

SUMMER 2026 • VOLUME 3, ISSUE 2

LINCOLN REVIEW



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"Red-Winged Blackbird Boy" by Dawn Carroll, with artwork by Erin Arnason.

*On the cover: "Blue Heron," a photo
by Bob Kupperstein*

Arts Roundup

Lincoln Public Library Art Gallery

- *July 2026:* Photos by Maria Kechri
- *August 2026:* Paintings by Michael DiToro (see “Three Italian Pigeons” on page 3 of this issue.)

In the spring, the Lincoln Library Art Gallery hosted the Biennial Exhibit of the Lincoln Open Studio. Open Studio is offered through the Lincoln Parks & Recreation Department, providing weekly workspace for artists to come together and explore their creativity.



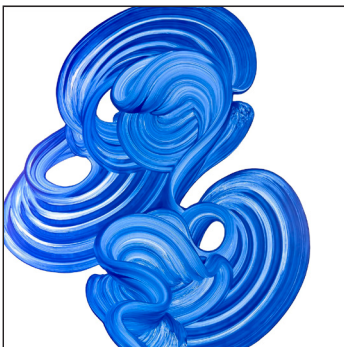
“Gentle Passage” — film photograph by Maria Kechri (silver gelatin fiber print, 15”x10”), now on view at the Lincoln Public Library.



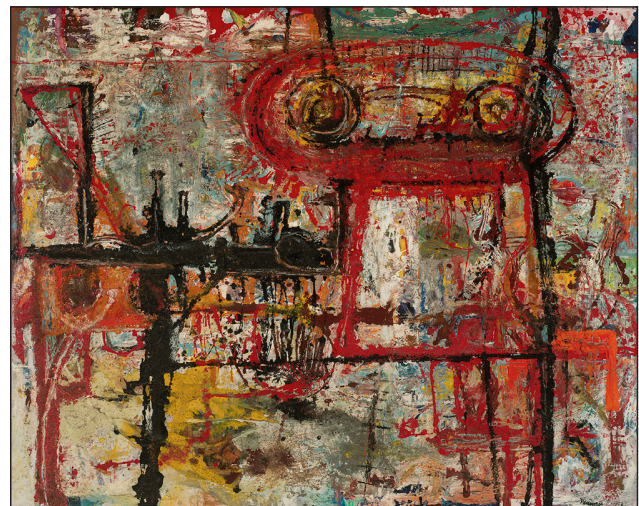
Two of the Open Studio pieces. Top: “Mesmerized” by Megan Stride — oil on canvas board, 8”x10.” Bottom: “After the Rain, Old San Juan” by Sarah Chester — pastel on sanded paper, 12”x16.”

Clark Gallery

- **Through Aug. 1, 2026:** “David Palmer: New Paintings” and “Robert S. Neuman Centennial Project” celebrating the artist’s life and prolific six-dacade career.



“Mauve” by David Palmer — acrylic on linen, 64”x64,” on view at the Clark Gallery.



Robert S. Neuman, “Angry Dog” (1950, mixed media, duco paint and sand on masonite, 39”x47”), on view at the Clark Gallery.

"Three Sisters in a Courtyard"

This is an excerpt from "Pine Buckets," Solomon's work in progress.

By Shari Solomon

In the far corner of the courtyard a hedgehog makes his way from under the table toward the garden only to have to rotate around on all four feet to waddle back to his den as fast as he possibly can, which actually resembles no speed at all, when the sisters step through the opening of the hedge.

Maria breaks hands with Nel and walks with speed to the bowl on the table. Drops the shard of soap into the collected rainwater.

Nel settles her basket on a chair along with herself in another. The girls blow bubbles taking turns as best they can. When Diggie becomes disgruntled Nel knows to take out the three embroidery hoops and needles. Threads are placed in the middle just a bit off center closer to Diggie.

Grounded in the beauty of the blues, they breathe in rhythm with each other. All they know is the up and down of the needles. Nel complicates a scene with a ruined tower on a hill and a windmill with one wing fallen; Maria works a two by two animal sampler: bear, pig, cow, and rabbit. Diggie nests a square inside a square inside a square: running stitch, back stitch, and chain stitch.

When Diggie notices the drawstrings on the back of Nel's coif are untied she takes a

deep inhale and slowly exhales.

"Nelly, your drawstrings!"

Nel brings her hand to her mouth feigning embarrassment. Diggie walks behind Nel to tie up the strings. As she comes around a big grin is on her face.

Should she keep the secret?

Nel and Maria say in unison, "Whaaaaat!"

Diggie succumbs, "When I was sweeping the studio Father walked in with a blue cloth and a yellow cloth. It's going to be your turban!"

Nel's pink cheeks get glazed with a crimson red. This time she is excited. Yet true embarrassment spreads throughout her whole body. She is not sure how the sitting will go. Will she be able to sit still long enough to appease her father? She takes a breath in and then exhales. Nel returns to her broken crumbling tower.

The sonorous sound of a bell is carried from a steeple far off to the ears of these girls. The

bell is deep and heavy in tone.

Within a few breaths of time the town crier steps through the hedge, "Van der Kamp boy falls off Butter Bridge. No one is there to save him."

Nel gathers the girls close to her in a tight embrace. As if one, all three take a big breath in and out.

A breeze brushes by the pear tree only to bring them its blossoms' sharp, sour, fishy smell. Each girl lifts her apron to cover her nose.

Without words Nel, Maria, and Diggie in just that order, step through the opening of the hedge.

"Three Italian Pigeons"



"Three Italian Pigeons" by Michael DiToro (oil on canvas, 22"x20" from visuals and sketches/drawings during a week-long vacation in Italy).

Ancient Craft Techniques Meet Modern Materials



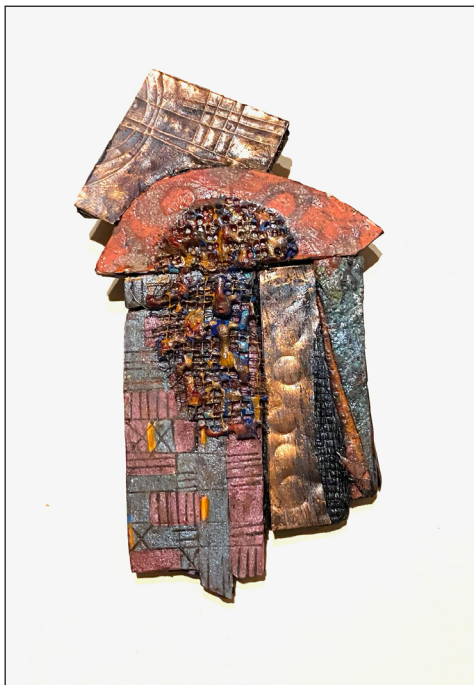
Pendant made from polymer clay with pastel drawing on uncured polymer clay, polymer clay textured bead and "mokume gane" veneer (an ancient Japanese metalworking technique)

Kathryn Corbin's artist's statement:

Raised in NYC by artist/designer parents, a professional life as a paintings expert at several auction houses, an interior designer (who along the way married a former museum curator, director, and private art dealer), it's no surprise that I stayed immersed in what I studied and practiced until I discovered polymer clay. This medium allows me to sculpt with color, paint with texture, add and subtract at will, and explore widely, if not wildly! I've often said that these characteristics are what sets polymer clay apart from all other media.



"Garden" vase made of polymer clay, washi paper, metal mesh and marker.



Brooch made of polymer clay veneers, metal mesh with liquid polymer clay, copper sheet with embossed designs.

"Mobile Homes of Lincoln"

(This piece originally appeared in the January/February 1995 issue of the Lincoln Review.)

By Barbara Rhines

My husband and I looked around the living room and knew that we'd found our home.

"Oh, by the way," the realtor mentioned, "The house was moved from Concord to Lincoln a few years ago. Isn't that interesting?"

A brick house was moved? We stood aghast.

"They moved it when Route 2 was widened," she continued. We left the house excited but skeptical. People didn't just move houses, did they? That's why they had invented modular homes, those square boxes with "Caution: Wide Load" banners hanging off the back.

It turns out that moving buildings is practically a New England tradition and has happened many times over the

years in Lincoln. The sprawling white farmhouse that appears so timelessly rooted to its site may have originally been built down the road or up the hill.

We decided to research the brick house for sale on Concord Road. Jo Crawford of Old Concord Road filled us in. "Bill Williams purchased the house at auction in 1980," she explained. "He bought an acre of land and made all the arrangements with Concord and Lincoln to have it moved."

Both towns had to issue numerous permits. A trucking company was found that could haul the 125-ton brick structure down Route 2 and the telephone company was notified. All wires and stray tree limbs were brought down along the route. "It was a bitter cold December day when it arrived in Lincoln," Jo recalls, "and all the neighbors turned out to watch the house roll down the

street. It moved very slowly."

We recently found out that our next-door neighbors, Tom and Penny DeNonnandie, moved their home. Tom bought it from the Minuteman National Park and moved it in 1984.

"It was amazing to watch the trucking company," Tom said. "The head mover was a master of his profession. He stood in front of the truck with its huge load and calmly directed the action like a maestro. A tiny hand motion here or a short wave there and the house would magically scrape under a branch or ease around a curve." Tom has pictures of his house inching down Route 2, followed by the garage.

Get a Horse

If a truck moves slowly, imagine when a horse was given the job. On the recent "Pickles to Pastures" tour,

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Barbara and Mike Rhines's future home makes its way down Route 2 toward its Concord Road destination. (Photo courtesy Lincoln Review)

"Flowers at Lucia's"



One afternoon, we three friends sat and painted together and I began capturing this happy plant, which thrives in the care of my friend.

A few days later, I worked more on the painting at the Council on Aging at their Wednesday afternoon art session at Bemis Hall. We gathered as usual, each of us working on our own project in the quiet of Bemis Hall's Map Room.

It is hard to believe that this small postcard-sized painting has taken me at least two hours to complete! Watercolors and archival ink gradually brought the image of this small scene into sharper focus.

I am grateful for the people who shared the time and places which nourished this little effort.

— Mary Ann Hales

"My Face"

By Sally Kindleberger

My face is changing daily, moving and shifting into hills and valleys.
My eyes bend and lids lower as the day goes on
Like opals with golden flecks
lowered back into the mine.
Whoever thought that my hair would turn silver like the morning frost.
Colors fade and change with the light outside my window.
Soon, it will be near impossible
To read the lines of my maturity.
In low light, I will look like I did years ago.
I have grown to appreciate this old face!

"Going Home"

By Ruth Ann Hendrickson

I have lived in Lincoln for 59 years, and I lived in Hingham only from ages 10 to 21, yet those formative days of my youth remain strong in my memory. Hingham still feels like home.

It isn't the people that draw me back, it is the land. Hingham is a seashore town. As you drive around town, you have continued glimpses of the harbor and the ocean winking through the trees. Our old Victorian house had a screened porch on the east side. Every hot summer day at 4:00 p.m. when the heat in the unairconditioned house pressed us flat, a sea breeze arose that cooled the porch and blew through the entire house, smelling faintly of salt and sand and the living creatures that brushed our legs in the dark waters we swam through. I learned to swim in the harbor, riding my bike over the hill to the beach, each day's lesson an hour later to match the tide (no water at the beach at low tide). I used to wander the fields and woods when I was in my early teens, spend-

ing hours on my own, far from any house. I knew each rock and tree, could name the types of moss, had my special places that I called my own.

I can picture in my mind the Victorian house we lived in, with a cellar made of rocks, a glassed-in front porch, an entrance foyer lined with bookshelves, and a large room on the east with bay windows and a fireplace. It had two stairways, one going up from the kitchen and the other from the front hall, the two meeting at a landing halfway up. If someone came in the front door you didn't want to see, you could just scurry up the back stairway. My father finished off my "ivory tower," a room in the attic, when I was 16. He made a built-in bed under the eaves that had curtains along the front — so romantic. I spent hours there, reading, reading, living other lives, traveling to the stars, forming my self-image. It was there I read "The Sea Around Us" and "Silent Spring," both by Rachel Carson, the beginning of my life as an environmentalist.

For my father, home was the family farm in southern Missouri where he had grown up working the fields, working the mules, milking the cows, and storing the hay in the overhead barn. His brother and sister and their families would come to the farm while we were there, and the boys would work around the farm helping their father with the never-ending chores and spending time fishing and occasionally hunting for rabbits and rapacious crows. We cousins played with the multitude of kittens and "helped" milk the cows, gather the eggs, and chase down a young chicken for dinner. The house was filled with yarns and laughter and the smell of freshly baked bread. We never missed a summer until Grandma Emmy died and Grandpa Robby finally had to move away from the farm to live with his daughter. He hated leaving the farm.

My mother grew up around the coal mines in southeastern Pennsylvania, and she had wanted to escape the poverty and the ever-present "slag

(continued on page 11)



Hingham harbor. (Photo courtesy Ruth Ann Hendrickson)

Exhibit by 102-year-old Former Lincolnian

"Manipulations: Works by Nyna Brael Polumbaum" is on display at Gallery 93 in the Brookline Senior Center (93 Winchester St., Brookline) through August 28, 2026.

Polumbaum, formerly a longtime Lincoln resident, lives in Brookline. "She is one of those super-agers we hear about — she turned 102 this March," writes gallery curator Hilary Tolan. Although her creating days are past, she was a prolific and versatile artist well into her 80s. Nyna and her photographer husband, Ted Polumbaum (1924-2001), were early computer and Photoshop adopters before most folks were as familiar with the technology as we are now. This exhibit features some of her amazing computer-manipulated collages — some vaguely figurative (people, creatures, cityscapes), others wholly abstract.

Nyna is a first-generation American, the daughter of a Ukrainian tailor father and a garment worker mother from Belarus who grew up in Brooklyn and Manhattan. A precocious artist, she was in the first graduating class of the country's first public arts high



"Balloon by Moonlight" by Nyna Brael Polumbaum.

school, New York City's High School of Music and Art. She earned a certificate of architecture from Cooper Union, spent a year as a special student at Stanford University, worked as a draftsman for a naval architectural firm during World War II, and was a graduate

student at Yale Drama School.

Her repertoire ranged from painting, printmaking and graphic design to residential architecture, interior design and theatrical set and costume design, and she also curated major exhibits of the work of international artists.

A reception for the artist will be held on Wednesday, July 15 from 4:00-6:00pm with an artist's talk at 5:30 pm. For more information, see www.brooklineseniorcenter.org.



A summer gardening watercolor by Kate Dahmen.

"Adventures of a Water Meter Reader, part 2"

By Virginia "Ginny" Lemire

When I last wrote about my first Lincoln job in the spring 2026 issue of the *Lincoln Review*, I related how I had taken up town manager, Warren Flint's dare to read water meters throughout the town. Stepping inside nearly every house gave me a view of Lincoln that few others would ever see. I told you about the mother of twins who dried diapers in an unvented clothes drier without a lint trap and the classy, retired chauffeur on the Massachusetts Audubon property. I continued to find surprising things in Lincoln's homes.

The house on Lincoln Road didn't look like an unusual house when I approached. A woman opened the door and listened to my introduction. She looked me over from head to foot and shook her head. She gave me no warning about the location of the meter. She opened the cellar door and, pointing down, said there were no lights. A good flashlight was my daily companion, and I needed it for this meter. Down I went into the darkness. The space was filled with discarded boxes and old furniture. I spotted the water pipe in the ceiling and followed it toward the foundation where the meters were always located. It led me to a low door which I pulled open. My flashlight revealed a coal bin half filled with coal! I hesitated but, spotting the meter on the far wall, scrambled over the coal and got the reading! This was the 1970s! No one stoked a furnace with

coal anymore and neither did these residents. The oil tank was nearby. No one had bothered to remove the bin and its coal. I emerged from the basement with coal dust on hands, trousers and boots. Just another Lincoln water meter.

Another house, that I later learned was built a few years after Henry David Thoreau surveyed the land, provided another surprise. I explained the reason for my visit to the woman who answered the door. She hesitated as if considering whether or not to let me in. After a brief and silent pause, she opened the door and I stepped in. I

immediately understood her hesitation. There was a huge, long-haired, fluffy white llama in one of the two front rooms! The animal strained against the harness mounted across the doorway in an attempt to get my attention. I tried not to show my astonishment! The woman said nothing as she escorted me to the basement. As I passed the animal on my way out, I wondered if the llama smell would ever come out of the beautiful wide pine floorboards. I checked off another Lincoln water meter.

Look for the final installment of "Adventures of a Water Meter Reader" in a future Lincoln Review.

"Bedtime"



"Bedtime" by Margaret Flint — a watercolor for the forthcoming "Hattie and her Sisters," a children's book by Tom and Margaret Flint.

Paco Dreams on in Children's Book

By Alice Waugh

AJ Fripp's dog Paco is no longer with us, but he lives on in the children's book she wrote about him. In "Paco's Dreams," the Spanish water dog describes how he takes care of his owner Clive during the day and then relates his vivid dreams at night.

Fripp, a retiree who lives on Battle Road Farm and swims regularly in Walden Pond, met frequently with illustrator Havilah Racette to go over ideas, suggesting she use a "Wizard of Oz" technique, with Paco's daytime adventures in black and white and his dreams in color.

John and Alice Lacy of New Harbor, aging



AJ Fripp holds a copy of her book "Paco's Dreams."

friends of Fripp's in New Harbor, Maine, the dog to her back in 2009. Though he actually never cared much for the water, "he ended up being quite the athlete," jumping the stone walls and fetching in the Minute Man National Historical Park, she says. "He learned about a whole different side of himself when he came to me."

He also "wrote" a piece for the Lincoln Review in May / June 2011 — go to tinyurl.com/pacos-dreams to see his cover photo and then click through to page 15.

Sadly, Paco died in 2014 before the book was published — but he lives on in "Paco's Dreams."

Flowers bloom under the brush



"Yellow Lilies" — watercolor by Ruth Ann Hendrickson.



"Pretty in Pink" by Laura Koller — acrylic on canvas, 11"x14."

"Red-Winged Blackbird Boy"

By Dawn Carroll

Just below the heavens, bone-chilling gusts convulse beneath turbulent skies from a rising sun. As temperatures rise, frozen water cracks, fissures open, and weep. The natural world compels every creature—critter, peeper, insect, and flora—into a rhythmic dance of harmony.

It is happening; it's unstoppable, and there's no turning back.

You hear them before you see them, their piercing calls shattering the silence, heralding the arrival of a new season. Males arrive first, guided by an ancient compass and twinkle of stars. Cloaked in pitch black, they shimmer like prisms, flaunting their eye-burning beauty. When their wings flex, they reveal a flaming red—a provocative hue that stirs the heart. Their purpose is serious; they come to compete—confident, healthy, worthy of catching a lady's eye.

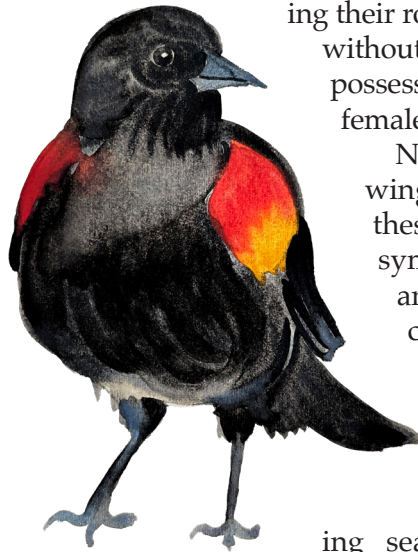
When their dark eyes lock onto yours, a mystical connection sparks—one that resonates

deep within your DNA; a recognition that transcends time, suggesting that every spiritual being has met and loved before. They are territorial, chivalrous guardians, swooping, diving, and fiercely defending their kingdom. The females find comfort in this protection, understanding their roles. They rejoice being cherished without feeling powerless, for they also possess primitive wisdom: without a female, there is no future.

Native Americans revered the "red wing" as a spiritual force, placing these birds on a pedestal for their symbolism of new beginnings and the hope that bad luck could change. The red ornamental feather became a coat of arms, a reward for chivalrous deeds.

One legend tells of how this small bird warned an entire village of an approaching sea of flames, saving their homes and farms. In recognition of its bravery, the bird was granted its red wings as a mark of honor.

This piece is the start of a larger project about one of Dawn's Lincoln friends. Artwork by Dawn's friend Erin Arnason.



"Going Home"

(continued from page 7)

heaps" of mine tailings, slowly leaching their acid water into the streams. Yet the people drew her back, and the food that she loved so well, Pennsylvania Dutch food: scrapple, a kind of sausage; dark apple butter redolent of cloves; eggs and beets pickled in sugar and vinegar, the pale eggs seen dimly through the beet-colored juice; turkey molasses that was halfway between Karo™ and regular molasses.

During my son Curtis's recent visit, I asked him what coming home meant to him. To him it meant the sense of place as well. He takes his sons out to the wooded gully behind our house where he used to build ramps, bridges, and dams, and he helps them build "forts" of branches and pine boughs, sled ramps and snow caves. Living in Alabama now, he really misses the snow and the crisp winter air, just as I miss the sea breeze, the smell of low tide,

and the salt taste of the ocean in my hometown.

So, what is it about "home" that calls us back? If we were lucky, we felt loved and secure in that place in a way that no other place can match. It's the place where we dreamed our future and absorbed the world we lived in. We formed our values and forever saw the outside world through the lens of our childhood. It is a mythical place, half real, half memory, which forms the rock that anchors our lives.

Lincoln's history of "mobile homes"

(continued from page 5)

Joseph Cotoni pointed out Frank and Mildred Squibb's home on Mill Street. The Channing White farmhouse was moved up a hill in the early part of this century by Mrs. Squibb's grandfather, Charles Butcher.

"They used one horse to move that house." Mr. Cotoni commented. Everyone on the tour bus leaned forward in amazement, collectively trying to imagine the size of that horse. Warren Flint Sr. recently talked to Charles Phillip Moody, age 92, of North Great Road, and together they reconstructed how a horse could manage these moves.

"My first memory of a building being moved was when I was 5 or 6 years old. and it was done with one horse," Flint recalled. "My family decided to move the shingled barn on Lexington Road across the street. The barn was built in 1750.

"The building was placed on rollers and tied with a rope to a winch. A horse was harnessed to the winch and walked in a circle, coiling the rope around the winch, which caused the building to move forward. One circle by the horse would move the building about 3 feet. The horse would stop. The winch was pinned in place while a roller was switched to the front of the building. Then the winch and horse were moved farther forward. It was a slow process but it worked."

The Old Town Hall, built in 1848, went

through two moves. According to "Voiceprints of Lincoln" by Ruth Moulton Ragan, the Town Hall was moved up Lincoln Hill in 1881 and then back down the hill in 1918.

Mr. Flint explained that it was tricky to move the Old Town Hall down the hill because the structure had to be kept level at all times. To do this, they built supporting blocks, moved the front end of the building onto the supports, and kept adding higher and higher supports to compensate as the descent began.

Lincoln is full of mobile structures. The Old South School (a single-gabled structure used before the red South School House was built) was moved to South Great Road and is now a single-family home. The Sumner Smith barn was originally located in Pierce Park and passed easily through the cleared fields to its present location on Sandy Pond Road. The home of James and Martha DeNormandie was moved up a hill early in this century. And in recent years, many houses were moved out of Minuteman National Park and from Route 2. These moves became so common that the town of Lincoln drafted special regulations for these events.

Moving buildings started as a cheaper alternative to building from scratch. A happy side effect of this economy is the preservation of many historic structures. In today's "throw-away society," moving houses may be a good Yankee lesson to remember.



A model made by Warren Flint Sr. shows how houses were moved back in the day. The building was placed on rollers and tied with a rope to a winch, and a horse was pushed a bar to rotate the capstan, thus moving the building 3 feet at a time. (Photo courtesy Lincoln Review)

