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LINCOLN REVIEW



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On the cover: Detail from "Morning Wetlands in Lincoln II" © Linda Hammett Ory. Linda's photos will be exhibited at Rhode Island Center for Photographic Arts for its 6th Annual Juried Members Exhibition from April 17– May 9. Her work can also be seen on her website (lindahammettory.com) and on Instagram ([lindahammettory](https://www.instagram.com/lindahammettory)).

A Celebration of Betty Smith

By *Barbara Rhines*
Editor, *Lincoln Review*

Betty Smith, co-founder and editor of the *Lincoln Review* from 1977 to 2019, passed away in January 2025 (see her [March 20 obituary in the Lincoln Squirrel](#)). There are many people in Lincoln who can speak about her as a dear friend and family member. I only knew Betty professionally from submitting articles to the *Lincoln Review* — she was a kind, approachable, and professional editor.

When I moved to Lincoln 30 years ago, I wondered how I might fit into this small New England town. Inspired by a “Pickles to Pastures” bus tour of Lincoln history, I came home and wrote my first history piece for the *Lincoln Review*. I was thrilled when Betty accepted my essay, “The Mobile Homes of Lincoln,” about the nineteenth century’s penchant for literally moving buildings off of their foundations to new sites around town. (For example, the Old Town Hall was moved to its current location using horses and winches.) I felt that this was my first step in becoming part of the town. Betty also hosted a party for contributors during the holidays at her house, and I was delighted to attend. (Maybe we will restart this tradition!).

Years later, I worked at the Codman Community Farms office, and Betty would stop by to drop off issues of the *Lincoln Review* to sell in the farm store. She was so open and fun to talk to, with an endless interest in the doings around town. And she and her husband worked tirelessly to get the issues out, year after year.



Betty Smith

One day in 2015, she asked if I would consider becoming the editor of the *Lincoln Review*. I declined as I had a notion to go back to work full time. Alice Waugh, editor and publisher of the *Lincoln Squirrel*, was also asked, and she took it on, renaming it the *Lincoln Chipmunk*. Then last year, Alice asked if I knew anyone who could help with the *Chipmunk*. I heeded the call this time, and this is our third issue of the *Lincoln Review* (now back to its classic name).

I wish I could talk to Betty, ask her advice, and get her feedback and hopefully her approval. It is an honor to keep her vision alive and to continue to showcase the creativity of *Lincolnites*. And I’m so grateful for the contributors who are coming forward to share their ideas, visions, artful ways of living, interpretations of historical events, and thoughtful responses to this ever-changing world.



A Remembrance of Betty Smith

By *Jeanne Bracken*

I worked with Betty for 20 years on the *Lincoln Review* and we had a lot of fun. I worked my way up from columnist to associate editor. I liked the way that Betty was always asking for the news behind the news. Betty was a lot of fun, and she was also an interesting character. She had good ideas and good editing skills. The computers were not her friend, and we spent a lot of time trying to sort out different versions of drafts. But she was loved by Lincoln and it was reciprocated.

The *Lincoln Review* is published several times a year as part of the *Lincoln Squirrel* (www.lincolnsquirrel.com). All works are copyrighted by the author or artist. For more information, email Barbara Rhines at lincolnmareview@gmail.com or Alice Waugh at lincolnsquirrelnews@gmail.com.

Vintage Lincoln Review: "Sheep"

By Betty Smith

Lincoln Review, February 1978, Vol I, #9

Which end of Lincoln is the Sheep's End? The Fourth of July Parade gives us no clue, but John Todd tells us that the area between Lincoln Road and Wayland is the Sheep's End of town. He says that while he was growing up they had a ball team over there which would come and play with the boys in the center. But, no, he doesn't remember any sheep down there.

So if you go looking for sheep, it would be best to go down Old Sudbury Road. There you will find Ellen Raja who is actively raising sheep. In addition to caring for the more than 22 sheep in her flock, she is also spinning and producing cloth, soap, and sheepskins. She has many orders for her products and can't always fill them all.

Ellen says she just naturally started raising sheep. She had goats for their milk while her children were growing up but then someone gave her some sheep. The hardest part of her job is taking care of the young or unhealthy ones. Parasites and dogs are a problem. Ellen says she just naturally started raising sheep. She had goats for their milk while her children were growing up but then someone gave her some sheep. The hardest part of her job is taking care of the young or unhealthy ones. Parasites and dogs are a problem. Ellen is quick to say "the barbed wire fences are to keep the dogs out and I have become pretty mad

about it. What do you do with dead sheep--think of the mess and my financial loss. I haven't lost a sheep in two years. I guess I am lucky. Yes, dogs are a sheep owner's major problem."

These feelings are reiterated by Betty Levin, who has been raising sheep on Old Winter Street for about 25 years and has a flock of around 30 sheep. In addition to the dog problems, Betty finds cross-country skiers are a menace to her fences.

At lambing time, Betty has had teenagers as lamb-sitters. In return she teaches them to

help in sheep care. Sheep improve the land unless they are allowed to overgraze. Their pellets need no chemicals added to be adequate fertilization for the land.

One acre of land is needed to graze five sheep successfully, and rotation of pastures is a necessity.

Current editor's note: Ellen Raja still raises sheep on Old Sudbury Road. Betty Levin has passed away, but I remember my 100-lb. dog Stanley ran over and pestered her sheep one day. She was very kind to me when I picked him up. In her 80s, Betty had tied Stanley to the bumper of her car until I arrived and counseled me to bring him around more farms in Lincoln to get used to livestock.

[Click here](#) for links to Betty Smith's Lincoln Review stories from 1977 to 1980.

Vintage Lincoln Review



"Rosie," pastel by Bernadette Quirk.



Lincoln Library Art Gallery

On view in April:

"A Sense of Place; Lincoln Then and Now" in April featuring art and photography by Jack Foley, John A. Rizzo, Bryn Ginrich, Ruth Ann Hendrickson, and Sarah Chester.



Diana Beaudoin of Lincoln enjoys the imagery and inviting commentary of "A Sense of Place."

Just past:



The Lincoln School Art Show was recently on view at the library. Kindergarteners studied the artist Louise Nevelson (1899-1988) and created art from found objects monochromatically painted.

Coming up:

- May: Photoshare
- June: Craig Elliot
- July: Ben Zackin

Art Around Town

Clark Gallery

Now at the [Clark Gallery](#): new work by Renee Bott, Adam Normandin, Mayumi Nakao, Jason Middlebrook, Emily Farish, Sati Zech, and James Aponovich.



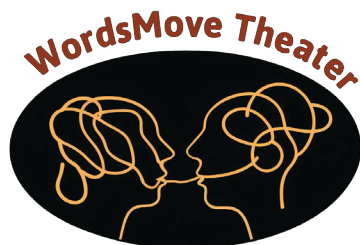
"Dear Jane" by Renee Bott, acrylic on silk with collage on canvas.

Staged readings of humorous plays

Wednesday, June 11 at 7:00pm
Lincoln Public Library

Friday, June 13 at 12:00pm
Bemis Hall

"Mixed Messages," a staged reading of five short humorous plays by Jack Neary featuring Lincoln's WordsMove Theater. For details and other performances outside Lincoln, see www.wordsmove.org.



A budding Lincoln tradition

The Holiday Craft Show at the Pierce House, organized by Sarah Chester, has become an annual event in town. Last November, local artists and crafters sold their creations.

Pictured: dinnerware designs by Lincoln's Pauline Curtiss of [Patina Designs](#).



“There Were Not Fifty People in the Whole Colony that Ever Expected Any Blood Would Be Shed in the Contest between Us and Great Britain.”

By Donald L. Hafner
Lincoln Historical Society

Dr. Joseph Warren had been astonished by the furious, running battle between American and British soldiers on April 19, 1775. It was Warren who had dispatched Paul Revere and William Dawes on the evening of April 18th, to carry warning to the countryside that eight hundred British soldiers were headed to Concord. Warren's home was in Boston's North End, but he knew he would be promptly arrested by General Gage after the clash on April 19th. So he had slipped from town and moved to Cambridge.

On May 15, 1775, at his desk in Cambridge, Warren penned this revealing assessment to Joseph Reed, Pennsylvania's delegate to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia:

“To say the truth, we are in want of almost everything, but of nothing so much as arms and ammunition; for although much time has been spent in procuring these articles, yet the people never seemed in earnest about the matter until after the engagement of the 19th; and I verily believe, that the night preceding the barbarous outrages committed by the soldiery at Lexington, Concord, &c., there were not fifty people in the whole colony that ever expected any blood would be shed in the contest between us and Great Britain.”

On the 250th anniversary of that fateful day in April 1775, many tales have been told of the thousands of courageous American minute men and militia, gathering spontaneously to attack the retreating British

column. And of the thousands more who soon encircled Boston and scourged the British at Bunker Hill.

Yet Dr. Warren's letter tells a different tale, perhaps less heroic, perhaps more recognizably human: “the people never seemed in earnest about the matter until after the engagement of the 19th; and I verily believe ... there were not fifty people in the whole colony that ever expected any blood would be shed.”

Back on October 29, 1774, the Provincial Congress had called upon all towns to form companies of minute men, to be equipped to march “at the shortest notice” and drilled for hours each week in the maneuvers of war. Minute companies had been part of Massachusetts history since the earliest days of European settlement. But they had only been formed in times of war. If that was not alarm enough for “the people to be earnest about the matter,” the Provincial Congress also voted £20,000 to start equipping an army of 15,000 men — a force that would have required one of every four adult males in the colony to serve as a soldier.

Forming minute companies ought to have been straightforward for towns. During the French and Indian War in 1757, colonial law reaffirmed that every white male aged sixteen to sixty (with some exemptions) was required to equip himself with musket and ammunition and turn out six times a year for a day of military training and drill. That requirement had never lapsed. The Provincial Congress did propose additional equipment and drill requirements for minute men in 1774. The minute men should be:

“...immediately equipped with an effective firearm, bayonet, pouch, knap-

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"Hartwell Tavern," watercolor by Jack Foley, recently on view at the Lincoln Library (see page 5).

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sack, thirty rounds of cartridges and balls, and that they be disciplined three times a week, and oftener, as opportunity may offer. To encourage these, our worthy countrymen, to obtain the skill of complete soldiers, we recommend it to the towns and districts forthwith to pay their own minute men a reasonable consideration for their services."

The Provincial Congress could only recommend these measures to towns. It could not compel them. And that was what worried Dr. Joseph Warren.

In the town of Scituate, young Israel Litchfield and others threw themselves into preparations quite promptly. In mid-November 1774, sixty of the town's men assembled to form what would become the town's minute men. Over the next four months, Israel noted in his diary each day he engaged in military

drill. Yet it was only for twenty-five of those days, and most often it was just Israel and his brothers or a few friends marching around in their yard. Only once does Israel mention firing his musket. In January, Scituate's town meeting took up the question of forming a minute company. Israel recorded the outcome in his diary: "They passed a vote not to raise any money at present but that they might in some future time if they saw cause." If they saw cause. On April 19, 1775, Scituate's soldiers finally gathered for the first regimental-level drill with companies from other towns. By late afternoon, the entire regiment was dismissed from drill. Only then did rumor reach the town that the British were in retreat and under attack. No preparation had been made for carrying the alarm to Scituate.

The town of Woburn fell into its own dispute over forming a minute company. Key town leaders were opposed, arguing that

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Towns debate about forming minute men companies as war draws near

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the town's militia companies were already "well equipped and exercising daily without expense to the town." Others accused the town leaders of "lukewarmness to the patriot cause." Finally, the town voted to form a minute company — on April 17th. Despite the sharp disagreement, on April 19th, 180 of Woburn's 400 military-age men marched to battle and carried out a fierce ambush of the retreating British column at Elm Brook Hill in Lincoln.

Lexington was also among the towns that did not form a minute company. Lexington's adult male population at the time was over 200, and it was claimed the men formally in the militia company numbered 120. Yet the militia men who were withdrawing from the town common when they were attacked by the British at dawn on April 19th reportedly numbered about 70 or 80.

When the alarm reached the town of Needham on the morning of April 19th, members of the town's west company militia gathered at Bullard's tavern. "Great fires were made ... and bullets were moulded, the women assisting" — a task Dr. Warren would have wished were done well before that morning.

Sudbury was significantly more organized, and yet Dr. Joseph Warren would still have fretted about those "who never seemed in earnest about the matter." Sudbury's four minute and militia companies assembled for regimental inspection just three weeks before April 19th. Two companies were judged to be well equipped. Yet in a third company, eighteen men had no muskets and another thirty had muskets unfit for service. In the fourth company, twenty were still not properly equipped and fifteen had no muskets. This despite the long-standing law in the colony that every white man should be armed with a proper musket. And it appears that among those men who had lacked proper equipment, none turned out on April 19th.

And what of Lincoln? Would Dr. Warren

have drawn more hope from the town's response to the growing threat? Almost certainly. Lincoln did delay until January 1775 before taking up the question whether it would have a minute company. Then the town apparently fell into dispute about an additional tax to equip and pay its 62 minute men. Nevertheless, the burden finally accepted by the town was a significant commitment to the cause — a tax increase of more than 30%. *(Editor's note: See the [March 30, 2025 Lincoln Squirrel story](#) about the reenactment of this 1775 debate at the recent Town Meeting.)*

And of those enlisted as minute men, all turned out and marched to Concord on April 19th, along with unnumbered militia soldiers of the town.

In each of these stories, we are bound to ask: Did the people "never seem in earnest about the matter" because "few ever expected any blood would be shed"? Or did they talk themselves into believing the dispute with Britain would never come to bloodshed, because they preferred to avoid the burdens of being "earnest about the matter"?

We are told these days that we ought not dwell on those moments in our history when what transpired was not the same as the myths we treasure about our past. And the myths about our nation's founding have been in abundance during the 250th anniversary of the start of the Revolution. Yet there is great value and strength in being candid with ourselves. Otherwise, if we become transfixed by our myths and not by candid fact, we may fail to rise to the challenges of our own moment in history.



Stason Keeps Progressing with Pottery



William Stason and his wife Miriam sell pottery at craft shows and at the weekly Lincoln Farmers' Market.

By Barbara Rhines

You can see William Stason's pottery for sale at the Lincoln Farmers' Market each week and at the Little General (Lincoln's new craft and gift shop in the Old Town Hall). He also exhibited at the November Holiday Craft Show at the Pierce House.

Stason took up pottery 25 years ago while living in Colorado and currently spends about a third of his work week creating useful and beautiful objects, primarily bowls and mugs. His work as an intern at the Umbrella Art Center in Concord also gives him access to the center's pottery studio and kilns.

"Making pottery is an ever-expanding skill," Stason says. He continues to explore glazes and may soon be making pieces using a reductive kiln, which uses less oxygen and results in more variable glazes. Throwing pots (turning on a potter's wheel) takes physical skill as well. He notes that a potter must concentrate on good form so as not to damage wrists, elbows, and shoulders.



Stason's pottery display at the holiday craft show last fall.

A Loser's Guide: It's No Longer a Win or Lose. It's Now Something Else.

By Lawrence H. Climo, M.D. (ret.)

I'm a Democrat. I've been wrestling with myself ever since our current president was chosen. Here's where that led.

Pulled in different directions

A part of me told me to tune out and back away. Leave the government alone. Another part pointed me in the direction of keeping tabs on what fellow Democrats were thinking, planning, and preparing for what's coming in the years ahead. Still another part told me to simply brace for whatever's coming and roll with that punch. I stopped thinking about it altogether. Just tuned out.

The direction that had no name

Then something else has come to life, something that doesn't have a name. It wasn't accompanied by any feeling of hope. Just an urge. I can't say where it came from or why, but it was there and not going anywhere. Because my heart, guts, and nerves had pitched in, it was hard to find a name for it.

I read the news daily and heard the news world-wide and locally, but the knowledge that really grabbed and held my attention was less a thought and more as an observation and feeling. It's so common I rarely think about it. My facial expression, or head nod or shoulder shrug, and maybe a thumbs-up takes care of that.

An instinctive reaction

I dug up the name for that. It's what's called Instinctive Reaction. Someone smiles at us and we smile back. Someone gets up to speak and begins laughing and keeps laughing and finally everyone is laughing. We've all had encounters with this. It's automatic and instinctive and doesn't have a name, although we find words for it. When this happens on a bus, in a crowd, or at the counter we call this "being friendly," right? When you think of it, it's more than a habit. It's a part of our nature. But, when I thought about

it, I couldn't help but think of it as having originated as a protective act, and, what came to mind was the primitive Neanderthal that coexisted with Homo sapiens, and it must have been a sort of warning noise, a head's up call, a sort of pre-Homo sapiens "life or death" signal, that found its way into Homo sapiens. I think that because it's only when our minds walk away from the wheelhouse of life that our guts step in and instinctively assume a "life or death" attitude (in the guise, of course, of the humanitarian variation: "win or lose.")

Solving the problem

It's in the wheelhouse with someone else that I tell myself how to find peace and life that I seek, and I remind myself it's thoughts we must both cling to, not our feelings. That's when I realized that it all begins by listening. In a conversation I now want to put a hold on my feelings and just listen to what the other is saying. I want to absorb his words, thoughts, feelings, and beliefs and digest them but say nothing other than making clear I am understanding what he is saying and not ready to engage an issue. Just affirming that that other fellow is being heard and understood; my goal being a personal connection. If that other fellow isn't asking for, or inquiring about, my view, it's not that he's uninterested; it's that he's not ready. That personal connection is what must come first. For me, that's how I want to steer in the wheelhouse and begin to encourage someone to relax, because it's his comfort that will let him not only listen to me, but hear me.

One's better nature responds to the other's better nature

It makes sense. I let the other speak first. I am the listener and what happens next is what that other feels, thinks, and says but, what's more important, he's in his comfort zone. Once there, there will be no interruptions or anger. He'll be ready to listen to me.

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"Wood Duck," watercolor by Suzette Durso.

"Reservoir of Light"

By Wendy Santos

A southwestern cloudscape at the edge of town,
floating magically, high above ground.
Release the darkness and look within
to these sacred contours, where my canvas begins.
My paintbrush has a mind of its own -
to capture nature's wonders and the great unknown.
It follows form and thought and takes its cue —
the mystery of clouds, this glorious view.
Morning light, an ethereal glow,
a dreamy sea of color, contrast and flow.
Textured waveforms on display.
Movement in time, lines and shapes at play.
An indigo palette for my artist's eye —
a reservoir of light in the churning sky.

Better natures

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That means that my better nature has just stirred his better nature and that's the moment we're on the same side, and that's the key. As I see it, that's where hope begins.

My point here is not that something will be won, lost, settled, or solved. It's that a locked door has just been unlocked and a safe pathway is now laid out. It's waiting. It's the next step. More to the point: what's waiting are next steps. I take that step and share, not argue. It's discussing, not arguing. As I see it, that's where it must begin.

“When We Are Gone”

By Ruth Ann Hendrickson

And when on Mars,
That airless, arid planet so much farther from the sun,
The last remnant of humanity,
Having squandered the chance to save humanity on Earth,
Has perished on the cross of hubris.

Who will be left to glory in the beauty of the shining Earth?

Do the bees actually see the colors of the flowers?
Do the deer lift their heads from their nightly nest to marvel at the full moon?
Does the owl pause in his hunting to ponder the immensity of the star studded sky?
Does the fox sit and cock his head to rejoice in the dawn chorus?

When Earth has been scrubbed free of the pestilence of mankind,
teaming, scheming, fighting, despoiling,

Will God look down upon the new Earth and say, “That is better?”
Or will S/He weep?



A sculpture titled “Eager” by the late David Shapiro of Lincoln, now owned by Lincoln’s Rakesh Karmacharya. Read more about Shapiro in the Fall 2024 issue of the Lincoln Review.

“Meditating with a Cat”

By Mary Crowe

I am not good at this.
Cat is...
She settles herself on my belly
Tucks in her front paws
And begins to purr. Soon
Her eyes close.
What is she thinking? I wonder
As my thoughts tumble like clothes
In a dryer. She is not
Thinking... she is being Cat.
Is that the secret?
The soft rumbled purr is hypnotic,
Seductive. I succumb to its rhythm
Soon our breaths rise and fall
Together in a dreamless wave
The sun is pouring through the window
We are drenched in light and warmth
Cat is... I am... asleep.

