

Suzy Eichhorn

I have been trying to think of adventures with Nick that may merit inclusion in "Life with Nick."

I recall the summer (maybe the only summer) that we visited Nick, Joanna, and Abel in Leverette, MA.

Nick insisted that Ike and I must accompany him on a rainy but otherwise lovely day to an abandoned (or so Nick said) apple orchard/cow pasture to obtain some "cow bonsai." It took some time for Nick to find the best of the best bonsais that afternoon (morning?). I have no doubt that at least one of those well-chomped trees became a lovely bonsai and even bloomed.

It may be the same summer that the five of us drove to NH and stayed at a wonderful home on Squam Lake. The house, if I recall correctly, belonged to the family of your uncle's ex-wife. We took a drive up Mount Washington. Nick made me do the driving. It was either up or down, I don't remember. It was not something that I wanted to do.

The only other thing of note that I can remember at this moment was the notorious day that Nick, Sharon, and I dreamt up our contributions to the Lake Lab picnic. Sharon (unflavored gelatin dyed green with celery slices), I (I don't remember what I prepared--maybe dessert with no sugar?; but tasteless in more ways than one), and Nick (4 baby blackbirds baked in a

pie--I prepared it; I think it was a tomato-based casserole). I didn't go to the picnic because Ike was due back that day from being at Yale for a 6-week course. In any case, that evening Nick called me to tell me that T. Wright was threatening to kill him. I was terribly upset by that call because I felt it may indeed occur. I had to confess to Ike what we had done. I thought that Ike was going to divorce me. Decades later, I heard about this event from a botanist. What a laugh it was. How and who had told this story I have no idea. I did not let on that I was part of it. I have never told anyone about this event until telling you now. The waters finally calmed.

There were probably other events of some note. Oh, yes. Minor, but Nick untuned my mother's guitar and would not retune it for her. Jerk! Ike and I were not witness to this one, but Tom Wissing was. Jehovah's Witnesses came to call. Nick invited them in but excused himself. He came out dressed in a loin cloth, some ratty old item (bear skin? other animal skin?) draped over his shoulders, and a skull on his head. He then proceeded to talk with this "guests." Only Tom could tell you for sure. But to know Nick, you knew it was true.

Nick was Nick, and we loved him dearly and sorely miss his passing.