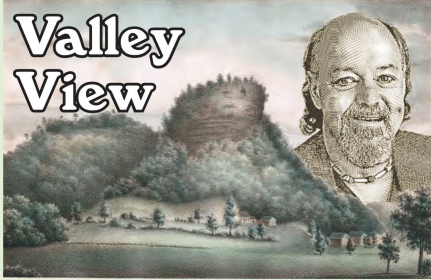




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To His Own Drum Beat

By GARY SANDERSON

GREENFIELD – Late July. Eight-thirty. Bright morning sun. Neighbors' tall sycamore across the road casting a long, broad, cool, front-yard shadow. Two-mile walk a couple hours in the rearview.

The phone on the table to the left of my chair rings. Caller ID reveals an unnamed "wireless caller," with a 978 area code number I don't immediately recognize.

Taking a gamble, I answer it.

It's archaeologist friend Mike Gramly – a man closing in on 80, yet still a remarkable bundle of boundless energy and intellectual enthusiasm. He checks in at least once a week to chat about his latest focus and discoveries. This time, he's calling from the New England Auctions parking lot outside of New Haven, Connecticut, some 155 miles from his North Andover home. He was the high bidder on a few strategic "left bids" for lots he was interested in – most notably a couple of miniature, 19th-century, ivory Inuit sled carvings – and he's waiting for the doors to open at 9.

Nothing unusual. Just another day in the busy existence of scholar Richard Michael Gramly – an endangered, some might say old-fashioned, breed of archaeologist, who still digs, sifts, analyzes, and documents his findings, hypotheses, and conclusions between two covers.

Having spent the weekend selling books and shooting the breeze with fellow travelers at a Pennsylvania Indian artifact show for collectors and dealers, he'd driven six or more hours home and had no time to relax; doubling half-way back to retrieve the auction house merchandise.

Despite a few health concerns that have cropped up in recent years, Gramly doesn't seem to have slowed down a bit. In fact, for the past 10 years he's been revved up exploring North American human-proboscidean interactions that occurred 13,000 and more years

before present. While your average Joe can find such deep time disorienting, Gramly spends much of his time there, studying artifacts and pondering their meaning.

The early-morning auction journey is insignificant compared to his agenda in the coming weeks and months. This weekend, it's off to New York's Letchworth State Park for the Genesee Valley Flint Knappers Association's 35th anniversary Stone Tool Craftsman and Artisan Show.

Then he'll motor west to Kentucky for two or three weeks of archaeological investigation at the so-called Lower Blue Licks Battlefield, where he's been making groundbreaking discoveries at an ancient mastodon boneyard purchased by an old friend – a proud member of the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels, no less.

The Lower Blue Licks site has become Gramly's latest treasure trove of cutting-edge discoveries relating to human predation and ritualistic treatment of mastodons they killed. He was drawn to the site by his buddy's museum discovery of a previously unidentified ivory-tusk sled runner. His friend recognized a familiar form among a collection of skeletal mastodon remains unearthed long ago and squirreled away for posterity in a Kentucky museum.

The ivory artifact resembled 13,000-year-old sled runners Gramly had identified in recent years among other mastodon remains stored for years at the Buffalo Museum of Science. The Buffalo collection Gramly studied was gathered at the Hiscock Site, a well-known proboscidean boneyard in upstate New York's Lake Ontario region.

There Gramly had also brought to light a 13,000-plus-year-old sled burial of a female shaman. That sled is the oldest yet discovered on the planet – though others may come to light as Siberian and other Arctic permafrost continues to melt and reveal archaeological treasures.

Assisted by a loyal group of see **VALLEY VIEW** page B5

LIVING HISTORY

'War Over 7 PM Today'

By PAM RICHARDSON

WENDELL – The other day, while waiting in a long line, I found myself standing next to fellow Wendellite Todd Muller. We chatted about this and that and somehow worked our way around to a story about the dug well next to his house. He told me that one day, shortly after purchasing his property off of New Salem Road, he decided to remove the cement slab covering the well to have a look inside.

When he pushed the slab to the ground, he saw words – written with someone's finger – in the concrete support for the well cover. In large clear letters, they spelled out: "WAR OVER 7 PM TODAY, AUG. 14, 1945," flanked by the names "Judy" and "Skip," along with imprints of two small feet.

On that evening 80 years ago, as the owner of the house was finishing construction of the cover for his well, President Truman informed the American public – at exactly 7 p.m. Washington, DC time – of Emperor Hirohito's announcement that Japan would surrender. The official end to the deadliest war in history didn't occur until the fol-



RICHARDSON PHOTO

Todd Muller's New Salem Road well bears a happy message from the past.

lowing month, but on August 14 jubilant celebrations erupted everywhere around the world, including a quiet backyard in Wendell, Massachusetts.

Moved by Todd's story, I went to my computer, determined to find out more. Old deeds and ge-

nealogical sites revealed that the 50-acre property sold on May 29, 1945 to Willard Dix Hoyt and his wife, Dorothy Flora Clark Hoyt, who were living in Turners Falls, where Willard was working as an independent taxi driver.

see **HISTORY** page B3

MONTV / MUSIK / MOUNTAIN

Interview by J. BURKETT and TROY CURRY

TURNERS FALLS – Karen Zanes is a contemporary musician and songwriter from outside of Boston. We have been cooking up this interview for a while, and it's so cool to finally be able to talk to her this week! It's hard to describe Karen's music. It has a quiet,

shimmering quality, a bit like Vashti Bunyan – but more rock n' roll at its heart – and kind of sounds like it is beamed in from outer space... a bit like the "Space Lady"! You should check her out ASAP, online or live at places like the Rendezvous and Mystery Train. She is playing this year's Ooze Fest on September 13 at Peske Park.

MMM: Would you like to discuss how you started writing and playing music?

KZ: Well, starting from the beginning...I was born in the mid-1960s, during the height of Beatlemania, so it's always been in my DNA. All I ever wanted to be, all I was ever coded to be, was some type of artist. Music was my first love and will probably be my last. I started listening to and collecting Beatles records around age 10. From there I moved onto the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Jefferson Airplane, Donovan, The Doors, Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, and all the other great musical artists of that era. It was a strong foundation!

From age 12 to 13 I took guitar lessons, but I did not have a very good guitar or teacher. Though discouraged, I did retain what I had learned. I started looking around for other ways to express myself, through writing and the visual arts, focusing on photography, and eventually studying film at Emerson College. And although I would not return to making music for a very long time, it was always a part of my life....

My eventual return to making music happened at see **MUSIK** page B4



82: Karen Zanes