

## Radar Run

BY TRAVIS GRAVES

I recently interviewed Ken Oliver, president of the Guilford Pitstoppers Snowmobile Club, who helps make Radar Run possible. Some people know what Radar Run is, and maybe have even participated in it, but for the other people that don't know what it is I am going to tell. Radar Run is held in the back of the Gaines Farm and it is a sort of snowmobile drag race. The thing different about Radar Run and a drag race is that in Radar Run there is only one person racing, and he or she tries to get the fastest speed in a 820 foot (1/4 of a kilometer) stretch. The money raised goes to some sort of a charity, such as the Boy Scouts. About \$500.00 is the maximum amount of money they receive, and it all goes to charity. Sometimes there are a little over one hundred people that participate, and they each get five best rounds to try and win. The fastest person is the man that owns Aldo's Harley Shop in Bernardston, Massachusetts—he got a speed of 103 mph! Ken Oliver has never competed, but he uses the radar gun at the end of the track. It takes about half a dozen people to organize it. So I hope to see anyone who likes to ride fast there; if you haven't already you should go, to either ride or watch. Hopefully we'll have enough snow this year!

*Community banking...Community people...*

**The Brattleboro  
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*For All The Right Reasons.*

## Patches

BY DEVIN STONE

May was eight years old, and lived with her one-year-old sister June, and her mother, Jen. Their mother named her children after the month they were born in. May was sad a lot because she missed her dad. Her dad and his best friend had died in a car accident. It was kind of their fault because they were driving as fast as they could in the heavy rain on the highway. June was too young to understand that her dad was gone. Jen was unhappy that May was sad, because it was affecting the way she acted with her friends and how she did in school.

So on the way home from work Jen stopped at the pet store. Jen bought a kitten for May, in hopes that it would make her happier. The kitten was black with four white paws, one white ear, white cheeks with black whiskers, and a white tip on his tail. May named the kitten Patches. May loved Patches and Patches loved May. May still had to go to school, but May spent every spare moment with Patches.

One Friday after May got home from school she went outside to play and left the door open. Patches saw that the door was open and decided to see what was out there. He saw the dirt road and took a walk. Patches did not go too far, he could still see the house. When May went back inside she realized that the door was open the whole time she was outside. May quickly searched the house for Patches, but he was not inside. May ran to the door and opened it, Patches was sitting there, waiting to be let in. May asked her mom and they decided that Patches could be an outside cat. May was still sad sometimes, but when she felt sad she went to Patches, and petted him until she felt happier again.

## Guilford Cemetery Comission Report: 2006

BY VERANDAH PORCHE

The Guilford Cemetery Commission continues to simplify procedures and to reassure families that their needs will be met. We oversee

- 1) the historical and aesthetic integrity of the town cemeteries under our care
- 2) the availability of burial space for town residents
- 3) the use of the cemeteries for solace, education, and appreciation of the town's identity and beauty
- 4) the maintenance of funds for cemetery care

The most significant change to our work in 2006 has been the addition of the Weatherhead Hollow Road Cemetery on Carriage Road, to the Town's care. This fall, Commission members toured the cemetery with members of the Yeaw family who have maintained it beautifully for generations. We listened to family stories and offered reassurance about upkeep.

The Cemetery Commission offers opportunity for reflection and appreciation throughout each year, with small insights into the lives of those interred in a "new" cemetery, or the ritual of distribution of Memorial Day flags for veterans. Occasionally, however, an experience will bring our mission into clearer focus.

In November, we received a request from a community member facing serious surgery, for burial plots in the Carpenter Cemetery. Eager to offer some small peace of mind, Eric Morse and I met the couple one afternoon close to Thanksgiving. We walked across the hilly ground, reacquainting ourselves with this "neighborhood" of the deceased: venerable historical figures lying close to local friends, recently gone. As we completed our tasks at dusk, the sky overwhelmed us with a rippling ribboned sunset. I kept thinking of Emily Dickinson, but her "ribbon at a time" poem depicted sunrise. I'd never seen such a sight: cascading streamers of flamingo and dove formed a dome over our heads. We gaped until dark and drove home, chilled and full of life.