

Mid-night  
Rooming

13 Jan 04

Dear Ivan,

Here it is - 2:30 AM the night before classes start for Spring semester & I've just finished Brahms Nocturne & just cannot get to sleep because of all the thoughts, memories, etc it has caused to come rushing in on me.

Do you think that music provided the main stepping stone for a good number of Blacks to become "acceptable" in white circles - I'm thinking of my own school girl "Crestles" or Johnny Macklin & Harry Belafonte - deemed OK, I suppose, in the abstract by family & friends who might well have been shocked - even horrified - if I'd produced a real Black (Negro, in those days) boyfriend -

My mother & one of her friends & I went to a Belafonte concert at the University of Detroit & Moon's friend made the comment on the way home that "he can leave her whenever he likes any time" - which really shocked me (I was probably 17 or so at the time, & the product of a good Catholic upbringing) & upset my mother no end. I don't imagine that ~~looooo~~ says that about just any black man - but something about the music - well,

I can also remember my mother  
"warning" our neighbors in white places when  
Mary + John + family were coming - so no one  
would be too shocked -

Obviously I  
do!

it did - & still does on tapes - really  
was the female in the audience.  
I doubt I'll ever forget that Concert -  
& it's been 50 years - good grief!

And then there's my dear friend  
& the godmother of my second  
daughter, Mary, who was named for  
her. I just discovered through  
the album notes that she died  
recently, so I've been thinking  
a lot about her anyway. After  
college, she entered the convent, but  
left after a couple of years &  
married a black man she met  
at a concert. That was in the  
early 60s & life was not easy for  
them. Eventually it became too  
hard & they divorced - but not  
before they had three beautiful  
children -

So you see that's one of the  
benefits of good literature - to  
remind us of our own past -  
to recover some almost forgotten  
moments of emotion - that's  
certainly what PK did for me.

And I felt sorry for Wes at  
the end, too. And don't we all custom-  
make those funeral & memorial  
Well - now maybe I can get circles!

to sleep, having spilled these  
memories out to you. Thanks  
for the book & for listening!

And - as always - all best  
to you + Carol. Will you be coming  
to Bellevue anytime soon to give a  
reading or a talk about PK? Would  
love to see you -  
Sue (Hart)

My mother was certainly more  
open than most - she was a very early  
supporter of NAACP in Detroit -

And February also brings our holiday greetings. No, we aren't early; we're late. We enjoyed your greetings and reports of your happenings during December. Here's what's been happening with us. It's been a quiet year in our lives.

Norm spent the year letting his body recover from the horrendous damage done from the HepC drugs; but he is considered in remission with no measurable virus. Teaching at WWU is still enjoyable to him, and he will soon start cutting back to two quarters a year. He still goes weekly to Vancouver BC to sing with the Vancouver Bach choir

Ann had knee surgery in April, fell and dislocated/fractured her left shoulder in July. She keeps busy as president of the neighborhood association, with parliamentary work including serving as national treasurer for the American Institute of Parliamentarians, teaching a course for adult/higher education at WWU once a year, reading weekly at a local rest home, chalice-bearing at St. Mark's Cathedral (yeah, her church and her hairdresser are still in Seattle!).

Our travels took us to southeastern Oregon and the Steens Mountain region, a Danforth conference on the native perspective of the Lewis and Clark expedition, a day trip on a stern-wheeler on the Columbia River, and a December flight to Massachusetts to see the new grandson, Charlie and his Mom Cris, Dad Neil, and big brother Tommy. . We took Amtrak back home.

Dana, Chris, Zoe and Cora have a busy household and we get a chance to play grandparents here in Bellingham. Ann's Sister Adrienne and husband Bill have new home in Portland and Norm's brother Paul and wife Mary have a new (built in early 1800s) home in West Virginia.

Beyond our personal lives, we have been profoundly saddened by the direction our nation has been taking in not providing for its citizens and in contributing to the disruption in the world. We are working for the changes needed to bring justice and peace to our nation and to the world. Please join us.

*Norm*

*Ann*

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*Hello you two! Hope things have  
settled down a bit since the  
fall book madness.  
We're both teaching this*

quarter - Norm has his usual load  
and is teaching my yearly  
teaching course - this time right  
on the WWU Campus.

We planning to drive to  
Anchorage this summer - Norm  
had a math conference the  
end of June and we decided  
it would be a great adventure.  
We have all sorts of books on  
the trip.

Lets get together this  
Spring for lunch & dinner

Love  
Ann + Norm



Ivan & Carol

Mr. Mayfield is deliciously close -  
he just stood up from the computer and said  
'I think I'm done'!

Hope we can see you on the 11th - if  
not, we will make another date.

Betty

**A Master:**

**An Ace, Adept, Dab Hand, Doyen, Expert, Genius, Pro, Virtuoso,  
Wizard, a Guide, Guru, or Swami.**

Friends, join me in congratulating Roy on completing the first phase of his  
academic adventure.

We will be celebrating on the evening of March 11, at The Ram Pub.

Place : The Ram, University Village

Time : Roy will be there from 4:00 pm until the stars shine.

The only gifts appreciated will be the clever wit and epigram that you are all renowned  
for.

RSVP to Betty at (425) 820-8155 or (206) 652-5185



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Greetings from your fellow 'searunners'

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We are up among the misty isles of Desolation Sound, complete with droplets of rain & appropriate atmospheric fog & clouds. We are actually loving our first big adventure with Annie - have been out 10 days and have a week to go. Captain Roy sends his regards.

Will be in touch in Sept. Hope your summer & garden have been grand.



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Roy & Betty



2004-09-11 11111111

Ivan & Carol Daig

17277 15th Ave. N.W.

Seattle, WA

USA

98177

# Red Dog Saloon



Juneau, Alaska

Here we are - and where are you!

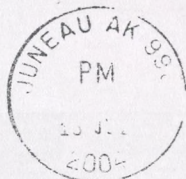
ALASKA'S FAVORITE SALOON.

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Your book is great!!  
Betty's Mom is glad

Weather is grand and Juneau is as charming as ever. This family affair has been tremendous, our waistbands have expanded. We are going to walk through town & check out Russian church & Alaska museum. Should have some great photos at the end of it all. Was terrific seeing you last week. I must say this ship reminds me that Arnie is not the only way to go. Hope we catch you before the end of the summer. Thanks again for the wonderful fresh dinner.

Red Dog Saloon - 278 S. Franklin  
Juneau, Alaska 99801



Ivan & Carol Doig  
17277 15<sup>th</sup> Ave NW  
Seattle, WA 98177

Roy & Betty



Happy Holidays!

Greetings from the land of snow and funny-shaped butter. As we write this, we're digging out from the largest December snow storm in Boston's recorded history. What's that you say? Sarah and Travis don't live in Boston! Well, actually, we haven't quite figured out how to break our six year tradition of living in different states.

While Vermont is still serving well as "home," Sarah (after finishing her dissertation last spring) took a job this summer at Harvard Medical School doing research on addiction and is spending a couple of nights a week at an apartment in Boston. The work environment is a perfect mix of academia and real world applications, and the research is interesting - the Division studies everything from drunk driving to gambling in an attempt to better understand the processes involved in addiction, its consequences, and what behaviors it encompasses. All that's left now is to convince Harvard it ought to move its Medical School to scenic Vermont. In the meantime, Sarah, despite continuing to develop both her statistics and Boston driving skills, has so far restrained herself from displaying her digits to fellow Boston drivers.

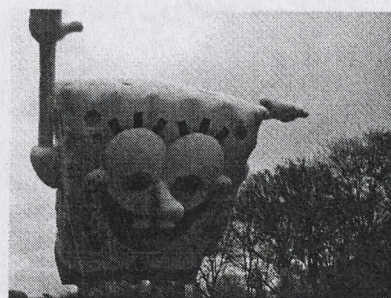
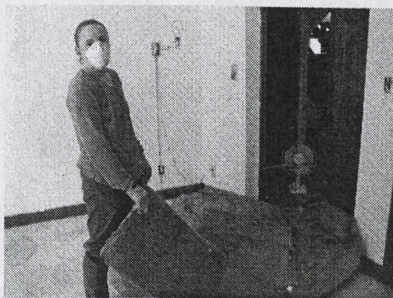
Travis is still teaching physics at Marlboro College and loving it. Highlights of the last year include guiding two seniors through their thesis projects and onto graduation; having three months "off" during the summer to spend on reading, research, writing, and getting courses ready for the fall (and a bit of lying in the hammock, Sarah points out); and getting a fancy CCD camera for the college's telescope. He also got to visit Gettysburg, PA for an astronomy conference in June. It included lots of fascinating tours of the local civil war battlefields, plus a bonus trip down to Green Bank, WV to play with a big radio telescope and experience some West Virginia "culture" (don't ask). He is also looking forward to a week in Germany for another conference in February. It's entitled "Quantum Theory Without Observers," which may also describe the reception should he try to bring the topic up during polite conversation.

Travis and Sarah ran their second (and, god help us, last) marathon in May. Travis beat Sarah (yet again) by a few minutes, but was too tired to taunt her much afterwards. Earlier in the year, we took up cross-country skiing and snowshoeing (and snow shoveling!), and this year Sarah's decided to take up hockey. She actually held her own during her first stint on the ice. (It happened to be with 20 freshman high school girls, but hey...). Now, as we finally get around to finishing this letter, it's snowing like crazy again. And the butter's still shaped funny.

Happy Holidays,

Sarah + Travis

Xmas '04



Dear friends and family,

Happy Holidays! We're looking forward to seeing many of you over the winter break.



Another year, another state. This year we added New Hampshire to our resume. In addition to providing new exciting challenges to filing our tax returns, the move split the distance between Boston and Marlboro, evening out our commutes (which now include trains, automobiles, buses, and subways). As it turns out, the town that lies most directly between our Vermont and Massachusetts destinations is Troy, New Hampshire. A small town in which the town clerk can match every address to a resident from memory, the town hall has a list of everyone in the town and his or her voting preference tacked to the wall, and goats, cows, and random machinery coexist peacefully on many a front lawn, Troy is charming in its own special way.

We took on the challenge of buying a house this year, and always up for another new project, decided to buy a fixer-upper. Our written agreement included conditions that the previous owners remove all trash and furniture from the premises (inside *and* out), fix a broken window, and replace a cracked skylight. We should have known that we were in for a LARGE project when on move-in day we found that the broken window had been "replaced" by bashing and chiseling out one of the two panes, several arm chairs and other furniture had been stashed in the woods, and the non-working oven had been used to stow left-over pizza, some of which the owners kindly left for us. The "skylight" didn't blow off until later, but that's another story.

The good news is, the place fixed up quite well, and Travis turned into Mr. Fix-It in the process. With the help of friends and family, we cleaned, painted, tore up carpet, and cleaned some more. Travis used his whole summer break to fix the place up, landscape the yard, and create a set of built-in shelves for the office. Now he's caught the carpentry bug and has spent his weekends refinishing the



dining room table and building an endtable and firewood holder. We've put up some of the pictures from our house escapades on Ofoto. (The url links are at the bottom of this page.)

Even with all the house fixin', Sarah still managed to fit in softball and frisbee leagues this summer, and Travis played both frisbee and soccer. As far as travel, Travis made it to Germany last spring to attend a physics conference and practice his German on the subway; Sarah hopped down to D.C. in the fall to review grants, catch up with friends, and witness from her hotel room the greatest come-back in baseball history (needless to say, neither of us got a wink of sleep in October!). We have both managed to arrange our schedules to share a telecommuting day at home once a week. It's a nice treat to be able to take a lunch break to go out and split and stack wood together or go out to breakfast in the morning before starting work for the day. Travis has used the time he's not teaching to work on his own research, publishing a paper on Einstein and quantum mechanics in the American Journal of Physics. Sarah is happy at the Division on Addictions, writing grants and papers, editing a weekly addiction review, and working on projects in her own area of interest, the intersection of addiction and crime. She has just begun work coordinating research for a grant to study repeat drunk drivers, assessing their mental health and predicting who relapses.

We closed out the year by fulfilling Sarah's childhood (well, okay, lifelong) dream and road-tripping down to the Macy's Parade. We were on the streets of NY by 6am for the parade, and short enough that the crowds let us hang out in the front row with the other kids. ☺

On that note, we hope you all have the chance to enjoy the holiday season to its fullest with friends and family.

Love,

Ofoto links

pre-move-in: <http://www.ofoto.com/I.jsp?c=14vossld.3nr5ho01&x=0&y=7ev1vh>  
move-in: <http://www.ofoto.com/I.jsp?c=14vossld.24c493xd&x=0&y=bmqmb0>  
September: <http://www.ofoto.com/I.jsp?c=14vossld.7yxr8gg9&x=0&y=oa4nxh>  
December: <http://www.ofoto.com/I.jsp?c=14vossld.4v5swchl&x=0&y=-qz3vua>

*In keeping with custom, and to compensate for Jerry's illegible handwriting,  
we present the 2004 Edition of the Ackerman Annual Report*

*January:* Br-r-r-r. Carol goes to New York for annual meeting of Chamber Music of America association. Jerry hunkers down with his work for MIT's Venture Mentoring Service, Massachusetts Fishermen's Partnership, and editing a manuscript with longtime Globe colleague Anne Wyman.

*February:* More b-r-r-r-r. Back to New York to babysit grandson Clark for a week while Laurel and Joe take a much-needed vacation (Cancun. Not bad!) We sneak in a matinee play and are feted at a dinner party given by daughter Suzanne and boyfriend Jeff at their place in Brooklyn.

*March:* Yet more b-r-r-r. We head for California and rent a cottage steps away from San Diego's Mission Beach. Steve comes from San Francisco for a few days. We wrap up in Palm Springs for three days with friends Carole and Roger Renstrom, Pro tennis at Indian Wells. Warm!

*April:* Snow is gone. Carol spends a week-plus on jury duty, in a medical malpractice case. Biggest lesson: Life in a jury room brings out best and worst in everyone. Jerry returns to Thursday a.m. art classes, making headway in watercolors.

*May:* Turn over the vegetable garden, plant the peas and lettuce and annual flowers. Back to NYC; Suzanne is the managing director of an Earth Celebrations parade that rambles for a full day through the East Village. Steve comes and takes part in the extravaganza.

*June:* Rockport Chamber Music Festival takes over Carol's life – she's on the board. Sixteen great concerts over four weeks; full houses for all. Parties, meetings, etc. Jerry enjoys tagging along. He also takes on a freelance assignment for the Boston Globe – one of several during the year. Steven moves into a new job in SF (better hours, pay, and surroundings – nice mix!).

*July:* We celebrate the Fourth with a yard party for lots of friends. Suzanne, Jeff, Laurel, Joe and Clark are here. July 21 is a special date: Clark is One Year Old! Other events delay his party for a week; he doesn't care. We head to Vermont and the Mozart Festival with Cathy Howell, then a few days later attend a wonderful vocal concert in Cambridge with friends Pat and Dick Emery.

*August:* More music! Carol and friend Rosemary Broadbent head to Santa Fe for the Opera Festival, a conference titled "Creativity and Madness," and much sightseeing. Then, later in month, to upstate New York and Glimmerglass opera with friends Mary and Ed Brodzinsky. Vegetables coming in nicely, but chipmunks get to the tomatoes.

*September:* Laurel and Clark come for Labor Day; Clark enjoys the beaches! Jerry heads to Chicago for a reunion of the Chicago's American gang (the paper went out of business in 1974, but the spirit continues).

*October:* New Hampshire calls Jerry; five-day Elderhostel watercolor workshop at Lake Winnepisaukee stimulates his muse. Carol's quilting muse also is calling, but must compete against her work on Rockport Chamber Music Festival board and committees.

*November:* Br-r-r-r is returning, but we're still hustling. Jerry takes time out for surgery on his left arm to relieve tendonitis pain. Thanksgiving brings Suzanne and Jeff up from New York; dinner is shared at Peter and Pat Watson's house. Laurel and Joe break big news: another baby is on the way, due next June!

*December:* Okay, time to bite the bullet. Br-r-r-r plus high oil prices bring us to call up and order a new furnace. But meanwhile it's now time to enjoy the holidays. All our family will be here – hooray! Here's hoping your holidays are festive too!

With all our best wishes for a good Christmas and peaceful New Year,

Carol and Jerry *Ackerman*