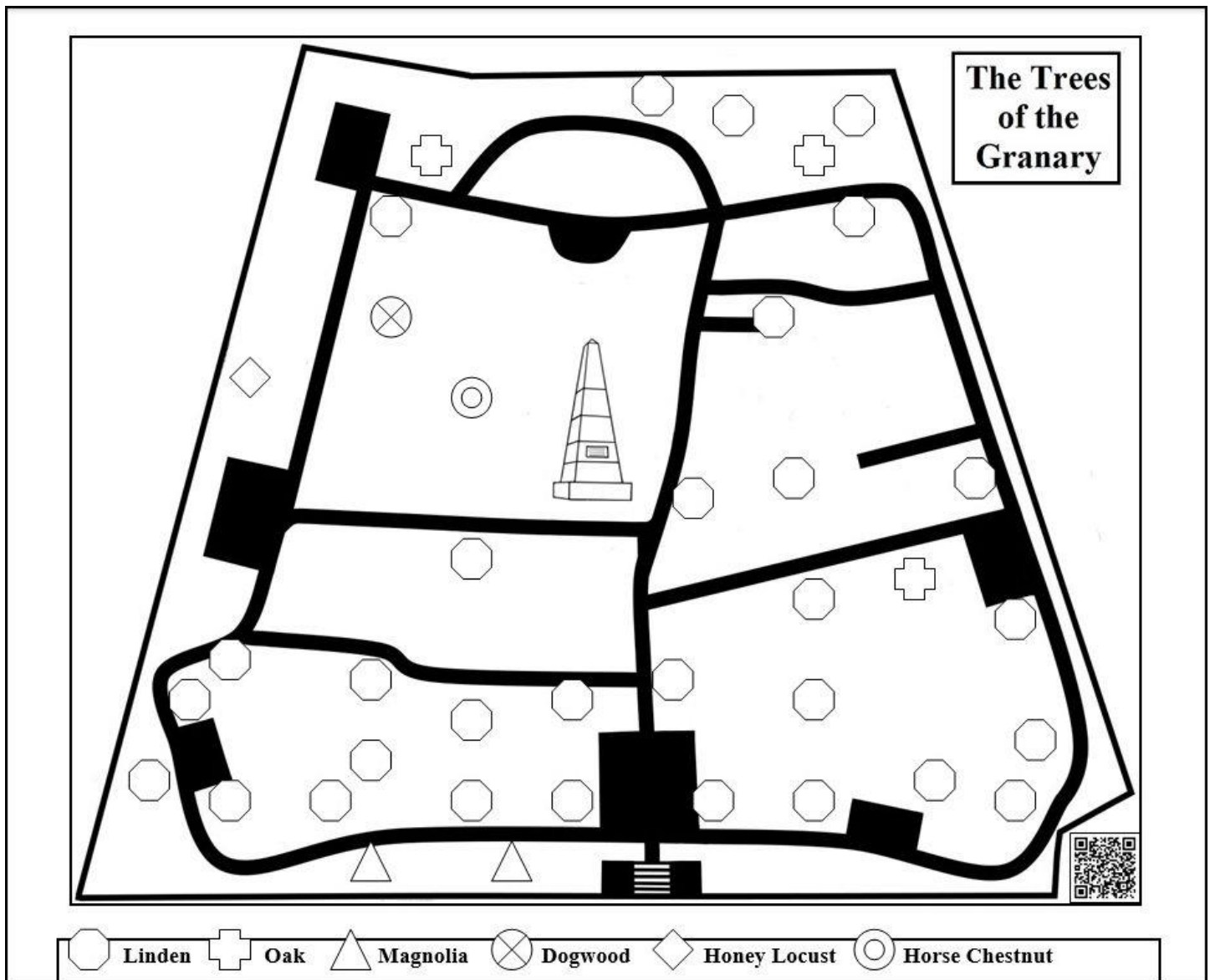


Arbor Harbor



Arbor Lay: If you were to divide the burial ground into four roughly equal quadrants, tree-wise the top left sector would certainly win the award for diversity with one of each - honey locust,

horse chestnut, dogwood, linden and oak. Of those five, the two unquestionable stars are the honey locust, due to its unique growth around the Adino Bulfinch headstone that I wrote about a couple of pages back in The Sod Couple and the dogwood that, come springtime, after ten months of posing as a small, unassuming specimen, bursts overnight into a brilliant halo of bright white leaves that would make albino-haired musician Johnny Winter feel right at home. (BTW – note the size of the linden trees in the 1931 photo on the next page. Apparently the one closest to John Hancock didn't make it.)

Of the remaining three quadrants (or would that be “tree quadrants”) both the top-right and bottom-right are a sea of linden, with a single oak in each to break up the majority-species’ monopoly. The bottom-left quadrant again is linden-dominated but if this group of trees were a band, come springtime, the lead singers would be the pair of New England magnolia trees by the wrought iron fence. For around three weeks this duo becomes unquestionably the belle of the sidewalk ball as the resulting sea of intense white/pink petals not only overtakes the visual landscape but actually bows down the branches, thus becoming an irresistible target of adults and shoulder-riding youngsters alike.

Arbor Slay: For years a half-dead honey locust clung to life just to the right of the Franklin Family monument but was mercifully taken out of it's misery in 2011. A year later the burial ground's solitary ash tree was removed due to disease and a dangerous leaning disposition, the mentioning of which allows me to tangentially segue to...

The Cane Mutiny: Whenever I pass the stump of that ash tree (back right corner) I can't help but think of the classic story of when President Calvin Coolidge, prior to the start of an official event, was to be presented with a wooden ceremonial cane. After several minutes of the opening speaker making numerous metaphorical

comparisons of the President and the strength, durability and unbending nature of the hickory tree that the cane had been born from, Coolidge stood up and received the memento and was asked to make any comments as he pleased. Long known as “Silent Cal” for his short-but-sweet style, Coolidge gave the cane a good look over from a variety of angles, tapped it once, took a quick sniff, and with a puckish smile, proclaimed: “Ash.” He then politely nodded and sat back down.