



Kate Haley, Ann Haley, Mariah Haley, Frank Haley, Shannon Haley, and Guy Woodland, Senior VP of the New Hampshire Association For The Blind.

Frank Haley Top Fundraiser

By Laretta Phillips
Beacon staff

Frank Haley raised \$2,500 for the annual Blind Awareness Walk in 2006, making him the largest fundraiser for the event. Frank wishes to thank all his sup-

porters in the Andover area and beyond.

Frank, his wife Ann, and granddaughters Kate, Moriah, and Shannon walked the two miles together.

The Fourth Annual Blind Awareness Walk will be on Saturday, June 2, 2007.



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The Day Grandma Flew Through The Air In A Wild Beast

By Heather Makechnie
For the Beacon

We purchased a temporary 10' x 20' garage from Sam's Club. We have a new house, but no garage, and there are several pieces of yard equipment that should be sheltered from winter. On Thanksgiving Day our sons erected the behemoth, and we staked it down elaborately on the exposed hillside. We'd even purchased more rope and stakes to "make sure".

I was on the phone Friday when I saw the garage blow past the kitchen window, all eight legs thrashing indecently. It looked like a giant white beetle trying to right itself. Stunned, with the phone dropped to my chest, I moved to the window to follow its progress. The wind had taken it halfway down our driveway. I excused myself to the caller and quickly dialed my husband's work phone. "Honey, this is an emergency, you've got to come home. Bring helpers."

Just then the white marvel again blew past the window, this time rolling the other way, right over the top of our silver minivan. As it gained the top of the hill it suddenly veered around the back corner of our house and lodged itself between the LPG tank and the kitchen window. Watching its great menacing maw opening and closing, I was convinced it was capable of smashing house windows or cracking the cold vinyl siding.

Girding myself up with coat, hat, scarf and mittens, I naively determined to slay the wild creature before it could do any more damage. I just didn't know how powerful that creature was.

My plan was a good one; remove as much canvas as possible so that the wind would have less to catch. Taking off the little bungee-cord loops proved to be difficult in the cold. The thermometer hovered at the freezing mark, and the wind chill was below zero. But I was making good progress. One side of the canvas came away nicely. I walked to the other side and began the same process there.

Suddenly, a great, sustained gust of wind blew up the driveway, and slammed into the white hulk. "No!" was all I had time to cry before the mass of sail filled and the beast rose screaming into the air. One of its legs swung toward my head. I ducked to avoid being hit, but slipped on the ice. My body torqued toward the white interior of the structure and I was scooped up like plankton into the belly of a whale.

"No!" I shouted impotently, as we rose higher and higher off the ground. We flew over the 500-gallon LPG tank, approximately twelve feet from our starting point when, with deliberate, malign purpose the moaning beast rolled, and then spit me out. I fell about ten feet to the ground, into a ditch.

I landed astraddle the ditch, my sternum crashing into one side, my shin on the other edge, and the rest of me continuing on to the bottom. My next breath took awhile coming. My first thought was, "Leg's broken." My second thought was, "It's going to come back to get me." I raised my head to see where it was. A sight I'll never forget... it had come to rest about forty feet away, sitting like a hat over our tool shed. Its legs were swinging back and forth. There was very little of the tool shed showing. "It" appeared to be panting.

"I've got to get into the house, it won't be able to get me there." I tried to stand but immediately fell. My leg wasn't working. So I crawled out of the ditch and over the broken ground as fast as a 56 year-old grandmother can crawl. I looked back once to be reassured that I wasn't being followed. It was still perched on the tool shed; it's canvas walls flapping in the wind like an albino pterodactyl.

Getting into the house proved to be a bit tricky, as the wind was blowing against the storm door, and I was still on my knees. But I must say, home never seemed so sweet to me as when I finally lay on the kitchen floor.

That's my story, and I'm sticking to it.

The rest of the story is probably boring to you. I was able to call my neighbor, Dr. Coolidge, for help. He happened to be home, and immediately came to tend me. Then the Rescue Squad arrived. There was a ride to the hospital in an ambulance. X-rays. The ride home with crutches and painkiller. And the sore reminders.

After I was carted away, my husband and Dr. Coolidge rejoined the battle, and together were able to dismember the beast. They tell me it had somehow gotten off the tool shed, but was caught in the woodpile. Now its sorry bones are arranged in a neat pile beside the shed, it's flesh folded and stacked inside.

At the beginning of my story I told you that this is a cautionary tale.

You are probably thinking to yourself that you would never have done what I did. But the fact is, you probably would have. So here's the caution... Don't. Don't underestimate the force of the wind on a large surface.

These portable, or temporary canopy structures are potential killers. At the very least they can do great damage to your property, or even your neighbor's. If you *have* one of these "temporary" garages, use at least double the amount of rope and stakes the instructions call for. Consider throwing a few guy wires *over* the structure. You might even tie it to the trees. And for heaven's sake, don't try to tackle it alone if it gets untethered. These things seem to have a life of their own.