Ottawa Outlook, nee NHN&WR ……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.

Friday, May 28, 2010 c:/nhn&wr10, 10wc14 (2010 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card #9)

**Tuesday’s @ 4 P.M.**

Almost titled this “A Generation Gap”. It will be about generators. Historically, two of the staff have differed on this subject. (It has no bearing on their real and growing generation gap, Ken being 84 and Lucile being still 49.). Third member is non-committal. In 1997, as we pondered spending a first Winter in North Hero, Vermont, Lucile was adamant.

*“Well, … whatever, I’m not going there unless we get a generator!”*

After exhausting all possible con arguments, Ken agreed. A Honda gasoline generator was purchased. A dear, departed, friend & neighbor, retired Westinghouse engineer Eric St John provided the transfer switch, the expertise and the labor to set up 4 cabin circuits to be alternately serviced by the Honda. (Wow, a 34 word sentence! Will probably get an email, … *“You should have broken that sentence up.[[1]](#footnote-1)****[1]****”)*

Anyone who was anywhere near North Hero in the Winter of ’98 will remember what occurred. The ICE STORM! 491 Cedarvale Lane; Was: Without power for two weeks. Lost over 400 trees. Was isolated from the town road for a good part of that time due to broken trees over the lane. The faithful Honda, along with the Stihl chain saw & F150 in supporting roles, got us through in relative comfort. Do we hear a question*? “Yes, were any comments on their situation directed to Mr. Con -Generator from Ms. Pro-Generator?” [[2]](#footnote-2)****[2]*** Ah, … the good old days. We were younger then and hey, …. the downed trees made a lovely fence around the property.

OK, … getting ready to spend life full time in Ottawa. Deja vu.

*“Well, … whatever, I’m not going there unless we get a generator!”* No argument. And boy, did we get one: Guardian, natural gas, fully automatic startup/changeover in power outages, sits outside and looks like a chest freezer. This beauty has one idiosyncrasy. The battery which provides the self-start needs charging once a week. This occurs every Tuesday at 4 P.M. Our idyllic backyard in a lovely quiet neighborhood EXPLODES! The Generator. Sounds like an 18 wheeler going 65 mph/104 km down-shifting through the lilac trees. Our close by neighbors have politely put up with the noise. Good natured? No, … we think it’s more like; Power Outage? Let’s go to the Jeffersons. Good Grief, … the wine cellar will take a big hit. We hardly notice the racket any more. Sort of like a grandfather clock which strikes the actual hour and one on the half hour[[3]](#footnote-3)[3]. There was one in Ken’s home where he grew up. (It still has its origin written at the bottom of the face; *“Won by Chance February 16, 1904 Ticket #51 ”* The winner was Ken’s Grandfather, G. A. Wilde, and the clock is still in the family with Nancy Jefferson in Glastonbury CT.) . You’d be reading and look up to see the time. 11:05!. The clock just struck 11 times and you never heard it.

This will be our first summer in Ottawa. We are looking forward to inviting unknowing souls to an early afternoon cocktail, … say Tuesday at 3:30. Making sure they have a plastic glass, we will seat them near the ‘Chest Freezer’ and await the arrival of … ‘The 18 Wheeler’! .

Till next month when another ‘EXPLOSIVE” letter is on tap!

Lucile, Bailey & Ken

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PS: Hey A.C.: Did I ever make 'Brownie Points' today with Bill's 2010 maple syrup!   2 & a half Martinis served in my easy chair!

1. [1] Odds are, … a Jane Perry email. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. [2] Sorry, can’t get into that. Like to hold these letters down to a page or two.

   [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. [3] Don’t you just hate it when you wake up in the middle of the night and one of these clocks strikes one. Might have to lie awake an hour and a half before you know exactly what time it is.

   [↑](#footnote-ref-3)