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Town manager hopefuls will interview this week

John P. Muldoon
Ipswich Local News

IPSWICH — The three finalists to be the next town manager will be interviewed this week, first by the public and then by the select board.

One, Joseph Domelowicz, will already be familiar with Ipswich — he was also a finalist four years ago when Tony Marino was hired. He then went on to become Hamilton's town manager in September 2018.

Domelowicz lives in Swampscott.

The other candidates are Stephen Crane of Westford and William Scott of Newburyport.

The town received 27 applications for the position, according to Bernard Lynch, principal with Community Paradigm Associates, the company that assisted with the candidate search.

“Overall, I would describe the applicant pool to be strong with a number of well-qualified candidates,” he said in a memo to the select board.

A search committee did a “blind review” of the applications during which the committee was not meant to know the applicants' gender or race.

Eight were chosen for interview

by the search committee. The interviews took place over two days.

“These individuals were chosen based upon their experience, knowledge of Ipswich issues, and the quality of their submitted materials,” Lynch said.

“We have conducted background reviews of each of the finalists, including contacting references for each of the proposed finalists, conducting criminal history checks, and internet-assisted research with follow-up as required to discuss media stories with each of the candidates as required,” he added.

The committee unanimously chose three candidates, but one withdrew, Lynch said. Another was then chosen to give the select board three finalists.

The candidates are set to be interviewed in public by the select board on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 23 and 24. They will also sit down for a question-and-answer session with the public. Feedback forms are available on the town website.

Scott and Domelowicz are set to interview on Aug. 23, starting at 5 p.m. Crane will be in on Aug. 24 at 6 p.m.

see TOWN MANAGER, page 5



Down he goes: Oliver York takes a plunge off the Labor in Vain Road bridge at high tide on a perfect summer Saturday afternoon (photo by Coco McCabe).

Water supply remains stressed despite compliance, bit of rain

by Amy Palmer

IPSWICH — The extreme drought on the North Shore this summer has created a host of challenges for many. Farmers are facing rising costs and smaller yields. Pool owners are struggling with excessive evaporation. Towns along the Ipswich and Parker rivers are implementing

varying water use restrictions, and rivers are stressed.

Almost everyone in Ipswich is feeling the effects of low water supply, but not everyone knows where that water is coming from.

A common misconception is that Ipswich draws most of its water from the Ipswich River Basin. According to Jim Engel, a member of the water subcommittee, roughly

75% of Ipswich's water comes from the Parker River Basin.

“Most of the water ... that we typically use in a given year comes out of the Parker River Basin, not the Ipswich River Basin,” he said.

Ipswich has registrations from the DEP to draw water from both basins, but the town has a larger registration for the Parker River Basin, coupled with a permit to draw

additional water. The majority of Ipswich's water sources — two reservoirs and two of its five groundwater wells — are also located in the Parker River Basin.

With the increase in water use over the summer, particularly with the drought, Engel said the town has begun to rely heavily on

see WATER, page 18

Ipswich house is getting *This Old House* treatment

John P. Muldoon
Ipswich Local News

IPSWICH — It's not the first time they've been to Ipswich, but it's the first time *This Old House* has shot a full series here.

The most popular home-improvement show on television, it is currently in town to track progress on — what else? — an old house as it is brought back to life for new owners Helen Moore Von Oehsen and Bill Von Oehsen.

Now 43 years old, the venerable TV show is produced by WGBH in Boston and has many Ipswich connections. The expertise of Bilo Plumbing & Heating has been called upon, for example, as have the services of architect Matt Cummings.

The program's sister show, *Ask This Old House*, has also filmed in town, most recently on a tour of the 1634 Meadery.

Although the familiar faces of Tommy Silva, Kevin O'Connor, Jenn Nawada, Richard Trethewey, and others can be seen from time to time in the neighborhood, the crew doesn't like to advertise the fact during filming.

New owners

"We are so excited about moving to Ipswich," Bill Von Oehsen told the



Jenn Nawada (left) and Ipswich landscape designer Rue Sherwood film a segment.

planning board at its first hearing on the application earlier this year.

The couple bought the house in 2020 — 300 years after it was built in 1720 — and are moving from the Washington, D.C., area. "We want to retire and spend the rest of our lives in Ipswich," he said.

Nearing the end of their working lives, they are thinking of aging in

place, Bill told the board.

The converted barn could be used for visiting family or a caregiver, should the need arise in future, he said.

Plans call for a portion of the house to be demolished and rebuilt, and for a ramshackle barn with a chaotic set of additions and lean-tos to be torn down and rebuilt.

Unlike the old barn, the new one will be built on a foundation. It will also have a smaller footprint.

Noting that she had a similar old barn once, planning board member Laurie Paskavitz told the Von Oehsens at the time, "It actually looks like it was built by the same drunk people."

Bill said he was told the property was a goat and sheep farm in 1970s — "where neighbors bought goat cheese and complained about the smell."

In town last week to film the introductory landscaping session was the show's landscape expert Jenn Nawada and Ipswich landscape designer Rue Sherwood.

The two walked around the property while Sherwood explained her plans to Nawada.

After one of the first takes, John Tomlin said, "That was awesome. It was so good we're going to do it again."

Running the shoot, Tomlin is the show's senior producer and is also an Ipswich resident. Five other crew members worked on video, sound, and other functions.

Nawada and Sherwood spent a couple of hours discussing the plans and reshooting scenes. There wasn't much down time, but the end result is likely to end up as a three- to five-minute segment, Tomlin said.

Nawada first worked on *This Old House* in 2010 alongside Roger Cook, who has since retired as the show's landscaping expert.

She joined the *Ask This Old House* in 2015 and officially became landscape contractor for *This Old House* in January 2020.

Ipswich project

Work on the project will be done by general contractor Charlie Silva. The show's other experts — such as mason Mark McCullough and electrician Heath Eastwood, a Newburyport resident — will also be in town.

Tomlin said McCullough has already been in to inspect an original chimney. The Van Oehsens asked if it could support a Rumford fireplace, and McCullough determined it could.

Because of its location, the project had to go to the town planning board, the architectural preservation district commission, and the conservation commission.

There were some concerns from neighbors who attended the hearings, but the project was ultimately approved.

Tomlin said *This Old House* does not like to give out street addresses while shooting takes place in case it attracts crowds.

"It's kind of hard to hide," he noted. "People follow this show and they will drive from the Midwest to find a project."

"I'll never forget — we were in Detroit doing a project, and these people came from Iowa. They drove around Detroit until they found the house," he laughed.

The people were friendly and nice, but it is an extra worry for cast and crew ... and it can rob them of time, he said.

This Old House addicts: See page 4 for more on this PBS favorite!

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Tales from the scanner: Disappearing bear on Argilla Road

At 9:25 a.m. on Wednesday, Aug. 17, a caller complained that a garbage truck was parked at Bialek Park and that the driver appeared to be asleep. Police radioed that they found no issues there.

Around 10:05 p.m., there was a report from Northgate Road near Argilla of a bear “possibly running around in the middle of the road.” Two cruisers swung by, but police saw nothing.

On Thursday, at around 4:30 p.m., there was a car crash on Route 133 in Rowley near Muddy Creek.

At around 4:05 p.m. on Sunday, boaters said they were in difficulty after their propellers got caught in a line of some kind. Harbor patrol said they were busy at the moment with a kayak that had gone adrift. Police returned the kayak and determined that the owner was not missing. Around 4:25 p.m. they radioed

that they were able to extricate a lobster-pot line from the propellers.

At around 7:50 p.m. on Monday, a caller asked for a police cruiser to stand on Mill Road by because he was about to fix his step-daughter’s RAV4. Apparently, a wheel had fallen off. Police checked the area and radioed there was no car as far as the Hamilton line. The dispatcher checked back, and the man told her he was near a school. Police said

he was probably near the Pingree School on Highland Street in Hamilton.

On Tuesday, at 9:35 a.m., a car ran into a street sign at the corner of Middle Road and King’s Way on Little Neck. “The vehicle does appear to be hung up,” the dispatcher radioed. The caller also thought the driver was “under the influence of something,” the dispatcher relayed. One woman was taken to hospital.



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Emmy-winning producer can boat to his new job site

by Ella Niederhelman

IPSWICH — Although he may never grace the television screens himself, he's the brains behind the production.

Ipswich's own John Tomlin, senior producer on the television show *This Old House*, was recently honored with a Lifetime Achievement Emmy Award.

Fifteen years ago, Tomlin moved to Ipswich for a small, temporary project that kept getting renewed. He and his wife, Pamela — founder of the Ipswich River Craft — rented a small 1920s cottage along the water on the Neck.

They bought the house and have been there ever since.

An interest sparked

Growing up in North Carolina, Tomlin helped his father to build a house. He remembers watching this new television show — *This Old House* — in the 1980s.

So when the opportunity came



John Tomlin discusses plans for a segment with *This Old House* landscape expert Jenn Nawada.

for him to become involved with the show, he “jumped at it,” Tomlin said.

After eight years of working on the show, Tomlin and the entire cast of *This Old House* received a lifetime achievement award at the 49th Annual Daytime Emmys on June 18.

The show, which is now paired with *Ask This Old House*, has received 20 Emmys and 117 Emmy nominations over their 40 years on air.

The only other shows with similar nomination numbers include 60 Minutes and Sesame Street.

“It was awesome for the academy to recognize the show in the way it did — especially to see the people on camera.” Tomlin said about the

dozens of tradespeople that have contributed to the show.

“They usually don’t get recognized. It was very gratifying to see it.”

He added, “The people that we work with, everybody is professionals. The cool thing is they are not TV professionals. They are professionals in their trades.”

Learning galore

Now in its 43rd season, Tomlin’s love for the show has only grown.

“I have worked on a lot of shows, and this is a great show to work on,” he said. “We do things the right way.”

Each day he arrives on set, he encounters an authentic environment brimming with new learning

experiences

“Every episode, every scene, I learn something every time we come out to shoot,” Tomlin said.

“I love working with the crew and the on-camera people — it is just a wonderful group of people. Everybody tries to help each other, so it is really a family,” he added.

The primary root of his appreciation for the show stems from its authenticity — what happens on set happens in real life.

This year, Ipswich will be making an appearance on the show. One of the many first-period homes along the Ipswich River is a current filming location.

Not only is Tomlin thrilled to work on such a unique house, but after eight years of commuting, he can’t wait to drive his boat over to the site each day.

Mirroring values

Tomlin looks forward to the next few months of filming in his own town ... and the boat rides that will come with it.

Aligning his work with a community that has similar values — centered upon authenticity and community — has only added to the charm of both.

“When you go to the beach here [in Ipswich], you can be sitting next to a guy that runs a hedge fund over here, and on the other side is a guy who is a plumber. Nobody is trying to one-up each other. Everybody just wants everyone to get along and enjoy their life,” Tomlin said. “To me that is an authentic way to live. And that is what we get with the show, too.”

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The candidates

Before starting in Hamilton, Domelowicz was assistant town manager in Winthrop, the town Marino ended up working in earlier this year.

“I have significant experience in helping to balance the need for the improvement and protection of the residential character of a community against pressure to expand resources and programs and evolve with the times,” he said in his cover letter.

Saying his Hamilton experience will help, Domelowicz added, “I have developed a positive working relationship with my peers, the state legislative delegation, and regional advocacy and non-profit groups like the Ipswich River Watershed Association.”

After serving in the U.S. Air Force and Air Force Reserve, Domelowicz was a newspaper reporter for 12 years before he went back to public service. He worked in Winthrop for six years before taking the town manager role in Hamilton.

Stephen Crane of Westford is “currently the interim town manager of Wayland, a position he has held since January of this year” as they transition from a town administrator position, Lynch wrote in his memo.

Before that, he was town manager of Concord for about 2.5 years after serving as the Longmeadow town manager for over six years and the city manager of Lancaster, Wisc., for almost four years.

“Looking ahead, the successes I have had over the course of my ca-

reer align extraordinarily well with Ipswich’s current needs, such as many municipal building projects, including schools; infrastructure/

ARPA planning; housing policy; the creation and implementation of a wide variety of redevelopment plans; and diversity, equity, inclusion, and belonging,” Crane’s cover letter said.

Before municipal government, he worked in Washington, D.C., as a legislative assistant (among other legislative roles).

With an address in Newburyport and a job in Yarmouth, William Scott would probably welcome a shorter commute.

He has been assistant town manager there for almost a year; he was assistant town manager in Salem, N.H., for almost two years.

Before that, Scott held economic development roles in Amesbury (as director) and as director of community and economic development in Salem, N.H., and North Andover for almost 25 years.

Crane started his career in Orange in 1987 before moving to Newburyport as city planner in 1989. He became

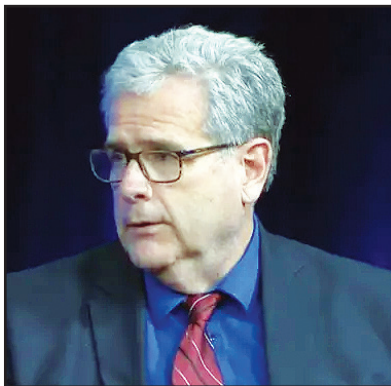
planning director there six months later in 1990.

“Why am I interested in Ipswich?” Crane wrote in his cover letter.

“Your approach toward implementation of your public safety building, sustainability, and economic development are positive steps. I have lived and worked in the region since 1990 and have a clear understanding of the dynamics of North Shore coastal communities.”



Joseph Domelowicz (2018 file photo)



Bill Scott (2022 screen grab from Capemedia)



Stephen Crane in 2019 (via YouTube)

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Running with Birds

The black-bellied plover just returned to Ipswich from the northernmost parts of the world

by Rebecca Pugh

If you are running at low tide, and you hear the energetic “pleeooooee” call of a shore bird, look around for a sturdy plover with bright eyes and a short beak.

The black-bellied plover just got back from the high Arctic, and it is feeding here in our tidal mud flats. It also enjoys a good, damp agricultural field.

When it flies, it flashes its black axillaries, known in the vernacular as “armpit” feathers. Coastlands in Ipswich and Cape Ann present the some of the prize wintering grounds for the black-bellied plover, and so we can expect their song and their company for the fall and winter months.

Some say its song sounds as if it is in a minor key, which it might be. The pitch falls a whole step and then rises again, and the overtones are Mixolydian.

The black-bellied plover is the largest plover in the Americas.

In the presence of other species, it offers a lot of warning calls, which might be the reason that it has survived through the centuries at



Photo of black-bellied plover by Miles Brengle.

a time when other sandpipers and plovers were nearly obliterated with shorebird hunting.

In the earlier summer, it was breeding in the high arctic tundra at the top of the world, where it nests on heath and gravel.

There, it carves out a spot about the shape and size of a cereal bowl and lines it with lichens and mosses.

Black-bellied plovers lay a clutch

of three to five eggs and incubate them for about a month. The young are born covered with down.

They walk the same day they are born. They learn how to feed themselves by the second day.

Black-bellied plovers’ only real challenge is climate change. They are habituated to fly as far north as the planet can take them for nesting.

They rely on the cool desolateness

of the high Arctic to keep their babies safe. With climate change, more predators will arrive in their secreted nursery areas.

With rising sea levels, too, their feeding grounds will offer less opportunity for diverse invertebrates for protein.

So, we speak up to support the black-bellied plover. We speak up for quiet fields and shorelines. We speak up for muddy tidal rivers’ edges.

We speak up for damp agricultural fields left without pesticides. We listen, when we can, for the black-bellied plover’s mournful call this time of year.

Then we say, “Welcome back.” We run with gratitude through the fields and along

the rivers and shorelines, glad to be in the presence of such resilient athletes.

This ancient survivor is a part of our late summer’s day. We are running with black-bellied plovers.

Rebecca Pugh has a Ph.D. in storytelling and peacemaking and is a student in Mass Audubon’s Birder’s Certificate Program at Joppa Flats.



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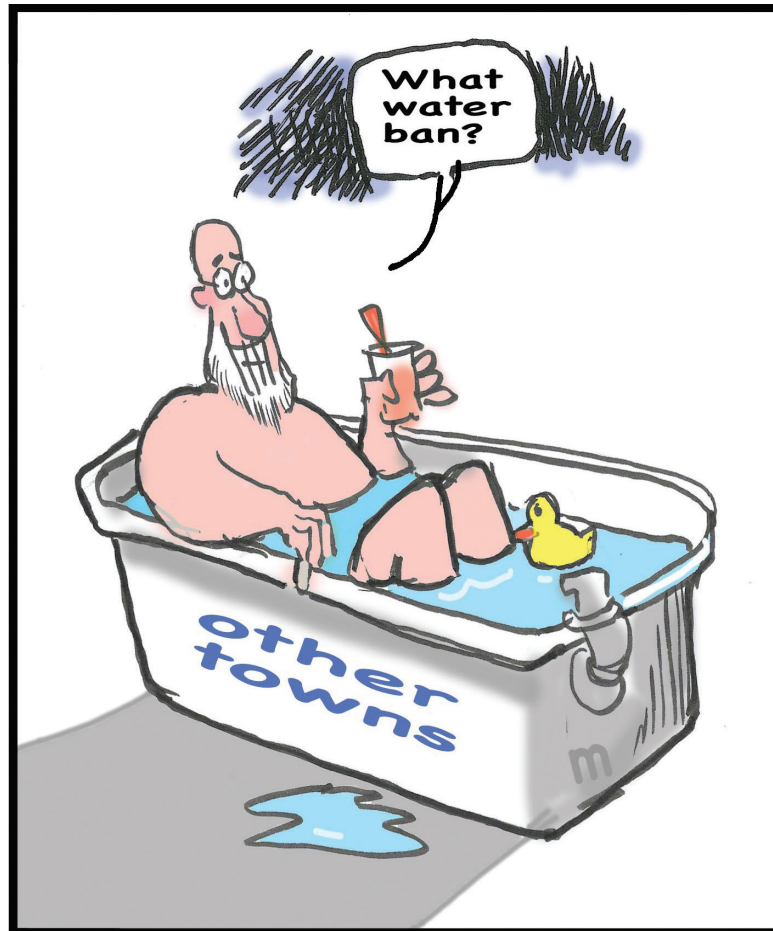
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Ed Colley

How we see other towns conserving water:

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LETTER

Loss of natural rights leads inevitably to abuse and corruption by bureaucrats

To the editor:

When we abandon faith in our creator, we coincidentally sacrifice natural rights, which we inherit from a higher power than mankind.

The inevitable reduction is that any rights are granted by others around us. And if granted by other humans, then they may be amended or withheld according to the judgment of those who hold themselves as arbiters.

That leads to a scramble in which the most muscular, manipulative, beguiling, or ideologically suited to endure the indignities of the scramble ascend to positions of authority.

These roles may be seized with virtuous intent, but human nature inexorably corrodes the character of the administrator.

Monstrous discussions result. A physician governor suggests that postnatal decisions of care or killing are reasonable. Condemning a woman for using deadly force to

prevent her own rape or preventing a man accused of that heinous crime as a student from defending himself. Seizing spousal property to fund police operations simply on accusations of a partner's wrongdoing. Or confiscating property to allow development which will boost the tax base of a municipality.

Extended to more mundane topics, a select board might suggest retaining ill-begotten utility payments or arrogating individual air, water, and mineral rights to themselves.

It leads to manifestly stupefying policies that arise from a few power-hungry conniving minds untethered from the concept of natural law, subjecting us all to policies like "pregnant men" and laws assuming only one race can be racist.

Absent a creator, there's no foundation for natural rights. Absent natural rights, those who most virtuously or avariciously pursue power to determine what our rights

should be in their estimation.

Yet it is not for neighbors, administrators, appointed officials, elected bureaucrats, a quorum of 160 at town meeting, or the residents of Los Angeles and New York City to decide what's "right" for a resident of Ipswich and their family.

As the concept of natural rights erodes, then the fight for intoxicating power intensifies. People who know what's best for others feel an intense need to secure positions so that they can impose their judgment on their inferiors. We're left with bureaucrats who justify their jobs. The result is bloated expense and sclerotic, inane regulation.


We face capricious and biased implementation due to moods or whims of the day or preferences for individuals, groups, or ideologies. And that leads inevitably to abuse and corruption.

Ed Marsh
Ipswich


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The Outsidah

In which the Outsidah speculates upon the mysteries hidden by the Ipswich River Dam

by Doug Brendel

The dammed Ipswich River is wide and high upstream. The water goes right up to the real estate, and that's good for the real estate. If the dam comes down, we can assume the river will come down some, too. So some of the real estate will go from "riverfront" to "river view."

We may also get views of other stuff. Let Lake Mead be a lesson.

Out west, back in the 1930s, they built Hoover Dam on the Colorado River, and the backup formed Lake Mead, spanning the Arizona-Nevada border. Lake Mead became the biggest-volume reservoir in the U.S., with more than nine trillion gallons of water.

Of course, when you dam a river, you can never be entirely sure where all the bottlenecked water will go, and as Lake Mead formed, the town of St. Thomas, Nevada,

went under.

Apparently named for Jesus' doubting disciple, St. Thomas had been founded right after the Civil War by Mormons who thought they were setting up shop in Arizona. After they learned that they had actually landed just a bit on the other side of the Nevada line, they bailed out — maybe their prophet foresaw the gambling and was appalled — but other settlers soon occupied the abandoned houses and shops, and St. Thomas became a thriving community of 500. Until the damming. Then, in no time at all, it was glug-glug-glug. (I imagine the ghost of Doubting Thomas hovering over the waters, wagging his finger and murmuring, "I told you so.")

But fast-forward a few decades. What with global warming, record-shattering drought, and don't forget the near-continuous watering of Arizona's critically important golf

courses, Lake Mead began to shrink. And shrink, and shrink. At this writing, the lake is reportedly at about one-quarter capacity.

And you can see what became of St. Thomas.

Yes, Lake Mead is now so low that you can see the ruins of the town from the road. I haven't been there personally, but Wikipedia says it's so, so I believe.

But poor old St. Thomas isn't all you can see. The receding lake has revealed some particularly curious secrets. For example, a few sets of human bones. In one case, human remains that still included "organ tissue." One body — with a gunshot wound — was found stuffed in a barrel.

The implications for Ipswich are clear. If the dam comes down, declining riverfront real estate values could be the least of people's problems. In addition to a muddy hellscape of irate turtles and confused fish, decades' worth of local mysteries will be suddenly and perhaps gruesomely solved.

Children playing on the newly dried-out riverbank find a sog-

gy box containing copies of John Updike's novel *Couples* rounded up and chucked into the river by outraged neighbors in 1968.

Hikers otherwise minding their own business stumble upon the carcass of that noisy dog that mysteriously disappeared from your neighborhood a couple years ago.

It will be scandal after scandal. Someone will find your babysitter's bar tab. A heartbreaking number of piping plover skeletons cynically wrapped in kite fabric. The original, previously undiscovered town charter specifying that the town manager must actually live in town. A 1980s pothole crew member's lifetime collection of bribe offers and salacious love notes from residents desperate to get on the calendar. A laundry bag full of mismatched socks. A stash of fake drivers-ed graduation certificates

— which may finally explain why nobody understands right-of-way in this town.

I only arrived in Ipswich a short time ago, but if the dam comes down, I'm going to learn a lot about what I missed — and quickly. Sure, it may make a lot of folks uncomfortable, but I think it will be fascinating. Town historian Gordon Harris may need a bigger laptop just to post all the findings.

So, enough debate. Take down the dam. Here's my sledgehammer! Let's get started!

Doug Brendel lives high and dry on outer Linebrook Road in Ipswich. To discover his shameful secrets, plumb the depths of DougBrendel.com.



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COLUMN

The great, glorious Crane Beach Strike of 1969 ended not with a bang, but with a whimper

by Bob Waite

We all know about the tragic Ipswich Mill strike of 1913, when police fired to break up a gathering of immigrant workers demanding increased wages. An innocent bystander, Nicoletta Papadopoulou, was fatally shot.

This is not that story.

Much as Shakespeare had his tragedies and comedies, this Ipswich labor story is something more akin the latter. Some might even call it farce.

The year was 1969. Crane Beach was in transition. Charlie Pickard, the much-loved beach manager, was being shunted aside by the not-for-profit Trustees of Reservations, who control both the beach and the adjacent Castle Hill property.

Charlie — we all called him Charlie — was a local Ipswich boy. Although “boy” might be a bit of a stretch, as he was in his 60s when I first started as a member of the Crane Crew in 1967.

The Crew was ably led by Sid Baer — today, Dr. Sid Baer — and at various times included folks such as Carl Nelson, Mike McSweeney, John Sullivan, Mike Chouinard, Charlie Mansfield, and Arthur Baer, among others.

The Crane Beach summer community also featured Bill Cruickshank, his partner, Joan, and Jill and Jan Pickard minding the beach store and a slew of lifeguards — including this buoyant bunch: Robin Carter, Richard Haasnoot, Eric Melanson, Chuck Cooper, Norm Chambers, Howie Naugle, Jim Forrester, and Neil Cleary — led by Ken Spellman

Beach security was overseen by, among others, Bobby Chambers and

Charlie Surpitski (yes, that Charlie Surpitski).

As a 2022 reader, you might by now be noticing that this was something of a boy’s club. No women lifeguards. No women on the crew. Guilty as charged.

But while that should have been something we noticed and gotten riled up about, it was not.

What got us going in 1969 was the manner of Charlie’s departure ... and the demeanor of his replacement, Col. Charles Coates.

Col. Coates was a West Point grad. He had commanded troops in the Pacific Theater. Retired, he now took charge of us on the Atlantic front.

Whereas Charlie had been something of a benevolent father figure, easy with a grin, Col. Coates was all business and grimace. He barked orders and was not above putting 17-year-olds

in their place.

When a group of us complained about this to Charlie, he said, “Boys, life is too short to be mean.” We

understood he did not approve but was helpless to do anything about it.

Col. Coates seemed determined to whip us into shape, ignoring the fact that we were already working six days a week with a wage just above the then-minimum of \$1.30 an hour with no overtime premium. This was at a time when inflation was over 5%, beginning its gallop to the hyperinflation of the ‘70s.

Finally, a group of us decided enough was enough. We met one evening in my family’s South Green basement (a venue more suited to games of pool than plotting) and planned a strike action.

The next day, in the garage near the parking lot, we informed the Colonel that we would be withdrawing our services. The blue “please” trash barrels would go unemptied, the cars would park wherever their drivers pleased, the lawns at Castle Hill would go unmowed.

Col. Coates knew a mutiny when he saw one. “Anyone who does not go to work immediately will be fired.”

We glanced around at each other (undoubtedly thinking about pending college tuition bills and such) and caved.

Leon Trotsky would have cringed, had he been there. Col. Coates just continued to grimace.

So ended the Glorious Crane Beach Strike of ‘69.

The following summer Bob worked for Bill Wasserman’s newspapers for \$90 a week. On a per-hour basis, he actually made less. He says he never was much good at math.

Bob Waite’s new book, Ipswich On My Mind, is available locally at Betsy Frost Design, Market Street, and Zenobia on Essex Road. It can also be ordered as a paperback or Kindle through Amazon.



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SERVICE DOG PROJECT

You don't need people food or treats to train a dog — just sparkling conversational skills

by Carlene White

Not only must a service dog never beg for food at the table or — heaven forbid! — in a restaurant, but there are meat counters onto which a Great Dane would certainly be capable of jumping, so a great deal of attention must be paid to having them avoid people food.

There is a delicate training technique which we use. If we are sitting, watching television, with a plate of food on our lap, it's very common for a normal dog to come over and stare at the food and on occasion just try and sneak a little piece off the plate.

Because our dogs are so large, you can't really try and hold the plate up higher than they could reach, so it's a perfect opportunity to leave the plate on your lap and teach the command "leave it," which also means they should walk away and

stop staring at it.

There is also another reason to make sure a service dog does not get addicted to people food or treats at odd times during the day.

If you're very strict about the input of food into the dog, you then have some idea.

As for the timing of the output, a service dog should be on a very rigid schedule so that any productions can be anticipated.

I know that my dog, Bentley, would be fed at 7 a.m. By 8:30, he would be empty and ready for the day.

Too many treats will just upset the schedule.

It is possible to train a dog without treats. We don't even carry treats — our dogs just enjoy constant conversation.

There are those who worry that a dog gets bored of the same food. I can tell you that ours aren't bored.



First rule of keeping your dog away from people food: Don't let a baby feed people food to your dog (photo courtesy of the Service Dog Project).

Every time we set down their bowls, you would think it was prime

porterhouse steak. They have been eating the same food for over 30 years.

Pregnant females and nursing mothers might get a bit of cheese as a standard additive.

It is a case of don't start — not even just one little piece of under-the-table food.

Having a baby in the house upsets the whole applecart. Dogs love babies — babies are messy eaters ... and love to share. In this photo, it is beef and sweet potatoes.

Carlene White is founder and president of the non-profit Service Dog Project on Boxford Road in Ipswich. She trains and raises Great Danes to donate to the mobility impaired.

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LETTERS

I haven't heard a plausible theory of how Marino or Nickas personally benefit

To the editor:

Your August 8 issue says "On May 24, Mary Gullivan, human resources director ... found the contract in a stack of documents on her desk and notified the select board chair."

Looking back, I find your July 26 issue said "Human resources director Mary Gullivan will continue to serve as interim town manager until a new appointment is made."

Really? Same person?

Usually, when someone leaves a job unexpectedly — as former town manager Marino did — they get kudos for wrapping up half-finished tasks rather than leaving them on the desk for the next person to sort out.

But Marino got a raspberry instead, as his clean-desk efforts were

perceived as a last-minute surprise.

This controversy flared up three months ago, and I still have not heard any plausible theory of how either former town manager Marino or Chief Nikas could unfairly and personally benefit from the contract in either the past or the future.

And I still have not heard any explanation of how a contract can be similar to police-chief contracts in other Massachusetts towns and provide benefits very similar to other Ipswich town department heads, yet at the same time be "unprecedented," "materially inconsistent with the town's long-standing policies and procedures," and "create financial and operational challenges."

Those charges are so serious they deserve to be fully explained in de-

tail — "trust me" isn't good enough.

If that explanation isn't provided, then perhaps our select board should submit a full-throated detailed written apology to Chief Nikas as the first step in restoring his destroyed reputation.

The current character assassination by innuendo must end, even if the required full explanation is highly unpleasant for some.

If, by chance, the dispute is not really about compensation and benefits, but rather that the select board is not comfortable with the implications of police reform when they are written down, then the townspeople deserve to know that.

Chuck Kollars

Formerly of 44 Central Street, now moved to a "retirement home"



Can you help Ann Fessenden identify any of the children in this Ipswich Recreation Department photo from 1958?

Summer in 1958 was fun, fun, fun! Can you help me identify any of these kids?

To the editor:

I grew up on Lafayette Road and lived there until around fifth grade. Every summer day, I walked with my sister and brother and many cousins and kids from that area to Linebrook Park. There, we played ball, different games, made potholders, etc.

At lunchtime, we walked home, then back again for the afternoon of fun, fun, fun.

Parents did not drive their kids back then — we walked if we wanted to go anywhere. One time there was a bike race from the park to Mile Lane and back, but since I didn't have a bike back then, I bor-

rowed one. I don't remember how I did, though.

A few years ago, I found this photo displayed at the town hall and was surprised to see myself in it. A nice person copied it for me. Can you identify any of these kids?

Ann Fessenden
Ipswich

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES

UMG Technologies, a leading automation company delivering electronic assembly machinery to the automotive industry, is seeking to expand its technical staff.

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Responsibilities: develop quality software in 64-bit environment; analyze and maintain existing software applications; discover and fix programming bugs.

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- Be able to contribute within 90 days
- Be able to work with internal customer(s), define requirements, and set a clear direction for coding goals
- Have the ability to perform level one testing, document their changes, and prepare a revision for release to a formal established test plan.

Code migration experience is a plus.

Machinery Development Assets and machine operational training will be provided.

32-Bit Software Design Engineer

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The candidate should:

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- Have a minimum of 3-4 years' experience in machine control and development in a 32-bit environment.
- Have experience with Microsoft Visual Basic 6.0, Windows 7, and Windows 10 PRO (32-bit) platform
- Have a bachelor's degree or equivalent in work experience
- Have good communication skills
- Have experience in developing or maintaining machine control operating systems
- Be able to contribute within 90 days
- Be able to work with internal customers, set clear direction for coding goals, perform level one testing, document their changes, and prepare revisions for release to a formal test plan.

Experience with PLC logic considered a plus, and experience in 64-bit development or the migration of code would be a significant benefit.

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LETTERS

Build must be consistent with town best practices

To the editor:

Like many of you, I have been following the planning board hearings on the proposal by Ora, Inc. to develop a corporate complex at 55 Waldingfield Road under the auspices of the Great Estates Preservation Development bylaw.

At the most recent hearing, August 11, 2022, planning board member Carolyn Britt expressed concerns regarding the absence of available information regarding the fiscal impacts of the proposed project.

To me, Ms. Britt's concerns are on target, and I encourage the planning board to dig deeper into this subject, as the bylaw clearly requires a fiscal impact analysis.

As a resident, I'd like to understand both the revenues that the

town may reasonably anticipate, now and in the future, as well as the costs that the proposed development will impose on all of us.

Similarly, the planning board noted the unresolved issue of qualifying gross floor area (GFA) that is fundamental to the special permit application. We were told the buildings have been measured by the same architectural firm and certified three times with three different results, each time being lower.

I encourage the planning board to agree upon a definition of GFA that is consistent with best practices in Ipswich and then hire an independent firm to measure the buildings.

Let's solve this now and reduce the chance of appeal.

Phyllis Greene
Ipswich

Board cannot pick and choose which laws to apply

To the editor:

In its recent working draft decision on 55 Waldingfield Road, the planning board has taken an unprecedented step: proposing to intentionally ignore the unambiguous great estate preservation development (GEPD) bylaw provision that prohibits new construction within 250 feet of a public way.

For context, Ora proposes tripling the size of the existing farmhouse, adding 11,000 square feet of new construction.

Ora also wants to add 5,000 square feet of new construction to the barn. Ora even admits both will be within the 250-foot setback.

Yet instead of simply enforcing the bylaw's plain prohibition on such construction, the draft decision has resorted to linguistic gymnastics in an effort to allow Ora to build what the bylaw forbids.

How? By contending that the bylaw's clear prohibition on "newly constructed buildings" was somehow "not intended to apply to additions" that are newly constructed.

Even a cursory glance at the bylaw reveals no such exception. It certainly reveals no such intent.

Even more implausible is the

draft decision's suggestion that ignoring the setback construction prohibition is actually "consistent with the purposes" of the GEPD bylaw.

That's hard to square with the simple fact that the GEPD bylaw established these express purposes (like encouraging the preservation, appropriate development, and efficient use of the great estate land) while still expressly prohibiting new construction close to the road.

In short, the bylaw presumes that applicants can and will both meet the bylaw's purposes and still follow the bylaw's rules.

The board cannot pick and choose which provisions of the GEPD bylaw to apply and which to ignore.

Not does a subjective belief about the "intent" of the bylaw trump an objective actual bylaw provision forbidding Ora from new construction in the setback.

The board is appointed to ensure that an applicant abides by the bylaw provisions, even if those provisions are inconvenient. There's no hardship to simply having to follow the rules. Both the board and Ora must do so here.

Bryan Townsend
Ipswich

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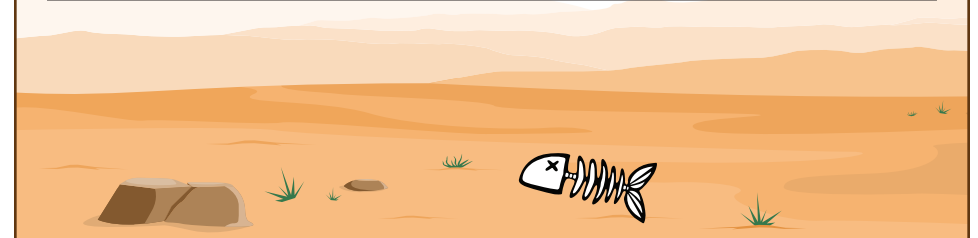
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IPSWICH DROUGHT STATUS SEVERE: WATER BAN

What does this mean?

NO OUTDOOR WATERING



From the editor ...

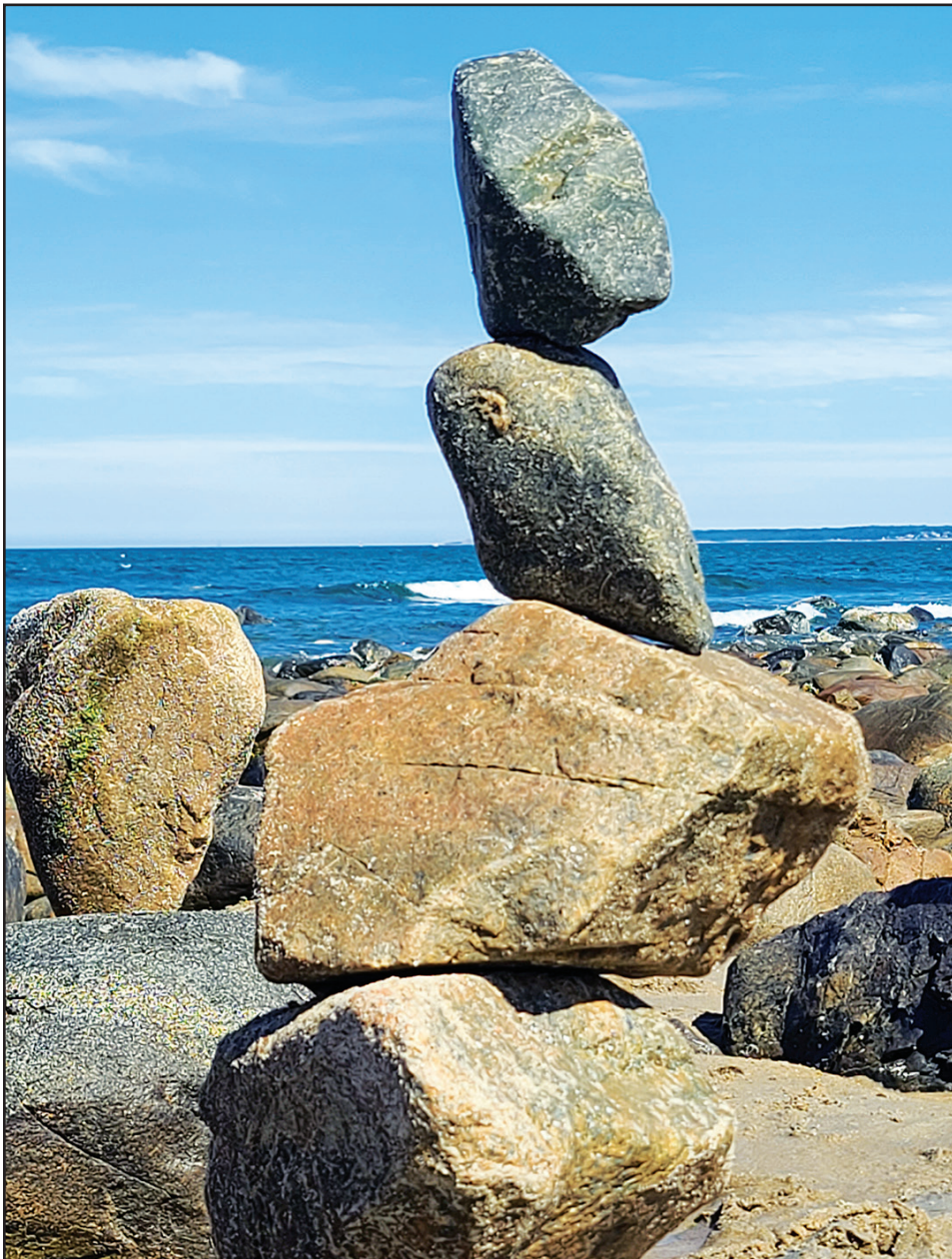
You are seeing something a little different this week. Following a reader's suggestion, we going to start printing a periodic arts supplement. The one you are looking at today has a general theme of "Summertime in Ipswich."

We got a nice mix of poetry and prose, and, to break things up, there are some summertime photos taken by Coco McCabe.

The writers range in age from young to old. The youngest was willing to admit her age was 7. We didn't attempt to guess who the oldest was, so that person was neither asked nor made any admission.

This first arts supplement came together very quickly and probably caught a few local writers off guard. I would like to apologize for that in the form of fair warning: The next supplement will be produced in the week between Christmas and New Year's (December 28, if you're counting). The theme will be "Holidays in Ipswich."

You can put your thinking caps on now. Or you can wait till the weather gets colder. Alternatively, if you have any old works lying around, you can dust them off and see if you are still happy with them.



Phyllis Dubina Merritt says, "I met Mike as he made these spectacular interesting creations along the beach."

Kayak Surfing, Late August

*I put in among children
down at the rocky beach.
They leap in the tide, screaming like gulls.*

*Beyond the cove, a late summer sun
sprinkles diamonds across the water.
I turn my back to the beach and paddle towards the light.*

*At high tide, the sea swells full like a pregnant woman's belly.
The shores can barely contain her.
My kayak rocks to an ancient rhythm I lost long ago.*

*But I want to leave this sanctuary;
these gentle swells that comfort to forgetfulness.*

*I go to the place where things break up.
Out here is chaos.
Waves collide and shatter —
against my boat, against my racing heart.
Out here, pain dissolves — washed clear of feeling.*

*I turn tail to the following sea, wait to be taken.
There is no forgiveness and I do not ask.
Only the rush and surge that sends me flying,
outrunning the breaking lip,
over and over again.*

*Now, the sun dips behind the inflexible ridge.
Sheds cool purple light on a distant shore.
A black cormorant lands on the rocks.
The sandbar reveals itself.*

It's time to return.

— S. Evertson

Summer Haiku

*sand soft as cotton
squealing children chasing waves
summer sounds and delights*

— Donna Kilgallon Carpenter

A Walk in the Sun

Ipswich in the late 1960s and early '70s remained a working-class community populated by members of the now-venerated Greatest and Silent Generations as well as their rebellious, spoiled, and ungrateful offspring: the Baby Boomers.

Born squarely in the middle of this accursed cohort, I exemplified the worst of their proclivities.

But one thing that we had going for us then, which seems to be largely absent now, was the availability in town of summer jobs for wayward youth like me.

A great source of these dead-end opportunities, often involving hard, menial labor, was the town of Ipswich.

Each year, dozens of the cream of Clamtown filled out the one-page paper application at Town Hall in hopes of landing a 40-hour-a-week position in departments ranging from the Electric Light Department (highly regarded) to the lowly Cemetery Department (not so much) and other points in between.

All of the work was of the out-of-doors variety: digging, dragging, pulling, scraping, lifting, painting, mowing, chopping, more mowing ... well, you get the idea.

Not necessarily a resume-builder for admission to Harvard, but a way to put a solid \$1.60 per hour in your pocket.

I began my Cemetery Department career at the tender age of 15, having been bounced from the Parks and Forestry Departments the summer before. Apparently, I possessed the necessary skillset of being able to walk in a straight line while pushing a lawnmower.

My co-workers comprised a broad sampling of budding Ipswich testosterone — some more well-to-do than others or from different high schools, but most everyone was within the standard deviation.

Diversity was exclusively ethnic in character then. Families were Yankee, Greek, Polish, French, or other. I fell into the latter category, as there weren't too many skinny Irish-German kids slouching around town.

Regardless of our backgrounds, hard work under the burning sun was a great leveler. We labored alongside those from other than our normal circle and cliques, sweated our butts off (mine never came back) and bonded against a common enemy — the boss.

The grown-ups were driver/laborer and later long-time Parks and Cemetery director Jim Graffum, working foreman John Kelly, and

department superintendent and head honcho Walter Hulbert.

Mr. Hulbert was a constant presence, an eyes-on boss relentlessly circling and hovering in his green Oldsmobile sedan, marking our progress (or lack thereof). A former Army master sergeant, he knew how to outwit goldbrickers like me and was adept at varying his routine to catch us lying on the grass that we should have been mowing.

John Kelly and Jim Graffum were more tolerant of us.

John was a two-fisted, hard-working, hard-living, stick-car-driving, WWII Navy veteran who never met an internal combustion engine he didn't like. A rebel at heart, John would sometimes encourage our more foolish antics, but he always made us toe the line when it came to getting the job done.

Jim was the quieter, more philosophical type. Another hard worker and Army vet, he often would cast an arched eyebrow in our direction, shake his head, and wonder for the future of the country.

We marshaled each morning at 7 a.m. sharp in the converted one-room schoolhouse that served as the superintendent's office, maintenance garage, equipment storage area, and crew quarters.

After Mr. Hulbert took our orders and the corresponding six bits for a coffee and donut from Marty's, we loaded our heavy rotary lawnmowers, Stanley trimmers, and gas cans onto the one-ton International dump truck, or the super-charged International pick-up, (both purchased from Levere's Motors in Ipswich, by the way) climbed aboard, and were hauled off to our starting point of the day.

Most of the mowing work took place on "the Hill" which included the Coles, Highland, New Highland, and Legion cemeteries — gardens of stone with acres of grass to mow ... and little shade from the hot summer sun. We mowed our way down the hill and up the rise and along the terraces, finally terminating at the Old North Burial Ground on High Street.

Occasional forays were made to Locust Grove Cemetery on Town Farm, South Side Cemetery on County Road, and our personal favorites: Outer Linebrook and the Old Linebrook cemeteries, which afforded a nice, long ride out to God's country.

One Friday afternoon a month, we would swarm the Highland Annex (a.k.a. the Old Greek Cemetery) at the end of Fowler's Lane.

This area was shaded, the water from the spigot refreshing, and you never knew what could be found in an icy cooler secreted the night before in nearby Second Sands.

When the grass turned brown, as grass will do, Mr. Hulbert would assign us to either digging trenches for new water lines or clearing the terraces of brush, overgrown weeds, poison ivy, wasp nests, and other undesirable things. This was a job from hell, resulting in many cuts, stings, itchy infestations, sprained ankles, and trips to Cable Hospital for repairs.

Besides occasional loafing, we engaged in a good deal of foolishness (all frowned upon, of course, but boys will be bad boys).

A risky favorite was to stand up in the back of the supercharged pick-up while John punched it to 60 mph along the bumpy lower avenue of the Legion area. This track wasn't NASCAR-approved, but it measured roughly a quarter-mile. John never rolled the truck and could get rubber in all four gears.

By the end of August, it was time to go back to school and leave the grown-ups in peace. I think that they missed us, and many of us would return for succeeding summers of sweat.

Experiences help shape you, and in a small town like Ipswich, our crew learned that it takes hard work to complete a hard job.

And in spite of ourselves, we all eventually matured into responsible, successful adults — some of my mates exceptionally so.

Sadly, a few have left us all too soon, but most are still kicking around here somewhere, and I hope this makes them smile.

— Gavin Keenan

Elegy for Clams

"Clams Sold Here," "Open,"

But a third sign read "No Clams."

The shop was empty.

Clammers lurked like fugitives

Downtown, where once they were lords.

— David B. Flood

Summer of the Shifting Tides

It's late August, that time of year when a cool breeze can surprise you, quickly raising goosebumps on your bare arms. It's one of those evenings when the Ipswich River flows warmest and the current flows strongest. The bridge has cleared, only forgotten brightly colored towels remain, glistening in the fading sunlight.

Freddy and I are swimming, happy to have found this fleeting moment when the deep water is warmer than the air above us. Freddy scrambles up the riverbank, rushing to reach the edge of the bridge. I float on my back, the water gurgling around me, as I gaze up at the setting sun.

Freddy bounds forward and pushes off the bridge, his strong legs flexing as he takes flight. SPLASH ... The water erupts when he hits the surface. His head emerges from the depths, his floppy blonde hair plastered over his eyes. He flips his hair back and peers over at me, bearing his usual toothy grin.

"It's warm tonight!" he shouts. As he begins swimming towards me, I hear the low drawl of a boat engine as it sputters to life, a familiar sound that reminds me of blistering-hot summer days and the countless warnings from our mums — "Be careful near the boats!" — we have heard since early childhood. The sound grows louder as the boat draws closer. It's not hugging the left side, charging dangerously forward, approaching us.

"Freddy!" I scream. "Watch out!" The current is strong, and I struggle to swim out of the open channel towards safer, shallow water. I'm only halfway when the boat speeds by, leaving behind a rush of waves that disrupt the peaceful river. I look around for Freddy. His blonde head hasn't broken the surface even as the waves and seafoam begin to settle.

"Freddy!" I scream. I fear the

worst as I flail my arms, spinning to survey the area.

Then something grabs my ankles and yanks me under the water with no time to save the last breath of fresh air. I resurface, choking, and then I see him, grinning as usual. His breathing is heavy, and I watch his chest rise and fall.

"You could have died," I say and swim quickly away from him towards the shallows at the base of the local bridge.

We crawl up the rocky coastline,

side by side, our heavy breathing in sync. He turns his head to face me as his cheeks flush red with excitement.

"That was fun," he says and starts to laugh. I shake my head.

"Stop laughing! You were almost run over," I say bluntly.

He grabs my hand and pulls it to his chest. I can't contain myself — spurts of laughter erupt from inside me as well.

— *Lucy McClean*



Ingrid Miles kept busy with shoppers at her yard sale at her house on North Main Street. Behind her, Jan Carrigan scores some hats. Photo by Coco McCabe.

Bialek Park

*and the fire trucks come,
as they annually do,
to spray foam
on the town children
standing below.
My cousins and I
wear our favorite
bathing suits
and goggles.
We raise our hands
to the sky
and throw our heads back
like we're praising God.
A firefighter crawls
to the end
of the highest ladder
and waters us
with clouds
that mix
with clods of dirt.
After,
mom walks us
to the snack shack
next to the baseball field
and Wyatt picks
his wedgie
as we walk
and I order
a slushie.*

— *Anna Gibbs*

North Shore Vibe

My wife and I spent many a summer vacation chasing the North Shore vibe, which mostly meant sitting in traffic on Routes 495 and 95. So, in 2018, we finally got smart and moved to Ipswich. Now our free time in summer is spent on Crane's Beach rather than in the car.

We have also adored exploring our beautiful neighborhood in Outer Linebrook. Through business networking connections, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman in Florida named Steve. Upon learning I lived in Ipswich, he excitedly shared that his wife grew up in Ipswich. And then I learned that his wife Juelie had lived on Linebrook Road.

Out on a bicycle ride, we snapped a photo of her old house and sent it to her and Steve. I soon learned there was much more to the story and that Juelie and her family have deep roots to Ipswich and Outer Linebrook.

You see, it had long been a family legend that there was an accused witch in their family tree.

Eventually, they learned that they were directly descended from Elizabeth Howe and her husband, John. There's a plaque on the side of the road where Juelie grew up with her family marking the old homestead, so the property had been in Juelie's family for generations.

I asked Juelie what Ipswich summers were like in the '80s, when she was growing up, and if there were any particular traditions from her family with its rich history.

She did not talk about her heritage with other kids — apparently, having an accused witch as an ancestor was not looked on favorably. However, Juelie did become an expert on the matter, spending hours at the Ipswich library researching Elizabeth.

Aside from reading about her ancestry, Juelie spent her free time hanging out at the Liberty Tree or North Shore Malls — assuming she could get a ride.

Juelie said there were two cliques in Ipswich: the woodsy kids and the beach kids.

But what about the library kids, like Juelie? My bet is that they were part of the beach clique, considering she spent many a summer day in her 16th year at Crane's Beach.

She recalled how her birthday party that summer somehow evolved into a massive whipped cream fight.

That was probably the only time Juelie ever had a whipped cream fight, considering the resulting curdled-milk smell was one she was never able to wash out of her clothes!

Juelie recalls a portion of the junior high school happened to be the former annex to a prison for women, because she could still see the holes around window openings that used to hold the bars.

I can see that. Name any kid who didn't feel like school was a jail sometimes ("Whatcha in for? History 101, first degree.").

For those who grew up in Ipswich, the Strand theater was a great venue for movies. Juelie knew not to sit under the balcony ... or she might end up wearing whatever was dropped, poured, or thrown from above!

Can you imagine who would do such a thing? Why, a teenager, of course. The same teenagers who thought that deluging each other with dairy products in August was a good idea.

One final note: Before speaking with Juelie, I had recently visited the Peabody Essex Museum exhibit about the Salem Witch Trials of 1692. I asked her opinion on the exhibit's accuracy compared to what she knew.

Juelie felt that it was quite accurate but did not admire the subtle theatrical nuances of the presentation (the Alexander McQueen portion of that exhibit came to mind).

All in all, it's crazy that we made the connection to Juelie. But what's even crazier is finding out she was a direct descendant of Elizabeth Howe ... and that she grew up on the same property!

Truth is stranger than fiction, indeed.

— John Wolforth



Flying over the marsh, Angus McLean heads for a dunk at high tide at the Labor in Vain Road bridge. Photo by Coco McCabe.

Summer Time

In the summer we have a blast.

We only wish the time would last.

We go to the beach,

We swim and play,

We only wish that we could stay.

We go to camp and have some fun,

We don't want to leave when the time is done.

— Vienna Stuart, age 7 (second grade)

Memories of Summer

It doesn't always take a startling event to create a lasting memory. Oh, I remember what I was doing in my UMass dorm when I heard that President Kennedy had been shot.

But there are countless memories of happy events and simple pleasures stored in my head, too, as there probably are in yours. They are just bits of life waiting to be called up and re-experienced in whatever detail one cares to focus on.

Do you remember playing under the sprinkler? Our sprinkler was a small, yellow, two-wheeled, three-armed pinwheel that flung water to the sides with staccato swooshes. At first, the sun-heated rubber hose sent warm showers through the sprinkler, but soon it cooled. If I dared stand astride the sprinkler, the water pelted my ankles. Better to run through the sparkling spray, shrieking and twisting as cold water spattered me. Jeweled droplets quivered on the sunny lawn, and sopping puddles spread beneath the grass blades. Bits of green clippings clung to my bare feet. If the sun was right, the sprinkler might support a magical shimmer of rainbow for me to leap through. Afterwards, stepping from the cool, drenched lawn, I was surprised by the heat of the sidewalk and back steps.

Did you roller skate on the sidewalk? My clamp-on skates were all metal with an extendable plate and a leather ankle strap with a buckle. I had to wear my saddle shoes when I skated, because the skates' side clamps wouldn't latch onto the soles of my Keds no matter how much I turned the skate key to tighten the clips. The metal wheels were noisy on the sidewalk and click-clicked rhythmically crossing each sidewalk joint. The faster I skated, the faster they click-clicked.

Where did you learn to swim? I took swim-

ming lessons the winter I was in first grade. All those tiled surfaces made for a noisy room, squeals and splashes reverberating. But it was intoxicating, as tropical as a greenhouse, and exotically scented with chlorine.

We girls wore sculpted Esther Williams bathing caps strapped under the chin and embossed with water lilies or starfish. The swimming teacher wore a whistle around her neck on a braided gimp cord.

Swimming outdoors felt entirely different from the indoor pool. An ocean beach seemed vast, the sky huge, the horizon distant, the water in motion even on that rare, still day. Seagulls cried and swooped, the air smelt salty, the lapping water gurgled and sighed along the sand. Some days, the ocean swell sucked the sand right out from under my feet. When I came out of the water to sit on the beach towel and warm up, salt crystalized on my skin in a white tracery I could lick off. Sometimes, we had to pick up the big beach towels and get resettled farther up the beach as the tide crowded us back.

Going to the lake was a rare experience, and I was always taken by how different it smelt, all pine-needley and rain-water fresh. The lake plinked and slurped a little at the dock and float

but hardly moved along the skimpy excuse of a beach. The lake water was warmer and kinder to my eyes when I squinted at things under water, and it didn't leave my hair stiff the way salt water did. There were more canoes at the lake than at the ocean, paddles making hollow thuds against their sides. The lakeshore had picnic tables spotted with pine sap.

Whether at the lake or the seashore, in those pre-sunscreen days, Coppertone lotion provided the abiding, faintly coconut scent of summer at the beach.

Sometimes, a smell from childhood will trigger a memory as vivid as a movie. But you don't need such a trigger to take you back. Sit quietly and treat yourself to the telling details your memory has stored — how the manual lawnmower's gentle clattering was coupled with the scent of new-mown grass; how a marshmallow tasted, sagging gooey from the stick held over the fire. Remember the penny-candy counter and the awesome power of choosing five pieces.

There are seemingly endless evocative bits of memories from childhood. Take a moment to remember the summers of your past.

— Sharon Josephson (*née English*)

A Clamming Dilemma

There once was a girl who wanted to clam.

Didn't have a license; Didn't give a damn.

The constable heard;

She heeded his word.

So dinner that night was onions and ham.

— M.S. Simrick



Food, drink, and adornments, these Newmarch Street vendors offered it all on a hot August afternoon. From left to right are Amaya Dackert (10), Thea Ellis (6), Julia Belford (10), and Willa Ellis (10). Photo by Coco McCabe.

Summer in Ipswich

I.

He was at the Green Street Bridge when he saw her. It was midday, and the swans were nesting in the marsh grass beneath the shag-bark hickory that was perpetually splitting, the result of lightning that damaged but could not kill the tree. That was decades ago. The boy was twelve. He did not know how old the girl was, or the tree, but they were older than him. Because he was small.

"Never seen a girl before?" she asked, pedaling past him effortlessly, the wide whites of her cruiser bike tires screeching on the macadam. She had red hair and impossibly green eyes, and her pink shins were long and barked and scabbing. She wore high socks and shorts and pink Converse sneakers decorated with doodles and stickers. Maybe she had braces.

"Shh," he said. "There's baby swans. In the grass."

"Where?" Red Hair asked, the bike coming to a dead stop in the road. He held out his hand, his thick glasses slipping over the bridge of his hairless nose. She took it, fingers digging into his palm, her shadow falling over him and the baby swans.

A mole crept unseen among the river grasses and the bittersweet vines and the hyssop. A lone green-head buzzed, distracted, between them on its way to other unchartered delights. A voice called from the ether, that that ancient space beyond the breaths: "Behold that old familiar song. I give you summer in Ipswich."

II.

They were at the Choate Bridge, and it was dusk. Banjo music floated through the air, making its way among the stoops and open doorways and leaded glass glazed in ancient wood frames. A one-eyed orange tabby cat lazed on the bench outside Hill's Department Store, watching the faded Hudsons and DeSotos and the occasional

Pontiac wagon returning from Crane's Beach — occupants and cars in varying states of undress.

"It's the oldest stone bridge in America," he said, reaching behind her waist, catching a tangle of red hair.

"That's the oldest trick in the book," she said, drawing his lips to hers, his stubble rubbing against her freckles, the taste of aftershave and sunblock and perspiration. Agony and ecstasy. She took his hand, raising it to her belly, which was round and freckled and full as a gourd, ripe with the fruit of life.

"Feel the baby kick," she whispered, reaching for his hand.

"It really is," he said.

"The bridge, or the baby?"

"Both." They kissed.

A green-headed horsefly — *Tabanus Nigrovittatus* — crept lazily up his thin, white leg, which looked like a glow stick beneath his cut-off shorts and sandals.

The she-fly bit and sucked, drawing in precious blood to nourish her own desperate young. The man endured it, but only just so.

"Agony and ecstasy," the Ancient

Voice said.

"Indeed," the man said from the clinch of intimacy. Another step and it felt as if he would tumble from the ends of the earth. But it was not so. It was summertime, and it was Ipswich.

Someone whispered: "I love you."

III.

It was October, and the trees were adorned in tweeds and browns and flaming reds. There were other colors, too, beyond the scope and ability of the human eye, but very visible to, say, the humble greenhead. Or a butterfly.

"I want to see the swans," the old woman said. "I was there. With your father. So many years ago."

"Take it easy, Mom," the man said. He was not so young now himself. Hearing her talk like that made him nervous.

"I could hear it in those days because the song was written on my heart. Before even you. But now, I don't hear so well. Tell me you can hear it. Then I can die. Happy."

"Hear what?"

"The voice. Summer. Listen."

"Yes. I hear it." These days he would say anything to make her happy.

"You're lying. Don't lie to your mother."

"Maybe I heard it." He turned her wheelchair chair toward the curb. When he did this, he saw wet, rheumy tears in the tanned channels of her freckled face.

Her hair was gray now; the roots auburn. But at the base of the sebaceous gland, unseen by human eyes, the follicular shaft was still defiant rouge.

"Can you hear it now?" she asked.

"Just the wind, Ma."

"Yes. That's it. Always the wind. Winter's henchman."

He didn't answer. A lone cricket's metronomic clicking faded by degrees into the slow embrace of the October night.

"When I was with your father, it was always summer here. In Ipswich. Even when it was cold".

"Tell that to the crickets, Ma. They'll be freezing soon."

"Shut your mouth," she said. After a while, she said: "Take me home. I need the bathroom."

"Ma, who is supposed to hear me? Dad? Or someone else?"

Silence.

He walked her back to the modest green cape house on Atreus Lane, the old woman limp and brooding in her wheelchair as they went, a corner of her knitted shawl catching the ground.

The wind blew in the treetops. Cold water gurgled in the brook. The swans were long gone.

It occurred to the man that life was just a great interlude, a painful space between breaths. Then it was dusk. "Ma?" he said. "Mama?"

No answer.

"Ma? Listen. Long after your gone — all of us are gone — there will always be summer. Here — in Ipswich."



A PAIR OF PAULS: Despite the drought, the Wegzyns, father and son, have managed to grow a vast field of sunflowers to the delight of many visitors. Photo by Coco McCabe.

— Frank Candido

Coming Down Soft

Sometimes, if you walk instead of running, you notice things.

And sometimes, if you stand still instead of walking, you notice even more.

The trees put out a scent in the evenings, looking for lacewings and bees,

And hummingbirds zip to the flowers; once you know their sound, you hear them everywhere.

I decide to walk everywhere today. My neighbor, George, stops to ask

Did I see that his fence got broken? Did I know that he walks there every day?

Phil and Joe's backyard has an oriole nest in it that is making a racket of babies.

I talk baby-talk to the Chihuahua, say "Hello" to the Dalmatians.

The road to my work is full of rising ferns, and the Solomon's Seal is bending its nice curve.

Out to the street it turns. The Chimney Swifts are chittering along, doing their part

To eat their five thousand mosquitoes. Thank God.

For crossing the traffic I have to stand still. I have to wait. I realize this too:

That standing still is a tiny chance for a meditation, for feeling my feet,

For touching the road, for pushing down while the pavement pushes up.

This path called High Street, they say it has been here for 10,000 years,

And I get to walk on it today. I get to walk on all these old roads,

Or when I am even luckier, I get to stand still.

I get to wait, and listen, and smell, on my way to work, and come down soft.

— Rebecca Pugh



Sara Hallowell says, "I am a new member of the Ipswich community and took this photo a few weeks ago of the river and the moon. We are so lucky to live here ..."

Sun, Surf, and Seashells

We are like seashells on the beach, all unique and different from each other. Seashells are known to bring good luck to those who take them.

May the shells on your beach remind you that treasures arrive every day in the form of simple things waiting for you to claim them.

The ocean and seaside will help to cure all bad and worried moods. The waves push away those moods as they carry in good luck.

Walking in the warm sand with the sand between your toes will wash away from the surf, but great memories and thoughts will still remain.

The warm sun and a gentle breeze set the tone, cast a spell, and you can hear the voice of the sea.

Live for the moments you can't put into words.

Always take a little "peace" from the seaside home with you!

These are the simple treasures found by the sea!

— Tom Duda

Summer in Ipswich

Summer in Ipswich is so fun.

We spend our days in the sun.

Lots of songs that we sing

When we take out the boat and swing on the swing.

We love to dig clams and play in the sand.

Then sit at Castle Hill and watch the band.

Greenheads and mosquitos can be a pain.

And our grass turns brown without the rain.

Russell Orchards is a treat

And all of the animals are so sweet.

Summer in Ipswich means family and friends

Who isn't sad when summer ends?

— Ashlyn Raymond, age 10



Ipswich's Heather Ferguson offers one of her best friend's a treat for good behavior. Photo by Coco McCabe.

Ipswich, My Town

In my town, there is peace and tranquility.

The sunrise over the ocean is a spectacle of serenity.

Shorelines of beaches and sand by the pound.

The skyline shines bright as day sun goes down.

Small-town stores and farmstands nearby.

Crafters, writers, and artists do occupy.

Historic dwellings with signs stating age.

A castle historic with concerts onstage.

Farmlands where there are crops and hay.

Livestock and horses roaming at bay.

Seafood, fishing, and restaurants galore.

*Love the fried clams and lobster
— I'll have more.*

A bit of yesteryear, a bit of today.

I love my town more each day.

— Tom Duda



Bruce Ramsey, who lives next to Appleton Farm, spends a peaceful few minutes with the paper on his porch. Photo by Coco McCabe.

Town historian finds his sense of place in Ipswich

by Tristan Ashlock

The Mississippi Delta and Ipswich don't have much in common. They occupy very different places in both our nation's geography and its history.

Ipswich's town historian, Gordon Harris, was born in Mississippi.

Mississippi misfit

He spent most of his younger years there in a factory town called Tupelo. As a teenager, Harris followed in his father's footsteps and took on the call of the Methodist ministry. By the time he entered Millsaps College in Jackson, Miss., the country was changing rapidly.

At the time, Mississippi and the rest of the deep south represented both the heart of Jim Crow America and the powerful pulse of the civil rights movement.

In May of 1970, Harris took part in a non-violent demonstration at Jackson State College.

"By that time, I had become quite radicalized — religiously, politically, and everything," Harris said.

The demonstration was held in response to the recent murders of two black students by local Jackson police.

Students linked arms in an effort to prevent authorities from destroying evidence and confiscating the bullet-ridden windows of the residence halls.

Harris said, "This being Jackson, Mississippi, the police showed up with their armored car, rifles. They threatened us. They said, 'If you don't disband, then we will not be responsible for the consequences.'"

The student demonstrators disbanded — but not before national news coverage captured their efforts for all the country to see.

"I was living a triple life as a student activist, a junior in college, and Methodist minister," Harris said.

In the days following the demonstration, Harris returned to his duties at a church in the delta village of Ebenezer, where he was lay minister.

Upon arrival, he found the pews all but empty. The one parishioner who had decided to attend the day's service gave Harris a blunt warning: "You might want to leave

town."

His congregation was now hip to his support of the black students at Jackson State. "They didn't come because they had seen me on television," Harris said.

Going up the country

This event inspired Harris to move north for the summer.

He found a summer job in Becket, Mass., as a YMCA camp counselor. "I liked it," he said. "I came back here to live."

Harris did return to Jackson to finish his studies at Millsaps College but didn't stay for long. By 1972, he found himself in the Berkshires again, this time renting an apartment in Great Barrington. He took up new causes, such as the nuclear freeze movement, and continued his political activism.

Now firmly transplanted, Harris began work as a carpenter, a trade he previously had no experience in. He continued to live and work in western Massachusetts into the early 00s, settling in Williamstown.

A better fit

Harris's duty as town historian in Ipswich started on two wheels.

In 2000, he rode his bike across the country. The transcontinental journey inspired Harris to found bikenewengland.com, a website geared toward bicycle touring in New England.

Somewhere along his touring adventures, Harris found love. His

soon-to-be wife, Deb, introduced him to his next great passion, Ipswich, over breakfast at Stone Soup. "I looked down Market Street and immediately fell in love," Harris said.

Soon enough, Harris was leading bicycle tours of historic homes on the North Shore and living in Ipswich full-time with

his new wife.

The historical tours led to the creation of another website, historicipswich.org. What started out as bike tours to appreciate Georgian and Federal architecture soon blossomed into a full-time job.

Official town historian

Harris was soon tapped to join the town's historical commission, and he promptly became the chairperson. Early on, Harris converted historicipswich.org into the town's

best-known repository of historical information. Not long after finding his place in Ipswich, Harris was named town historian.

"I guess I've been doing it now for nine years. I really enjoy it," Harris said. "The places that you live in change you."

For Gordon Harris, the road to life in Ipswich has been a long one. Though as a person who spends countless hours on a bike for the heck of it, he doesn't seem to have minded too much.

These days, Harris can be found giving weekly history lectures on the banks of the Ipswich River and engaging with the town's past.

Harris is just one part of a robust historical commission that looks to preserve and maintain the stories, architecture, and spaces that make Ipswich the town it is.

We are spoiled rotten with history on the North Shore, and it's easy to forget that. If you need a reminder, look no further than Gordon Harris.



Ipswich town historian Gordon Harris.

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Something big afoot: Tales of the Plum Island Skunk Ape

by Tristan Ashlock

Massachusetts isn't a state known for its exotic fauna. By most standards, we host mainly ordinary creatures.

Step outside early enough in the day, and you might catch a glimpse of a white-tailed deer grazing in a field. Late enough, and you might bump into a ragged coyote or fox rummaging for scraps.

Heck, you might have even been lucky enough to see a moose or a black bear that wandered into a local wildlife preserve.

One thing I bet you have never seen though ... is Bigfoot.

Depending on where you are in the world, the cryptid known as Bigfoot goes by many names. In the Himalayan Mountains, it's the Yeti. In Canada, it's Sasquatch. And in the American southeast or anywhere considered swampy or marshy, it's the Skunk Ape.

According to accounts curated by



Frame 352 from the Patterson-Gimlin film taken on October 20, 1967, claiming to depict Bigfoot/Sasquatch (via Wikipedia). Unfortunately, the picture was taken in Northern California, not Rowley. Contact us if you've got some footage!

The Bigfoot Mapping Project and Bigfoot Field Researchers Organization, the areas of Plum Island and Rowley have been home to two separate Bigfoot or Skunk Ape sightings.

The first sighting came in the spring of 1978 ...

Out for a drive

On an overcast April morning, four friends decided to take a leisurely cruise through the Parker River Wildlife Refuge on Plum Island.

The four witnesses drove down a reportedly "deserted" refuge road before stopping to park near the tip of the island. The friends exited the vehicle and climbed a nearby observation tower. This is when the report's main witness began to observe some unusual happenings.

The witness said, "I started hearing noises. First, I heard clicking — loud clicking — then short, high-pitched screams. It sounded maybe 100 yards away. I took a look around but didn't see anything."

(The witness also reported early on that there were no drugs or alcohol consumed prior to the events of that day.)

To go along with the strange noises was the unusual lack of wildlife. Waterfowl and other vocal creatures seemed completely absent from the usually active marshlands. Aside from the main witness and

their three companions, there were no other visitors to that portion of the reserve during the time of the incident.

Noting a continuation of the strange sounds, the witnesses decided it was time to make their way back to the mainland. "We all got in my car and started back out. I was only driving for a couple of minutes, and I saw a very large dark figure cross the road from the marsh/brush area on the left to the right," the witness continued.

Something strange in the marsh

After confirming with each other what they had just seen, the witnesses slowed the vehicle to carefully inspect the area where the figure had crossed and disappeared but could not see through the thick brush.

"It did not look in my direction — just crossed the road, and it was gone. I only saw it for about five seconds. I could never forget the image of it crossing the road," the witness said.

Also noted was the figure's staggering height, which the witness surmised was near "seven feet or more."

Following the event, the witness said, "I have told a few people what I saw, and they think I'm nuts." They continued, "I know what I saw, and I saw what I saw."

Though the witness has since

returned to the spot where the incident took place, they have not seen the creature again.

Blazing a trail

The next sighting in Essex County took place some twenty years later, during the summer of 1998.

Two young friends (10 years old at the time of the event) were blazing a trail through the Hunsley Hills area of Rowley in an effort to create a shortcut to the local Dunkin' Donuts. The large, wooded area borders both Route 1 and 133 while stretching out to connect with other sprawling wooded preserves.

As the two young friends pushed through the forested area toward their destination, a noise startled them to attention. They surveyed the area, looking for the source of the noise, until they came across an unsettling sight. "Three large, tanned, brown creatures, running through the woods together."

The reporting witness noted the upright stature in which the creatures moved and said it was "as if they were traveling."

Upon seeing this, the two youngsters promptly abandoned their mission and quickly made their way home.

In a follow-up interview with Bigfoot Field Researchers Organization Investigator and Massachusetts resident Jeff Sheppard, the witness said the sighting "had forever changed his life."

Sheppard also said, "He contacted the BFRO, as all the sightings he has seen on TV shows only had people who had seen a single creature. He felt it important to share his multiple-creature sighting, as he felt it was significant."

Efforts to reach the witnesses' companion for corroboration were unsuccessful.

All information regarding these two incidents can be found at bigfootmap.com, along with any supplemental report information.

This reporter will leave it to local readers to decide what to believe and what not to.

So, next time you find yourself among abandoned marshlands or deep in a quiet forest, consider what sort of creature you might run into.



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Artists invited to submit work to ICC's 36th annual art show

While the Ipswich Cultural Council's primary mission is to distribute Massachusetts Cultural Council state funding to support inclusive arts, diverse cultures, and humanities for all in our community, they also host an annual non-juried art show and sale.

The ICC will present their 36th annual Art Show and Sale from September 30 to October 2, this year.

A reception will be held on Friday, September 30, from 6 to 9 p.m., and the art show will be open from 5 to 9 p.m. on Friday, noon to 5 p.m. on Saturday, and

noon to 4 p.m. Sunday.

Registration is now open. All Ipswich residents aged 17 and older and town employees are eligible to enter.

This show is not juried for entry, and all mediums — not just paintings and drawings — are encouraged: sculptures, textiles, jewelry, ceramics, and videography.

Go to ipswichculturalcouncil.org to enter online. Paper entries can be found at the Ipswich Public Library and Zenobia/Ipswich Photo on 38 Essex Road. Anyone with questions should call Mike at 978-356-7972.



Ipswich resident Mary Woodall-Jappe displays her work (Cynthia August photo).

Woodall-Jappe returns to Hall-Haskell

IPSWICH — Following her debut solo exhibition last year, Ipswich resident and glass artist Mary Woodall-Jappe said she is delighted to be returning for another show at the gallery inside the Hall-Haskell House.

The owner of Next Wave Glass, Woodall-Jappe specializes in hand-crafted fused glass, a technique that involves arranging cut pieces of colored glass and fusing them together at high temperatures in a kiln.

Finished pieces range in size from jewelry to functional dinnerware to larger works for display.

After “a fulfilling career in biomedical research,” the artist said she is “revisiting a childhood fascination with the many ways that colored glass plays with light. Glass presents almost endless possibilities for color and form, so even in this role I can continue to experiment.”

The show is free and open to the public. It will run from August 30 through September 4. The gallery will be open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. each day. Hours will be extended through 7 p.m. on Saturday, September 3. The Hall-Haskell House is at 36 South Main Street in Ipswich.

IPSWICH PROPERTY SALES, August 7 through 19

DATE	ADDRESS	PRICE
8/10/2022	4 Macy Lane	\$1,829,000
8/19/2022	111 Jeffreys Neck Road	\$1,350,000
8/15/2022	8 Water Street	\$1,251,000
8/9/2022	11 Eagle Court, Lot 136	\$950,000
8/8/2022	6 Cleveland Avenue	\$840,000
8/11/2022	17 Court Lane, Lot 237	\$829,000
8/17/2022	40 Farley Avenue, Lot 58 and Pt 56	\$825,000
8/10/2022	15 Clark Road, Lot 562	\$755,000
8/10/2022	16 Juniper Street, Lot 85	\$700,000
8/9/2022	146 Linebrook Road	\$600,000
8/9/2022	117 Linebrook Road	\$525,000
8/16/2022	401 Colonial Drive, Unit 41	\$510,000
8/19/2022	114 Linebrook Road	\$499,900
8/17/2022	14 Mineral Street	\$499,500
8/12/2022	13 Clark Road, Lots 547 and 548	\$485,000
8/19/2022	401 Colonial Drive, Unit 20	\$450,000
8/9/2022	27-29 Topsfield Road, Unit 2	\$370,000

ROWLEY PROPERTY SALES, August 7 through 19

8/17/2022	206 Main Street, Lot C	\$990,000
8/12/2022	101 Bennett Hill Road, Parcel C	\$730,000
8/12/2022	13 School Street	\$390,000
8/10/2022	23 Mehaffey Lane, Lot 3	\$362,513
8/9/2022	15 Lawrence Road, Unit 20	\$183,172



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Word search: Harry Potter characters!

August 24 is the birthday of Rupert Grint, who played best friend Ron Weasley in the Harry Potter series of movies. In honor of his birthday, can you find all the names of characters in the Potterverse?

UCMURKROT KIVEANBTFLBLISFCIDLA
 YRRGGERRAKDIWTRMEDLOVDROLEUO
 EODPATEIEOSEVERUSSNAPERESADCR
 LOWKGRBIBARTYCROUCHCRREDEVAIR
 SKNOTARODAHMPYNGNPMGBGWSVELUI
 RSSCGDNISETCHARLIEWEASLEYNUSS
 UHSNGEDKCEOHDREOBTLELAMAKDSMI
 DAPIUINICKARITSMWLTRNELSHEDAH
 YNFFYAWRRAOMOLRHAEELELRNLVRI LR
 EK IYESEDOJBLUIDTEENEPMIEGBGFN
 LSLDLNIREHTYLSRAZALASREYARGOC
 DAIRSROEOHGOEIFOBELERPEIGOLYS
 URUAASLS SDEUXRVI FAENAAUTDWEOL
 DUSHEROSNRELLAGANOGCMAVRENIME
 TOFKWSAMAIELG SARNNPSRPIEWPGIV
 SCLCEAPAOSKEBAESIDIPH CYANRYEL
 LAIOGHNLTASRFMHCRRREGGOLYICEAR
 YLTLRCCRUI NRATUUA INRAETTSFLLT
 EEWYOEALRRCIVPEDFRYERNANATSAE
 EDIOENSIIHNUNLYNSFOTFSTLMKR SW
 GRCRGN UUOFAQLGGSFULHKGDI OOUTA
 EUKEHSR CMHSSDHMINLBETYRRHADOR
 UERDBTHTEBBUAENYIAELPBMWTLARH
 ULELWAAUSLRNGDRBRTPA AUSONRIMA
 GFAINJIWBGAIORYNETDUYCFRAUNOB
 ECLGNAHCOHCRDSARGSLCLYEFEAUOP
 KENNCEDRICDIGGORYLOECPRLDATDL
 ECORNELIUSFUDGEMCOLINCREEVEYM
 REMUSLUPINRQFBGLITAPITAVRAPCR

Alastor Moody
 Albus Dumbledore
 Argus Filch
 Barty Crouch
 Bathilda Bagshot
 Bellatrix Lestrange
 Cedric Diggory
 Charlie Weasley
 Cho Chang
 Cho Chang
 Colin Creevey
 Cornelius Fudge
 Crookshanks
 Dean Thomas
 Dedalus Diggle
 Dolores Umbridge
 Dudley Dursley
 Fenrir Greyback
 Filius Flitwick
 Fleur Delacour
 Fred Weasley
 Garrick Ollivander
 George Weasley
 Gilderoy Lockhard
 Godric Gryffindor

Hedwig
 Helga Hufflepuff
 Horace Slughorn
 Lavender Brown
 Lee Jordan
 Lord Voldemort
 Lucius Malfoy
 Minerva McGonagall
 Moaning Myrtle
 Nymphadora Tonks
 Pansy Parkinson
 Parvati Patil
 Peeves
 Peter Pettigrew
 Petunia Dursley
 Quirinus Quirrell
 Remus Lupin
 Rita Skeeter
 Rowena Ravenclaw
 Salazar Slytherin
 Seamus Finnigan
 Severus Snape
 Sirius Black
 Sybill Trelawney
 Viktor Krum

COLONIAL TRIVIA

illustrated by Ed Colley



Not all marriages are made in heaven. How did colonial Americans get divorced?

Send your answers to news@ipswichlocalnews.com.

Answer to the last trivia question:

You've got to feel for the British Army during the Revolutionary War. First, they've got a bunch of recalcitrant rebels who think they're going to break away from the empire.

Then, King George III decides that these colonist forces are traitors, as opposed to enemy combatants, which denies them prisoner-or-war status. And hanging them might quickly cut down on expenses, but it is not the way to win hearts and minds.

These prisoners keep piling up, and there's nowhere good to put them. So what's an invading army to do?

Well, they took naval ships that were too run down to use any longer (called 'hulks'), anchored them off the coasts of captured cities and towns, and crammed them full of these colonists.

Of course, they gave them a choice: serve at His Majesty's pleasure on a navy ship or take your chances on a prison ship. Most patriots chose the latter (historians estimate that only 8% of prisoners defected).

Once on board, these poor men and boys continued to be given the hard sell. As an added incentive to join the Royal Navy, they were starved, neglected, and abused. Thanks to a lack of medical supplies and fresh water, diseases such as smallpox, dysentery, and yellow fever flourished. At least six prisoners died every day, and by the end of the war, over 10,000 men and boys had died.

There were at least 16 hulks in use by the British during the Revolutionary War. Most were anchored off the coast of New York City, but there were others in Charleston, Savannah, and Norfolk as well as off the coasts of Florida and Canada.

The most infamous was the HMS Jersey. Up to 1,100 men were imprisoned on a ship meant for 400, and about 8,000 prisoners were held on board during the duration of the war.



Artist explores the mysticism of Kabbalah through painting

by Dan Mac Alpine

The figure wears a yellow robe, arms spread in the blue sky among white stars.

The painting represents artist Gina Tzizik's Kabbalah journey, an inner trip

to discover creations she makes accessible with the stroke of her brush and her color choices.

"Sometimes I make my own colors. I love color," said Tzizik, whose paintings "go beyond technique." Focus on her color or brushwork and you miss the glimpse into Tzizik's view of the world and of the universe. "Where is the mystical quality?"

Kabbalah teachings started in Jewish mysticism in the first century of the common era.

Some would argue that Kabbalah

began at the start of time and hopes to explain the Hebrew Bible, Jewish teachings, and Jewish observances. "Love and kindness" lie at the heart of all Kabbalah teachings, said Tzizik, who lives on Mineral Street and had a two-woman show in mid-July at the Hall-Haskell House.

Until the last few years, women weren't allowed to study Kabbalah. So deep were the truths revealed

that men had to be over 40 and have studied the Torah in order to be mature enough to handle what Kabbalah taught.

Tzizik has studied the Torah and is over 40, but is a woman. Two out of three's not bad, as the saying



Artist Gina Tzizik uses the teachings of the Kabbalah as a jumping-off point for her paintings (Dan Mac Alpine photo).

goes.

In fact, Tzizik holds two different master's degrees, one in Montessori education and one from Hebrew College in Newton, where she studied the Kabbalah for the last four years.

"The Kabbalah says you have light," said Tzizik. "What are we supposed to do in life? I'm painting."

DAD JOKES

I picked up my textbooks for school this autumn. They're "High School Math" by Cal Q. Luss and "The Best Subject in School" by Jim Class.



illustration by Ed Colley

TIDE CHART OF PLUM ISLAND SOUND (south end) SPONSORED BY



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DATE	TIDE SET	HIGH TIDE	LOW TIDE
Wednesday, August 24	one	10:20 a.m.	4:18 a.m.
	two	10:34 p.m.	4:25 p.m.
Thursday, August 25	one	11:06 a.m.	5:04 a.m.
	two	11:18 p.m.	5:10 p.m.
Friday, August 26	one	11:47 a.m.	5:47 a.m.
	two	11:59 p.m.	5:53 p.m.
Saturday, August 27	one	12:25 a.m.	6:26 a.m.
	two		6:34 p.m.
Sunday, August 28	one	12:39 a.m.	7:03 a.m.
	two	1:03 p.m.	7:14 p.m.
Monday, August 29	one	1:18 a.m.	7:41 a.m.
	two	1:41 p.m.	7:55 p.m.
Tuesday, August 30	one	1:59 a.m.	8:18 a.m.
	two	2:21 p.m.	8:38 p.m.

ANTICIPATING THE RISING TIDE? CALL US NOW FOR A QUOTE!

WATER from page 1

the Parker River Basin sources. But the withdrawals, evaporation of reservoirs, lack of rainfall, and vegetation pulling up groundwater has drained the water supply, water and wastewater director Vicki Halmen said.

“Our reservoirs are falling at a rate faster than we would like, and the groundwater supplying our groundwater wells, the water level is declining, which lowers their capacity,” she said.

Egypt River

Continually drawing from the reservoirs prevents flow downstream in the Egypt River, Engel said. This can have devastating ecological impacts, including low dissolved oxygen levels, that make it hard for aquatic life to survive.

In order to protect Ipswich’s water sources, the town has imposed various restrictions, leading to an outdoor water ban, to reduce water consumption.

“A large part of sort of managing the water in town has to do with behavior management,” Engel said,



The Dow Brook Reservoir.

adding that the drought status and the bans are key to managing demand when the water resources are most stressed.

Ipswich also implemented a seasonal rate structure in which the town increases water fees during the summer when supplies are stressed to encourage people to conserve.

“[The higher rate] coupled with monthly billings is designed to send strong messages to our customers that we’re entering a period when we want to reduce consumption,” Engel said.

Further, the town has been working to reduce unaccounted-for water (usually in the form of leaks),

educate residents to prevent non-essential water use, add low level intake in the Dow Reservoir to access an additional 10 million gallons of water, and is awaiting a response from the DEP on a new well site on Linebrook Road.

“We’re working on several things, all in parallel, to address the needs of the community,” Halmen said.

Overall, Ipswich has done well in terms of residential per capita consumption, Engel said. The state suggests water usage to be around 65 gallons per person per day. Ipswich has lowered consumption to between 45 and 50 gallons per person per day.

Good compliance

“We’re doing, as a community, significantly better than almost any community in the commonwealth,”

Engel said.

Residents have also been more compliant with water restrictions this year, according to Halmen, a trend she said needs to continue.

One of the more challenging issues has to do with private wells, Engel said. In a number of towns in the Ipswich River Basin, private well users do not face the same restrictions as residents on municipal water supply. As water restrictions go into effect, the number of private wells has risen dramatically.

“The river is really being stressed — not just by the communities that are withdrawing water from the basin but, to a large extent, these unregulated withdrawals,” he said.

This is not the case in Ipswich, however. In 2017, the town modified a bylaw to include private wells in the drought management plan.

“Even if you’re on a private well, you still have to abide by our restrictions, and that’s not common across the state,” Halmen said.

Looking into the future, Engel said it’s unlikely that Ipswich will be able to support unrestricted water use in the summer.

“I think the reality of the situation is that water restrictions of some sort or another to manage summer demand is going to be a fact of life into the future,” he said.

Halmen said people need to take the current restrictions seriously. Without significant rainfall and water conservation, Ipswich could be in a “challenging situation” to maintain water supply.

“The biggest message right now is for people to stop all non-essential watering and really minimize their use so that we can make it through the rest of the summer into the fall.”

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Obituary: Paul Marchand

Paul Davis Marchand, 66, husband of Cynthia M. (Stone) Marchand of Ipswich, passed away peacefully on August 22, 2022, in the Royal Meadowview Skilled Nursing Facility in North Reading.

Born at Cable Memorial Hospital on August 5, 1956, Paul was one of the five children of the late Louis Marchand and Nina (Davis) Marchand. He was raised in Ipswich and was a graduate of Ipswich public schools.

As the owner of Paul's Auto and Truck Service for almost 40 years, he could almost always be found at the garage working on vehicles and getting plow trucks or boats ready for the seasons. What he enjoyed most about the garage was chatting up with his customers. There was no such thing as a quick stop at Paul's Auto unless Paul was out for a drive.

Paul enjoyed spending time with family and friends, sharing many, many stories and those one-liners we all knew so well and that he was so famous for. He loved bragging about his grandchildren and showing off their pictures to anyone and everyone any chance he could.

He was an avid boater, spending his summers on Back Beach and Plum Island. Paul also enjoyed snowmobiling to pass the time in the winters when he wasn't plowing snow. Favorite vacation destinations included Florida, where he and Cyndi were married, as well as New Hampshire and Maine, where he vacationed with his daughter



and son, Nicole and Derek.

He was a proud Papa, a true "townie," and the "Mayor of Ipswich." He will always be remembered for his kindness, generosity, and willingness to help a friend!

In addition to his wife of 10 years, Cyndi, he is survived by a son, Derek Marchand, of Ipswich; a daughter, Nicole M. Marchand, of Ipswich;

step-daughter Rebecca McDonald of Hooksett, N.H. He was the proud "Papa" to four grandchildren: Bentley and Finley Marchand and Eric and Fiona McDonald.

He is also survived by a sister, Kim Marchand, of Ipswich and her family; two brothers: Robert Marchand of Methuen and his family and James Marchand of Townsend and

his family. Later, Paul's family was joined by three step-siblings: Jacob Darnell, Elizabeth Darnell, and Kristen (Darnell) Swanson.

He was the brother of the late John Marchand, formerly of Louisiana.

Visiting hours for family and friends will be held on Saturday, August 27, 2022, from 12 to 4 p.m. at Whittier-Porter Funeral Home, 6 High Street, Ipswich, followed by a celebration of Paul's life at 4 p.m. at the VFW 110 on County Road, Ipswich.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Alzheimer's Association (www.alz.org).

For directions and to leave a condolence, please visit www.whittier-porter.com.

Obituary: James Souter

James Souter, 85, passed away on August 15, 2022.

Born in Melrose to Eleanor Batchelder and James Walter Souter Sr. of Massachusetts, James Souter was the youngest of their three children.

He graduated from Ipswich High School in the class of 1955 before attending North Shore Community college, from which he graduated with an associate degree.

James joined the Ipswich Police Department in 1971, where he was an officer for 22 years.

He was forced to retire from the police department following a heart attack in February of 1992 at the age of 55.

Helping others was always a huge part of his life, and that didn't stop when he retired from police work. James worked as a ranger at Crane's Beach for 18 years. He retired in 2013 at the age of 76.

He loved his community, and he could not go anywhere in the country without running into someone who knew him. During one family trip to Disney World in Florida, while exploring the Magic Kingdom, he ran into an Ipswich family that he knew.

A true child at heart, he visited the Dairy Queen on High Street as often as he could get away with, using his grandchildren as scapegoats when we all knew it was his idea.

He prided himself in being the house that gave out king-sized candy bars on trick-or-treat, and his Christmas reindeer display was loved by the whole neighborhood.

He had a deep love of motorcycles and was the president of the Blue Knights of Massachusetts Chapter 5. He enjoyed many cross-country motorcycle trips that took him

from coast to coast with his wife, Mary, and his friends from the Blue Knights. He put over 2,000 miles on his Honda Goldwing motorcycle in just 11 days on a trip to Nova Scotia.

A fan of John Wayne movies and country dancing, he often sported snakeskin cowboy boots and a bolo tie on special occasions.

He is survived by his wife, Mary; their daughters, Christine and Charlene; and his four grandchildren: Cassandra, Victoria,

Gianna, and Samuel. He also leaves behind his estranged first wife, their two sons, and their families.

In accordance with his last wishes, his cremains will be spread at the family lake house in Windsor, Maine, where he loved to spend his free time.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the Blueberry Hill Rehabilitation and Health Care Center, 75 Brimball Avenue, Beverly, MA 01915. That was where he spent his last few years, lovingly cared for by all of their staff.

To send a letter of condolence to Jim's family, please go to MorrisFH.com.



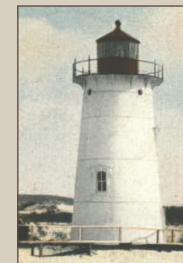
DEATH NOTICE: Grace E. Joseph

Grace E. (Girard) Joseph, 88, formerly of Larch Lane, Wenham, died Friday, August 19 at the Kaplan Family Hospice in Danvers.

She was the aunt of 10 nephews and nieces and cousin of 10 — all like brothers and sisters to her.

Her funeral service will be held Friday, September 2, at 11 a.m. at the Whittier-Porter Funeral of Ipswich (www.whittier-porter.com).

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Candidates make last-minute pitches to voters

John P. Muldoon
Ipswich Local News

NEWBURYPORT — With early voting polls set to open Saturday, 17 Democratic candidates descended on the Port City last weekend to make a last-minute appeal for votes in the upcoming primaries.

Early polling will run from Saturday, Aug. 27, through Friday, Sept. 2. Primary day is Tuesday, Sept. 6. Many of the primaries are high-stakes affairs for the Democrats because the winner will face no Republican opponent in the general election.

Those include candidates for the Essex County Sheriff (incumbent Kevin Coppinger and Virginia Leigh) and Essex County District Attorney (James O'Shea and Paul Tucker).

On the other hand, there are no Democratic candidates for the state 1st Essex and Middlesex state Senate seat. That gives incumbent Sen. Bruce Tarr a clear run in the gener-

al election Nov. 8.

Meanwhile, a hotly contested race is developing in the newly formed 2nd Essex District. Democrat Kristin Kassner and Republican Lenny Mirra — both unopposed in their party primaries — are already campaigning for the Nov. 8 election.

Mirra is technically the incumbent, but because redistricting altered his district so much, he is a relatively new face for voters in Rowley, Ipswich, Hamilton, and part of Topsfield. His other towns — Georgetown and Newbury — are all that remain of his old 2nd Essex.

Contested primaries

The day of Democratic candidates was organized by a joint committee (called 3T & 2C) of three towns and two cities. It was held on a hot Sunday afternoon at Newburyport Brewing Company.

The candidates were given three minutes to make their case to party voters.

Candidates for lieutenant governor who appeared were Kimberly

Driscoll and Eric Lesser. The third person running, Tami Gouveia, was not present.

The winner will join Maura Healey as she campaigns for the governorship being left vacant by the retirement of Charlie Baker.

Many of the candidates who spoke presumed Healey's win in November is a foregone conclusion.

All three candidates for the position of state attorney general attended. They were Andrea Joy Campbell, Shannon Liss-Riordan, and Quentin Palfrey.

The winner will face off against Republican James McMahan.

Sheriff

In the high-stakes race for Essex County Sheriff, incumbent Kevin Coppinger said he runs the second-largest jail in the state.

Holding 1,100 inmates, he said, "A lot are charged with very heinous crimes." Although he has a background in law enforcement, Coppinger said he employs 30 licensed clinical workers in the jail.

Education and employment assistance are also offered to the inmates in an attempt to lower recidivism, he said. "That's just part of what we do."

His opponent, however, said Essex County has one of the state's worst recidivism rates, with almost half of released inmates returning to prison.

"Recidivism is expensive," his opponent Virginia Leigh said, noting that it costs \$77,000 a year to house an inmate.

A social worker, Leigh said the sheriff's role is more than law en-

forcement. "Our justice system is a relay race," she said. "The job of the steward of our prisoners is actually a human services job."

She said she has over 15 years of experience in detention centers and drug clinics. "When other social workers have been elected sheriff, they have led the country in their innovations," Leigh said.

Secretary of state

Secretary of State William Galvin was in attendance. His opponent, Tanisha Sullivan, was not, but Cecily Graham spoke on her behalf.

Galvin said he introduced a number of voting reforms, such as early voting and vote by mail. His work also sought to protect the integrity of elections, he said.

Graham said Sullivan is "a seasoned attorney and civil rights leader" and that Sullivan would be more proactive in the community.

Sullivan "has been on the ground since day one," Graham said.

District attorney

Paul Tucker is a former Salem police chief running for the open position of Essex County District Attorney. His primary opponent is James O'Shea. No Republicans have filed to run.

Now a state representative, Tucker said he has the endorsement of retiring District Attorney Jonathan Blodgett and Attorney General Maura Healey.

"When experience meets opportunity, good things can happen," Tucker said. He cited his 32 years of experience in law enforcement, as

see next page



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from preceding page

a legislator, and as an academic in police academy. He also holds a law degree.

Calling himself an innovator, Tucker said, “We can’t arrest our way out of the drug problem and crime problem. We can’t incarcerate our way out of it, either.”

He said he brought mental health professionals on board and sought to get clinical help for drug abusers.

“You didn’t hear any plan of action from my opponent,” O’Shea said. His background is as a trial lawyer, and he has represented indigent defendants.

O’Shea said he has a four-point plan. “We are locking up a disproportionate number of people of color,” he said. This is done by filing dangerousness motions to prevent those accused from getting bail, he added.

More are filed in Lawrence than in entire counties elsewhere in the state, O’Shea charged.

The second point is that “U visas” for undocumented immigrants who are victims of crime are not being processed properly, he said. “That has to change.”

His third point was technology. “We are woefully behind in Essex County in terms of addressing IT issues,” O’Shea said, adding he is already putting a plan together.

His fourth proposal was to trust assistant DAs more. “They are underpaid and underappreciated, and one of the ways to make the job more attractive to them is to give them more flexibility to make decisions,” O’Shea said.

Attorney general

A graduate of Harvard Universi-

ty, Shannon Liss-Riordan said she “proudly sued at least four times” her alma mater to protect the rights of workers and consumers.

A practicing attorney, she said, “I have spent my entire career taking on the biggest challenges.” She said she has “taken on some of the largest corporations in America.”

She said she has recovered at least half a billion dollars in lost pay or illegal fees. “I have spent my entire career getting around bad Supreme Court decisions,” she said, adding she would protect rights currently enjoyed in the commonwealth.

“I’ve seen how much impact the people’s lawyer can have,” Quentin Palfrey said of the AG’s role. He said he would protect rights that are “currently under attack.”

He said he would also take on corporations that fleece consumers or deny them services.

Palfrey said the state should spend more on transportation and education, commenting, “Where you live should not determine what kind of education your child has.”

Campbell echoed some of the comments. “If you’re not worried about our Supreme Court, I’m worried about you,” she said.

The attorney general’s office can do a lot to help residents, she added.

Campbell cited her tough childhood — her mother died in a car crash when she was eight months old. Her mother was on her way to visit her father, who was incarcerated at the time, she said.

In recent years, her twin brother died in police custody while having a mental health episode, she said.

“The [AG’s] office is more than the top cop,” she said, adding the AG needs to watch out for residents.



Pictured above are (from left) Charlie Carner, Michael Carner and Will Coughlin. Ipswich resident Michael Carner placed at the top of his competitive fleet at the recent Marblehead Junior Race Week, while the team of Will Coughlin and Charlie Carner secured a third-place finish in the 420 fleet (courtesy photo).

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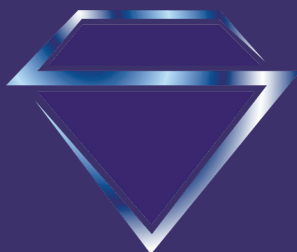
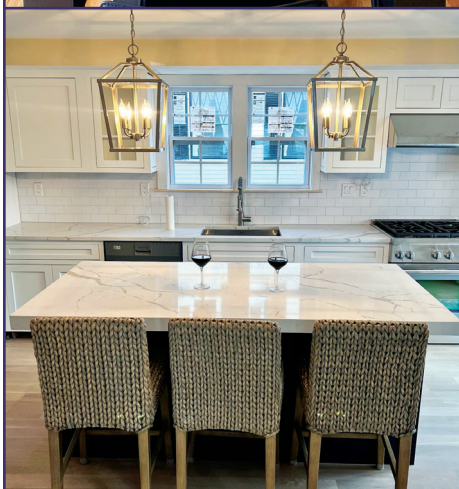


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What's on this week? Outdoor concerts,

Please go to our website (bit.ly/iln-events) for more information about each item. If you have an event that you'd like us to feature, please send the information to news@ipswichlocalnews.com.

— Wednesday, August 24 —

Wednesday Walks: Meet at the Town Wharf at 9:25 a.m. to explore beautiful Ipswich hikes. Everyone is welcome! Contact Ed Murphy (978 500 9523) for more information.

Danvers summer concerts: Decades of Rock Band, specializing in hard-hitting classic rock and kick-ass blues, performs starting at 6 p.m. at the Peabody Institute Library at 15 Sylvan Street.

Grief support: The Immanuel Baptist Church on Central Street hosts a community spousal/partner loss grief support group at 6:30 p.m. Call Amy (978 356 4215) or Tracy (978 356 5871) with questions.

Family film series: Catch *Happy Feet* for only \$1 at the Cabot in Bev-



It's a common complaint around town that there aren't enough atmospheric pictures of Bob Waite signing books at night. That problem has now been addressed. Waite is shown here signing his new book, *Ipswich On My Mind*. He spoke at the Lyceum event on the Riverwalk last Thursday.

erly at 6:30 p.m.

— Thursday, August 25 —

Over-50 basketball: Come enjoy spirited but not aggressive basketball every Thursday from 4 to 5:30 p.m. at the Ipswich Town Hall.

Youth auditions: Chorus North Shore is looking for singers aged 10-18 for their honors youth choir from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m. at the Ascension Memorial Church on County Street. Email hyc@chorusnorthshore.org with questions.

Beer Garden and Concert: The Ipswich Masonic Lodge hosts a beer garden from 6 to 9 p.m. and live music starting at 7. This week, Orville Giddings closes the series.

West Newbury Summer Con-

certs: The Merrimack Valley Concert Band is at the town bandstand on Main Street at 6:30 p.m.

Castle Hill Concerts: The Great Escape brings the music of Journey, as well as other 80s rock hits, to the Crane Estate. Bring a picnic! Concert starts at 7 p.m.

Once: Based on the award-winning film. An Irish musician and a Czech immigrant are drawn together by their love of music. Performances Thursday at 7 p.m. Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. and Saturday and Sunday at 3 p.m. at the Firehouse Center in Newburyport.

Kundalini yoga, meditation, and gong bath: Acupuncture Health and Wellness hosts Kundalini yoga, meditation, and a deep-relaxation gong bath with Ravi Sirois from 7 to 8:15 p.m. on Thursday evenings.

— Friday, August 26 —

Hamilton-Wenham Farmers' Market: The Community House on Bay Road hosts the market from 3 to 7 p.m. through October 28.

Friday Night Wine Down: Mill River Winery on Route 1 in Rowley hosts this event from 5:30 to 8 p.m.

DJ Beach Party: A night of oldies (with special guest vocalists) on Salisbury Beach with DJ Ralphie B starting at 7:15 p.m. From 9 p.m., DJ Jeff B plays the music of today and leads kid-friendly activities (hula



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The Essex River Rounders played outside Zumi's last week. Shown are Ernie Pigeon, Mike Maginn, and Mary Dart.

hoops, bubbles, karaoke, etc.).

Paradise Blue: A gifted trumpeter contemplates selling his jazz club at the Gloucester Stage Company. Performances Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30 p.m. and Saturday and Sunday at 3 p.m.

Ace Frehley: The original KISS guitarist performs with Kore Rozzik at the Cabot in Beverly at 8 p.m.

Music on Meetinghouse Green: Come to 10 Church Street in Gloucester to see Hye Fusion at 8 p.m. Non-profit partner is Gloucester Education Foundation. Food vendor Rhea Pizzeria will be on site.

Comedy Mayhem: The May Flower on Depot Square is the venue for late-night stand-up hosted by Marleah Rose starting at 10 p.m. Open mic spots are available!

— **Saturday, August 27** —

Group run: Meet fellow runners at Jetties Bagels at Depot Square in Ipswich for a three-mile run from 9 to 10 a.m. Come early or stay after for a free bagel (toppings not included). Four-legged friends and walkers are always welcome.

Om Drum Circle: Drum up a storm at the Ipswich Town Hall at 11 a.m.

Saturday Sessions at Appleton:

Live music and farmhouse picnics from 2 to 4 p.m. This week, see Marina Evans perform.

Essex Ensemble: Featuring top-tier musicians from several highly regarded orchestras, the group will perform from 6 to 8 p.m. at the Maudslay Arts Center to benefit the First Parish Newbury food pantry.

Free Beachfront Concert: Enjoy some fun summer tunes at 7:30 p.m. at the Salisbury Waterfront Stage. At 10:15, there's a fireworks show!

Juston McKinney: The comedian who's "destined for stardom" is at the Blue Ocean Music Hall at 8 p.m.

— **Sunday, August 28** —

The Buddy Holly Story: The dynamic musical tribute is at the North Shore Music Theatre at 2 p.m.

Celtic Music Sunset Sail: Join the sailing céilidh of traditional tunes, songs, and sea shanties led by Michael O'Leary and friends. The schooner Ardelle takes off from Harbor Loop at 6 p.m.

— **Monday, August 29** —

Food and fellowship: The Dinner Bell staves off hunger every Monday at the Masonic Hall from 5 to 6:30 p.m. Hot, nutritious meals are free to all.

— **Tuesday, August 30** —

Jazz at the May Flower: Jazz is back at the Depot Square restaurant

from 6 to 9 p.m.

DownTown Tuesdays: The summer concert series on the RiverWalk continues with HiFi at 7:30 p.m., joined by poet Carla Panciera.

LEGAL NOTICE

Residents of the Town of Ipswich please note the Select Board will hold a public hearing on Tuesday, September 6, 2022, at 7:15 p.m. in Meeting Room A of Town Hall, 25 Green Street, to make amendments related to appeals, definition of resident and summer resident, and to the year pertaining to harvest limits in the Ipswich Shellfish Rules & Regulations. Copies of the proposed changes are available in the Town Clerk's office.

William Whitmore
Select Board

INFORMAL PROBATE PUBLICATION NOTICE

*Commonwealth of Massachusetts
The Trial Court
Probate and Family Court
Essex Division
Docket # ES22P0819EA*

Estate of **Nancy R. Downey**

Date of death: **September 20, 2021**

To all interested persons in the above captioned estate, by Petition of Petitioner **Julie D. Coates of Ipswich, MA**, a Will has been admitted to informal probate.

Julie D. Coates of Ipswich, MA, has been informally appointed as the Personal Representative of the estate to serve without surety on the bond.

The estate is being administered under informal procedure by the Personal Representative under the Massachusetts Uniform Probate Code without supervision by the Court. Inventory and accounts are not required to be filed with the Court, but interested parties are entitled to notice regarding the administration from the Personal Representative and can petition the Court in any matter relating to the estate, including distribution of assets and expenses of administration. Interested parties are entitled to petition the Court to institute formal proceedings and to obtain orders terminating or restricting the powers of Personal Representatives appointed under informal procedure. A copy of the Petition and Will, if any, can be obtained from the Petitioner.

IPSWICH CONSERVATION COMMISSION LEGAL NOTICE

Please note the Ipswich Conservation Commission, in accordance with M.G.L. Chapter 131, Section 40 and the Ipswich Wetlands Protection Bylaw, will hold a public hearing via Zoom conference call on **Wednesday, September 7, 2022, at 7 p.m.** relative to a filing by Frank Scannell for work at **41 River Road** shown on Tax Map:24C Lot: 15 for a NOTICE OF INTENT to replace/extend stone stairway, extend roof deck with stairway, repair retaining wall, replace paved area, install subsurface propane tank in jurisdictional areas.

Conservation Agent
Ipswich Conservation Department

IPSWICH CONSERVATION COMMISSION LEGAL NOTICE

Please note the Ipswich Conservation Commission, in accordance with M.G.L. Chapter 131, Section 40 and the Ipswich Wetlands Protection Bylaw, will hold a public meeting via Zoom conference call on **Wednesday, September 7, 2022, at 7 p.m.** relative to a filing by Town of Ipswich Department of Public Works for work at **4 Pineswamp Road** shown on Tax Map: 30D Lot:135 for a REQUEST FOR DETERMINATION OF APPLICABILITY for site clearing for site survey and test pits within a jurisdictional area.

Conservation Agent
Ipswich Conservation Department

Patrick J. McNally
- attorney at law -



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Hamilton **\$3,985,000**
Savin Hill - Charm and livability throughout this 1919 Georgian-style home on 15 acres plus modern updates, au pair/in-law suite, artisan moldings, 12-foot ceilings. Direct trail access.

Gretchen Berg



Topsfield **\$2,500,000**
Prestigious 10-acre estate has handsome 1911 main house with stunning architecture, 11 fireplaces, 2-story great room, 2 sunrooms plus renovated, rentable 3-bedroom, 2-bath carriage house.

John Adams



Manchester **\$2,100,000**
Prime West Manchester Contemporary in estate setting has 2 en suite bedrooms, 3 fireplaces, high beamed ceilings, mahogany decks. Custom kitchen, office. Near Tuck's Point, yacht club, harbor.

Christine Grammas



Beverly **\$1,899,999**
Elegant east-facing, 1st-floor end unit at Frick Estate renovated by Windover Construction offers 14' ceilings, custom kitchen, reimagined primary suite, private entrance, and gated patio.

Alle Cutler



Newburyport **\$1,475,000**
Luxurious Colonial, completely renovated in 2020 with 5 spacious bedrooms, 3 1/2 baths and custom chef's kitchen. Living room and sunroom with lots of natural light, 2-car garage and close to downtown.

Josephine Mehm Baker



Ipswich Starting at \$800k to \$1M+

Farm Village Phase III. Beautiful brand new, architect-designed homes range from 2,300-2,857sf adjacent to 40+acres open space. Near Downtown. Several designs, 2-car garages. Ready summer '22.

e.d. dick group



Wenham **\$1,395,000**
Stately 5-bedroom, 4-bathroom Colonial has a tennis court, indoor pool, bar, game room, home theater, an updated kitchen, elegant living and dining rooms, office, and a 3-car garage.

Deb Evans



Boxford **\$899,000**
Rare opportunity! Subdivision approved for 2.5-acre Barn Parcel at iconic East Parish Farm with stunning Carriage House, 5-stall horse barn. Well installed, 7-bed septic. Renovate-build new.

John Adams



Ipswich **\$675,000**
Move-in ready Victorian with one bedroom and a full bath, making it a perfect condo alternative. Near Crane Beach and downtown Ipswich with off-street parking.

Deb Vivian & Binni Hackett



North Andover **\$600,000**
Spacious 1850 Colonial has 5-bay garage building, granite-stainless kitchen-dining combo, hardwood floors, walk-up attic. Central air & vacuum. Newer roof, heating system. In-law potential.

Mary Ciaraldi



Beverly **\$599,000**
Maine Post & Beam home with an open floor plan, three bedrooms, exposed thick wood beams and lots of natural light. Attached garage with second floor loft, private backyard and convenient to everything.

Paula Polo-Filias & Holly Fabyan



Boxford **\$395,000**
Rare partially cleared house land lot has prior approved septic being updated now (available soon). Ready access to end of cul de sac. Sold with adjacent house or subsequent to house sale.

John Adams



Wenham **\$331,331**
Lovely 2nd floor, 2-bedroom, 1.5-bath condo at The Maples 55+ community with maintenance-free living, open living-dining room, in-unit laundry, private basement storage. Cat-friendly, too.

Debbie Aminzadeh

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