in my life that I would have no family other than John with me.

I finally decided to cook dinner in our apartment, hoping that the activity and associated smells would sustain me in good season. I bought a “tiny” turkey (11 pounds) and trimmings. The one tradition I didn’t feel up to was making pumpkin pie (John’s favorite) because

I don't like it. So we agreed on Apple Brown Betty. This discussion also went on with my daughter in Connecticut.

On the Tuesday before T-day, John and I were sitting at our dinner table around 7 p.m., when he received a phone call that there was a delivery at our back door. We are on the ground level at G with sliders opening to the bay. Totally mystified since we knew all deliveries come through the Grand Lobby, we pulled back our drapes, and were overcome to see four people standing out there, bearing two pies! Our daughter, son-in-law, granddaughter, and grandson had driven two hours to deliver pies (Pumpkin and Derby, don't ask!) for our Thanksgiving. They were masked as were we when we answered. We chatted and elbow bumped in the dark for ten minutes and then they left for the two hour drive home.

Thanks to this invaluable family support, I no longer dreaded Thursday. Good thing! My "tiny" turkey was a total flop and the veggies weren't very good either. The pies were excellent. I will embrace with enthusiasm whatever North Hill offers next year as I understand it was exceptionally well done.

— Carolyn Marsh

Signage at North Hill

North Hill is a special place designed to meet the needs of a specific population. We all know what happens here. But new residents and visitors may be misled by the signs on corridor doors.

REFUSE

Is there a choice? What if one prefers to accept?

SCREENING ROOM

What are they screening here? How often do residents get screened? Is it mandatory?

ELECTRICAL ROOM

What kind of exotic treatments go on? Would an ear to the door hear loud zzzaps and sizzles?

RESIDENT STORAGE

How many residents are stored behind this door? Why are they in storage and how long does it last?

— Lew Dana

How are you?

When people ask "how are you?" I say "I am like a old fiddle. My varnish may be cracked and crazed, my tuning pegs are a little loose, my strings have gone slack and I've lost some hairs from my bow. But I can still play a merry tune."

— Ted Schwimer

We Remember

BILL DICKSON

CHRIS DOKU

CHARLES HEYMAN

JOHNATHAN SIMOND

BARBARA ORLOV

SHIRLEY STEIN

ALICE ERICKSON

ELIZABETH CONWAY

KATHERINE GALLANT

SUMNER MILLENDER

ROBINSON HOLLISTER

VIRGINIA PERRY

CLAIRE VAN UMMERSEN

ANN SEGAL

SCOTT BIRNEY

ELINOR EVERTS

GEORGE FERGUSON

MARTIN SICHEL

PATRICIA PRATT

GORHAM "JERRY" CROSS

A Little Christmas Word Play Dining Challenges During Covid

William (Bill) King

JR Buzz Campbell

Thanksgiving 2020 phone call from son Christopher in Seattle:

“Dad, expect arrival soon of box from L.L. Bean enclosing tabletop Christmas tree.”

November 30 delivery to my apartment of a carton from which I remove a live 2 foot Alberta Spruce with root ball in small red bucket. Tiny lights are strung through its branches (but 3 needed AA batteries NOT included). There are detailed instructions as to indoor care and outdoor planting next spring.

E-mail from William King to Christopher King, DATE November 30, 2020 at 7:01 PM

Re: Schizophrenic arboreal traveler...

arrived today today, shipped from Maine, but screaming, “I am a baby Alberta Spruce kidnapped and sent to an old folks’ home In Massachusetts; what am I doing here?” Sympathetic old residential fellow has rescued it from its cardboard container and, as instructed in accompanying ransom note, is letting it soak overnight in the kitchen sink before figuring out where to electrify its presence during the forthcoming celebratory season, and then deciding whether it can withstand hibernation until springly transportation to become a permanent Massaberta Mainiacal North Hill growth feature. Thanks and love!

E-mail from Christopher King to William King, DATE 12/01/2020 at 2:41 AM

Subject: Re: Schizophrenic arboreal traveler...

Glad the rebel sympathizer, a member of the CHILL (Crescent Heights Independent Living Liberation) Front, could free the traveler from its bonds and breathe fresh life into the subversive mission, which latest intelligence reveals to simply spread a little cheer in an otherwise dreary year. Love!

EPILOGUE Mid-April 2021: Notwithstanding more than 4 months of regular watering, with no green left among its few remaining needles, “Bertie” is determined by the old fellow no longer to be cheery or even a suitable candidate for the NH landscape, and he dispatches it to the landfill.

It was as if the lights were switched off when COVID arrived at North Hill. We were challenged as we met its swift entry and development. Dining changed to a limited selection of food delivered in a brown bag. Having lived aboard ship for months at a time with 4,000 sailors fed 3 meals a day, told me something about that. I decided to get the real scoop on NH Food and Dining from Josh Botsford boss of that operation.

Josh and his Team feed about 500 NH people daily, normally with two + meals. ... perhaps routine in ordinary times. When the Covid arrived in March 2020 that dining had to change, Josh and his Team had an emergency plan which worked for short weather outages. But that was not sufficient for the Covid emergency. A new plan was swiftly developed and carried out. They canceled breakfast in the Café and seated dining in the Bistro and Summa ended. Meals were changed to simpler fare, with a couple of entree choices shown on a formatted menu for a week. This was circulated in advance. Meals were bagged according to our choices and delivered to our units. To get this going, Josh and his Team had from a Sunday evening to the following Tuesday to plan and execute new food service program. And that kind of action planning followed from the peak of Covid to reopening the following April with the 2nd phase of Covid restrictions and resumption of dining restrictions. This was done in accordance with US and Mass Food Safety Regs which govern hot and cold food preparation, cooking and service within a strict Food Safety Zone with cooking being done between 40 and 140 degrees F. (I doubt that was the case aboard ship.) And while we now hear about “supply chain” issues, those started 18 months ago and have gotten worse with the recovery. They quickly learned that ordering food and materials had changed. For example, when they ordered 80 chickens for a meal of Chicken Parmesan, even with order confirmation, only 50 chicken often arrived. But Josh has figured out how to handle this with creativity. Food deliverers, like Sysco, have advised their customers that they are under a food supply allocation 60% of the supply experienced before Covid 19 months ago. Josh

continued on page 9...

Bear in a Tree *Jenny Wilder*

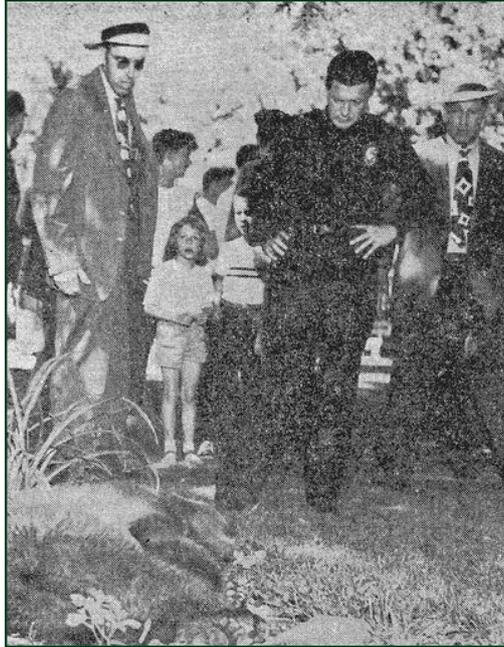
I had the extreme good fortune to spend my formative years living in a museum – at least our apartment was in a wing of a museum, and we could walk out a side door directly into the galleries. My father was the director of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, stunningly located at the foot of Pikes Peak – the tallest of the Rocky Mountains.

As a town in the 1800s, Colorado Springs was adjacent to the famous Cripple Creek gold mines, and many a prospector morphed into a rich man in those days. In 1949, when this adventure took place, it was a pretty small town, with a diverse population – including some of those winners from the gold rush days, academics at Colorado College, Mexicans and Native Americans, farmers and ranchers from the surrounding countryside, and diverse townspeople. It was quite common for animals of all sorts to come down out of the mountains looking for a good meal.

The Fine Arts Center was built around a patio featuring statues and other works of art, as well as some gigantic totem poles from the Pacific Northwest. Along one side, a stone wall was shaded by a large tree, and our apartment was adjacent to the wall. One lovely autumn afternoon, when my brother Nick was 7 and I was 5, we were climbing onto the wall and jumping into a pile of leaves – having a whale of a good time. Suddenly, a fireman came running up the driveway, shouting at us to get into the house immediately. We scampered inside, hollering for Mom to come; something was wrong and a fireman made us come inside.

Soon at least a dozen firemen, policemen and members of the Park Department swarmed into

our yard carrying firearms. They were all pointing at something up in the tree. From our living room window, we saw that their focus was on a terrified honey-colored bear cub sitting up in the tree just above our jumping spot. Officials and several dogs had been pursuing the bear for more than an hour and a half before locating him outside our window. According to the *Gazette Telegraph*, the officers had considered trapping the cub, but the fire chief feared if alarmed, he might charge into the crowd. Before long, three armed officers knelt in a firing line and shot the cub down with one rifle shot, two shotgun blasts and two revolver shots. In my child's memory, there were at least 10 men pulverizing the poor bear.



It was truly awful and totally unfair! He was only a 90 lb. year-old cub. As I recall, they draped the dead bear over

a pole and carried him out the exit from the patio, leaving a grizzly trail of blood. To the best of my recollection, Nick and I were both traumatized and fabulously excited. We even appear in one of the newspaper photos of the astounding event.

The paper reported that another bear had been sighted with ours and was still on the loose. Officials opined that the two had come from the Black Forest or the Front Range west of the Garden of the Gods. These landmarks formed a panorama visible from the giant western windows of the museum. It was a glorious place to live, even with bears on the loose.

As you might expect, this extraordinary experience contributed to making me an opponent of guns as well as a strong advocate for wildlife. Nothing since has happened to weaken my convictions.

The Irresistible Allure of Model Trains

by Lew Dana

Christmas Eve in the late 1940s was a time of wonder. Our Dad would haul the platforms for the O-gauge train layout down from the attic, put them down in the front hall and erect a bare Christmas tree at one end. Then, magically overnight, unknown hands would decorate the tree and transform the hall into a wonderland of trains, tinsel and treasure.

In a few years, my two brothers and I were cleared for train setup and tree-trimming duty. We also mastered the “Oops!” ritual that opened the season: the moment the first ornament of the year shattered on the train platform.

Early on the principles of model railroading were explained to us: O-gauge’s gentle curves were preferable to O-27’s tighter radii. American Flyer trains couldn’t hold a candle to Lionel authenticity. Operating model trains closely replicated the world into which we would grow up.

1949. Kingston, Pa. As we tramped down the stairs full of Christmas-morning anticipation, our Dad suggested, “Why doesn’t one of you start up the train...?”

In place of the old transformer with its fast/slow dial we found a state-of-the-art device with not one but TWO controls. (Run two trains at once!), flashing lights and buttons (Reverse a train! Sound its horn!). The future had arrived.

As power was applied, we heard no anemic American Flyer whine; we heard a rising surge of power and many wheels clacking over track joints. From behind the station a completely new passenger train rolled majestically onto our main line.

We were enthralled. Thanks to the artistry of the Lionel Corporation, we owned the mighty Pennsylvania Railroad. OK, three maroon Pennsy passenger cars towed by that greatest of all locomotives, the celebrated streamlined GG-1 with folding pantographs actually capable of drawing electricity from overhead wires! (A fact

we pointed out to envious, we were sure, school friends.)

1968. Amsterdam, the Netherlands. The Dutch celebrate Sinter Klaas day around December 7 with poems, small gifts and coal or switches in wooden shoes for bad actors. Christmas is for church. The discovery of tiny European N-scale model trains perfect for tiny apartments helped restore our traditional celebration. Minuscule three-inch-long engines were soon hauling freight along scale miles of track on an 18” x 36” platform. (Added plus: the layout stored easily under a bed.) Once more, Christmas at our house smelled of turkey in the oven and hot electric motors.

1976. Montclair, N.J. We decided to get rid of the cooktop in the kitchen’s center island and install a new stove in a better location. Viewing the black hole left in the island, someone said, “That

has all the appeal of a Wilkes-Barre strip mine.” After some scene building, and getting the N-scale train out of storage, a train of ore cars began chugging around in a strip mine under a clear plexiglass sky. Since the plexiglass could support drink glasses, the railroad distracted party guests drifting in to help in the kitchen.

2008. Providence, R.I. Seven-year old grandson asked, “Hey, Grandad, can we put up the trains?” Wonderful! All the allure of model railroading had grabbed him. Quick run to Home Depot.

Cobble a train platform together. Staple electric lines in place. Nail down a big loop of HO track. Whole process watched intently by fascinated Grandson. Transformer switch to ON. The train slid from its siding out onto the main line. As it gathered speed, we imagined it highballing across the Great Plains en route to, Yes! SAN-FRAAAAAN-CIS-CO!

Grandson watched a couple rounds, then, in his most matter-of-fact voice, asked: “Can I watch some TV?”



A Moment of Humanity

Told by Susan Tillman

(at the suggestion of May Chin, Chair of The TAGS Diversity Group)

Periodically, I check Facebook to keep up with my far-flung family. Last week I noticed a post from my doctor daughter, Elizabeth Tillman, that was not the usual light chatter. She titled it: "Reassuring Moment of Humanity." She was on her way home from work and saw a car that had crashed into the guardrail. She also saw three women screaming in fear and two men gently cradling an injured woman. She pulled over and grabbed her stethoscope. A third man handed her his phone and said: "You speak--my English not good". It was

good enough that she understood that he had called 911, but she gave more information to the dispatch. The three screaming women were daughters of the injured woman. She was in and out of consciousness and their fear was understandable. Elizabeth quickly examined the victim.

There was no obvious head injury, her lung sounds were clear and bilateral and her heart rate was understandably fast but not muffled. She gasped in pain when her lower back was palpated leading to a concern about a back injury. Elizabeth was also worried about internal bleeding given the woman's level of consciousness. Another man arrived and brought a child's fleece blanket and draped it over the injured woman to shield her from the rain. A woman stopped and collected the belongings that had been thrown from the car.

While waiting for EMS they consoled the daughters as best they could. They and their mother were African American. The man who handed Elizabeth his phone was Southeast

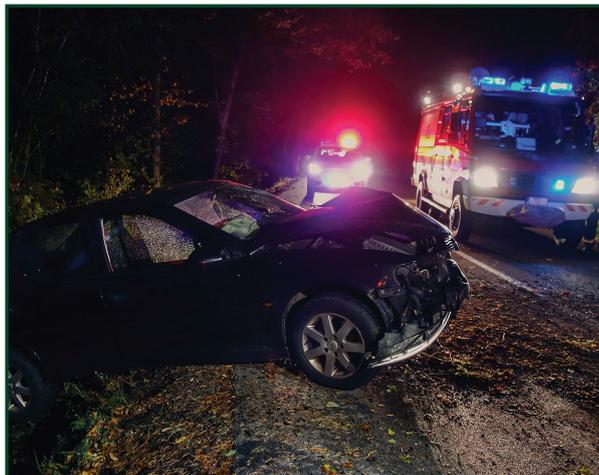
Asian. The man holding the mother's head was Hispanic; the man supporting her back was white, burly and covered in tattoos. The gentleman who wrapped her in the blanket was white. The woman who collected their belongings was likely Caribbean-American as she spoke with a Jamaican or Trinidadian accent. Elizabeth was the white lesbian physician.

Elizabeth remarked, and I quote: "We are all caregivers for each other. We all have

a role; we are all needed, especially in a time of crisis. I couldn't have choreographed a more diverse group. It spontaneously materialized. Race, sex, nationality, and sexual orientation were irrelevant. We had a family to tend to and protect. Would this irrelevance were

always the case. We need to move beyond labels and -isms. We need to focus on caring for one another, on peace, on joint societal aspirations and goals. Let's all do what we can to make each other's lives more serene, more healthy, and less fraught with divisiveness, hatred of others, and learned hatred of self."

I wish I could tell you what happened to this woman. Elizabeth has privileges at the hospital where she was taken but because she was not her physician cannot access the records. We can only hope for the best.



A Winner at 200 MPH: Cynthia Kelly: Badminton + Superstar

by Marianne Fisher

Considering the speed of balls hit by bats, racquets, clubs, sticks, or crosses, it's a little hard to conceive of a shuttlecock flying off a badminton racquet at the speed of over 200 mph.

But that speed is exactly what appealed to Cynthia Kelly as a young girl growing up in Baltimore. Hooked at the age of eleven to Badminton, she won two Junior National titles and was a member of two International Uber Cup squads.

As Cynthia moved on, she was AA top nationally-ranked player for 16 years and was Women's Senior National Doubles Champion four times.

During her administration as President of USA Badminton, Cynthia championed the sport's inclusion in the Olympic. In order to qualify

as an Olympic sport, 100 countries must compete. Already being played in 120 countries, Badminton was finally recognized as an Olympic sport in 1992 in Barcelona.

Cynthia's continuing commitment to the Olympics led to her positions on the following United States Olympic committees (USOC): Membership and Credentials and Nominating as well as the Olympics Governing Bodies Council from 1992-2000.

As Assistant head of the Delegation to the 1998 World Youth Games for the USOC in Moscow, she managed 109 American youths, ages 12-17. (Just ask Cynthia about the Moscow subway-bus nightmare). As USOC Representative in 1999, Cynthia attended the International Academy in Olympia (Athens), Greece. Then she headed on to the 2000 Sydney Olympics as our USOC Representative.

Cynthia was Vice Chair of the Board of Trustees for the U.S. Olympic Endowment from 1995 to 2016 overseeing \$200M in investments. She moved up to the Board of Directors, 1994-2000, and then to the Executive Committee of the USOC retiring in 2000. Fourteen years of breaking the glass ceiling is quite an achievement for a woman in this male-dominated organization.

Giving and caring are an integral part of Cynthia Kelly's DNA. She managed to contribute significantly in other areas as well.

She was the first woman member of the Executive Committee of the Harvard Community Health Plan, 1976-1985.

As Director of Development for Regis College, 1993-2000, Cynthia achieved new donation highs through a five-year series of programs and events.

The Pine Street Inn is the largest homeless shelter in New England. As Director of Major Gifts, 2000-2004, Cynthia identified leading donors and established the Inn's first planned-giving initiative.

As Director of Development for Newbury College, 2004-2006, Cynthia worked closely with the President to prepare the College's first capital campaign and the filing of corporation and foundation grant applications.

Cynthia Kelly, Superstar in many ways, thanks.

The modern game of Badminton was developed in the mid-19th century.

The name derives from the Duke of Beaufort's home in Gloucestershire.

Racquets weigh between 2.3 and 3.4 ounces.

Shuttlecocks, also known as Shuttles or Birdies, weigh .18 ounces.

The fastest recorded Badminton stroke is 264.7

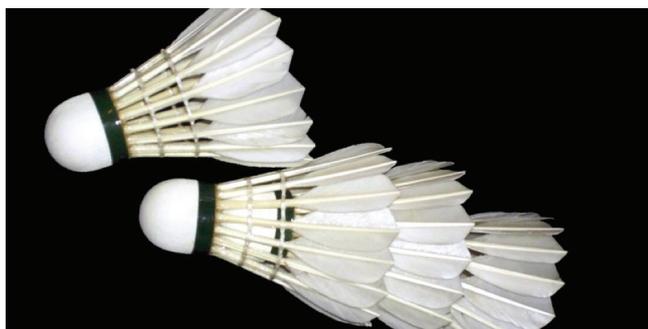


Cynthia Kelly, Vice Chair, with George Steinbrenner, Chair of the U. S. Olympic Foundation, 2006

mph. the fastest golf ball speed is 225 mph. The fastest recorded tennis stroke is 163.4 mph.

The professional shuttlecock is made of 16 feathers imported from special geese farms in China. The feathers are embedded in a cork base covered by a thin layer of synthetic material. Plastic shuttlecocks are used by amateurs to reduce cost.

Next to soccer, Badminton is the most popular sport in the world. Denmark has dominated European Badminton. Asian nations have been winners internationally, with China dominating.



Dining Challenges During Covid continued...

and his team's ability to innovate is still being tested as we exit the hassles of Covid.

Compounding the difficulty of unpredictable food supply is the shortage of team members to work in the NH food game. Josh notes that we are fortunate with the quality and experience of our cooking group. The support and serving staff have been hit hard resulting in significant reductions in dining service. I mentioned to Josh how impressed I was with the enthusiasm and willingness of our veterans and the young people now serving us. Josh heartily agreed, noting that the young folks often lacked the required training, and they did not have enough staff to provide our usual level of training, even with improvements in compensation.

While food and dining are visible examples of what our NH Team has faced since early 2020, other challenges arose because of Covid. But I think we can agree that, under the circumstances, life at North Hill is good and that the Team Members are performing well. So let's consider the difficulties they face before voicing our frustration.

Try It, You'll Like It

by Leila Kern

There I was, a newly divorced 35-year-old mother of two, building the platform frame for a waterbed. What was I thinking? A friend and work colleague from California – where else - suggested I try it. He had one and could do a testimonial. Clearly, I was game for a change of some kind.

A cousin with some carpentry skills offered to help. We bought the lumber, stained it, and managed to build the frame which we then lined with a heavy plastic into which we would place a queen size waterbed, a heavy plastic bag that once filled with water would serve as a mattress. We attached a heater but, although I can picture the controls mounted on the outside of the frame and plugged into the wall socket, I have no memory of how it worked. We then brought a hose in through the bedroom window, attached it to a spigot, and proceeded to fill the bag.

I then got onto the mattress to test its firmness. It leaked! Now what?? We had to siphon off the gallons of water we had just spent hours putting into the bag. Getting the hose to become a siphon was an adventure. Once the bag was completely drained, we took it back and exchanged it. Try again! After all, there was this huge empty frame in my bedroom where a bed had to be. We filled this bag, tested it, no apparent leak so we turned the heater on and waited. It was fine. You can imagine my water bill that month.

A very full waterbed does become a firm mattress with not too much "wobble." My kids thought it was fun and I liked the way it felt, especially on cold winter nights when the mattress was warm or on hot summer nights when I could turn down the heater and let the water cool down.

I kept that bed for about 6 years and while I wouldn't sing its praises as a panacea for one's back, it certainly was not much different from a regular mattress. And there was the "hipness" of sleeping on a waterbed in the 70s. Stewart, however, didn't agree and a couple of years after we were married, we drained the waterbed and replaced it with a firm foam mattress.

World Cup of Soccer - 1954

Zoltan Mathe

Holding a portable radio, my roommate Miska, burst into the room, "Guess what I have ?" he asked.

It was clear that the receiver was the cause of his exuberance. He announced, "This is a genuine Grundig made in West Germany. It is not a People's Republic product. Here in Poland we can receive Kossuth Radio Budapest on it. " We could listen to live transmission of World Cup games from Switzerland!

It was late spring 1954, Hungary's team had reached the quarter-final round which was to be played in the Swiss capital Bern that night.

The Hungarian team was the best the country ever had. They arrived to Switzerland with a record of more than 30 consecutive wins. They had a first in soccer history, having defeated England six to three at its home, in the Wembley Stadium a few months before. Now, the Hungarians were facing the mighty Brazilian squad, the other contender for the silver cup.

"Miska, do you realize we have an exam tomorrow?" Organic Chemistry was the most difficult exam in the graduate program. It was an oral exam in front of Professor Michalski, a demanding man who expected clear expression even from those for whom Polish was not a native language. We, four Hungarian students, had become fluent Polish speakers, but with heavy Hungarian accents.

"Miska, we cannot waste time" I told him.

Our Hungarian classmates Louisa and Géza would arrive with a Polish friend. There would be a celebration, win or lose. They knew, like everybody else, that under the bed we had a box of Hungarian wines. "By the way, Miska, how did you get hold of this radio?" Suspicion came over me when I thought about the wine treasure. The radio was on loan, but I knew there was some kind of exchange. "What was the price? I

hope not the canned ham from the embassy." Miska was sheepishly silent. I was speechless. He was an impulsive guy.

Now Miska, supported by Louisa and Géza, did not stop yelling "Zoli, don't be a scrooge what better occasion to celebrate. Don't worry about the exam, the night before is too late for cramming. This game is decisive, the winner has a clear path to championship."

I gave up. Puskas, Kocsis, Hidegkuti and the rest of the team were my heroes too.

The game, Hungary vs. Brazil, was played in Bern on June 27, 1954. Attendance was 60,000 in Bern and in Łódź a dozen of us by the Grundig.

The game is recorded by soccer historians. Four minutes into the game, Hidegkuti scored and three minutes later Kocsis increased the lead 2 to 0. The Brazilians came back and Santos improved to 2:1. In the second half, Lantos increased the Hungarian lead with a penalty goal. Julinho scored again for Brazil and finally, two minutes before the end Kocsis set the final result at 4:2 for Hungary. It was reported that this was one of the most violent matches in soccer history. We, by the radio, did not see the violence. Every goal, or

missed opportunity, was occasion to celebrate. There was plenty of good wine, plus some cheap vodka and snacks. Louisa, who had passed the exam, kept filling the glasses.

Next morning, after a couple hours of sleep, I faced the dreaded Professor Michalski, the big portly teacher looked down on me, skinny little guy, and dispatched me with "come back after vacation. I hope your mind will be clear then."

It was humiliation, in four years of undergraduate studies, in two years of Master course, two years of MBA and years of working for PhD this was my only flunked exam.

P.S. Hungary went to defeat Uruguay in the semis, but then lost to Germany. The Germans called their victory, The Miracle of Bern.

The Golden Team left Hungary in 1956 and dispersed into the world of professional soccer.



The Nobel Prize & Me

Robert McNiff

My father was a college professor, research physicist and colleague of Victor F. Hess the Nobel Laureate. Dr. Hess and my father were partners in a laboratory that developed a life-saving method to measure factory workers' exposure to radium.

During War II, radium paint was used to illuminate watch dials and the instruments of military aircraft such as the B-17 Bomber. Those doing this work, often young women, were unknowingly poisoning themselves, which led to painful illnesses and death.

Dr. Hess and my father found a noninvasive way (using breath samples) to detect minute amounts of radium, making it possible to spot radium poisoning before it reached a critical stage.

Although Austrian by birth, Dr. Hess was anti-Nazi. His politics, plus the fact his wife was Jewish, made it impossible for them to remain in Austria. They outsmarted their "Nazi watchers" to make their escape, leaving most of their possessions behind—but, thanks to Mrs. Hess, not the Noble Prize.

For weeks, she kept the gold medallion hidden on her person while they waited for an opportunity to leave. She did not tell her husband what she had done until they reached safety in Switzerland. As Mrs. Hess later explained, "Hitler was not going to get Victor's prize."

Dr. and Mrs. Hess were frequent dinner guests at my parents' home. Like many wives of famous husbands in that era, Mrs. Hess was shy and rarely emerged from under the shadow of his fame. However, in our home she cast that all aside and often took center stage. She talked about Vienna before the war, revealed details of their escape and told funny stories of her childhood in Austria. My sister, brother and I looked forward to their visits and took in every word.

One evening Mrs. Hess grew quite serious and announced she had something to show the children. She removed a purple velvet pouch from her purse containing what looked to me to be a large gold coin. It was the Nobel Prize Medallion. We all got to hold it in our hands and examine

it closely. I was the last to receive it, and apparently held it too long because Mrs. Hess said, "perhaps someday yours Robert, but not tonight."

I have met many successful people in my 80 plus years, including a few famous ones, but I suspect none of them ever held the Nobel Prize in their hands. At least, not at the age of ten.

Chocolate, Bittersweet

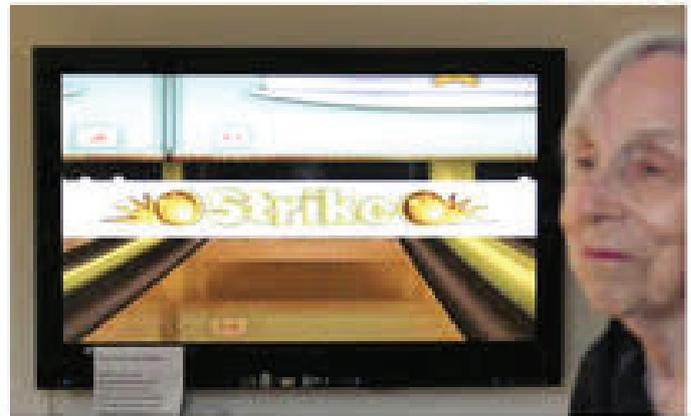
Lynn Bloom

Martin died on the last day of spring. Now it is autumn. What had always been unadulterated joy is this year a bittersweet season. Yet the sky, darkening earlier and earlier, is shot through with streaks and flares of orange, gold, and red as the sun goes down. On my doorstep appears a package, tantalizing in the twilight. I tear it open, and in a blaze of glory discover two pounds of lush chocolate autumn leaves, foil-wrapped in gleaming orange and gold and red. There is no gift card. A secret admirer? A phantom lover? I slowly unwrap a golden piece, inhaling its seductive aroma before savoring its succulence. My cracking heart begins to heal.

Back Cover Story

Al Woodcock

In early March of 2020, I created a back cover highlighting many of the games we play here at North Hill, and there were a lot of them. Then, all of a sudden, we learned about Covid-19, and there were none. We retreated to our rooms, and I put the cover away for later use. Now, as of this writing in November of 2021, games are back. Since I am an optimistic soul, I have even included one or two that still have not returned. Enjoy the back cover and then, go play a game or two.



Some Games We Play(ed) 🟢

