

Where
you learn
everything
about "The
Original Gang
of Ten"

Gardner Newsletter

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Isn't it great to see the next generation of Gardner cousins weigh in on the serious and perplexing issues of the day?!

Kylee wrote this article for a class project and posted it on her Facebook page. We need not worry about the next generation with clear and thoughtful writing like this!

Kylee is Rod and Irene Ames' granddaughter. Her parents are Alicia and Yvan Parenteau.

Alicia has a thriving massage business. Should you ever decide to vacation in the Northeast Kingdom, perhaps you could treat yourself to an appointment with Alicia to help you de-stress during your visit.

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Kylee Parenteau Speaks Out

"True equality is not the superiority of women, but the equal status of man and woman"-Mercedes Joubert.

One prominent issue in our society today is gender discrimination. Some of these ways are women getting paid less than men, women in politics being treated differently than men, and the government discriminating against women. A clear example of this is women getting paid eighty cents on the dollar compared to men. There is no reason why women doing the same quantity and quality of work should be paid less than a male colleague. Women have come a long way since the Equal Pay Act of over fifty years ago, but still do not receive equal pay. This also teaches something to our young men, saying that women are less capable and therefore should be paid less.

The National Law Center says, "Women in the U.S. who work full time, year-round are typically paid only eighty cents for every dollar paid to their male counterparts. The wage gap has stagnated, with very little change since 2007. This gap in earnings translates into \$10,086 less per year in median earnings, leaving women and their families shortchanged." How are women supposed to be able to support themselves independently if they are not getting paid the same as men? This can affect how men act towards women as they grow up.

Women also suffer discrimination in the government. Women in politics often will not be taken seriously or not move into higher positions as easily as their male counterparts. Women also fall victim to government regulations. Men in high



government positions have commented on issues that have to do with women and say if they think it is right or wrong when it has nothing to do with them. Men of high standing have also made discriminating comments towards women which doesn't set a good example. One example of this came directly from our president. "You know I'm automatically attracted to beautiful, I just start kissing them. It's like a magnet. Just kiss. I don't even wait. And when you're a star, they let you do it, you can do anything. Grab them by the [expletive]."

The American Health Care Act has pre-existing conditions that exclude women from coverage. Some pre-existing conditions from the American Healthcare Act are as follows, "Under Trumpcare, states

Papa, Mama, Earl and Me

By: Clayton Gardner

Papa was born in Nova Scotia. Grandma (*Amy Jane Ripley Lang*) brought him to our farm in northern Vermont when he was two years old. He says he remembers crossing the Clyde River on that trip. Well he might; for, while crossing on the ice, the horse broke through taking sleigh, Grandma, and Papa into the icy water.

Being a resourceful woman, Grandma tossed Papa onto the firm ice. She somehow managed to get the horse and sleigh out of the water and picked up Papa and continue the short way to the house where Earl, me, our two brothers, and six sisters grew up.

Mama was born in Chicago to parents (*the French's*) who were temporarily there from near Boston. Her parents soon returned to the Boston area where a "horse" is a "hoss."

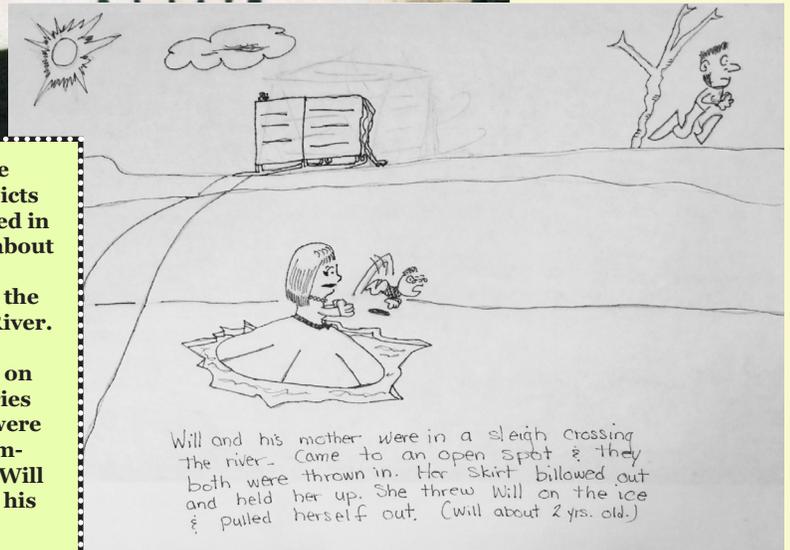
Mama became a teacher and taught for a couple of years. She met Papa while on a trip to attend the Bolton Fair in Bolton, Vermont. (*The history of the Bolton Fair is the subject of a future article.*)

Papa's family was truly religious; Mama's was not. In later years, Mama and Papa often told the joke that Mama married the man who called her a "sinner," rather than the man who said she was an angel.

Papa's schooling ended with the eighth grade. As far as I am concerned, his eighth-grade class is the most famous in history. Now that Papa is 93 (*Clayton wrote this article in 1980*), he tells me that he and one other member of that class are still living.



Pictured left to right: Clayton's Grandpa, Bert Lang; Aunt Edna with her son Ray Eggleston, and Grandma Amy Lang.



The cartoon to the right actually depicts the event described in Clayton's article about his grandmother crashing through the ice on the Clyde River.

Rod Ames posted on Facebook this series of cartoons that were drawn to commemorate events in Will Gardner's life for his 90th birthday.

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Have you ever wondered how the "Original Gang of Ten" learned about the "birds and the bees?" Probably not. However, Uncle Clayton, many years ago, committed to writing his thoughts on the subject.

In our enlightened age of "communication," sex is discussed openly and almost casually. It's interesting, then, to go back to a more "innocent" time generations ago and see how Earl and Clayton dealt with a sexual "myth" that their sister, Elizabeth, had imparted to them.



Clayton's article was going to be printed in this issue of the newsletter; but, because of the graphic nature of the text, it was thought to be in better taste to place it on Clayton's page at www.gardnernews.org, rather than in the printed version.

If you want to read all the juicy details about the incorrect sex-ed class that Aunt Elizabeth gave to her brothers, you'll have to log onto Clayton's page at the link above.

GO ON! YOU KNOW YOU REALLY WANT TO! While you're there, take a look around the website!

The Jewel Inside

I looked in the mirror and what did I see, but a little old lady looking back at me, with bags under her eyes and wispy white hair, and I asked my reflection, “How did you get there?”

“You once were straight and vigorous, and now you’re stooped and weak, when I tried



so hard from being an antique.”

My reflection’s eyes twinkled as she solemnly replied, “You’re looking at the giftwrap and not the jewel inside, a living gem and precious of unimagined worth, unique and true ... the *real* you, the only one on earth.”



“The years that spoil your giftwrap with other things more cruel should purify and strengthen and polish up that jewel.”

“So, focus your attention on the inside, not the out; on being kinder, wiser, more content and more devout.”

“Then when you giftwrap is stripped away, your jewel will be set free to radiate God’s glory through all eternity.”

“Driving Miss Lois”

By: Teresa Vasko

At the end of this past October, 2017, I visited Lois for the day. We decided to go looking for Fall foliage, this year being not as vivid as some years. We drove to Willoughby Lake and saw some nice color, then up over Westmore Mountain.

The view from the top is always breathtaking but the colors weren’t great. Going down the other side, Lois didn’t seem to know where we were going. As we drove past the Gardner homestead, she started remembering things.

She told me about the family names of those who lived in every house when she was a kid. She showed me where the school was that they all walked to and reminisced about living in Lyndon and going to Lyndon Institute. This was the most history I have ever heard her talk about.

She kept mentioning Seymour Lake and that we should go there. The only times

I’ve ever been there was when we went the route from Derby. Not wanting to retrace our path, I sort of ignored her. I mentioned that we were headed to Island Pond. She informed that when we got to the main road, we would take a left, and then another left, and be at the lake. I didn’t really want to get lost and end up in Canada, but I took a left on the main road.

Soon I saw a man getting his mail. I stopped and asked directions for Seymour Lake. He confirmed that Lois was correct. So, we drove to the lake and saw the best foliage I’d ever seen all Autumn! We also spotted a cabin that could have been the one that Lois rented several summers when I was a young kid. I remember seeing pictures of it. The cabin would be nearly 70 years old ... probably not the one, but great memories.

The moral of this story is ... *don’t doubt people’s memories, no matter their age!*



MEMORIES OF AN UPSIDE DOWN NASH RAMBLER

The year was 1955. Lois and her friend (Louise Bower) and Mom, Dad, Glenn, and I, were riding on route 5a to Willoughby Lake. Lois and her friend were in her car and in front of us.

Glenn was learning to drive for his license. As we came down the hill to the lake, Dad told Glenn not to follow Lois so closely. Lois’ car flipped over and slid on its roof. Our car did not hit hers.

We were safe and warm in the hotel by the lake waiting for the police. Miraculously,

neither Lois nor her friend were seriously hurt—banged up knees, I think. It was winter, and Lois must have hit ice. I’m not sure why we were on that road, because I think we were going to my grandparents’ for Christmas.

I’m not sure of all these “facts”; but what I do remember is that, back at our house, before we started on this trip, I really, really wanted to ride in Lois’ car, but I was too shy to ask. This was before seat belts, and there is no telling what would have happened to me in her accident.

RICHARD BARAW OF THE LANG-JOHNSON-EGGLESTON CONNECTION AND FORMER MAYOR OF NEWPORT, VT PASSES AWAY

THE BARAW FAMILY MOURN THE LOSS OF A WONDERFUL AND IRREPLACEABLE HUSBAND, FATHER, AND GRANDFATHER



Richard Maynard Baraw and his wife, Sandra Johnson Baraw

Dick Baraw's connection to the Gardner family is a long and storied one. Sandra Baraw, Dick's wife, is part of the Lang-Johnson-Eggleston connection. That part of the family has its own web page on www.gardnernews.org. Sandra's mother was Edith Lang Johnson, who was Grandpa Gardner's half-sister.

Richard Maynard Baraw, a lifelong resident of Newport, Vermont died peacefully on January 27, 2018 at North Country Hospital. Richard was born in Hancock, Vermont on September 18, 1934.

Richard is survived by his loving wife, Sandra, of 56 years. He is also survived by his devoted children Douglas Lang Baraw and wife Elizabeth of Melrose, Massachusetts and Jodi Lynn Desimone and her husband Joseph, of Pottstown, Pennsylvania. He was also the adored grandfather of Meghan, Katey, Michael, Matthew, Ryan, and Alissa. Richard was preceded in death by his parents Harold and Florence (Maynard) Baraw, his

brother Harold Baraw, his sister Penny Marier, and his brother-in-law Real Marier. He is survived by his loving sister Janice Colt and her husband Dale of West Lebanon, New Hampshire and sister-in-law Darlene Baraw of Derby Line, Vermont. He had many nieces, nephews and cousins.

Richard was very involved and loved by his family and community. It was not uncommon for him to see a former student while running errands in town who showed great admiration and respect for his teaching ability.

Two of Richard's redeeming qualities were that he was always fair minded and very compassionate.

Richard was very community minded in the city of Newport. He served as a Zoning Board member and Chairman for 19 years. He also served as the Mayor of Newport for 2 years, as Alderman for 16 years, and as a member of the Hospital Board for 12 years. Recently, he was surrounded by his immediate family at North Country Hospital as his fellow hospital board colleagues honored his service. He beamed with appreciation for this recognition.



Richard graduated from Newport High School in 1953. He also attended the University of Vermont and graduated in 1960 with a Bachelor of Science in Education and minor in Political Science and Psychology. He was a member of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity. Richard was also inducted into the Orleans and Northern Essex Athletic Hall of Fame in 2015. He enjoyed playing Varsity baseball and football in school.

After graduating from high school, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and served during the

Korean War. He was stationed in the Taiwan and worked in army security and dealt with communications and intelligence. Richard was a member of the American Legion and was proud to be a Veteran.

Immediately after college graduation, Richard came back to Newport High School to teach history and then later he taught at North Country High School. He became a Customs Agent in 1970 and retired in 1996.

He enjoyed meeting his friends for coffee at Maplefields Convenience Store. Richard was a wonderful conversationalist and his kindness and genuine interest in others were attributes that were greatly enjoyed by others. Richard attended Morgan United Church and enjoyed the Christian fellowship. He accepted Jesus as his Savior and lived his life as a Christian in all that he did.

Richard will be deeply missed by his family and community.

A special thank you to the Orleans Essex VNA for their care of Richard.

A funeral service was held on Saturday, February 10th, 2018 at 1:00pm at the Morgan United Church in Morgan, VT. Rev. Michael DeSena officiated the service.

Military Honors were provided by the Vermont Army National Guard.

Interment will be at the convenience of the family in the spring.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Morgan United Church, P.O. Box 234, Morgan, VT, 05853.

Online condolences may be shared at www.curtis-britch.com



Continued from Page 1

could potentially deny coverage to or raise the premiums of anyone with a medical history that includes rape, sexual assault, domestic abuse, c-sections, pregnancy, or postpartum depression.” This act basically allows insurers to turn down women for coverage or underhandedly pricing them out of their health care plans for largely gender-specific issues.

To start fixing any of this we have to change the mindset of an entire culture. The military has lead the way in giving women opportunities to move into high positions. If political leaders set the example and not just talked about it, real change could begin to happen. Every small mindset change we make is one step closer to complete gender equality.



Joyce D'Antilio Turns 80!

It seems this is the season for milestone birthday parties. Aunt Lois turned 100 last November and now Joyce D'Antilio celebrated her 80th birthday at Anthony's in Malden, MA on January 13, 2018.

Family and friends from all over the country convened and celebrated by participating in a rollicking good time of 1950's music with great food, drinks, and desserts. Kudos to Joyce's daughter, Susan, for such wonderful planning and organization!

You're probably asking, "Who is Joyce D'Antilio, anyway?" Well, she has been an honorary subscriber to the *Gardner Newsletter* since it's very beginning in 1998, and she even has her own page on the *Gardner Newsletter* website. You can visit her page by clicking on this link: <http://www.gardnernews.org/Joyce%20D'Antilio.htm>.

She has been a steadfast friend of your editor, Paul Gardner, since the early 1980s when they both worked together for several years at American Computer

Group up from Kenmore Square in Boston, MA.

Joyce has been to several major Gardner family events over these many years. When Earl Gardner (Paul and Jean Gardner's dad and the first of the "Original Gang of Ten" to pass away) died of a heart attack in 1985, she came to his funeral as a representative from American Computer Group. When Bunny and Tony Maria celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 2003, she attended the Catholic mass and celebratory dinner held in Maynard, MA. Paul and Joyce also attended Rod and Irene Ames' 50th wedding anniversary held on June 23, 2012 in Derby, VT.



Here's hoping that after you read this, you'll come to realize what a special friend Joyce is to the Gardner family and that she will become a friend of yours too. After all, you never can have too many friends, right?

Pictured here are Joyce, her son, Paul, her daughter, Susan, and her granddaughter, Sofia.

HANG ON TO YOUR HOPE

Beloved author E. B. White responds to a letter he received predicting a grim future for humanity.

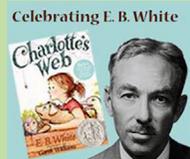
North Brooklin, Maine

March 30, 1973

Dear Mr. Nadeau,

As long as there is one upright man, as long as there is one compassionate woman, the contagion may spread and the scene is not desolate. Hope is the thing that is left to us, in a bad time. I shall get up Sunday morning and with the clock, as a contribution to order and steadfastness.

Sailors have an expression about the weather: they say, the weather is a great bluffer. I guess the same is true of our human society—things



can look dark, then a break shows in the clouds, and all is changed, sometimes rather suddenly. It is quite obvious that the human race has made a queer mess of life on this planet. But as a people we probably harbor seeds of goodness that have lain for a long time waiting to sprout when the conditions are right. Man's curiosity, his relentlessness, his inventiveness, his ingenuity have led him into deep trouble. We can only hope that these same traits will enable him to claw his way out.

Hang on to your hat. Hang on to your hope. And wind the clock, for tomorrow is another day.

Sincerely,

E. B. White



Memories of Aunt Lois

By: Sharon Gardner

When I was little, Aunt Lois used to take me and my sister, Ellen, for weekends at her Ipswich home. I remember she had these rubbery leaves which we would put under white paper and make pencil rubbings. (Now, I think those leaves must have been coasters; at the time, I thought the leaves were for nieces to make pencil rubbings ...)

The house in Ipswich had no telephone. Once in a while, her next-door neighbors (Dot and her husband) would come over to say she had a phone call at their house. (Is it true that the bank wouldn't loan Aunt Lois the money to buy the house, but that her boss co-signed the mortgage, which enabled the purchase?)

Saturday evening, we would watch the Lawrence Welk show on TV. About all I can recall about the show was that it included a singing group called the Lennon Sisters. After the show, we'd get ready for bed. We all slept on a pull-out couch in the living room – Aunt Lois would be in the middle, so that Ellen and I could both be next to her. I wondered, back then, why Aunt Lois was always back in her own bed in the morning.

On Sunday, we would dress up and Aunt Lois would take us to the Nazarene Church in Malden. After church, Aunt Lois' job was to count the offering in the collection plates. One day, I asked Aunt Lois why she had that job. I asked, "Are you chosen to count the money because you sing so well, or because you work in a bank, or because you are so pretty?" She laughed and laughed, but I don't think I ever got an answer.

When I was a pre-teen, Aunt Lois stopped by the house one afternoon. She wanted to talk to my parents, but, as they weren't home, she told her news to me. She and Brooks were getting married! I was rapturous! I wanted to know all about her "flowing white wedding dress." I was pretty disappointed when she told me she would probably be wearing a pink dress, with no flowing involved!



Son Doug Baraw, Dad Dick Baraw, Daughter Jodi Desimone, and Mom Sandra Baraw

SAYING GOODBYE TO MY DAD

BY: JODI DESIMONE (FROM HER FACEBOOK PAGE)

My Dad went home to be with the Lord on January 27th at 11:15 a.m. I will miss him so much. God gave me the gift of a few more days to see him this week. We really thought he was going to pass away last weekend, but he fought back and was even released from the hospital for a short period of time.

I am just so thankful God allowed me a little extra time to make the long trip up to northern Vermont to see him. We all got the opportunity to be together as a family one last and I took Dad on a short car ride around Newport and we talked about all of the things that Dad wanted us to remember about his growing up years.

I was able to make him his favorite meal, "spaghetti and meatballs", and Dad was just so happy to be home and we were happy to be reunited as a family again. We all didn't know that it would be the last time.



The next day Dad had a lot of breathing difficulties and he was taken to the hospital. He was taken care of by a former student he had in school. Dad was a wonderful teacher and the "Best Dad" a girl could ever have. My last moment with him was on Thursday night (2 days before he died).

As I got up to say goodbye to him I rubbed his head. He told me how soft my hands were. I told him he was the "Best Dad Ever" and with all of his strength he said back to me, "Best Daughter Ever." Mom was next to me and we both cried. Dad said, "Don't cry." I leaned over and kissed him as my tears flowed and said, "I Love you Dad" and he said "I Love you Jodi."

What a legacy Dad has left of being humble and kind, yet so amazing. I am comforted to know he is at peace. I will love you Dad forever. Thank you for "everything." Love, your daughter, forever.