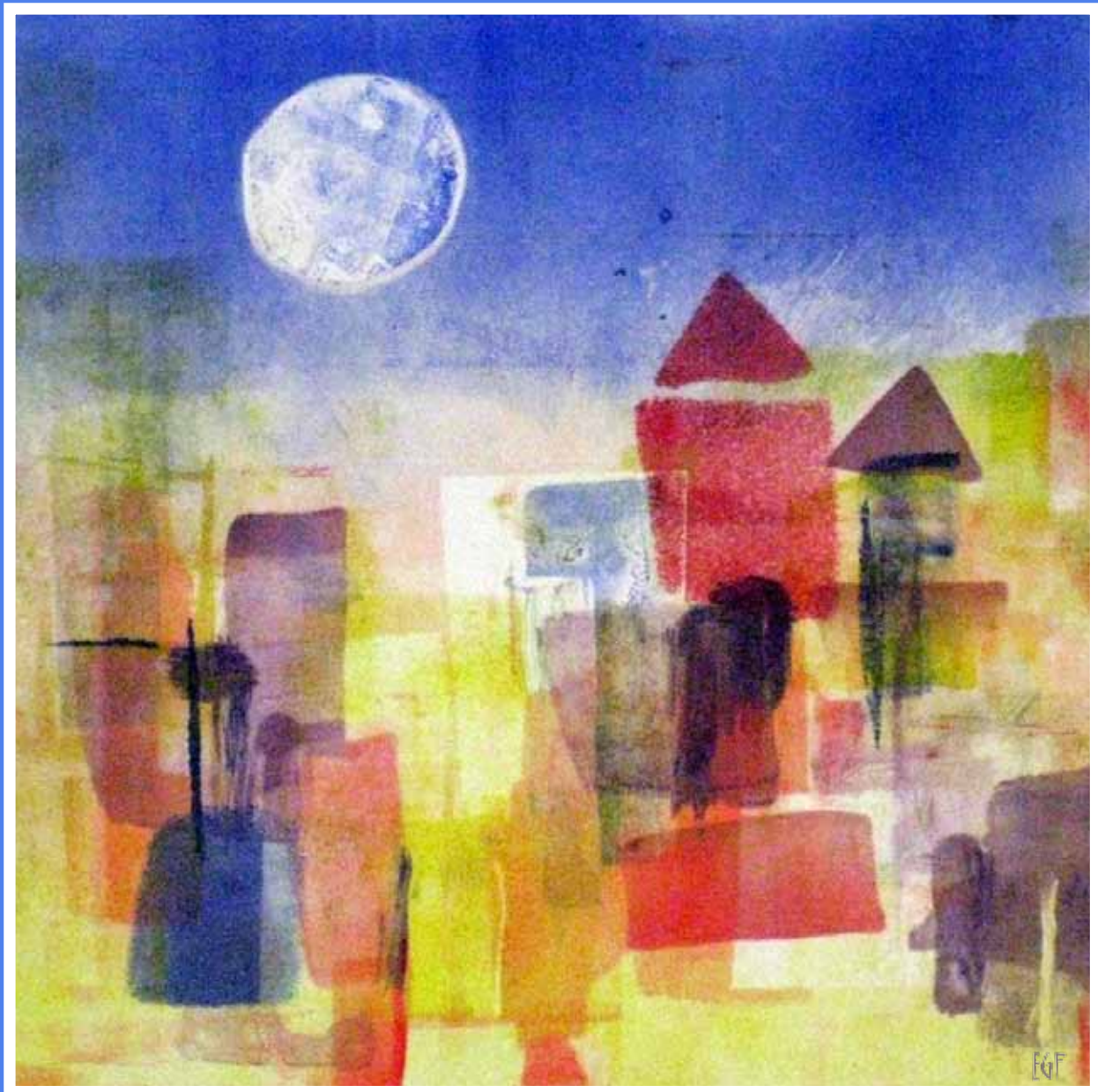




CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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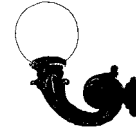
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Co-Editors' Corner



Resident writers and artists readily responded to the theme chosen by the Villager Board for this issue: "Winter Wonders, Winter Woes". To our surprise, there were only a few references to last year's winter onslaught, the funniest being the cartoon and essay by Tim Martin who has a keen ear as well as eye for the humor in many situations.

Artist Elizabeth Flemings paints the beauty of the season in "Winter Moon", her first Villager cover. We welcome her with thanks. Many writers also chose thoughts on the joy and beauty of the season while some recounted winter worries and others touched on both the highs and lows of winter.

We seldom reprint a past contribution but Mary Cowham's article "Christmas Dinner in Darjeeling" which appeared in the December 2006 issue is included at the suggestion of long time readers along with work by new submitters including Ann-Penn Holton, who lives in our Nursing Wing and takes art lessons there and in Llewysac Lodge.

At the September meeting of the Villager Board, Mary Welch retired after sixteen years of interviewing, writing, proof-reading and theme selection. Always referred to as "Queen of the Profiles" by late editor Jim Stockwell, Mary has written a total of sixty-five profiles. We are hoping she will use her new free time to write articles about her past and current adventures. In the meantime, her last big gift to the Board was to suggest the theme for the upcoming March 2016 issue: "Anticipation". Isn't that a wonderful theme by a ninety-seven year old dynamo? We are truly grateful for Mary's faithful service. As always, we urge residents to submit writing or art on this or any other subject.

As we write and edit during glorious October days we wish all our community a joyful winter.

Alice Morrish *Peggy McKibben*
Co-Editors



Contents

Cover – “Winter Moon” a monoprint by Elizabeth Flemings

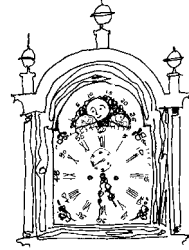
Sketches – by Anne P. Schmalz, Tim Martin, Ann-Penn S. Holton, Ardelle Janes

Inside Front Cover **Co-Editors’ Corner** • Peggy McKibben, Alice Morrish

- 2 **From the Chief Executive Officer** • Barbara A. Doyle
- 3 **A Christmas Gift** • Stephanie Rolfe
- 4 **The Dooser and Beethoven’s Fifth** • Tim Martin
- 4 **My Childhood Winter Fun** • Esther Braun
- 6 **A Gift of Silence** • Nancy Smith
- 6 **Skiing** • Stefan Schatzki
- 7 **Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill** • Alice Morrish
- 8 **In Memory**
- 8 **Winter Wonders** • Shea Smith
- 8 **Winter Worries** • Donna Argon
- 9 **True Alarm** • Edith Gilmore
- 9 **SNOW - A Burden or a Benefit** • Bob and Anne Schmalz
- 10 **Profile** • (profiles are not made available in this edition)
- 10 **Fraziers’ Hill** • D. Alexander Wieland
- 11 **The Ups and Downs of Winter** • Ruth Fernandez-Herlihy
- 12 **Village Happenings** • Edwin Cox
- 14 **Christmas Dinner in Darjeeling** • Mary Cowham
- 15 **Inside Out** • Constance Devereux
- 15 **Welcome New Residents**
- 15 **Girls, 1944** • Craig Hill
- 16 **What Art Means in My Life** • Ann-Penn S. Holton
- 17 **A Lasting Winter Gift** • Ara Tyler
- 17 **Skiing in Switzerland** • Sue Hay
- 18 **Partridgeberry** • Craig Hill
- 18 **Home for the Holidays** • Anne P. Schmalz
- 19 **Deck the Halls** • Anne P. Schmalz
- 20 **Mounties to the Rescue** • Peggy McKibben
- 21 **Facts from the Stacks** • Katherine F. Graff
- 22 **Among the Newest** • Louis W. Pitt, Jr.
- 23 **Recent Library Acquisitions** • Katherine F. Graff



From the Chief Executive Officer



"In seed time, learn; in harvest, teach; in Winter, enjoy." -- William Blake

Down comforters and thick blankets freshly fluffed -- check.
Sweaters and parkas out of storage -- check.
Two cords of split hardwood neatly stacked -- check.
I'm ready.

People who know me know I like to be prepared. But I admit I have received some quizzical looks this past week when I happily revealed I was just about set for winter. Seriously? You are looking forward to winter?

OK, last winter was admittedly, well, challenging but I am a Midwest girl. Living along the western edge of Lake Michigan, winter wasn't something to endure, it was something to embrace! To joyously welcome with hot chocolate, shiny skates ... and a new hat and mittens.

Sure, it can get a bit nippy. If you've ever stood on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive in February, catching the Canadian wind in full fury as it funnels down the length of Lake Michigan -- let me tell you, that is real cold. But there is also an otherworldly landscape on display along the shoreline, breathtaking and magnificent.

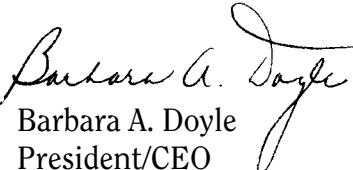
There is snow and often plenty of it but with that fresh inch or two on the ground comes a welcome serenity. Outside, it's white, pure, peaceful. Inside, by the comfort of a warm fire, there is the incomparable satisfaction of a hot mug of soup and fresh-baked bread. Snowstorms aren't an annoyance; they're an invitation to slow down.

And let's not forget Christmas! When I see a Douglas fir in full regalia, I am like an anxious child hoping to have once again made Santa's Nice list. December is a happy blur of family homecomings and reunions with friends too long unseen. And then comes the New Year, with its well-devised plans ready for hatching come Spring.

For me especially, the stark landscapes and crisp crystalline skies create a strange tranquility. The clatter of the world disappears with the last of the fallen leaves, and every breath of quickening air clarifies my thoughts and recalibrates my internal compass.

On with the boots and extra sweater and I'll add a little commuting time. My skates? They're sharpened and ready by the back door.

Winter in New England ... what could be better?


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



A Christmas Gift

When the British troopship arrived in Cuxhaven in 1946, it brought over several hundred members of the occupation forces, but I was the only Wren (member of the Women's Royal Naval Service). Most of us had grown up during six years of war and bombing, yet here in every direction one could see total destruction. It was far, far worse than anything we had experienced at home. As we were loaded onto trucks, I heard a voice say, "Don't worry -- in summer we go in with flame throwers to take care of the hundreds still buried here." I shuddered. Later I learned that Hamburg alone claimed 42,000 dead from Allied raids on that city. Imagine it, 42,000. That was my destination, the British Naval H.Q., formerly a German barracks that, in that winter of 1946, became frigid with driving winds, snow, ice, but almost no fuel for sustaining warmth.

On Christmas Eve I had been invited to go to the Hamburg State Opera -- an astonishing idea because I knew that the Opera House had been deliberately demolished by Allied fire bombs three years earlier. Wrens were forbidden to go out at night without escort, but my date, Richard, had arranged passage in a camouflaged VW bug with a Marine driver. We arrived safely at the battered stage door of the Hamburgische Staatsoper.

I realized that this was a closed gathering for Opera members, but Richard was a special guest of one of the Directors. We groped our way through various dark passages to what had been the stage. There, about thirty people were seated on assorted chairs, with their backs to the charred shell of the burned-out auditorium. Two empty chairs in the last row had been reserved for us. And it was absolutely freezing.

When the makeshift lights went out I sighed with relief because now nobody could see my outfit. I wore black tights, warm Navy pajamas, thick woolen bloomers, boots, men's bell bottom trousers (fastened with safety pins), shirt, uniform jacket, and enormous Navy-issue sheepskin coat down to the knees, and yards of bandages over frostbitten legs. Quite a dish?

And I could still feel the cold. In the remains of the backstage area someone had brought in an upright piano that held its tune. There was no scenery -- just several benches where artists waited under blankets. Small light bulbs illuminated the singers as they stepped forward to perform. They looked simple but elegant. I remember one soprano. She wore a pair of elbow-length, orange, sequined gloves.

Their voices were glorious, the music perfection. But for the first ten minutes I don't believe I heard it. Suddenly that whole massive blackness of the burned-out auditorium had grabbed me, swallowing me up in the endless horrors of war that had brought so much tragedy to so many nations. Germans bombing the Brits, Brits bombing Germans, countries lost and families torn apart. How could we all survive so much suffering and destruction? And yet we didn't know the half of it. Revelations of concentration camps and other atrocities of the Third Reich had not yet reached us.

I tugged myself back to listen to those wonderful musicians. They offered us every kind of aria, duet, chorale, excerpt from the operas that for so long had formed such an important part of their lives. In the music we found a language that we all could enjoy and understand. It brought into our souls a common experience and held us all together. At the end of their musical gift there was, at first, a silence of reverence, then a universe of applause. As people began to disperse, a couple in front of me turned around. They looked quite solemn. One of them offered his hand. I gently shook it, and struggled for a moment with what to say. But he found the word. He said the only thing that we both needed to hear.

"PEACE", he said, and the corners of his mouth played with a smile.

Stephanie Rolfe





The Dooser and Beethoven's Fifth

Last winter was a DOOSER!

Record snows fell on Boston, stopping her trains and trolleys, closing schools, threatening roofs, and causing another storm of finger-pointing by helpless legislators, maintenance managers and administrators. A whole new boom economy emerged based on sales of emergency gear, and the arrival of eager armies of "from-aways" joining ranks of local workers to remove ice and snow from distressed roofs, blocked roads and tracks. Soggy and cold bodies from Wisconsin and Canada filled rooms of local motels in alternating shifts. Snow continued to fall and temperatures frequently fell below freezing for days. Icicles and ice dams appeared and melt water began to creep inside living rooms and bedrooms. What began as an adventure was now becoming serious stuff or worse.



At Carleton-Willard, day and night there was the constant thunder of truck and generator engines, scraping plough blades and clattering snow shovels. Workers in strange immersion suits were seen climbing ladders to shovel off our roofs, and the sound of their voices and tools joined the concerted din.

Eventually the days grew longer and warmer ... and quieter. The snow pack melted. Spring arrived to reveal the winter's damage. Patches of shingle were missing. Metal flashing was bent and dented. Cottage interiors needed repair. There was a pause, absolute silence, while insurance adjusters scratched their heads and their notepads and soon concluded that all the cottage roofing would have to be replaced.

A second commotion began in June when a new wave of workers, their trucks, dumpsters, automatic tools arrived to rebuild cottage roofs. Windows and shrubbery were covered with large tarps to protect them against cascades of debris. Dumpsters were filled to the gills. And resuming the "concerted din" one could hear the tattoo of nail-guns being repeatedly fired. Like insistent drum beats. Like music. Again and again, the same: (••• *) Ta ta ta TUM. What was that again? TA TA TA TUM. Of course!

BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH!

Tim Martin

My Childhood Winter Fun

When I was a child, I would listen to my three MUCH older brothers talk about their skiing adventures. Their skis were up-to-date, made of the best wood. They wore heavy leather ski boots which were held onto the skis by leather harnesses with buckles. They would drive all the way out from our home in Jamaica Plain to a tiny rural village called Littleton.

By the time I was eight or nine, I was anxious to join in the fun, too. A pair of short skis with a single leather strap was located for me. I wore my own buckle galoshes which I slipped into the strap. Not far from our house was an estate with a steep hill. Mr. Bacon, the owner, was a friendly man who allowed the neighborhood kids to ski there. The first position my brothers taught me was the herring bone, the only way to climb up the hill. By making a V with the back ends of my skis, I could climb



without sliding back. It was hard work, but I was so motivated, I hardly noticed.

The second position I was taught was the snow-plow. This was similar to the herring bone, but the V was created with the front tips of my skis. This position slowed the down-hill pull and gave me some control over how fast – or slowly – I wanted to descend. I probably learned these two positions on Day One, when my brothers had the time and interest to teach me. They were not around very much. Two of them were already in college and did not live at home. The youngest was a senior in Boston Latin School and busy with homework or his friends. From that day on, I was on my own. But I was hooked!

My parents were totally non-athletic and had very little comprehension of the dangers of skiing, and so allowed me to go to Bacon's hill by myself. Little did they realize what a dare-devil I was! I would yell from the top, "Watch out! I don't know how to steer!" as I flew straight down the hill. Luckily the ground rose up again at the base of the hill and slowed me down to a stop. Miraculously, I never hurt myself or anyone else.

My brothers would occasionally take the Saturday snow train from North Station to North Conway, New Hampshire. This was a marvelous innovation by the Portsmouth, Great Falls & Conway RR which began in 1932. Passengers paid a special round trip rate for a Saturday trip to North Conway and the Mount Cranmore ski area in the White Mountains. It left quite early in the morning and returned to North Station after the slopes had closed. Special accommodations for the skis were provided on the train. My brothers would return exhausted after a long afternoon of skiing. How thrilled I was to be invited to join them on one of these expeditions. I had to agree to take a beginner's class and to ski only on the "Beginners' Slope".

Each time they finished a run, they would check on me. I was having so much fun and was delighted to be learning how to turn!! The best part of the beginners' slope was the rope tow. I was spared the arduous herring bone climb, and could have many more down-hill runs. A rope

tow is difficult to use, however. It is a continuously running heavy rope which the skier grabs onto. One is immediately pulled and should not let go. The skis are supposed to fit into a track in the snow as one is being pulled up the slope. I am sure the reader can imagine that this did not always work, and some skiers would fall. At that point, the first rule is "Get Out of the Way!" The second rule is "Get Back in Line and Try Not to Fall Again!" Rope burns were not uncommon.

Meanwhile, my brothers enjoyed the luxury of the Skimobile to ascend to the advanced slopes, high up the mountain. This was like a mini train. The open cars, which seated only a few people with their skis and poles, ran on a track straight up the mountain. Each skier had to purchase a ticket, either one at a time, or for several runs. The tickets were tied to the skier's jacket. The skier would jump off at the level he/she had decided to try. It was possible for a non-skier to ride up and back down, so I decided to see what it looked like at the various stops along the way. Looking back down was a frightening sight! How would I ever get up the courage to ski down, even after I had graduated from "Beginner" to "Intermediate"? The view was breathtaking.

I became a regular on the Ski Train, always with my brothers, and did gradually advance to Intermediate. I also had proper skis and poles and boots, and, *mirabile dictu*, I skied down those scary slopes, having learned the proper way to turn and stop. The sensation cannot be matched!

Once, when we left the Skimobile at the Intermediate stop, we were greeted by a big bear of a man completely enveloped in an ankle length raccoon coat. His face was almost completely concealed, except for his rosy cheeks and a protruding cigar. Everyone quickly realized it was Babe Ruth! That was a bonus I have never forgotten.

Esther K. Braun



A Gift of Silence

This morning in sparkling sunlight Barb and I start out early to ski our favorite trail. Snow fell all day yesterday, and now the mountains and valleys, the hillside behind her house sloping down to the wood below, all are blanketed in new fallen snow.

Layered with sweaters and parkas we set out on our skis. Yesterday the meadow showed bare ground in places and tufts of dry grass broke through the crusted layer of ice; this morning a cover of fresh snow, light and fluffy as Ivory Snow Flakes, gleams in the sunlight. There are no tracks to follow. We make our way down to the wood, lifting and sliding, lifting and sliding to pick up the trail. It leads through a black and white world. Black tree trunks of sugar maples, white birch and silver are iced with wind-blown snow, their black branches like shadows beneath the white. Hemlocks have caught the snow in their branches. Black needleless pines stand bare, laddered like a subway turnstile.

We follow the trail in a silent world, soundless except for the plop of snow falling to the ground and a squawk from a crow startled by the rhythmic scratch and squeak of our poles and skis.

There are signs of life: a doe and buck have left fresh tracks along the trail just recently, a raccoon or perhaps a fisher in search of food has printed circles and ellipses on the snow's surface.

Now only a hushed stillness fills our world. We pause to listen to the silence. We look through the wood and up overhead through the canopy of trees in search of its source. Standing there in the quiet, the silence enfolds us, embraces us, engulfs us. A gift of perfect peace.

Nancy Smith

Skiing

When he was ten, our older son Ted, after very strong protests, was sent to Sargent Camp during February vacation. He came home a “ski bum” and was soon tackling the double diamond slopes. His younger brother, Todd, after several years, indicated a wish to begin skiing but said that he would only learn from Ted. After a moderate indoctrination period, during which he would fall, rather than ski, down most of the trails, he also became “hooked”. Both sons have continued their strong interest in descending the most difficult slopes.

In our mid-thirties, Ginny and I thought it was our time to learn to ski so that we could share some of the winter excitement with our sons. We decided to go to Killington, Vermont to learn by the short ski method. On the next winter school vacation, we presented ourselves, quite warily, to the ski instructor wearing our three-foot skis. In front of us was a “formidable” task. We, together with about ten others, were asked to ski down a “slope” which was about ten to fifteen feet long with a one degree inclination. As I finished my second trip down this veritable mountain, the instructor shouted, “You come with me. We’re going to Hans.” Having been a reasonably good athlete in high school, I was amazed that the instructor had so quickly realized my potential. Yes he had. I was being sent to the dunce class suitable for those who could not be taught. By the end of the week, Ginny was whizzing down intermediate trails from the top of the mountain while I was struggling with the baby hills.

Perhaps it was for the best. Our sons, followed by their children, have continued to downhill ski across the United States, while Ginny and I have enjoyed cross country skiing in New England especially at the Lexington Country Club, five minutes from our former home. Finally, I even learned how to ski downhill the beginner slopes, on cross country skis.

Stefan Schatzki



Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill

When I was very young, home was 4 Strong Place, an unfashionable alley on the back of Beacon Hill, directly across from Massachusetts General Hospital where my father worked. The terraced house was narrow, one room wide and three stories high with kitchen and dining room in the stone-floored basement. In addition to my parents and me were Cocker Spaniel Boswell (he had long ears) and cats Eenie, Meenie, Miney and Mo(sey).

I remember life as regimented: meals in the kitchen with Bessie the cook, walks on the Esplanade with Dorothy (Bessie's daughter and my nursemaid), an afternoon nap and a light supper (graham crackers and milk a favorite) before bed at six.

On one day of the year routine was abandoned. On Christmas Eve, lunch was later and more substantial than usual, my nap began at three (with the promise of "consequences" if I were discovered reading under the covers) and I was roused at six. Scrubbed clean in a hot bath, hair brushed and braided, I had a snack and then, dressed in my velveteen frock (usually burgundy red but occasionally hunter green), cream wool knee socks and cherished black patent leather Mary Janes, I'd be presented to my parents for final inspection and last minute instructions.

We alternated having an Open House and making the rounds of other people's Open Houses. I'd have been hard put to say which I liked better. At home I had a job to do, which was to pass a plate of hors d'oeuvres or pastries. Aside from the challenge of weaving amongst the forest of adult legs without spilling anything, my instructions were to curtsy, then present my offerings first to the oldest lady guest and proceed in descending order of seniority. That accomplished, I should apply the same order to the gentlemen guests. I had my own diagnostic clues, having to do with hair color (women) or abundance (men), wrinkles, bellies and double chins (both) but I suspect my judgments were sometimes amiss. In any event I took my responsibilities very seriously and felt I was making a contribution to the festivities.

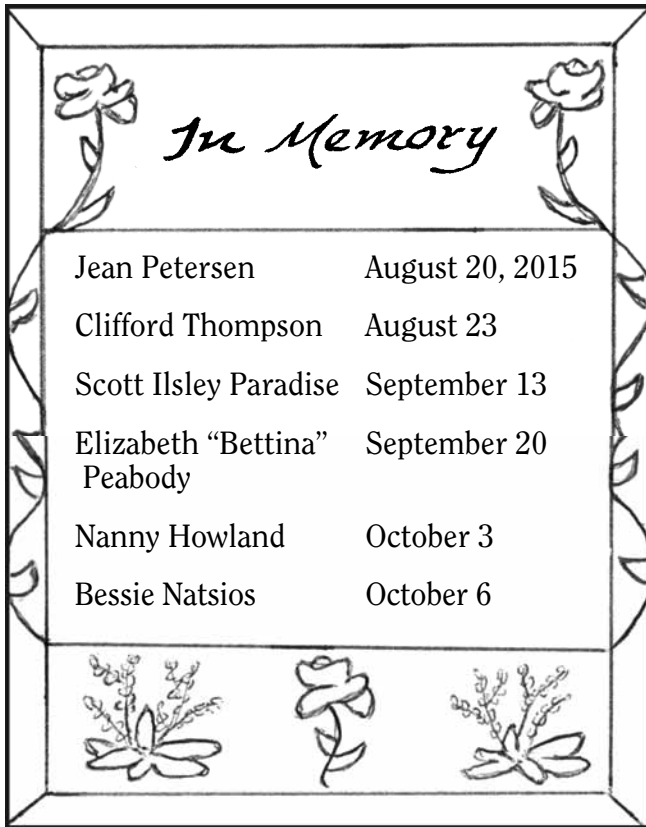
"Out on the Hill" years were even more exciting. Pre-event preparations and wardrobe were

the same, with the addition of my tan leather leggings, whose multiple buttons were fastened with a button hook. If it was snowy, I wore galoshes over my Mary Janes as well as a navy coat and a tartan Glengarry with black grosgrain ribbons. Oh the excitement of being outside on a wintery night. Walking along Chestnut, Pinckney, Mt. Vernon Streets and into Louisburg Square, houses all had curtains pulled open; light patches fell on the red brick pavements and the movements of the beautiful people within seemed to break the light into patterns. Often we could hear the Beacon Hill bell ringers around the corner or way distant; likewise groups of carolers.

The thing about Open Houses is that there is constant movement; arrivals and departures, greetings and farewells, and all festive, enthusiastic, somehow hopeful. I found it magical and invigorating, much though it was well beyond my bedtime. Arriving at a friend's house there was usually a cheerful collision with people departing, a mix-up of outer garments being shed and those being reclaimed before finally joining the remaining guests. Not having a job to do, I was usually found a place to sit and observe till it was time to depart. The smell of balsam was pungent, mixed, in those days, with cigarette smoke. There were grown up smells of scent and after-shave. This was before the time of "themed" or "fashion" Christmas trees, so these trees were glittery with tinsel, glass baubles, plus treasured faded angels and shepherds, missing a limb or short of half a halo. Somewhere often there would be a manger so the real point of Christmas would not be forgot. As well as laughter, chatter and the clink of glasses, carols would be playing. I don't remember any other children, and I have only vague recollections of adults taking notice of me, but I was a perfectly happy participant observer.

Off out again and on to the next Open House. I loved being out in the brisk, often starry, sometimes snowy night. To my young eyes it seemed those partying grown-ups must be trouble-free and happy. To this day, Christmas Eve is a favorite day of the year, signaling possibility and the hope of better days ahead.

Alice Morrish



Winter Wonders

One of the earliest "Winter Wonders" in my memory was a Wisconsin sleigh ride at night in the middle of winter when my sister and I were only about six and four years old respectively. My family owned an estate on Lake Beulah, ninety miles from our house in Chicago, thirty-five miles west of Milwaukee. The estate had three houses, one of which was heated so we could go there in the winter. To get there, we took a train from Chicago to Mukwonago, Wisconsin, five miles from our house on Lake Beulah. My father had arranged to be met at the train at night by a neighbor farmer with horses and sleigh.

What I remember was the four of us--my mother, father, sister and me--being comfortably bundled in the sleigh with lots of heavy blankets. It was very cold. The night was beautiful--no moon but the sky full of stars.

I have no memory of arriving or leaving the house to return home, but at my very early age the sleigh ride really impressed me.

Shea Smith

Winter Worries

It would have been January of 1942 or '43 when my father had to make an out-of-state trip and be away probably two days. Winter is "sale time" in the rural Midwest -- farmers are not busy in the fields. My father's five herd of registered, pedigree Aberdeen Angus cattle needed a new bull, and the one with the bloodlines required would be sold at a sale in Illinois. That meant an overnight or three day trip as we lived on our farm in Indiana.

Shortly after my father left, the weather turned bitter cold and stormy. Mother came down with some sort of flu and had weak knees and a fever of nearly 104 degrees. Snow was closing roads and I soon realized that I was responsible for my worried little sister and a sick mother. Electric and phone lines would tend to go down in such weather, too.

Mother didn't seem to understand my questions and when she made really odd answers or comments, I realized her fever had gone up and she might be delirious. That realization scared me for a minute and sent me upstairs to get the kerosene lamps and flashlights, as it was getting dark as well as stormy.

And then I realized that the wood and coal-burning furnace in our basement would need to be looked at or we would all be in trouble.

My father usually took care of furnace chores in the morning and when he got home from his office. We had coal and also big chunks of dry wood (from our own woods) in the cellar--but I wasn't sure how to manage it. I could see a dying fire and coals glowing when I opened the furnace door. I grabbed the wood and the shovel and did some short but sincere praying, and soon I had the furnace warming up the big single register in the floor above. It took some more feeding but we managed and Mother was better the next day.

I was very glad to see my Dad drive in and to tell him we managed and things were ok.

Donna Argon



True Alarm

Miss Murphy's little ivy plant
was looking faint and sick.
She talked to it. Recovery
was frighteningly quick.

In fact it burst its pot to bits.
Miss Murphy, full of dread,
was shrieking "Stop! Oh no! oh help!"
It soared above her head.

But when it reached the ceiling in
its wild disastrous course,
she called, before she fainted,
the firefighting force.

With sirens howling, trucks conveyed
the heroes to the scene.
Their axes gleamed, they hacked the thing
to tattered shreds of green.

Miss Murphy says, "I now don't talk
to plants. I didn't replace
that monster, which had meant, I think
to rush to outer space".

If friends are seeming skeptical,
she says, "Well, I have got
my evidence. I'll let you see
the pieces of the pot."

Edith Gilmore



SNOW --A Burden or a Benefit



For us at Carleton-Willard Village, February 2015 provided an abundance of snow. With each storm we felt more imprisoned and overwhelmed -- a deluge that never seemed to end.

This July we traveled to Churchill, Manitoba, a small town on the shores of Hudson Bay in Canada. We learned of another way of life, and that what for us is a curse, for the people and animals of the sub-arctic is a necessity. Snow and low temperatures for them enable a way of life that has developed over thousands of years.

Snow in winter makes travel on the tundra possible by dogsled or snowmobile. They can visit other villages and hunt on the waters of the Bay. Polar bears must be able to hunt for seals on the frozen waters. For them, once the ice melts they fast until it freezes again in the fall. Cold temperatures preserve the permafrost that undergirds the landscape. We had eighty degree days and witnessed the drying up of ponds. Orca or Killer whales are now able to find the Beluga whales that congregate in the Churchill River estuary to calve.

As temperatures rise and snow cover declines there is no organism that does not face challenges to its survival. The Churchill Northern Studies Center where our Road Scholar group stayed, has as its focus the effects of climate change in this sub-arctic area. As we face another winter we will be watching the weather maps and hoping for less snow here, but more cold and snow there.

Bob and Anne Schmalz



Fraziers' Hill

In my boyhood in the 1940's, I lived in a modest frame house set back from Spring Lane, Roxborough. Although within the Philadelphia city limits, the lane ran through woods and fields that had been farmland no more than a decade or two before. Spring Lane ran across rolling hills from a high ridge down to the Schuylkill River valley to the west.



At the western end of the lane, before it left its plateau of open fields and dipped abruptly to the Schuylkill valley, lay a beautiful Norman manor house and estate called Renfrew Farm. It lay in a bowl of neatly fenced grassy meadows. A long gravel drive lined with sycamores led to the elegant stone house and then beyond to a Pennsylvania style barn with outbuildings and a farmhouse. We knew the place as “the Fraziers’ ”.

The Fraziers were generous to Spring Lane neighbors, letting us swim in their icy spring-fed pool on the humid summer days, and ski down the long hill between their house and barn in winters that seemed snowier back then.

My father took up downhill skiing because of Fritjof Dahr, a wonderful Norwegian who introduced the family to the mysteries of this sport which was beginning its huge post-war growth spurt. Philadelphia had one ski store, Wilburgers, which the increasing numbers of new enthusiasts all across the city looked to for the latest in clothing and equipment, often from Europe. In the ‘40’s skis, poles, boots and bindings were still crude by current standards. We thought it was the most exotic stuff imaginable.

So on days when the snow was deep and the skies clear, we would ski down Spring Lane to the top of Fraziers’ Hill which looked far off to the woods and fields toward Conshohocken and Norristown. There was a run of about three hundred yards from the steeper top of the hill to the gentler valley below. We spent much of the time sidestepping the steep upper hill to pack it down, for that was the way it was done then to make turning easier. Much practice was done on the upper half. But twenty feet of the fence which bisected the hill had been removed so the entire hill could be skied. Doing the whole hill was a big deal! One minute of downhill exhilaration had to be followed by a twenty minute trudge in the snow back to the windblown tip top. “*Schussing*” (and did we love that German word!) was for the real “experts” who could stay upright from top to run-out on unresponsive “*boards*” with “*bear trap*” bindings and minimal heel cables. Some of us schussed because we could not turn well; but we considered ourselves experts anyway. I imagine we got going a spectacular fifteen-mile-an-hour (maybe). Our skis were waxed or lacquered

for speed, but Philadelphia snow can be sticky. We were all taught to fill in “*sitzmarks*”, to “*sidestep*”, to “*kick turn*”, to “*herringbone*”, and to do “*snow-plows*”, “*stem turns*”, “*stem christies*”, and “*the christy*” (the pinnacle of the ski turn hierarchy). Out on Fraziers’ Hill we began the long skiing careers that we and our children and grandchildren inherited because of Dad’s enthusiasm.

Of all the spectacular ski areas East, West and European that we have enjoyed, none has been any more indelibly imprinted on our memory than the glorious afternoons on Fraziers’ Hill, skidding around, falling all the time, screaming with joy, laughing at each other, and taking pride in learning the sport from the Alps that was new to us and all the rage in the 1940’s.

D. Alexander Wieland

The Ups and Downs of Winter

The first eighteen years of my life were spent in Wareham, Massachusetts, the very heart of cranberry bog country. In order to protect the berries from the cold of winter, the bogs are flooded with water as early as December. In those days, as the cold set in the bogs became covered with beautiful clear ice -- perfect for skating.

Every Saturday a group of us would strap on our hockey skates, divide into teams and play our hearts out. I would often see my Dad’s car parked near the bog as he took a few minutes from making house calls on his patients to watch us play. Of course I did my very best to impress him. That lovely expanse of ice represented the wonder of winter to me.

Now, in the winter of my life, ice has lost its appeal. One day a couple of winters ago, Lu and I were walking arm in arm up the fire road from Falmouth Court when suddenly he started sliding backwards on a path of ice. Luckily I had cleats on my boots and the old hockey reflex of stopping on a dime kicked in, saving us from a double disaster. Now, on icy days you might see us walking laps through Main Street and other nice wide carpeted halls -- no more ice-walking for us.

Ruth Fernandez-Herlihy



Village

Cape Ann Trip

On a beautiful day, a large group of residents enjoyed a visit to the newly remodeled Cape Ann Museum in Gloucester. Highlighting a special exhibit of paintings by John Sloan, most of Cape Ann scenes, the museum also features a large display of works by Gloucester native Fitz Hugh Lane. In addition to paintings, exhibits depict the history of the cape, concentrating on fishing and the heroic stories of many local seamen. Lunch followed the museum visit, on a deck overlooking the water on Rocky Neck, where lobster rolls were the most popular fare. The trip continued with a ride along the coast, before heading home.



Sawyer Bicycle Exhibit

Resident Bob Sawyer has been collecting, restoring, and riding antique bikes since 1971. Over the years he has accumulated a collection of colorful advertising posters created in the late nineteenth century for European and American bike manufacturers. Created in 1899, the largest poster in the display measures fifty-five by thirty-nine inches and features a “sensuous and almost surrealistic lithograph” of a *femme fatale, au naturel*, with long, flowing red hair, designed “to entice the ladies to ride and the men to view”. The best known artist represented is Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec who produced only thirty-one bicycle posters; the one displayed was made in 1896. The exhibit also included bike models, lamps, photos and related philatelic material.

This is a selected summary of events that were enjoyed by residents of Carleton-Willard Village in recent months.

Tea for Three: Lady Bird, Pat & Betty

“The hardest unpaid job in the world,” Pat Nixon said of her White House years as First Lady. Actress Elaine Bromka, performing her eighty minute one-woman play co-written with Eric Weinberger, “Tea for Three”, offered a thoughtful look, with wigs and dialect but without mimicry, at three First Ladies, Lady Bird Johnson, Pat Nixon and Betty Ford, women of intelligence and grit who supported their husbands but suddenly found themselves in a fishbowl. “They had the dignity to carry on under very difficult circumstances,” said Bromka, who was invited to Carleton-Willard by resident and fellow Smith College graduate, Patricia Till.

Iran: Persian Glory and Islamic Revolution

Photojournalist Barry Pell reported on a month-long visit to Iran, during which he and his wife traveled 4,000 miles within this ancient, beautiful, and enigmatic country in 2014. While usually accompanied by their friendly guide/interpreter, the Pells had frequent opportunities to wander among the people on their own, and found many English speakers with whom they had wide ranging discussions. A youthful, highly literate population of seventy-eight million, Iranians, while proud of their history and culture, show strong interest in the west, with usually favorable attitudes. The Pells were impressed by the warm welcome and hospitality they enjoyed.

Charles River Cruise

On a beautiful summer morning, residents enjoyed an hour cruising on the Charles River, from east Cambridge upstream to Harvard University and return. Points of interest, old and modern, were described in informative and often humorous commentary. The skyline of Boston and Cambridge are changing dramatically, with modern high-rise buildings dominating the lower, old, red-brick colonial structures. The glorious golden dome on Charles Bulfinch’s Massachusetts State House remains a prominent landmark. Upon return to the landing we enjoyed lunch at the California Pizza Kitchen.



Happenings

They are samples of the ongoing activities planned by our Learning In Retirement and Off-site Programs offices.

Rocking Rauch Concert

A group of eight musicians, members of Temple Shalom Emeth in Burlington, entertained residents with a program of Jewish folk, liturgical and popular pieces. Rauch means “spirit”, which accurately conveys the energy and enthusiasm of the group. The lyrics, in a blend of English and Hebrew, were sung by members of the band, accompanied by some of the residents from time to time. The young children of band members added to the fun by “dancing” to the music as their parents played. Performers and residents had a joyous and uplifting evening.

Fred Moyer, Pianist

Concert pianist Frederick Moyer visited twice in recent months, with contrasting programs. In the first, he dedicated his extraordinary artistry and technical savvy to Rachmaninoff’s Second Piano Concerto. The thirty-five minute work included a computer-simulated full orchestra issuing from speakers on the stage. “Beats hiring an expensive real orchestra,” said Moyer to a rapt audience regaled by concert-hall realism and the pianist’s darting hands projected onto an overhead screen. Surrounding the concerto with a Rachmaninoff Etude-Tableau and Debussy’s Claire de Lune, Moyer concluded with another facet of his art, offering “Tin Tin Deo” that recalled jazz pianist Oscar Peterson, sweeping the audience off its feet. In his second visit, Moyer focused on three jazz greats - Peterson, Ahmad Jamal and Dave Brubeck. He explained how he uses computer technology to create scores from recordings of improvisations and arrangements by jazz performers. Backed by recordings of bass and drums by his colleagues in the Jazz Arts Trio, Moyer played Peterson’s “Bossa Beguine”, “Night Train” and “The Theme”. He followed these with Jamal’s “Music, Music, Music”, “Moonlight in Vermont”, and “There Is No Greater Love”, closing with Brubeck’s “Cathy’s Waltz”. Again, residents responded to Moyer’s amazing performance with enthusiastic applause.

Two Boston Churches

A group of residents enjoyed an immersion in Boston history, as we visited two famous churches. In the 1680s, the King angered the Puritan settlers by ordering construction of King’s Chapel, an Anglican Church. Today the Chapel is home to the oldest Unitarian church in America, yet still influenced by its Anglican history. Nearby, the Old South Meeting House was the largest building in Boston when built in 1729. It served as the site for congregational worship and the meeting hall for civic gatherings, one of which, in 1773, led to the Boston Tea Party. Our Parker House lunch included the rolls and Boston cream pie for which the hotel is famous.



ArtMatters: Picasso

Jane Blair, founder of ArtMatters, an art awareness program, engaged residents with a stimulating and informative presentation on the work of the 20th Century’s greatest, most influential artist, Pablo Picasso. Jane illustrated her talk by setting nearly forty oversized color reproductions one by one along the apron of the auditorium stage in order to dramatize the remarkable progression through the many varied styles and expressions of Picasso’s multifaceted career. She related the artist’s professional development to key events in his personal life. It was evident from the enthusiastic reception to her presentation that Jane achieved her objective of enabling residents to connect personally with Picasso’s art.

Edwin Cox



Christmas Dinner in Darjeeling

During our first two years in India, my father served in several chaplaincies in the Plains of Bengal, but in September 1931 he was stationed in the Hills, and the whole family was thrilled by this move. After the intense heat of Saidpur, Dinapur and Barrackpur, the climate of Darjeeling was idyllic, and as children we reveled in the freedom of running around a large compound that overlooked the vast Himalayan range.

Inspired in part by the henhouse already installed in the parsonage compound, as well as by the memory of a scrawny chicken, in lieu of turkey, that we had eaten the year before, our parents decided to buy a goose early in October and to fatten it up in time for Christmas. The three of us were enchanted by this new pet but our parents, mindful of its impending doom, tried to discourage our wish to give "him" a name -- without success.

Much to our delight, Goose was very sociable and was our constant companion. He even allowed me to pick him up, and once when visitors came to the parsonage, I felt it incumbent upon me to make polite introductions by asking, "Have you met Goose?"

In the few days before Christmas we were kept busily involved with all the excitement of building our manger, going to church and to a children's party at Government House, and our parents made sure that we stayed away from the henhouse and the kitchen. But on Christmas Day the inevitable day of reckoning came when the bearer, accompanied by most of the house servants including the cook, placed a huge platter on the dining room table, and watched as my father started to carve.

Everyone was all smiles until I asked reproachfully, "Are we eating *Goose*?" But before Christine and Hugh had time to burst into tears, I had already tasted my first delicious mouthful. Traitor that I was, I promptly followed up with "If we all eat *Goose* gently, do you suppose he'll mind?" Fortunately, it was generally agreed that he would not, but I kept a watchful eye on everyone at the table to be sure that they all chewed very slowly.

The dessert that followed was a less successful enterprise. It was a plum pudding made by my ninety-two-year-old great-grandmother, and neatly sewn up in a clean white cloth by my grandmother. Granny had then mailed it to us from England together with her own recipe for brandy butter. These treasures, plus a newly-acquired steamer were given the cook by my mother, together with strict instructions about keeping the water constantly on the boil for at least two hours. When he protested: what with all the other things he had to do that day, it would be impossible for him to watch over it, my mother readily agreed to hire a *chokra* whose sole responsibility would be to stoke the charcoal burner at regular intervals.

Early on Christmas morning, my mother was happy to see the *chokra* (who just happened to be the cook's nephew) conscientiously fanning the flames under the charcoal burner, as he watched steam bubbling up from under the lid of the steamer. She was, however, unaware that her instructions had been ignored until the embarrassed bearer brought in a glutinous blob the size of a large bowling ball. We giggled happily when my father couldn't cut through its rubbery "skin", and our substitute dessert was the unusual treat of brandy butter on toast. Once the meal was over we greatly enjoyed kicking great-grandma's famous pudding around the lawn until my mother, on seeing gooey brown stains all over our Sunday-best clothes, hastily put a stop to such indignity to a well-intentioned gift.

The following day my father had a heart-to-heart talk with our disconsolate cook, who had always prided himself on his knowledge of English cooking that he had learned from a long since retired *memsahib*. He knew puddings were baked in the oven, but as my mother had failed to explain why this strange object, wrapped in a white cloth, had to be cooked in a steamer instead of inside the oven, he had surmised that her eccentric demand to keep water constantly on the boil for two hours was some special ritual intended to honor the birth of the Christian god.

Mary Cowham



Inside Out



After the death of my grandfather, who owned a family “shack” on Rock Creek, a tributary of the Mississippi River, my parents decided to build a cabin, this time on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, cutting about an hour off the commute from our home in Chicago for weekend getaways. A log cabin kit was ordered from Sears Roebuck. BUT instead of having the rounded part of the logs outside, we built it with the rounded part inside.

With a power saw in hand, Dad would ask, “Where do you want the front door?” *Brrr*. “The back door?” *Brrr*. “Picture windows?” “Fireplace?” “Bedroom?” “Bath?” all the same *Brrr*.

The fireplace was built by a stone mason.

Dad had a hired helper named Slim Fickle to help with the heavier work. Whenever Dad wanted to do a second measurement, Slim would proclaim, “It’s nothing but a damn cabin anyway.”

I was thirteen at the time and one of my jobs was to nail the asbestos shingles on the roof. Once while I was on this assignment, I was called down for lunch. On the descent, the ladder slipped and left me hanging from the gutter. Somehow I managed to swing myself back up on the roof. My parents righted the ladder and held it in place and tried to talk me down but I was terrified. I stayed there till dusk when my Dad climbed up, helped me onto the ladder, held it from the top while Mom waited at the bottom as I climbed down.

It was a misadventure to remember but the cabin was charming.

Constance Devereux



Welcome New Residents

Mrs. Sarah Chapin,
from Concord, 8/5/15

Mrs. Mary “M.G.” Foster,
from Manchester, 9/26/15

Mrs. Mary Anderson,
from Boston/Concord, 10/17/15

Mrs. Shirley Buck,
from Lexington, 10/25/15

Girls, 1944

By moonlight, if he trained his eyes on trees,
A doubtfulness at times might take him whether
He saw not dancers, waiting in a frieze
Of shadows, arms uplifted, poised together.
If then a breeze, like music, touched their pose,
He saw them dancing, swaying in a ring
Of moon-blanchéd tarlatan, up on their toes,
Not girls he knew, but real as anything.
Why did he not see deathsheds, angry bears?
Imagining some fear is sometimes wise.
In violent countries one had better know
How to spring quickly out of easy chairs
At some faint knock or else, perhaps one dies.
But in those days the nights seemed safe and slow.

Craig Hill



What Art Means in My Life

Art has been a wonderful and joyful part of my life. My Mother and Father both loved art and tried to help me appreciate it. When I was about five years old, Mother ordered a book, "Art for Children" and talked to me about it as we looked at the pictures and she read the text. I still recall that the first picture was by Botticelli. And I remember that my father once stopped the car and pulled off the road so we could look at a sunset. Art to them was all things beautiful: a fine painting, a lovely garden, a well-crafted piece of furniture, and, certainly, a glorious sunset.

I took Art in junior high school and our teacher was very nice but at the end of the course she told me I really couldn't draw. She was kind about it but felt she needed to tell me. In high school though, I took Art Appreciation and that I certainly could do. My favorites became and continue to be the "Old Masters".

At Wheelock College, I studied to be a kindergarten teacher and learned many ways to make art available to young children. I loved that. After I was married and had children, I wanted to stay at home and teach my children as much as I could about the things my husband and I loved, art and reading among them. In elementary school our children came home for lunch and I always read to them, our great favorite being "The Peterkin Papers" by Lucretia Peabody Hale.

Two of our children have stayed involved in art. Our younger son, Randy, became quite interested in Sandpaper Paintings and often writes and lectures about this nineteenth century art form. Several years ago he came to Carleton-Willard to give a talk about this interest. Our daughter, Ann Holton Jenne, majored in Art History at Wellesley College and once worked for the National Museum of Women in the Arts in Washington. Older son Rick's creative streak is for writing which he does professionally for business firms and other enterprises. To my joy, our granddaughter, Wiley, who entered Colby College this fall, has always loved drawing. Her pencil portraits of my husband and me and of

her sister and herself are framed and on my wall, as is a charcoal drawing she did. Her sister Julia, a tenth grader, is a high school artist and theatrical performer.

Now that I am ninety and live in Caswell Hall of the Nursing Center, I continue to love art and I am an enthusiastic mem-

ber of the weekly hour-long watercolor classes in the Nursing Wing Activities Center where we study with Linda Dunn, who I think is a devoted and excellent teacher. On Fridays I go in my power wheelchair to Llewysac Lodge where Linda teaches for an hour and a half. What a pleasure! I feel art comes from the soul ... it stems from God. It gives me great joy to participate in these classes and to put my feelings on paper.

Ann-Penn S. Holton



APSH



A Lasting Winter Gift

Few people recognize when they have gifted others, especially teachers of outdoor sports. One such person is emblazoned in my memory. The gift was a refusal to accept a scared student's cop-out, thereby ensuring that the lesson was absorbed and became a positive life experience to enjoy.

It all began when my phone rang and announced my daughter, who at the time was a Middlebury student, and who inquired if I would go skiing with her. A simple request. However, as I did not ski, one that I was tempted to turn down. Just in time though, a thought occurred: how many times was a teen-aged daughter going to invite her mother to accompany her on an adventure? My quick reply was yes, I'll meet you at Stratton and be delighted to join with you.

The reality was that skis and I were strangers, and that a beginner at forty-something was pretty nervy. However, trying new endeavors has been my life style, so off I went, being sure to take with me the aborted sewing projects lodged on the closet shelf in case I was simply a watcher and mealtime companion.

Stratton has a beginners' slope that, once mastered, ensures that beginning skiers will be sure of themselves. The demarcation point is steep, challenging the novice to develop balance, competence and courage all at once. What it also had was a clear view of the steep mountain incline and the miniature ski lodge way down the mountain. This view was enough to scare me into immobility. Frozen, I stood and told the blonde, blue-eyed ski instructor to go on with the group and leave me to descend the mountain on my own. All this while I was clutching the tall grass bordering the ski run. She did not go on but waited for me to join the group. What a gift that waiting turned out to be, for when I managed to join the group the lesson began and I later became a proficient skier who really enjoyed the sport. All because a blonde, blue-eyed instructor waited and waited for her scared pupil to join the group. It was a gift of lifetime enjoyment, one that I am still grateful to have received.

Ara Tyler

Skiing in Switzerland



My husband and I were not expert skiers nor were we beginners. With the war and college years over, we had taken up the sport, hitting the ski areas of Vermont and New Hampshire with friends every weekend after work. We mastered the art of climbing -- from herringbone, to the rope tow and chair lift, even skiing to the top of the Sherman Trail on Mt. Washington. I still dream of the run down that trail, through the woods, with perfect snow conditions.

When our boys were old enough we would turn our house in Concord into a ski lodge (a rack in the hall for mittens and boots) and take advantage of local ski areas in snowy months. We would ski every chance we had.

So, when the winter of 1971 - 1972 found us in Switzerland with our son, Andy, we looked forward to some special skiing. Duncan and I borrowed skis from friends; we purchased equipment for Andy from the supermarket (Swiss supermarkets sell everything!). We rented an apartment in Verbier over Christmas.

For our first outing, a gondola took us to the top of the mountain. As we got out, it seemed we had landed at the top of the peak. Nothing but other peaks surrounded us, covered with snow. It was hard to get my bearings; I had no frame of reference. I was terrified. To make it worse, the *piste*



unfolding before us descended straight down with, it seemed, sheer cliffs on either side. Needless to say we all agreed to take the gondola back down.

Now it was fortunate that we learned of an area in the Jura where the country was developing cross-country skiing not far from Geneva. Geneva, during the winter months, is socked in with fog. In December street lights are on day and night. It became a joy to escape the fog-bound city on weekends, drive up through the clouds, and find snowy trails to explore. Since the Jura range straddles Switzerland and France, we would take our passports with us. There would be places along the way offering refreshments; we might need help; we might be skiing in either country.

An added thrill was to look south, over the fog covering Lac Lemman, to see majestic Mont Blanc rising in the distance.

Sue Hay

Partridgeberry

despite its name
would seem
to make a poor diet for partridges
since in a prostrate drift of it
there are seldom many.
seen in the searchbeam of sun
the berries are waxy red
and are scattered across
the carpet of green stems and tiny
white-veined leaves
like the few coral beads
some girl might have failed to find
after her necklace broke.
anyway, I doubt
that partridges would care
to live in such dark woods.
more likely it is the foolhen
who with her pretended broken wing
once led me around and around lost
in such a place -- she
might now and then eat one.

Craig Hill

Home for the Holidays

I grew up in a large family in what had been our great-grandparents' home in Wellesley. Decorating our home for the holidays was a tradition-happy time. Preparations began well in advance with bringing the Christmas Cactus in from the yard where it had spent the summer until just before frost. It was then fed with a tablespoon of cod liver oil and put where no artificial light could reach it until the buds appeared, then brought out to a prominent spot in a sunny window. My mother had a plant that grew to be several feet across. It is now in my daughter's keeping.

Early in December either laurel or white pine roping was purchased and wrapped around porch railings and pillars. A trip to the cabin in New Hampshire was made to find a tree and cut greens. Sometimes the shape of the tree was a little odd, but it must be a fir balsam with its special aroma. From the extra greens my mother made a wreath, adding holly and cones and a red ribbon for the front door. More holly adorned the mantel and table along with ivy and evergreens.

Before the holiday festivities there was always a sprig of mistletoe hung in the doorway under which kisses were exchanged. For us children this provided a lot of silliness.

It was not till I worked for Lexington Gardens many years later that Poinsettias came to be a part of my own holiday decorations. At the commercial greenhouses where I worked in Connecticut, we grew and sold thousands of them. Commercial hybridizers had by then produced them in several colors, and we had plants from four inch pots to mammoth tubs over four feet tall. Little glass bowls of Partridge Berry were also a popular item.

Although the house and family gatherings are now only fond memories, and we don't bring all those greens into our cottage here, it is a joy to walk around the grounds and see the holly, the ivy and all the evergreens. The Partridge Berry creeps alongside the perimeter path. This summer I bought a new Christmas Cactus and it is patiently sitting out on the deck as I write this. I keep looking for the thickening veins of the terminal leaves. Will it bloom this year? Our enjoyment of Christmas does not depend on "decking the halls", but it brings back those memories.

Anne P. Schmalz



"DECK the HALLS"



mountain laurel



mistletoe



balsam fir



poinsettia



christmas cactus



partridge berry



ivy



holly

A. Schmalz '15



Mounties to the Rescue

Our older son, Bill, was one year old in the winter of 1961-62 and we were living in Palo Alto, California. It must have been a Saturday when I awoke to shouts outside our bedroom windows. I listened for just a moment and announced to my sleeping husband, "It's snowing!" Groggily, he replied "What on earth are you talking about?" Snow in Palo Alto was about as likely as a sandstorm in Bedford. I shouted, "Listen to the kids! That's how they sound at first snow!" By that time, I was at the window, pulling up the shade and sure enough, snow was falling and kids, little and big, were out there reveling in it.

We threw on as heavy clothes as we could find, woke our boy, bundled him in many layers and rushed him out to see this wonder. The high school kids next door welcomed us to this surprising white world and Bill looked on in astonishment and a bit of concern. But, since everyone was laughing and having such a good time, he too became thrilled with this cold white stuff and soon was laughing like the rest of us as we fashioned a snowman and threw snowballs.

Three years later, after we had moved to Southern California and Bill had a younger brother, Tom, we were on our way moving to Toronto before we really experienced snow again. Of course we had seen it in the mountains as we drove up the Pacific Coast to Seattle and Vancouver before journeying east along the Trans-Canada Highway.

But coming into Regina, Saskatchewan, we got SNOW -- a blizzard in fact. We checked in as planned at a pleasant motel and Gordon called the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (who, in addition to their other duties, oversee the highways in all the provinces but Ontario and Quebec) to check if we would be likely to continue the next day. "No Way!" he was told, especially not without tire chains and with children in the car. "We are pulling dozens of cars and trucks off the Trans Canada. Plan to stay a few days!"

Well, that was a hitch in our plans but Gordon, always the reporter, also learned a couple of other important things from the Mounties. First

of all, there was an RCMP station right in Regina and we were welcome to watch morning drill ceremonies since the city roads were passable.

And there was a small Natural History Museum not far from our motel. Maybe we would survive with our active lads after all.

Then to the motel coffee shop for an early supper. The scene there could have been cause for complaint from many customers but not from us. The management was renovating the restaurant but carrying on with meals as usual. How great -- no matter how much noise our guys made, the carpentry was louder.

Next morning we were in the coffee shop early for noisy breakfast and then off to the RCMP Center for Morning Drills. It was bitter cold and we were all decked out in many layers of clothes and newly bought mittens. Oh, two little boys were thrilled with the sight of the uniforms, horses and tall young men riding in precision through several drills. Never mind the cold -- this was exciting. We eagerly repeated the ritual each morning.

Then on to the Natural History Museum where, over the next few days, we memorized most of the exhibits. Back to the Coffee Shop for lunch, some outside play and then long naps and reading for all.

In retrospect, I don't think we realized how tired we all were from travelling. Snowbound Regina and the wonderful Mounties provided the R&R we needed before we hit the road again after three days.

In Toronto the boys loved the wintry scene, both of them almost always outside playing, learning to toboggan, skate, ski and play hockey, all things they still love to do.

Peggy McKibben



“Libraries are the mainstays of democracy...So keep them, find them, embrace and cherish them.” David Baldacci

Our Large Print Collection

The Carleton-Willard Library has an excellent collection of large print books, approximately four hundred and fifty of them fiction titles and one hundred and fifty of them non-fiction titles. They are displayed prominently in the center of the library and are easy for residents to reach.

Circulation of large print books is brisk, with almost one hundred books signed out each month. Two library volunteers take a cart of large print books up to the Health Center every Saturday morning, offering selections of good reading to residents who are unable to come down to the library itself.

A committee of residents is responsible for the selection of new large print books. Using catalogues from Gale Publishing, which is part of Cengage Learning, the committee chooses seven new books each month, making an effort to balance a wide variety of reading interests. This means that we add eighty-four new large print books to the collection each year.

Residents are always encouraged to recommend large print titles and we try to accommodate their requests.

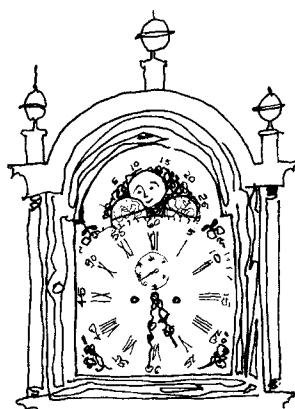
When the large print shelves become crowded, we know that it is time to do some selective weeding. We use our computer records to run a list of the titles taken out over the past three years, and any book not taken out during this time is a candidate for removal.

The large print books that are removed from our collection are first offered to the CWV Health Center for its own library and any that are left over are taken to the Bedford Council for the Aging. Every book finds a new home and is well received.

A number of our residents have their own e-readers such as a Nook, Kindle or iPad. These devices are convenient because the size of print can be changed to fit an individual’s eyesight.

However, this new technology is not easy for everyone to use and we have found that our collection of large print titles is becoming more and more popular.

*Katherine F. Graff
Library Committee Chair*





Among the Newest

Sisters in Law by Linda Hirshman
How Sandra Day O'Connor and Ruth Bader Ginsburg went to the Supreme Court and changed the world.

An Irish Doctor in Love and at Sea by Patrick Taylor
A country doctor's practice is challenged by haunting memories of World War II.

The Soul of an Octopus by Sy Montgomery
The description of remarkable interaction with resident octopuses and other creatures in the New England Aquarium.

The State We're In by Ann Beattie
Exquisite yarns of "Down East" Maine, full of salty characters and shrewd insights.

Deep South by Paul Theroux
A thoughtful report on a year's immersion in the American south, its people and customs, its prides and problems.

Corridors of the Night by Anne Perry
Hester Monk is kidnapped, and Commander Monk, her husband, is frantic to find and rescue her.

A Full Life by Jimmy Carter
The former president's memoir reads like an epilogue to a long life of accomplishment.

Playing With Fire by Tess Gerritsen
A well-crafted thriller about a piece of music, a violinist and her terrified young daughter.

Something Must Be Done About Prince Edward County by Kristen Green
The story of a town that defied Brown vs. Board of Education for fourteen years.

The Prize by Jill Bialosky
This novel of the art world follows a complex marriage of artists torn by their ideals and ambitions.

Food: A Love Story by Jim Gaffigan
A random, humorous look at everything from health food to things that people actually enjoy eating.

Last Bus to Wisdom by Ivan Doig
A western story of good people in tough places.

Saving Simon by Jon Katz
Katz rescues a much abused donkey and becomes emotionally involved in its recovery.

Purity by Jonathan Franzen
Purity is a young college graduate, bright but undirected, faced with a murder to be covered up.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Burgard, Timothy et al.	Richard Diebenkorn: The Berkeley Years 1953 to 1966	Chapin, Andrea Cleeland, Anne Coleman, Reed Farrel	The Tutor (*) Murder in Retribution Robert B. Parker's The Devil Wins
Coleman, Loring W.	Living and Painting in a Changing New England	Doig, Ivan Evans, Lissa	Last Bus To Wisdom Crooked Heart (*)
Denny, Walter	Oriental Rugs	Evison, Jonathan	This is Your Life, Harriet Chance!
Peirce, Neal R.	Over New England	Ferrante, Elena Ferris, Joshua	The Story of a New Name To Rise Again at a Decent Hour
Autobiography/Memoir		Frank, Dorothea Benton	All the Single Ladies
Carter, Jimmy	A Full Life (*)	Franzen, Jonathan	Purity
Carter, Jimmy	A Full Life	Furst, Alan	Midnight in Europe (*)
Mitchell, George J.	The Negotiator (*)	George, Nina	The Little Paris Bookshop (*)
Rebanks, James	The Shepherd's Life	Gerritsen, Tess	Playing With Fire
Yousafzai, Malala	I am Malala	Grafton, Sue	X
Current Affairs		Grafton, Sue	X (*)
Breyer, Stephen	The Court and the World	Horan, Nancy	Under the Wide and Starry Sky
Brooks, David	The Road to Character (*)	Joyce, Rachel	The Love Song of Miss Queenie Hennessy
Coates, Ta-Nehisi	Between the World and Me	Kalotay, Daphne	Sight Reading
Hirshman, Linda	Sisters in Law	Karon, Jan	Come Rain or Come Shine
Nydell, Margaret	Understanding Arabs	Lee, Harper	Go Set a Watchman
Theroux, Paul	Deep South	Linsley, Clyde	Death of a Mill Girl
Wagner, Gernot & Weitzman, Martin	Climate Shock	Matthiesen, Peter	In Paradise
Drama		McGuane, Thomas	Crow Fair (*)
Reza, Yasmina	Art	McLaughlin, Emma	How to Be a Grown-Up
Essays/Letters		Moriarty, Liane	Big Little Lies
Hall, Donald	Essays After Eighty	Nicholson, William	Amherst (*)
Fiction		Ohanesian, Aline	Orhan's Inheritance (*)
Beattie, Ann	The State We're In	Patel, Shona	Flame Tree Road
Bialosky, Jill	The Prize	Penny, Louise	The Nature of the Beast
Bronte, Emily	Wuthering Heights	Penny, Louise	The Nature of the Beast (*)



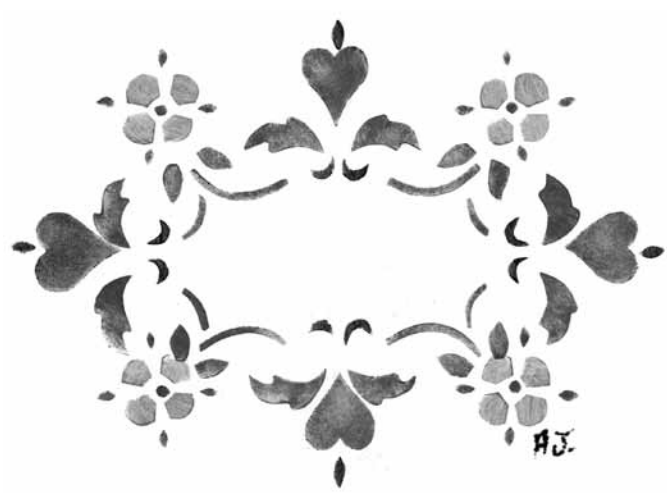
Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Perry, Anne	Corridors of the Night	Nature	
Pulley, Natasha	The Watchmaker of Filigree Street (*)	Ewing, B. & Mattrick Christopher	Field Manual of Invasive Plants for the Northeast
Reisman, Nancy	trompe l'oeil	Hopkinson, Simon & Judith	Herbs
Rendell, Ruth	No Man's Nightingale	Jaworski, Henry	Orchids Simplified
Taylor, Patrick	An Irish Doctor in Love and at Sea	Katz, Jon	Saving Simon
Torday, Daniel	The Last Flight of Poxl West (*)	Montgomery, Sy	The Soul of an Octopus
Treuer, David	Prudence (*)	Stocker, Carol	The Boston Globe
Weiner, Jennifer	Who Do You Love?		Illustrated New England Gardening Almanac
Wilson, Susan	The Dog Who Saved Me (*)		
		Religion	
History		Albom, Mitch	Have a Little Faith
Ackroyd, Peter	Tudors	Feiler, Bruce	Where God Was Born
Beevor, Antony	Ardennes 1944	Keown, Damien	Buddhism
Bryant, Jonathan	Dark Places of the Earth		
Buck, Rinker	The Oregon Trail	Travel	
Buck, Rinker	The Oregon Trail (*)	Balmer, Desmond & Raphael, Adam	The Good Hotel Guide: Great Britain and Ireland 2015
Burns, Eric	1920 (*)	Steves, Rick	Rick Steves' Barcelona 2013
Green, Kristen	Something Must Be Done About Prince Edward County	Steves, Rick	Rick Steves' Europe Through the Back Door 2013
Hoffman, David	The Billion Dollar Spy (*)	Steves, Rick	Rick Steves' Great Britain 2014
Kershaw, Alex	Avenue of Spies	Steves, Rick	Rick Steves' Provence and The French Riviera 2013
Kurkjian, Stephen	Master Thieves (*)	Steves, Rick	Rick Steves' Venice 2013
Nordhaus, Hannah	American Ghost (*)		
Watson, Robert A.	Before Her Time and Other Inspirations		
Miscellaneous			
Gaffigan, Jim	Food: A Love Story		
Norris, Mary	Between You and Me (*)		

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff





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