



Norman Glassman contributed much to making Lake Claire what it is today, including his central role in the Lake Claire Community Land Trust. We all owe Norman a debt of gratitude for his visionary leadership, his hands-on efforts to manifest what he saw, his commitment to building community, his humor, optimism, and generosity.

My Father, Norman Glassman

by Noah Glassman

My father, Norman Glassman, was an extraordinary person. Like my mother Marilyn, he was a kind person who truly helped people while asking little in return. While often opinionated, he always carried an open mind to the beliefs of others and lent his ear to their words. As a father he provided support for my exploration and rarely tried to shape my thinking to match his. He let me learn to make my own impressions about the world. These qualities made him a great parent. He also kept close ties with his family in Chicago. The times we spent there were plentiful and full of joy. He grew up in a different lifestyle up north, yet somehow found his way down south to create a new home where “things aren’t so damn cold,” as he would say.

Norm’s love extended beyond family. My father transformed his life, and those around him, with a unique

vision for humanity. He believed that people could live better lives by the simple act of knowing our neighbors and sharing resources centered around the land and mother earth. I grew up thinking that letting the homeless stay with you was normal, and that it’s not strange to have a family keep their horse and buggy in the yard (true story). The physical manifestations of his beliefs are the Lake Claire Land Trust, which he co-founded with several neighbors, and Amata Community. This simple idea of sharing became a force for good and an example that has been carried far and wide. Like a seed planted, his legacy has grown many sprouts.

My father was always removing the kudzu weed from his garden. This was my father’s true mortal enemy. He had an intense love for the land, and he said, “They call it real estate, because it’s

real.” But through it all, the theme was always, “All are welcome on this land, and the garden is the foundation of life.” His love of nature took us on many adventures into nature, whether camping with good friends or just eating a fresh-picked tomato. My childhood is filled with great memories of neighbors gathering around a campfire or of me and my friends running around picking fights with the chickens and goats.

I am always surprised to meet people in far-away places who have heard of the Lake Claire Land Trust. It has been mentioned in Atlanta magazine and in guidebooks to the City. Major articles about it have appeared in the AJC. I remember seeing the mayor of Atlanta visit. I’ve heard that former president Jimmy Carter visited once, and we rented a room to his granddaughter, Margaret Carter, who became my friend. She told me how she



would eat lunch daily with Jimmy in the presidential library nearby and talk about this quirky place where she lived. And there were things that had an almost immediate direct impact on society. For example, the Rainforest Action Network ran an important campaign from my parent’s community, Amata. I remember them sewing a 100-foot banner that they hung from Home Depot headquarters in protest. Shortly

thereafter, Home Depot and the lumber industry began banning old growth wood in their products. My parents played a part in helping save the world’s forests.

Norman kept company with others who shared a vision for a better society and contributed their time and money. It took a village to help accomplish what would be too much for one person.

Cont. on p. 6

Calling All Friends of Frazer Forest!

by Dina Shadwell

Frazer Center’s monthly Friends of Frazer Forest volunteer days have been on hold, but the forest growth—native and invasive—has stopped for no pandemic. And neither has Frazer’s partnership with Trees Atlanta.

Frazer Center and Trees Atlanta completed the first phase of a long-term plan for restoring the old-growth “hidden gem” in the midst of the Lake Claire community.

After three years of assessing, mapping, and leading hundreds of hours of volunteer work, Trees Atlanta has helped outline a strategy for moving forward into the next phase of this ongoing restoration project. Lake Claire neighbors—those who volunteer and those who live adjacent to the forest—will play a crucial role in the success of this project. Community conversations about the specifics of the plan will be

forthcoming. Meanwhile, beginning this month, Frazer is reinstating monthly volunteer sessions in the forest.

On the second Saturday of every month, the Friends of Frazer Forest volunteers will gather with staff from Frazer and either Trees Atlanta or Eco-Addendum, another vital community partner supporting the long-term restoration of Frazer

Cont. on p. 3

Vaccine Appointments

You can sign up for a text message when new Covid vaccine appointments are available from the DeKalb and Fulton county Boards of Health. There is nothing to download, just text VAX to 678-679-0250. You will enter your DeKalb or Fulton County “priority phase” and then receive notifications when appointments are available for your phase (currently, as

of Clarion publication, “1A,” which is age 65+). Also, if you are a patient of an Emory doctor, you may go to the Emory Healthcare website and sign up (healthcare workers and persons 65+).

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 Cover banner photo by Sarah Coburn

The Clarion Newspaper (and its predecessor Neighbors Monthly Newsletter and its predecessor Lake Claire Neighbors Flyer) has been written, edited, and distributed by volunteers since 1989.

February Calendar

Atlanta theatres continue to re-imagine how to function; including drive-in movie style productions, socially distanced live shows, streaming, Zoom, and recorded performances. Ditto other businesses, including restaurants, are trying to survive (e.g., take-out, outside dining, inside socially distanced dining). As of Clarion press-time, these are the items I found of note. Lots of wonderful music!! Please let me know at editor@lakeclaire.com of anything relevant for the Lake Claire March calendar (by February 18).

1–28 The Alliance Theatre presents *Sit-In*, by Atlanta's renowned bestselling author, playwright, and Civil Rights activist, Pearl Cleage; the Alliance production is in collaboration with the High Museum of Art's Picture the Dream exhibition. The story creates dynamic history, moving through the real-life context of the major forces that shaped the movement, and where we could be headed today. See details at alliancetheatre.org/production/2020-21/sit. **AND** on the Alliance's Coca-Cola Stage, The New Black Fest's Hands Up: 7 Playwrights, 7 Testaments. Info at: alliancetheatre.org/production/2020-21/hands

7 There is *no* Annual Women's Tea for Lake Claire Women this afternoon; instead listen to Bach (detailed below). As many of you know, Betsy Hodinott and friends usually host an afternoon of tea, treats, and talk the first Sunday in February. I'll miss the iconic tea pots and variety of teas, not to mention little cucumber sandwiches with the crusts cut off the bread!

7 Arts at Emory's Emerson series, virtual presentation, 4 p.m., *The Bach Bowl: Bach for One*, staged at the Schwartz Center but watch at home, schwartz.emory.edu/virtual-stage. Some of Johann Sebastian Bach's greatest music was written for a single player, solo. Before the Superbowl, enjoy the Suite in C Major; Chorale O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort/ O Eternity Paraphrase by Timothy Albrecht; Sonata in G Minor; and the Partita in A Minor. Performed by Yinzi Kong, viola; Timothy Albrecht, organ; David Coucheron, violin; and Christina Smith, flute. See article Page 9.

11 Dekalb History Center 13th Annual Black History Month Celebration, 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Riveting and informative presentations. DHC is accepting sponsorships if you are interested in supporting the event. Centers around the power of African-American genealogy. Starts with a musical selection, then presenters will engage the audience with interactive genealogy presentations and breakout sessions, including riveting stories about some of DeKalb and Atlanta's oldest families. Contact Melissa Forgey at 404-373-1088, extension 22, for more info on how to support the DeKalb History Center's Thirteenth Annual Black History Month Celebration, even after the date.

12 Atlanta Ballet *Silver Linings*, partnering with the Rialto Center for the Arts and GSU, a live-streamed event. Times to-be-announced, check it out at: www.atlantaballet.com/event/silver-linings/2021-02-12. A choreographic initiative featuring a variety of original pieces created by Atlanta Ballet dancers.

12–13 Jazz Fest 2021: Schwartz Artist-In-Residence Virtual Concert, registration required (free). In this virtual event, jazz guitarist Bobby Broom joins Kenny Davis on bass and Gary Motley on piano to kick off a celebration of jazz at Emory. The trio in concert at 8 p.m. on Friday, and a discussion/master class with Broom at 11:30 a.m. on Saturday.

13 **Frazer Forest Volunteer Day**, 9 a.m.–12 p.m. **Come get your hands dirty for a great cause!** Great opportunity for the volunteerism for which our neighborhood is known: See article on Page 1.

14 ♥ Valentine's Day Concert—Music of Love. ECMSA Family Series Virtual Concert, 4 p.m., NO registration required. Amy Beach's Romance for Violin; Romances by Robert and Clara Schumann; Brahms's Intermezzo in A Major; and Dohnanyi's Romanza for String Trio, performed by members of the Vega String Quartet and William Ransom, piano. ♥♥

17–28 Atlanta Jewish Film Festival—virtual screenings and drive-in movies, conversations with filmmakers and special guests. This hybrid version prioritizes safety, comfort, and convenience. Lineup includes over 30 narrative and documentary features plus short films, representing the same breadth of genres and subjects that has become a hallmark of Atlanta's largest film festival. The drive-in screenings will be in the Home Depot Backyard Greenspace, a spectacular backdrop for a physically distanced but shared movie-going experience. Details not available at Clarion publication time, see: www.ajff.org/article/2020/12/2021-ajff-featuring-virtual-cinema-and-drive.

18 Live from Lake Claire (via Zoom)! Lake Claire monthly meeting. lakeclaire.org for updates and Zoom information. Always the third Thursday of the month. Keep informed—Sign up for mailings at lakeclaire.org/resources/newscast-sign-up/. Lake Claire's current info can always be found on our website at lakeclaire.org; since the Clarion is a monthly, info is only current as of the 15th of the month before it comes out.

19 8 p.m., Livestream Concert at the First Presbyterian Church, Piano & Organ Concert, Beethoven—Emperor Concerto; David Briggs—Poème Rhapsodique (World Premiere). Julie Coucheron, piano and Jens Korndörfer, organ. "Concerts@1st" presents diverse programs with reputed soloists and ensembles performed in the beautiful setting of the Sanctuary at First Presbyterian Church of Atlanta. Next one is Friday, March 12 at 8 p.m. Co-Presented with Atlanta Chamber Music Society; see article Page 9.

19 8 p.m., Danish String Quartet, part of Emory Candler Concert Series Virtual Concert series. Registration required (free). The Quartet's playing reflects impeccable musicianship and sophisticated artistry. Bringing a rare musical spontaneity that gives audiences the sense of hearing even treasured canon repertoire as if for the first time, the Quartet exudes a palpable joy in performing that has made the ensemble in-demand on concert stages throughout the world. Info & free registration at college.emory.edu/main/news/events/index.html?trumbaEmbed=view%3Devent%26eventid%3D149952259.

27 Arts at Emory's Emerson series, virtual presentation, 8 p.m., *Plus One*, with the Vega String Quartet and guest first violin David Coucheron, plus one additional musician. Presenting Mendelssohn's delightful Viola Quintet in B-flat with Paul Murphy and Dohnanyi's powerful and dramatic Piano Quintet in C Minor with William Ransom. See article Page 9.

Thanks to Alison Troxell, who has volunteered to serve as the LCN's representative to the Freedom Park Conservancy.

CSM Makes a Difference

by Lori White

Blessings to our Lake Claire neighbors in this new year! We would like to share with you a brief testimony that we recently received. Please know that all the different ways

you support CSM (Clifton Sanctuary Ministries) really does make a difference in these men's lives. We appreciate you and value your partnership.

School Updates

Mary Lin:

As of Clarion press-time in mid January, Mary Lin planned for Kindergarten through second graders to return to school in person effective January 25, and third through fifth graders on February 1. Parents are encouraged to check the Mary Lin PTA Facebook page for updates and information.

Girls on the Run:

Girls on the Run is hoping to start a team at the Neighborhood Church. We are currently seeking volunteer coaches in order to make the team happen. If you are interested in coaching, please contact Girls on the Run Program Director at evelina@girlsontherunatlanta.org. The Season is March 2-May 10, Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 3:30 to 5

p.m., at the Neighborhood Church. Daughter(s) of coaches receive a discount and automatic placement on the team. Once we have enough coaches for the team you will be able to register your child through this link: www.raceplanner.com/register/index/GOTRA-Spring2021. You do not have to be a runner to be a great coach. We welcome coaches of all genders and running abilities. We seek individuals who believe in the mission to empower girls to be joyful, healthy, and confident, using a fun, experienced-based curriculum that creatively integrates running.

Help Mary Lin while Shopping at Amazon:

When you shop at smile.amazon.com/ch/58-6070869, Amazon donates to Mary Lin PTA!

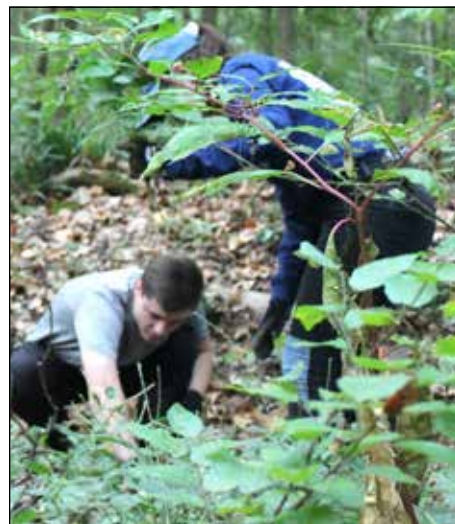
Frazer Forest Volunteer Day

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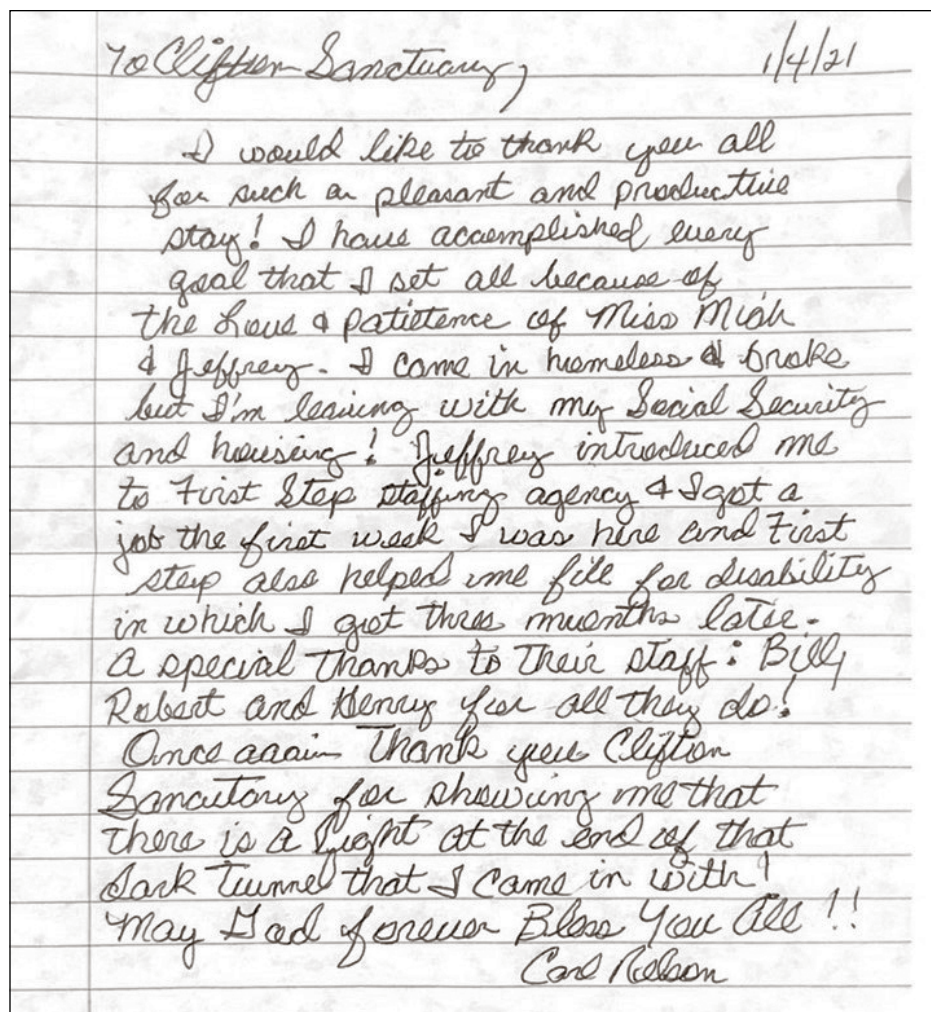
Forest, to work on such projects as general clean-up, trail maintenance, and invasive species removal. On the entire 39-acre property, Trees Atlanta has identified 156 total species, 34 of which are invasive—almost 22 percent. Upcoming projects are prioritized based on the urgency of the problem. In some areas of the forest, removing invasives may be the most pressing need, while in other areas, soil compaction and erosion need to be thwarted before other issues. A top priority is protecting and nurturing the native growth in the forest. **This is just one reason that dogs must be leashed at all times when in Frazer Forest. Unleashed dogs are a primary spreader of invasive seeds, especially Japanese chaff flower. Unleashed dogs have also created spur trails throughout the forest, contributing to erosion and the suppression of native species.**

If you are interested in helping remedy these issues and being part of this exciting new chapter in the forest, join our Friends of Frazer Forest email list at frazercenter.org/volunteer. You'll receive information about volunteer events. Since the Clarion comes out monthly, this

email is the best way to make sure not to miss an opportunity. Finally, no experience is necessary to volunteer. Staff will provide training for specific projects. The next volunteer opportunity is **Saturday, February 13, from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m.** Advance sign-up is required for each volunteer session so that staff may be properly equipped. Come get your hands dirty for a great cause! To sign up, visit: frazercenter.org/about-us/events. For any questions or more information, email: me at communications@frazercenter.org.



Frazer Forest Volunteers Removing Invasive Japanese Chaff Flower.



Editor's Note: If you didn't make a donation to Clifton Sanctuary Ministries, in the envelope inserted in December, I hope you will still consider supporting CSM, either utilizing that envelope by mail or

dropping it in the CSM mailbox, OR go online to make a donation at www.cliftonsanctuary.com/donate. You can also donate to CSM through Amazon Smile purchases at www.smile.amazon.com/.

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Wild in Lake Claire

by Flora Fauna (aka Carol Vanderschaaf)

As I write this, it is the middle of January, and (so far) we have avoided a full-scale civil war. Just a little healthy scuffling with five people dead. However, as of this writing, we still have the inauguration to get through. In the meantime, all those disenfranchised white men have been encouraged to go to the capitol and “be strong!” Hmm...what is that the code for?... Pardon me for just a moment, but I need to run outside and hide my yard signs... Whew, they haven't made it to my street yet... Wait! I am not living in 1938 in Nazi Germany. I am here in the good ole U.S. of A., and it's 2021, and there are no storm troopers here. So let's talk about nature, not Nazis.

There are two notable environmental holidays this month, National Wetlands Day on February 2, and International Polar Bear Day on February 27. There is a sad chance that polar bears may become extinct before this century is out, due to the melting of the polar ice which they depend on. That is one thing we don't have to fret about here in LC. At least not directly. I sometimes do when I think about the beauty and vulnerability of the arctic and the bears.

Here in the 'hood we have some action. Or maybe not... as Dorothy D. reports, “I haven't had any exciting animal sightings. My bird feeder is busy, but with the usual species: titmouse, chickadees, house finches, red-bellied woodpeckers, cardinals, squirrel (!). The squirrels are getting fat. Over the past year I have had a rabbit that appears in my backyard, either at night or early in the morning. In the corner of my yard I have a brush pile and an overgrown compost enclosure. When I let the dog loose in the yard—my first dog in forty years here—she started nosing around the briar-patch, and out came the rabbit! Fortunately, the dog didn't even see the rabbit, and it escaped through the fence into the neighbor's yard. But then I had a dilemma, because I am very fond of the rabbit. My neighbors had some chicken-wire and posts that they gave me, and I fenced off that corner of the yard, so now I have a rabbit sanctuary! I don't know if the rabbit will come back, but if she does I have a spot for her.”

Ilene S. has “seen a lot of red-winged blackbirds and hawks, both sharp-shinned and Cooper's; some purple finches and house finches; a house sparrow.” I must apologize to Ilene for not including her sightings from last month. She always has some great tales, and if I can find

those lost ones I will get them to you!

Miriam H. told me about a hawk that had been visiting her yard. She noticed the hawk sitting in a tree one day in the rain but didn't think much of it until “I saw the same bird still sitting for a long time another day. I looked that up and discovered that in the light rain hawks still hunt but they sit still in heavy rain to preserve energy, since their prey is not active.” So interesting. As I say about much of nature. The more you know about something, the more you appreciate it. Later, Miriam was “waiting to see a coyote. Not much more interesting for now. Patient I am.”

And speaking of coyotes, Cher, my little dog Nattie's walker who lives in Midway, has coyotes close at hand. She has seen their footprints in her yard. Her next-door neighbor has seen them in the flesh—or should I say the fur. Coyotes have jumped over her fence into his yard and vice versa. Cher tells me she can see where their footprints have dug into the dirt. The fence they jump over is 5 feet high. (I'm told they can even jump 6-foot fences).

The mysterious Mr. GP reports that there are a pair of barred owls nesting on the Land Trust. Also, he and his Buddy CP saw a bluebird on the Land Trust, recently. Bluebirds were almost eliminated in Georgia, as nesting sites were taken over by larger birds. However, bird enthusiasts took up the call and built houses for them in city parks and open fields, and they are doing well now.

Melissa, who lives in Midway, and is my dog Nattie's other dog walker, “saw catbirds eating beauty berry bushes. Bunnies in my yard. Maybe time for boroughs under leaves and bushes. I leave my leaves on the ground for the pollinators and other critters. Imbolc, signifying the beginning of spring, is coming... it is time for starting seeds.

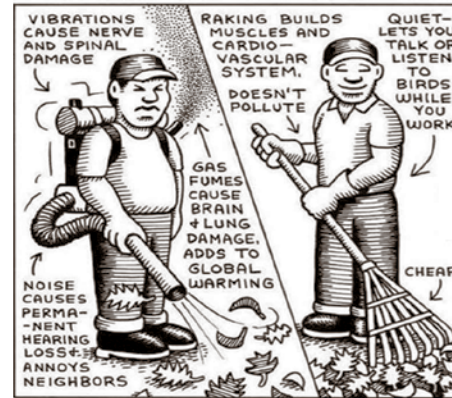
So, may we all focus on positive outcomes, not only for our democracy but also for the earth. May all people, men and women, gay/lesbian and straight, black or white or red or yellow, whatever religion or creed, be able to live together and respect, or at least tolerate, each other.

~ Flora Fauna
and her aide, C. Vanderschaaf

PS. Please email us with any input, wild animal and gardening sightings, or complaints, to: floweryfauna@gmail.com.

Gas Leaf Blowers and Composting Leaves

Smart Voices from NextDoor LakeClaire



Gas leaf blowers use extremely inefficient two-stroke engines that cause deafening noise pollution and blast carcinogenic air pollution in our neighborhood. In a car, the carcinogens, VOCs, and hydrocarbons are captured in sophisticated filtering systems. But gas leaf blowers don't have catalytic converters, so they spew super-polluting exhaust into the air we breathe. For those who think this isn't a big deal, remember in the 1970s people thought second-hand cigarette smoke wasn't a big deal. It's now becoming widely-known that gas leaf blowers cause so much air and noise pollution they are banned in over 100 U.S. cities, and the list is growing. The science/data on gas leaf blowers is real. Leaf-blower noise is deafening—literally. Exposure can cause permanent hearing loss. The related health effects can also include dementia, heart disease, diabetes, sleep disruption, and obesity, all brought about by the body's reaction to noise-induced stress. Analysis has shown that gas-powered blowers produce “sound energy” in the low-frequency range, which has great penetrating power. It goes through walls, cement barriers, and many kinds of hearing-protection devices. The noise interferes with communication, sleep, work, and school work. Not to mention interfering with being able to enjoy being outside!!

According to the American Lung Association, a single gas leaf blower engine produces exhaust equivalent to that of 8 cars! The developing lungs



of young children, the aging lungs of adults, and residents with lung and cardiac disease are particularly vulnerable. One hour of leaf blower use causes toxic emissions = driving a pick-up truck for 3,900 miles. Leaf blowers can harm the health of your family and neighbors. The ozone and fine particulate matter they emit are well-known contributors to asthma, heart attack, stroke, cancer, and other serious health conditions. Leaf blowers blast ozone, pesticides, mold, bird, rodent and animal feces into your yard and our neighborhood, much of which remains in the air for many hours afterwards.

Want to see more lightning bugs (fireflies) and butterflies next summer? There is no waste in nature, and leaves aren't litter. When autumn leaves fall, many species of butterflies, bees, fireflies, moths, ladybugs, and earthworms find their winter homes. But weekly blowing of leaf cover substantially destroys their habitats. **Leave the leaves!** Here are some alternatives:

- Rake, might take a little longer, but healthier for you, your family, your neighbors, the workers and the environment. Put the leaves in your flower beds. Pollinators will love you for it!

- Ask your landscapers to blow less, a lot less. Ask them to hit the high spots and be done with it. Get used to living with leaves. Remember, we breathe what they blow!

- If you feel you have to blow, use only battery-operated leaf blowers. Mow the leaves on your lawn instead of blowing. Corded electric leaf blowers have a high-pitch noise and blast things just as badly as gas leaf blowers. Sweep driveways, patios.

Bagging Leaves. Watching neighbors laboriously stuff their leaves into bags for hauling to the landfill makes me sad. I rake mine up and dump them into a big pile that turns into nice organic compost for my tomatoes and other goodies. I don't put food scraps and other table detritus in there because it becomes a buffet for the rats... and we don't need any more rats in LC. If you do it, leaves are pretty acidic, so it helps to dump a bag of lime on top of the pile and stir it in. Lime is pretty cheap, harmless, and easy to apply to the pile. When it rains it just percolates. Come gardening day, I dig out of the nice wet rich soil under the pile for my planters, and it pays off in produce. It helps to stir the stuff up with a shovel periodically. Big or small, one of these leaf-piles will help your green thumb.



My Father

Continued from Page 1

I thank all the fellow trustees who started and kept the Land Trust running, and the myriad friends and neighbors who also walked the path less traveled.

One of my strangest memories is seeing the “Today Show” hosts Diane Sawyer and Charles Gibson climbing a tree at a class run by Peter Jenkins next door. Our family friend Greg Ramsey helped design the Lake Claire Cohousing community one street over. That community was featured on the front page of USA Today and on a reality TV show, exposing millions of Americans to an alternative way of living. My parents were also early members of the local credit union (BOND Community Federal Credit Union) and food cooperative (Sevananda Natural Foods Market Co-op). My father remembered the credit union being run out of a small room with a single desk and the cash kept in a cardboard box on the floor! That credit union lent the money for the Land Trust and Amata. Without their help, these things might never have happened. So the reality was, my father kept company with many fellow pioneers who together gave a little nudge to the American Dream.

My father inspired many people, myself included. I’ll always remember his advice to keep things simple, don’t focus on material possessions, and learn to work with your hands. If the world followed his advice, it would be a better place. Dad, we miss you, and the spirit of your heart and message lives on within us.

Norman’s Story

- Born in Chicago to Harold and Sara Glassman, Feb. 5, 1947. Harold’s parents ran a paint and hardware store that went out of business in the Great Depression. Harold’s father became a house painter, and Harold followed in his footsteps—but not before selling punch cards used for quasi-legal betting all over the state of Illinois. Supposedly the Mob forced him out of that business. Sara was born in Poland and escaped during World War II to Australia. We think she met Harold at a dance. Harold got to Australia on the Queen Elizabeth II during World War II, while he was serving as a soldier, and the ocean liner was serving as a troop ship.

- Norman grew up playing neighborhood softball in Chicago and remembered race riots when the first black family moved in the neighborhood. He would joke that he “walked to school barefoot in the snow.”

- Went to the University of Illinois to be an engineer, but hated it. Met first wife Karen using the new “computerized dating.” Karen’s step-dad founded Bun-o-Matic Coffee. First job after college was in the world’s biggest glass factory. The workers and management hated each other, and Norman said the work was common sense, didn’t use his degree. Moved to Atlanta with Karen, but they soon split up. Norman rented a duplex on Adolphus Street in Lake Claire before discovering Amata, where a friend’s brother was renting the “barn house.” He worked at Henco Electronics, repairing stereos. After moving to Amata, he met Marilyn through his boss who had briefly dated her.

Bye, Norm!

To and for Norm Glassman, by and from Jeff Glassman

I shudder while wanting to say something about Norman, because he’s one of the most complex persons I have known. I don’t get him. I love him. Now these two things are permanent conditions for me to live with.

Norm was the most exhibiting of contradictions of any of us in the family. As a kid, he was an enigma to me. I just tried to follow him. He worked as a delivery boy at the corner drug store, so I worked as a delivery boy at the corner drug store. He worked as a golf caddy so I worked not very successfully as a golf caddy, because the golfers kept feeling like they should be helping me carry the bag. He went to the University of Illinois, so I did too. Once there I asked him for advice, just once, the first and last time. He let his head wander back and forth, then he answered in two words: “Try everything.” That’s it. I never thought of a follow-up question.

He was a National Merit Semi-Finalist in high school and went through college with top grades and a full scholarship, then carried on insisting that no one should waste their time going to college; a hippie without hip; a radical who embraced libertarianism without the “ism”; a Jew without a religion; a Southerner from the north; and someone who insisted that everyone see the other side, whether or not there was one side to begin with.

Norm lived in a fraternity house, the Honorary Evans Scholars house for former caddies, on a full scholarship, studied hard, married a sorority girl from a wealthy family,

right out of college, got a job as an electrical engineer right out of college, and being a Glass-man, this job had naturally to be with Pittsburgh Glass Works in St. Louis. At the same time, he was being groomed to join the family business of Karen’s family in Springfield, Illinois. So, equally naturally, after one year of this, he quit his job, got a divorce, moved to the Deep South, bought a funky house that no one wanted, married Marilyn Rosenberg, of like mind and heart, and started rebuilding the place top to bottom by hand, himself, even though he never built or fixed anything before in his life, having grown up in a third floor flat in Chicago where the landlord never did anything either. That became the Amata Community, now a famous anomaly in the city, and home to twenty-five people. Norm and Marilyn had a son, our Noah. Noah also got advice from Norm, *tried everything*, and so he does now, and so he will for a long time to come.

Likewise, Norm co-founded the Lake Claire Community Land Trust that brings together an entire neighborhood in Atlanta, adjacent to the Amata Community. Many people over the last half century have pointed out to Norm, some repeatedly, that with his property, in the heart of booming Atlanta, he could develop it and make a personal fortune. They convinced him of the truth of that statement. Therefore, he put the land into a conservation easement so that it can never be developed for

Cont. on p. 9

Remembrances of Norm Glassman



Gathering of Original Trustees (plus newbies) to honor Norm (though he might not have come if he'd known that was its purpose)

My Favorite Middle Brother

by Myra Glassman

I will remember my “favorite middle brother” Norman, for the first few years of my life, as being the brother that photographed me as I was being playfully tossed up to the ceiling by someone, the brother that tried to console me by saying “you’re gonna laugh, yes you are!” when my 4-year old self was frustrated by something (and though I fought it, I would always end up doing so, and it was a dynamic that continued between us until the end), as well as the brother that went off to college when I was

five years old.

Norm got his masters in electrical engineering in the late ‘60s/early ‘70s, and after a couple of years in the field, did an about-face and along with his late wife Marilyn and other like-minded friends, founded the Amata/Lake Claire Land Trust community in Atlanta, which continues to grow and evolve with visitors from all over the world. He was the brother that on July 18, 1981, drove me and a few possessions to my first organizing job with ACORN in St. Lou-

is, Missouri, and on the drive down shared his wisdom on what works in building community.

I cherish the many years of family reunions spent with him in South Haven, Michigan, especially the past few years where the first few days of the week there would be just he and I, with me heading to the beach with a book each day, and him drawing the curtains to watch “Game of Thrones,” a luxury for him to stay in-

Cont. on p. 11

Words for Norman

Norman Glassman touched so many lives that his story is best told by many voices. Here are some of them. If anyone wants to add his or her own memories, please feel free to do so at: goo.gl/h98p7j, or if you don’t have a Google account, or have a problem with that link, please feel free to send to Noah’s email address, nglassman1@gmail.com.

Scooter McLane: What a blessing to have loved and been loved by Norman. Norman Glassman was a pioneer and visionary. Every special moment experienced by everyone who has been to the Lake Claire Community Land Trust happened because of Norman’s conviction of the “crazy” idea that a bunch of

neighbors could turn a kudzu-infested acre of land into our own personal Eden. Personally, my instant friendship with Norman when we met in 1975 brought me to Lake Claire. All my most cherished blessings have flowed from that act. There is no doubt that he sowed the seeds for the most important chapters of my 65 years on this planet. . . AND we shared a birthday!! This Earth is a better place because Norman Glassman was born. Namaste.

Reuben Haller: Norman felt like a long-lost uncle or cousin to me, partly because he looked like my mom’s side of the family, and partly because of his wonderfully absurd sense of humor. Norman, and Marilyn, were always lovely to me, hosting me in Tybee and treating me like

family. I enjoyed debating politics with Norman— we did not agree on anything! I admire Norman’s vision. I was told he was the one who conceived of the Lake Claire Community Land Trust. Norm was warm, friendly, and funny. I miss him.

Marilyn Goodrich: His visionary sense of Amata showed that he was an urban pioneer, who wanted to retain a space for the community. He was an artisan carpenter, who added whimsy, while at the same time using the natural landscape to create the feeling of a mountain resort with a view of city lights at night. He adapted the architecture to changing needs in the community he envisioned.

Cont. on p. 11

How Many Visions Outlive the Visionary?

by Stephen Wing

Timidly touching the thin dead shoulder of my long-time neighbor and beloved elder, I can feel in its rigidity what we’ve lost: not just the flexibility of living muscle and tendon, but the ability to flex it. Whether conscious whim or autonomic reflex, something concealed inside the skin made this bony hinge move on command. What that was nobody knows, the name he used merely one more pseudonym for mystery, but the blue eyes swiveling in his skull shot a beam of it wherever he glanced, his voice scattered its shrewd humor and singular opinions like breeze-borne seeds, his hands on the bulldozer’s joystick, the screwgun and circular saw built a life-size model of a vision it alone could see. And how many visions outlive the visionary in the end? The reinforced concrete and lumber he taught to speak stand sturdily over him while he lies here silent. The trees and paths and gardens he set free from trash and kudzu breathe in the dark around his deathbed like memories that obstinately live on in the world of substance when all those dancing images in the brain finally flicker out. One by one his neighbors drop in one last time to say goodbye. The closed eyes gaze off in the direction he was looking when he finally forgot how to breathe, or maybe just why—our only clue where he’s headed from here.

In the Beginning...

Norman Glassman’s account of the founding of the Lake Claire Community Land Trust, published in the Clarion at that time (sorry, we don’t have the date):

www.lclt.org/the-facts

Dues due in 2021!

Suggested annual dues are \$20/year per household. Lake Claire banners are \$45; a package deal of dues/banner is only \$60! Since the JANUARY Clarion, the following folks paid dues; congrats and thanks to you early-birds:

James Adrian Marshall
James Farmer
Miriam Herbers
Catherine Bonk
Erin Edgerton
Pat Del Rey

Gerard Foret
Sam Beresford
Melanie Bliss
Dan Vox
Timothy Smith

Please specify when you pay dues if you do **not** wish to be listed in the newspaper. Pay at lakeclaire.org via the link **OR** with the old-fashioned check in the mail, to Eileen O'Neill, Treasurer, Post Office Box 5942, Atlanta GA 31107. Thank you to all these and others who have paid dues AND contributed your time to our great neighborhood, Lake Claire.



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Bye, Norm

Continued from Page 6

personal gain, ever. He was rich and poor at the same time. Accordingly, Amata developed in the way of a Medieval village, or so I fantasize. It grew, adding structures organically year-by-year, centered on a broad irregular and rocky pathway ascending a slope near a pond surrounded by animals, in the center of Atlanta. As you walk up the path, everything gets quiet. People go there to leave the city, to pet the goats, to look at the emu, turtles, hawks, owls, even the chickens—through the village of Amata into the woods of the Land Trust, they disappear. In the beginning, there were Norm and Marilyn.

Many people, myself included, marveled in recent times at Norm's watching of Fox News, Rush Limbaugh, and many sources of viewpoints to which I have hardly ever exposed myself, in the big common hall at Amata, and he would argue in favor of the positions they represent. And, then, but, then, I think back to when the Native American activist movement came to Atlanta to help lead a march or a conference; where did they spend the night before? At Amata, where they built a sweat lodge and invited Norm in. When a leftist activist team from the Rainforest Action Coalition quietly came to Atlanta illegally to scale a building and unfurl a huge banner protesting Home Depot, where did they stay? At Amata, the place to stay in Atlanta if you're a large progressive or radical group, protesting, and need a safe haven. Norm Glassman and Marilyn Rosenberg and their amazing little boy Noah. They have a dog named Moses. He's huge. He will lick you.

Norm never to my knowledge did any sports or followed any sports, unless you count golf. He knew nothing of cars. Yet, in recent times he was initiated into the world of NASCAR racing by Gene Burnett, who arrived at Amata eight years ago, an expert top notch professional mechanic who grew up in rural Georgia, who, unlike Norm, left school and educated himself in auto mechanics and everything having to do with fixing at an early age, while Norm's education was theoretical. The two of them were from non-intersecting backgrounds, both smart, both independent and stubborn, and they formed such a deep friendship that Gene could explain the fine points of NASCAR to Norm as they sat on the sofa and watched, in a way that Norm could appreciate as a system of engineering, and that Norm told me about over the phone in great detail, especially that you can watch the race looking out through the wind-

shields as seen by the drivers who wore video cameras on their helmets.

Later, Norm had a video camera installed in his room, so when he needed help at night Gene could come running from across the pathway. Gene became a central figure of maintenance at Amata along with Noah. Norm, Noah and Gene. The friendship carried on into the months and years when Gene, in the form of an angel, increasingly devoted himself to the direct personal care of Norm along with Noah, around the clock, every day, Noah and Gene and Norm, through the last day, November 9.

Noah made it happen. Norm stayed in his own place, in his community, enjoying some part of every day in some meaningful way, in his way, in the sunlight. He was there where people can visit him without a pass, where he could roam about at will, entering and leaving social life, slowly, in his own timing. He stooped to pull up weeds.

Norm's place is still a place for diversity, open thinking, a mix of left, libertarian, and I don't know what, where even closed-mindedness can be comfortable. He went out of his way to help people in trouble, people who were troubled, people who troubled him, and people who had no trouble at all. He didn't make a big deal out of any of these things, they were what he wanted to do and these were rewarding enough in and of themselves.

He became the OG, the central figure, the beloved un-leader who knew that no matter what you want to call it, lots of different people have to work out how to live together peacefully and take care of one another—or not. That's the bottom line. Norm engineered their coexistence. His is a place where contradictory values co-habitate. It all begins to make sense. That's the way he was. I'll have to miss him from now on. I'll still follow him one more time. But I'll never have to understand him.

Norm knew how to take pleasure and how to give pleasure. He was, from beginning to end, a self-made man. I don't know another person about whom I could say these things. Even though I had many difficult and enjoyable arguments with him about common politics, what's fair and what's not, or why people suffer poverty, he forces me to admit wholeheartedly that he was a good—a shockingly good—person.

Bye, Norm; I wasn't done with you yet.

Emory Chamber Music Society of Atlanta

by Beth Damon

The Emory Chamber Music Society (ECMSA), part of Arts Emory, celebrates its 28th Season this year. The performances are always free of charge, though now the performances remain virtual because of Covid. Performances take place at the Schwartz Center and at the First Presbyterian Church. They are the Southeast's largest and most active chamber music organization, bringing together some of the city's finest resident musicians plus internationally known guest artists who are dedicated to performing the most delightful, exciting, and interesting music from the chamber repertoire in some of the most acoustically pleasing and visually beautiful spaces in Atlanta.

Guests have included Yo-Yo Ma, Richard Stoltzman, Alan Gilbert, Dave Brubeck, William Preucil, Elliot Fisk, Robert Spanos. The February events are February 7 and 27 (see details in the calendar, Page 2). Their mission is to create new generations of passionate and educated music lovers who will cherish and support the great art forever. They present an Emerson Evening Series, a Family Series, the Cooke Noontime Concert Series at Emory, tours, and participate in recording projects, the



commissioning of new works, and numerous community outreach activities. They co-sponsor "Concerts@First" with the First Presbyterian Church (www.firstpresatl.org/concerts-at-first/).

In spite of being free, please consider a donation of any amount to help keep this valuable resource. Donate at arts.emory.edu/support/donate.html. Your donation may qualify you for a Friend of the Arts membership, which gives you benefits such as discounts with Arts Emory and local hotel and restaurant discounts. Contributions support special lecture series, performances, student recitals, scholarships, and more. See more details at arts.emory.edu.

Hello – Safe Journey – Skiing in and around Lake Claire

February Birthdays:

- 1 – Linda L. Maynard, Delaware Avenue (We still miss you tons and tons.)
- 2 – Isla Roberts (Happy 8), Claire Drive; Daniel Babinslei, Harold Avenue; and Luke Mawson-Puckhaber, happy 9, Palifox Drive.
- 3 – Beth Damon, your illustrious and dedicated Clarion editor, Delaware Avenue, celebrating a milestone birthday. Just remember, other 60+ folks: 60 is the new 59, or fill in appropriate year for yourself!
- 4-5 – Ann Shirra (2/4) and Scooter MacLane (2/5) (+♥♥♥ anniversary 2012), Arizona Avenue
- 6 – Happy b'day to Jennifer Ruddell, Hardendorf
- 9 – Amelia Roberts (happy 12), Claire Drive; Anne Weldert, Harold Ave
- 14 – Gillian Landgraff, Harold Avenue
- 16 – Joanna Babinslei, Harold Avenue
- 17 – Ava Capps, Harold Avenue, happy 12!
- 18 Ben Farmer, Hardendorf
- 24 – Eamon, Emmett, & Brigitte McNulty—15 years old. + 15th year in L.C.
- 27 – Lucien DeMan, happy 6, and Esther Williams, happy 12!—both on Harold, Esther's proud grandma on Delaware and daddy on Indiana.

Anniversary: Craig and Emily Allen—Harold Avenue—Feb 8—Happy Anniversary, y'all!

AND Happy belated January b'day, Pat Del Rey, Clarion's Ad Man[ager].

Send your life-cycle events by FEB.15 for the MARCH issue to editor@lakeclaire.org.

The Lake Claire Garden February into March

by Elizabeth Knowlton, knowltonew@earthlink.net

I try never to use current periodicals as sources for this column because why should you have to see the same information twice? However, the Feb. 2021 issue of *Fine Gardening* tackles as a serious problem, more thoroughly than elsewhere, “The Container Conundrum” (by Bodie Pennisi, a College of Agriculture professor at UGA), pp. 37-41. Let’s confess: Nowadays more people garden by purchasing plants than by growing seed, and each plant arrives in a pot, usually plastic. It is very difficult, frankly, to recycle plastic pots. (As of 2015 the EPA reported that only 9.1% of all plastic waste was successfully recycled.) A private recycling company we used refused plant pots, claiming I could return them to stores. When I tried this, employees appeared bewildered; and I felt that any containers accepted just went to the trash.

Bluestone Perennials (bluestoneperennials.com) in Ohio ships plants in biodegradable coconut coir, but I have learned to rip apart the containers as I plant because it has proved too difficult for roots to penetrate the walls before succumbing, probably due to our heat. Paper and peat pots

work better but would not survive production through shipping. Price, compatibility with production systems, and the ability of the container to reach you are three issues in the business. For the industry to change, we must be willing to pay more.

In the meantime, try not to add to the level of plastic in the oceans and toxins released in landfills and elsewhere. Buy green where available. Learn to grow from seed and to take cuttings. Wash and reuse plastic pots for “potting up” seedlings. Peat pots are available in local stores, of course. Another source is Gardeners Supply (gardeners.com), an employee-owned business where you can buy several types of recyclable containers that will last multiple years. If any reader travels to Burlington, Vermont, please visit and email me an account of your experience. As for purchased perennials, I have killed hundreds and recently read a statement by a famous horticulturalist that this is a sign of a true gardener. So be it. Ours is a difficult climate and soil for many perennials. For example, growing along our side street, the common coneflower has re-seeded for decades and is greatly admired.

However, every hybrid Echinacea I have bought, including those bred in Georgia, has been stingy with bloom and not survived a single year.

Speaking of easy plants, have you noticed the mulberry, a small weedy tree that dyes the neighborhood sidewalks purple all the way to Little Five Points? It was not until Sara at Charis Books told me that she and her daughter regularly picked and consumed the berry-like fruits that I learned you could eat it from the tree or, harvested less ripe, cook it into muffins or pies. *Morus rubra* is native to the Southeast and usually red to black. A full-sized tree has a spread of 15 feet, but you could plant it along your front boundary and share with passersby. Stark Brothers nursery in Missouri (starkbros.com) will notify you when these trees are available if you join their list.

I am seeing more and more articles about Greg Loades’ Modern Cottage Garden and remember promising to pass along a few of his recommendations. Long ago I grew agastache from seed. Loades recommends ‘Blue Fortune’ for flowering summer into autumn and attracting all kinds of pollinators, hardy to zones 5-10 de-

spite “can be short-lived.” That caveat is—you know—“must have good drainage.” I grew mine hilled up between sidewalk and street. However, it is February, and gardening is in full swing with starting seeds indoors, sowing directly, and ordering perennials and trees for immediate planting. If you have children, planting peas is a great way to introduce them to gardening. The seeds are—pea-sized!—easy for little fingers to handle and should be sown right now up through early March. Go for the vining types, and provide some sort of trellis or fence for them to cling to so that they are easy to pick and will be more productive. If you plant sugar snap peas, your offspring will stand there stuffing themselves with the raw pods (especially if you worry aloud about their spoiling their appetites for dinner). Grow snow peas for stir fries and garden peas for shelling. Fresh peas may be an acquired taste for those reared on canned and frozen, but this is fortunate since it takes a plethora of pods to produce enough peas for two. Lime your soil if it is acidic (it probably is) and amend

Cont. on p. 11



↑ AFTER / BEFORE →



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Update on Big Lou, the Famous Celebrity Emu

by Dawn Aura

Hi, Folks! Big Lou is doing great. We recently saw a YouTube from Australia with a man standing next to his 57-year-old emu!! So hopefully, Big will be around for generations to come. He's about 30 now, we think.

We've posted on the gate what is safe to feed him, but some folks are still putting in things that could potentially make him sick again, so I'll repeat it here. We're not emu experts, so we need to err on the side of caution with his food. PLEASE, **no leaves, branches, or berries** from the Land Trust. We don't know what made him violently ill with repeated vomiting last time.

Here is what he likes and is ok to feed him: fruit, such as grapes or something of equivalent size—apples, pears, pineapples, honeydew or cantaloupe chopped into pieces about one-inch max. Berries, not wild ones from the Land Trust, but blackberries, blueberries, and strawberries, are fine. He doesn't care for citrus, watermelon, or bananas. He loves plain romaine lettuce, fresh spinach, and celery, chopped up. Sometimes he'll eat a few carrot slices. Also, frozen cut green beans (in \$1 pack at Kroger) can be kept in your freezer. When you come to visit, pop some in a baggie, and they will be thawed

out by the time you get here. He gets fed quite a feast by us twice a day, including brown rice, salad, canned corn, and beans, so your contributions are just fun extra treats for him. Toss the food in, or hold it out between the two gates, palm up, like feeding a horse. Folks have thrown whole carrots, apples, and cabbages over the fence, which he cannot eat whole! And as always, don't let your dogs bark at the emu or goats, as it panics them.

The turtles are hibernating now. In the spring you can buy turtle food



online to feed them. We'll be making some steps for you to visit the goats soon. They live at the top of the steep slope behind the apple trees, across from the pond.

The Land Trust did very little fundraising in 2020 due to Covid, so any donations are very welcome at this time. Just go to LCCLT.org, and scroll to the bottom of any page to donate. You can sign up for the email list at the top of any page to be notified when events resume.

Keep coming, the animals love your visits! And please respect the closing hours posted. Thank you.



Words for Norm

Continued from Page 7

Carol Schreiner: I will never forget Norman's crystal blue eyes. I see them sparkling in my mind's eye, the sparkle of loving life and the community we are here to nourish and be nourished by; the sparkle of being proud he raised such an amazing son, Noah Glassman, who was totally there for both his Mom, Marilyn, and his Dad, Norman, in their times of deep need in transitioning from this world. Our friendship was a privilege and a gift!

Daniel Rodriguez: Uncle Norm, aka Big Norm, was a friend, and a brother, to so many; he was a pioneer, in community, in co-housing, way ahead of his time. The Glassmans as a whole have helped shape many lives, they lifted so many up, gave them a safe place to be themselves, with No Judgment, which was so foundational for so many. Norman came out to my land in California multiple years, and helped me secure my farm by his help and presence. He sat in the Orchard with the sun and would read his books. I can see him clearly there, in my mind. So many great memories, from trips to the Okefenokee Swamp to crossing the country and stopping in Colorado, on the way back west to sell my land, and that trip ended up changing the course of hill, and my life! So many great memories, and really no bad ones. Love that guy! Will celebrate his life every day!

Jacob Franklin: Norman taught me that "everyone is a package deal." This kind of sentiment is often expressed with cynicism, but Norman always said it with a big smile. He seemed to understand the universe's sense of humor, as if he knew that he would always encounter difficulty, but never enough difficulty to cor-

rupt him into becoming malevolent. He adapted when needed and rolled with the punches, and he taught me to do the same. We all lived in humble surroundings, with realistic expectations of each other, and that made it easy to be grateful when good things happened. I will always be grateful for his kindness and wisdom.

Sunshine Allard: "Life is maintenance." One of my fave Norm quotes. I believe it was after a nice talk about sticking your garden shovel into a bucket of sand with oil in it to keep it from rusting/help keep it clean.♥

Charlie Pope: I met Norman Glassman while I was house hunting over 37 years ago and was immediately inspired by his lifestyle, and activism, and willingness to walk the talk. During the following years his commitment, enthusiasm, and unwavering support of efforts to help establish a place for our neighbors to cultivate community and celebrate nature were instrumental in the establishment of the Lake Claire Community Land Trust. His friendship and love of community have left a profound mark on Lake Claire and is a reminder of the impact that one person can have on the spiritual health and wellbeing of his or her neighborhood. Newcomers to the Land Trust will not have the opportunity to meet Norm in person, but his spirit will be reflected in all the smiling faces and beautiful flowers. And then there is Lou. From a personal perspective, he was one of my best friends. He inspired my own spiritual growth and was a clear example of what peace and love are all about. A friend that will be missed but never forgotten.

My Favorite Middle Brother

Continued from Page 7

doors in an air conditioned house instead of working outside in the heat, which was how he spent many of his working days. I cherish the many dining room tables we've sat around over the decades, for hours, debating politics—which some experienced as arguing but we felt was just regular talking—devouring Kaufman's Deli corned beef on rye with potato salad and coleslaw and sour pickles and

chopped liver and lox wings and other deli delights, which he would always say, for him, was a religious experience and how he best expressed his Judaism.

He made it to 73 years old. Rest in power and peace, my darling brother. Your memory is a blessing to us always, and I will love you forever.

~Your "Sis," Myra

Lake Claire Gardening

Continued from Page 10

with compost and a little fertilizer.

Also ready to go into the ground are onion sets and cabbage transplants. Indoors, sow broccoli, cabbage, and even artichoke seeds. In a cold frame, cauliflower, kohlrabi, celeriac, and broccoli will come through February's freezes. In mid-January, the small edgeworthia that lost its buds in an early November 2019 freeze has twenty, all hanging in there so far. Camelia 'Yuletide' has given me a few winter flowers.

Crocus 'Snow Bunting' opens on the street; snowdrops, in the front garden. And I guiltily admit that a couple of delphiniums found at the Scott Blvd. Ace have opened, blue and white, the first time I have ever had the fleeting success with delphiniums that a Georgian may experience only by planting in autumn and accepting death before June. Next to watch for is *Iris unguicularis* (ungwick-you-LAIR-iss), that February rarity.



LAKE CLAIRE KIDS' CORNER



We hope this series is fun and a way for young Clarion readers/writers/artists to participate. This month's featured writer and artist is Naomi Busk, seven years old. In a previous Clarion, Naomi won the extra credit prize to be a featured child in the newspaper. Naomi attends

Mary Lin Elementary School, is in the second grade, and lives on Ridgewood Road. Obviously, Naomi is an excellent writer for her age, and her painting and bird sketches are impressive. **Thank you, Naomi!**

We appreciate you, and all the Lake Claire chil-

dren who read and contribute to the Kids' Page each month. And, kids!—Add your creativity to this page! Submit your work or your suggestions to editor@lakeclaire.org, by **FEBRUARY 15** for the next issue of the newspaper, which will be the MARCH issue.



Art in the Pandemic

by Naomi Busk

The art world has really helped me throughout the pandemic because it is very fun to make and to see at the end. My favorite types of art are painting, drawing, coloring, crafting, and playing with stickers. I do art at home, at school in Ms. Sullivan's virtual art class, after school at Contact-Point, and with my friends.

I have sketched a bird, painted a splatter picture with colors like white, lavender, yellow, and light pink on a canvas, and made a bench with popsicle sticks, hot glue, and square beads.

Jammin' Geography

I'm Sawyer Klehr. I will tell you about a country, and you will guess which country. The winner gets to pick the country for the next Jammin' Geography, in a future Clarion. (You can't win two times in a row). Email me at: education@lakeclaire.org. Last time, two people correctly guessed Canada. The first-place winner, **Marnix Drexler**, chose this month's challenge below. (2nd place was **Taylor Lee**.)

I have over 1200 islands, isles, & inlets. My currency is Kuna, meaning marten (from the medieval trading of pelts of the animal marten).

10% of my land includes parks!

I have 5 neighboring countries! In 297 A.D. I became home to 12 Egyptian Sphinxes; only one sphinx remains. Rovinj, a city in my country, in medieval times was a walled island, that gave protection from pirates and the plague.

I am on the Adriatic Sea and home to Dalmatians, dating back to the 17th century.

Which country am I?

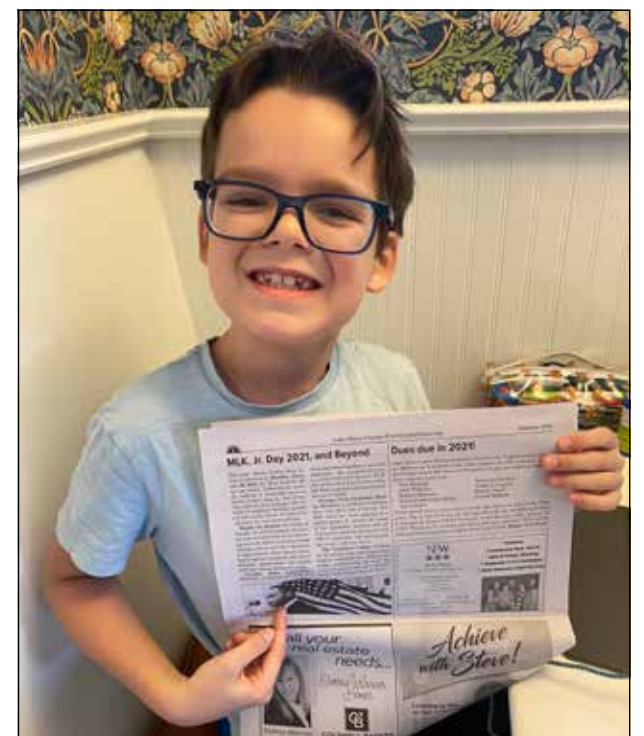
We had a 3-way tie for winning last month's contest, finding Martin Luther King Jr. in last month's Clarion. Coco, in Lake Claire, is five years old. Sawyer Klehr is seven and lives on Hardendorf. Simon Cole is eight, and he recently moved back to Palifox after spending time in England. The extra credit prize was to tell us more about Dr. King. Coco stated, "He was trying to make rights for Black people good. He died before I was born. And it was really sad. It made me sad when my mom told me. I said we have to protest to make rights good." Simon also got extra credit, saying, "A long time ago, black and white people were separated. Black people had to get up to let white



Coco

people sit down. MLK Jr. didn't think that was fair. So he tried to stop it with all his speeches. He gave 2,500 speeches to stop it. There is a famous speech about "I had a dream." He won a contest—the Nobel prize—and things got better."

Congrats, Simon, Coco, and Sawyer, and thanks for participating. Attention Lake Claire kids—Add your name to the list of winners in the future. To all of those kids who didn't win, please do keep reading this page and keep playing. See our new contest below.

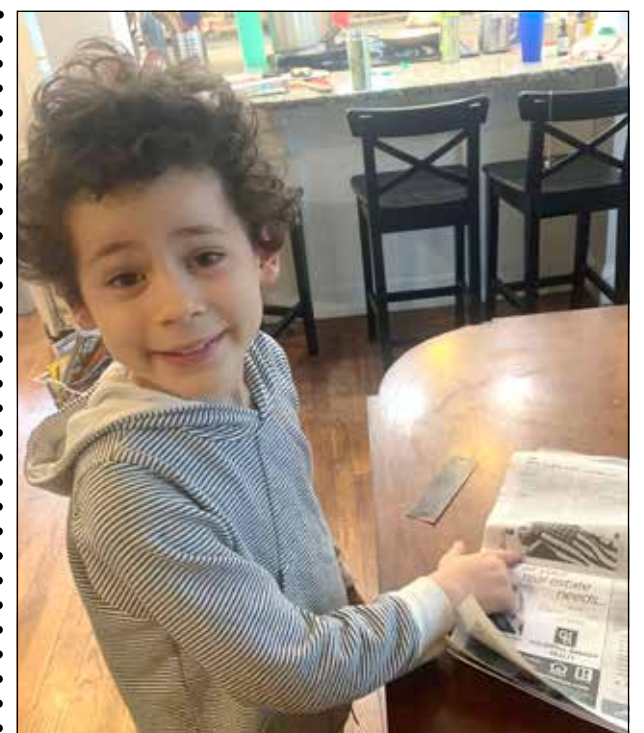


Simon

NEW CONTEST!

Hello, Kids! Somewhere in this newspaper is a picture of a polar bear, our hidden graphic this month. International Polar Bear Day is an annual event celebrated every February 27 to raise awareness about the conservation status of polar bears. The winner/winners will have their pictures in the next Clarion. It is February, and we want you to be *our* valentine!

To win, send e-mail to editor@lakeclaire.org, identifying the page number where you find it, and include your name, age, school, street, and grade, along with a photo of yourself (Please tell your parents to send large picture files, 1mb+). **Any child from Lake Claire is eligible, except that you cannot win two months in a row. The deadline is FEB. 15. Hurry and look; competition is always stiff for this coveted prize.**



Sawyer