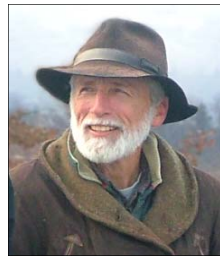




The Cloverleaf

Notes From Our Region

Pete Watson, Former Mid-Atlantic Regional Representative



As your outgoing Regional Rep, I want to tell you how very grateful I am that for the past 6 years, you've opened your doors to me... sharing your ideas, information,

perspectives, advice and yes, on occasion (and after hours), historically-brewed beer.

Those experiences, including wonderful conferences at Phillipsburg Manor, Greenbank Mill, Pennsbury Manor and Morris County Historic Sites, combined with dozens of equally inspiring visits to ALHFAM sites in the Mid-Atlantic Region and beyond – were the basis for some thoughts I shared at a recent meeting of the New Jersey Association of Museums. I'd like to share them with you.

Opening doors so that others can enjoy, learn from, and be inspired by literature, art, culture and history is a wonderful occupation – whether the doors are to a museum, the barn of a living history farm, or an exhibit that takes people inside the stories that have shaped their world. No one who walks through our doors is more important than our next visitor, who comes trusting that we have done our jobs well...and that they will find something of value inside.

Keeping our doors open has never been more challenging some say... especially when there isn't funding to restore a worn threshold, or replace a rusty hinge, or just buy another can of WD-40. But as historians, we know better. History teaches us all we need to know about challenges, and what can come of them. Challenges are the beginnings of new pathways, ideas, inventions and solutions...and we can and must use them to become better, more efficient, and more creative in all that we do.

I'm so appreciative that, throughout my career, I've been surrounded by colleagues, teachers, and mentors... employers, directors, advisors...loyal and creative staff...and wonderfully supportive family who've helped me face challenges, find solutions, deal with success and failure, understand what works and doesn't, and be unafraid to try something new. Without you, my furrow would have ended long ago.

In August, 1974, when I worked as a Peace Corps Volunteer in Benin, West Africa, the chief of my village came to my door with his drummer, his historian, and a calabash full of just-brewed millet beer. He was wearing his robes and he was carrying his radio. We sat in straight wooden chairs, facing one another in the middle of a sparsely furnished room. He spoke to me in French, which he'd learned as a boy, when his country was still a French colony.

"Pierre," he said, "I know you don't have a radio, and that you have no way of knowing what has happened. But there has been a *coup d'etat chez toi* – and Nixon has been cast out. In the months that come, your paycheck will

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not come. Like the government workers of my own country, who have suffered whenever there has been a *coup* – and there have been three in my lifetime, Pierre – you will be unable to go to the marketplace and buy food, because you will not have money. And although you are an extension agent, you are not very good at growing food in our soil. Therefore, I have come to open my granary to you.”

The chief was a generous man at heart, but opening his granary – which by custom was filled with contributions from every farmer in the village – was a matter of duty, something that went with the post...a job that he did with decorum, grace, and certainty. He was prepared to open his granary to anyone in the village regardless of standing or station, whether Bariba, Gourmanche or Fon...farmer, teacher or medicine man. Even for an American whose kitchen would soon lack the required staples.

Like each of us, he was the caretaker of something that had been created by many, that belonged to all, and that had the power to nourish the human spirit. And he had come to make it available...to me.

How fortunate we are to be charged with a similar task: to open the doors of our museums, libraries and halls...farms, villages and mills...forts, factories, seaports and battlefields – and granaries – to all come knocking.

And how fortunate we are that our granaries are full.

Welcome Tony Shahan Our New Mid-Atlantic Regional Representative



Nathaniel Newlin Grist Mill

As the incoming regional representative, let me take a moment to introduce myself. I have worked in the museum field for the past twenty-two years mostly in the Mid-Atlantic region but have had an interest in living history for much longer. I was the Director at Greenbank Mills and Philips Farm for fifteen years during which it was my privilege to host a regional conference in 2007. For the past two years, my time has been spent at the Nathaniel Newlin Grist Mill in southeastern Pennsylvania.

Attending my first ALHFAM conference in 2000 at Mystic Seaport I became acquainted with the membership's willingness to share their knowledge and experience. Many of the people I met at that first conference continue to be good friends and trusted colleagues. The region and its members have been a source of training and support throughout the last decade and I hope to continue this tradition in my new role. I look forward to working with old friends and making new ones as your regional representative. Please feel free to contact me with questions or suggestions.

Tony Shahan
Newlin Gristmill
219 South Cheyney Road
Glen Mills, PA 19342
610-459-2359

Our next Cloverleaf will appear sometime early September, 2010. Send any articles, upcoming events, and photos to: ecatalano@morrisparks.net or cfellows@maccullochhall.org by August 31, or sooner.

Note: Pictures should be jpegs at 150 dpi or higher.

New Members

Hamilton House Museum
Norma Lee Smith
971 Valley Rd.
Clifton, NJ 07013

Bonnie Edkin
355 Powell Valley Rd.
Halifax, PA 17032

Mike Whiteman
426 Hawk Ridge
St. Marys, PA 15857

Hunterdon County Historical Society
John Kuhl, Treasurer
114 Main St.
Flemington, NJ 08822

Gerry Stoner
152 Starheim Rd.
Stamford, NY 12167

The Red Mill Museum
David Wiant
56 Main St.
Clinton, NJ 08809

Beth A. Chamberlain
22 Bowden Dr.
Huntington Station, NY 11746
(associated w/Old Bethpage Village Restoration)

Pamela Cooley
190 County Hwy 38
East Worcester, NY 12064
(associated with NY State Archives)

Rachel Stutzman
1613 8th St.
Ewing, NJ 08638

Kari Milliman Lusk
1915 Smith Rd.
Lodi, NY 14860

Roberta Smith
PO Box 451
St. Mary, DE 20686
(works at Historic St. Mary's City)

Division of Historical & Cultural Affairs
Gloria Henry
Dover, DE 19901

Alec & Anne Vince
105 Fremont Rd.
Nottingham, PA 19362

Douglas Weeks
Tracks Consulting
560 Fifth Avenue
Owego, NY 13827

Pamela Mellor
852 Marsh Hill Rd.
Kirkville, NY 13082

Carol Anderson
7325 Fishing Creek Valley Rd.
Harrisburg, PA 17112

First State Heritage Park
Elaine Brenchley
102 S. State St.
Dover, DE 19901

Linda Sax
25 Franklin Ave. Apt. 2F
White Plains, NY 10601
(works at Philipsburg Manor)

Noah Lewis
11 Wellington Rd.
Upper Darby, PA 19082

Christine Scott
56 Evans Ave.
Elmont, NY 11003
(works at Old Bethpage)

Kathleen Gillen
163 Atlantic Ave.
Massapequa, NY 11762

Brian Keonig
PO Box 459
Emmitsburg, MD 21727

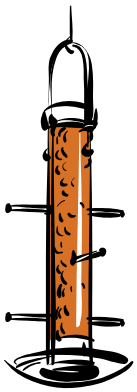


MID-ATLANTIC REGION
THE ASSOCIATION FOR LIVING HISTORY,
FARM AND AGRICULTURAL MUSEUMS

Howell Living History Farm
101 Hunter Rd.
Titusville, NJ 08560

Editor's Perch: Trying not to fly into the glass

by Carrie Fellows



We have a bird feeder outside the kitchen window at our house, holding a sumptuous feast of suet cakes and black oil sunflower seeds. Over the past few weeks (I suspect as the fledglings learn how to work their new wings) I've heard more than the standard number of *thunks* as they fly into the windows near the feeder. It's not like the windows are sparkling clear – I never finished the spring cleaning, so they're still coated with this winter's dirt. Nor is there a view through the house to trees beyond. Perhaps they're just eager to try their wings. Maybe they can't tell reflection from reality, or are just in a rush. *Thunk!* Fortunately, the bird is usually up and away by the time I arrive outdoors.

The challenges facing our profession/avocation right now are substantial. We're all doing much more with far less, but our passion to excel is alive and well. We strive to find the energy and resources to develop a new program, to train interns and volunteers, to clean out that "room of requirement" for more efficient storage, to keep on top of our game. Some days it feels like we go from one crisis to another. On those days, I turn to the splendid English garden full of roses (it needs to be patrolled daily; a pleasant task), just as I once turned to a loaded spinning wheel to help organize my thoughts. It's hard, to turn away from what seems like an urgent, necessary project and pace myself, as those dear to me constantly remind me I must: slow down and think things through, do them deliberately and well. Prioritize. And try not to fly into the glass.

Thank You



Grateful thanks to **Jack and Nancy Gardner** for their very active term serving as the Mid-Atlantic Region's Membership Co-Chairs. They sent welcoming emails to new members, talked up the organization wherever they went (and they traveled widely) and were two of our most active ambassadors. Their shoes will be hard to fill.