



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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Co-Editors' Corner



Charles Conlon's evocative painting "Winter Sport" brings the quietness and solitude of winter to our cover, reminding us that the season brings not only festive occasions but time for quiet pursuits and enjoying the world in its winter cloak.

After our Editorial Board chose "Coming Home" for this issue's theme, contributors responded with many variations. Some of them connected with the winter holidays and how we desire then to be with the people we love and reminding us that our idea of what 'coming home' means can change as we age. While once we might have celebrated holidays at our grandparents' or parents' homes, then, perhaps, were in charge of festivities, now we may find that it is a son or a grandchild who is roasting the turkey or that our own Dining Manager Reagan is overseeing the banquet that we share with cherished friends here at Carleton-Willard. As always, we welcomed writers on a host of subjects.

During the summer we lost a favorite writer, Edith Gilmore. Many readers will recall her light verses that brightened many of our issues. A true scholar, Edith was a graduate of Radcliffe College with a Ph.D in Germanics from Yale University. She taught college courses, published books and articles yet her offerings for us brought smiles and laughter. We never tried to edit Edith. But we did wait with wonder as she revised and polished every rhyme, meter and meaning till she had it exactly as she wanted it. We greatly miss her and her delightful contributions.

As we write this, late October is bringing us a feast of color. We continue to watch as our new Village Center & Bistro take shape. Soon we will get ready for the Holiday Gala, will attend services and parties and try to cope with sending greetings to those near and far. Wherever you are, may you find joy.

Co-Editors

Alice Morrish Peggy McKibben



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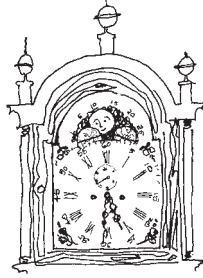
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From the Chief Executive Officer



"Home is where one starts from." – T. S. Eliot

Years ago, I met a couple who had just moved to the Village. Originally from Belmont, they still had a second family home in Maine, one they visited frequently. In fact, they had just returned from vacation.

"Welcome home!" I said.

"Oh, thank you," they replied politely. "But you know Maine is home."

Year after year, I'd greet them on their return. "Welcome home!"

"Thanks. It's good to be back."

Hmm. Still not "home", but happy to hear.

Home is different for everybody, but then again, it's the same. It's that one place where you feel totally safe. Centered. In sync. Inside is your domain; the rest of the world starts and stops at the front door.

Just about all of us can remember leaving home for the first time. For me, it was when I left for college. Excited? Sure. Enthusiastic? You bet. More than a little anxious? Without a doubt. Faces, places, sounds, scents - all of the everyday markers of my life were about to be replaced with the new and unfamiliar. That takes a bit of getting used to.

No matter how many times I moved in my life, I experienced those same feelings. So I can appreciate the strange mix of eagerness, anticipation and even disconnection new residents can often have when they first come to the Village.

But then, I do believe in the power of this community!

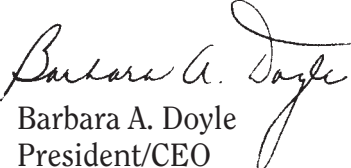
I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say that the Village holds the concept of "home" very dear. You see it everywhere! It's in the big things: for example the major additions of the Village Centre and Bistro. It's the small things: the careful attention given to a garden. Infectious conversations around dinner in the Abbott Room. A cheery hello on Main Street. And it shows in the welcoming spirit of every resident and employee. The comfort and security people feel here. The easy making of new friends.

"Home" can be elusive. But this place has a way of working its magic.

I saw the same couple after vacation one year. "Welcome back!" I called out as always.

They came over to me, rather earnestly. "We just want to tell you . . . we're so glad to be home!"

Ah! Perhaps you can go home again!


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Homecoming

Coming home! The minute I heard the *Villager* theme, I was transported back to a December week in 1973. I had just received a phone call that my mother had died suddenly of a heart attack at home, the evening of December 18th. Within hours I was on a plane to Oklahoma to join my grieving father and my sister, Jody (who lived nearby), in the Norman, Oklahoma home where I grew up and where my parents still lived. My oldest sister Catherine arrived from New York City soon after.

The following days were filled with the usual activities of mourning -- recovering from the shock of Mother's sudden loss, comforting our father and each other, fielding condolence calls and receiving neighbors and friends, of whom there were many, given my parents' long residency in Norman.

We spent time at the funeral home and arranged, and then attended her funeral in the church where she had served as both deacon and elder.

At length the public mourning rituals ended and it was time for my New York sister and me to return to our homes and families in time for Christmas. Though Catherine and I had arrived separately, we decided to travel back to New York together. I cancelled my reservation and booked a seat on her flight, knowing I could then catch an Eastern shuttle to Boston. We left Oklahoma City on Christmas Eve afternoon. I still recall our plane's making a stop in Nashville and when we reboarded, Christmas decorations were in place. It was comforting for us to be together for another few hours.

We bid each other goodbye in New York and I left for Logan. Because it was Christmas Eve by then (and before OPEC strictures really set in), New England was aglow with lights, both inland and outlining the entire coast -- Long Island Sound, the Connecticut shore, Cape Cod and Boston Harbor. Looking down on it all I still remember the vivid rush of gratitude I felt at returning to my family in Massachusetts and to New England in general -- a true sense of homecoming and clarity about where - for me - home now was.

Mary Ellen Turner

An Attempt on the Little Matterhorn

In 1986, my wife, son and one of my daughters were exploring the gorgeous terrain of Rocky Mountain National Park in Estes Park, Colorado. We had hiked an average of ten miles a day for about a week in various parts of the park, up long canyons to lovely mountain lakes, high ridges and brilliant snowfields. Everywhere above and around us rose the big peaks and saw-toothed ridges of the Rockies.

Every night I would study the thick guidebook that listed and mapped all the trails a hiker could take in that vast wilderness. There was an easy eight mile round trip hike to a place called Odessa Lake that looked good for the next day. Also, from the trail a side route could be taken up a pointed peak called The Little Matterhorn. Having been to Zermatt and the real Matterhorn, this excursion particularly appealed to me. It sounded just moderately difficult in the guide book description.

At that time I thought I was a strong hiker and could climb anything marked as a trail or listed as a route. So I figured that I could leave my family for an hour or so and complete a little adventuresome side trip up to The Little Matterhorn and back while they went on down to Odessa Lake for lunch. Sounded like a plan!

The next morning, we had a pleasant ramble, emerging at about 10:00 a.m. from woods to below little Lake Helene on an open treeless plateau in bright sunshine. No one else wanted to accompany me on my little expedition, so we planned to meet in an hour or so at a beautiful lunch spot at Odessa Lake, one and a half miles lower down the trail.

Confident and energetic, I climbed a hundred yards up to Lake Helene and then down past a beautiful long waterfall into Odessa Gorge. Above lay the serrated ridge of The Little Matterhorn. The obvious ascent was up a steep scree field of boulders and talus to a saddle, and from there along the ridge to the peak. From the bottom, I figured it to be a half hour ascent. This was a poor assessment! Distances in vast terrain can be deceptive.

I began scrambling up through unstable rocks and slippery gravel by way of different gullies.



In an hour I had reached the top of the rocky slope which seemed more precipitous from above than from below! Now I must begin to clamber beneath the knife edge ridge. It became clear that to reach the Matterhorn I had to cross behind the ridge, out of sight of Lake Helene and Odessa Gorge. I was alone on a series of frightening walls and cracks with a remote region at my back called Tourmaline Gorge.

Nevertheless, I was not about to quit after my struggle up the slide field. So I kept angling up and along one small cliff after another until I was a quarter mile from the saddle and fifty feet above the foot of the rock face. I was clinging to hand and foot holds *and I could find no way to go on upward!*

To my surprise, I heard a voice hail me from below and behind. I yelled, "I am trying to find the way to The Little Matterhorn!" The fellow shouted to me that I was quite far above the usual path. Oh no! I knew I had spent enough time scrambling around alone looking for the route. It was imperative that I climb down, return to the saddle, clamber back down the rockslide, and go the one and a half miles down the trail to Odessa Lake! I yelled thanks to the fellow.

I peeked down the pitch I had just come up. Ooooh. Descending the rock outcrops was a scary business. I had to feel with an unweighted leg for footholds and make sure my hands were well-placed. Taking a tumble was unthinkable. I certainly did not hurry.

From the cliffs, I eventually reached slopes that led to the saddle. I did not find the way I had come, and so I needed to negotiate low bushes and cross granite slabs scalped of undergrowth. I came out on the scree field lower below the saddle than I had left it on the climb up. Pains-takingly, with no missteps, I navigated my way to a decent path downward that I had not found on my ascent. In another forty-five minutes I was back in the gorge, had climbed past the waterfall, passed Lake Helene, and was finally on the trail to Odessa Lake.

At 1:30 p.m., three and a half hours after we had separated, I at last reunited with my family. An hour that turns into three and a half hours tends to create anxiety in the people waiting.

Needless to say, I was rather relieved that my over-confidence had not led to a disaster. However, I was as pleased to know I could survive poor judgment. But I admitted it was POOR!

On the other hand, I was really thrilled by having to focus hard on making no physical climbing mistakes, and the episode remains clear in my memory as a time that I went just up to my limits and did not end up like Icarus.

D. Alexander Wieland

The Iceman Card

Several years ago I glimpsed an old "iceman card" in the window of a shop in Lexington. It sparked a memory of growing up in my hometown of Watertown, Massachusetts in the 1930's and 40's.

Everyone had a real icebox and once a week (more often in the summer), you put your Iceman Card up in the front window. On each edge of the card was printed 25, 50, 75 or 100.

You might turn the card so that 75 would show at the top. When the iceman came he'd climb the stairs and put a 75 pound block of ice in the icebox. My mother always put the fifteen or twenty cent payment in an old pair of my father's pants hanging on a nail next to the icebox.



The milkman delivered every day and would stop his horse and wagon in front of our house. After loading up his wire bottle carrier with quarts of milk for four or five houses, he would walk down the driveway to the back of our house and leave the milk on the back steps. Then he'd move along to each of the neighboring four houses. Meanwhile, his horse, on its own out on the street, would walk



up the street and meet the milkman in front of the last house. The winters were hard for everybody. Milk wasn't homogenized then and the layer of cream at the top of each glass bottle would sometimes freeze and push the contents up a good two inches above the rim of the bottle.

There were no showers then. Maybe once or twice a week my mother would light a gas hot-water stack in the kitchen so we would have enough hot water to cover the bottom of the ice cold bath tub. Without clothes driers, laundry was hung outside in the cold. Often shirts and trousers froze stiff as boards. (It made them ready for "scarecrow" use.) Coal was delivered via a metal chute from the coal truck directly into the basement "coal bin". My first realization of our dire finances was one time when we couldn't afford \$11 for a second ton of coal.

In Boston there were a couple of burlesque houses, the Old Howard and the Casino on Hanover Street. By today's standards the shows were pretty tame stuff but for the young and not-so-young males they were quite risqué. The live entertainment was mostly corny, slightly off-color jokes and skits. This is the venue where Abbot and Costello started. The strippers were really why the men came. Slowly, provocatively, with suggestive "bump and grind" music playing in the background, an amply endowed girl would remove her clothing down to practically nothing. Just before the house lights went out, there would be a quick flash of the "G-stringed" clad damsel and poof she was gone. Incidentally it was called a G-string because on the violin it is a really *low-down* but *first class string*.

One day when I was perhaps fourteen or fifteen I ventured into the Casino for the noon show, for information gathering purposes, you know. Only a couple of empty seats remained "down low in the front". I took one. Just before the show began, Mr. London, our neighbor from across the street, edged his way in and took the last seat. He saw me. We looked at each other. He nodded. I nodded.

We both spent a long and uncomfortable hour and one half.

Ah well, such was life in the 1930's and early 40's.

Wally Campbell

Coming Home

In our retirement, Reed and I have enjoyed a variety of travel. Some was what would be considered conventional - like driving to California or taking Cunard ships across the Atlantic to various European ports. Travelling by train is less conventional in these days of flying, and taking freighter ships is not a usual mode of transportation.

Our first freighter trip was to New Zealand and we found it comfortable and easy to plan. After a second successful freighter trip to the Caribbean and east coast of South America we felt confident enough in our planning skills to make a trip around the world on surface travel.

We started by taking the train to Chicago and then to Oakland, California. Freight departure times are totally dependent on when the ship is loaded and ready to sail. We checked into our hotel near Jack London Square and called our travel agent. She told us the ship would probably sail the next day but she would get back to us with a time for our arrival. The move from train to hotel to ship went smoothly and we had made the first transfer of our trip.

The freighter made its first stop in Tokyo. The captain pointed out the elevated line within walking distance of the dock and gave us a card indicating the location of the ship to help us find our way back. We had a successful day finding our way around the city and our confidence in the ease of travel was increased. Our stop in Singapore was equally successful and we now felt we were seasoned travelers.

Our ship continued through the Strait of Malacca where the captain put on extra watch for pirates, then to Columbo, Sri Lanka, through the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, the Strait of Gibraltar, the Atlantic Ocean, to its final destination, Rotterdam. We had no hotel reservation in Rotterdam because we had no idea what day the ship would arrive. The agent for the ship owners came down to the dock in his car and asked us where we were going. We told him the name and address of where we hoped to stay. He picked up his cell phone and called the hotel to make sure they had a vacancy. Having determined that they did, he drove us to the port customs office to get our passports stamped and then to the hotel. An easy



and successful transition to land.

The final leg of the trip involved taking the high-speed train through the Chunnel and another train to Southampton, staying in a hotel we had stayed on earlier trips to England, then boarding Cunard's QE2 for New York. Now we were on a familiar routine! When we disembarked in New York (actually Brooklyn) we boarded a bus taking passengers to Pennsylvania Station. In the station we got something to eat, bought tickets on the Acela for Boston and sat down to read our newspapers until train time.

When we finally settled in the Quiet Car we really knew we were coming home!! All we had to do was get off the train in Boston and get a cab to our condo in Concord. This was a totally familiar routine that we had done many times on our way home from visits to Washington.

But fate had other plans for that train. We arrived in New Haven and some got off. Then came an announcement: "This train is going no further. Everyone must get off. There is a tree across the tracks ahead and the train is not going any further tonight." This was the Friday before Labor Day and the train was full of students going home. Everyone who was really smart rushed off the train and into the station to catch a bus or a cab. By the time we got our bewildered selves off the train and into the station, all means of getting to Boston or Concord had disappeared. I sat on one of the wooden benches surrounded by our luggage while Reed explored the possibilities.

Amtrak had no suggestions and felt no responsibility for all these stranded people. There was a bus station there and they called for extra busses which would take a while to arrive. The busses went to Springfield and then to South Station. So Reed bought two tickets and we sat and sat on those wooden benches in the New Haven station, a stark contrast to the QE2! And the sandwiches we bought from the vending machine were a far cry from the sandwiches we had planned to get in the café car on the train. It was much later that evening that we stepped through our door and knew we were HOME. How ironic that the long trip around the world would run so smoothly until the last day and then end in a disorderly heap.

Barbara Anthony

In Praise of Older Women

Older men are often enchanted with younger women. As I grow older, I am more enchanted with older women. Why is that? This article explores that question.

I was raised by older women. I lived with my maternal, widowed grandmother, from infancy through age six, on a dairy farm in a small town in Vermont. My grandmother's self-sufficient, firm but maternal presence was a strong influence on my early childhood and formed the center of my pre-school existence. In 1942, I moved back permanently to live full-time with my mother, in Cambridge, Massachusetts to enter elementary school. My grandmother continued to have a strong effect on my childhood because I spent summers and most school vacations with her in Vermont through age thirteen.

It was my mother who had the most powerful influence on my life. When I returned to live with her full-time at age six, she had recently remarried after going through a difficult divorce. A few years later, her second husband died suddenly. She was left to raise my two younger sisters and me, during the 1940's and early 1950's, in what I now realize were near poverty conditions. My mother was not educated beyond high school. During my childhood she had to work many part-time, low-paying jobs. I was the only male and the oldest child in the home. I worked at a young age, shining shoes, selling newspapers and renting myself out to help neighbors. I felt responsible at an early age for helping my mother, as best I could, to ease her burden as a single mother.

In grade one through grade eight, my teachers were all strong, older women. To this day, I remember each of them. They taught all subjects in self-contained classes at the Longfellow School in Cambridge.

I had a crush on my fifth grade teacher, which still lingers. She was relatively young and attractive. She cast me as Uncle Sam, the lead in a Columbus Day play performed for all classes in the school auditorium. This was my first taste of the theatre world. Although I went on to moderate success in high school, college and graduate



school, I believe my success in life and in higher education were most strongly influenced by the solid educational foundation I received from my elementary school teachers: eight older women.

Later in life, as a Teacher, Boston Public School Administrator and Psychologist, Political Activist, Middlesex Register of Probate, and County Commissioner, I consistently worked with highly competent older women. Most of the Probate Judges, teachers, school principals, public administrators, office clerks and political volunteers I observed were older women. They were essential, responsible for figuring out and making the system work.

Finally, I want to share with the reader an unusual memorable “romantic” encounter I had with a twenty-five year old woman when I was an impressionable ten year old. In effect, my first date was with an older woman.

Here’s the story: On a train ride from Vermont to Boston at the end of the summer of 1946, I chanced to be seated with a beautiful young woman who was a professional singer and piano player, on her way from Montreal to Boston to sing at a piano bar in the city. We spent about five hours on the train talking with each other and enjoying our time together. I was smitten.



When my mother met the train, this newest “older woman” in my life graciously invited us to join her at Blinstrub’s Village, a night club in South Boston, where she was performing. (The photo, entitled “Tom’s First Date” is always on my bureau.)

Based on my experiences with my grandmother, my mother, my elementary school teachers and the other older women I have met in the

workplace and the political world, I have come to believe: older women make the world go round.

My experiences at Carleton-Willard have only reinforced that belief.

Tom Larkin

Coming Home as Always

We three kids race through winter woods in the growing darkness, ice skates tied over our shoulders, thumping on chests. As the path bends the pond disappears. We run fast without stumbling in the fading light, boots and hearts pounding. Earlier this afternoon my twin sisters and I spilled out of the school bus, grabbed skates from our coat closet and dashed through the crackling cold to our friend’s pond. On the way home now, the woods are thick with night. A house light beam bounces through the branches. We clamber up the driveway, run through the door. Gloves are torn off, flung to the floor. Mother knows who and, ladle in hand, calls us from the kitchen. Hands, freed, seek the armpits. An old trick. Learned it from her mother.

A few years later we’re standing in early morning shadows, waiting for a long yellow bird to spirit us to another town. Ours having no high school, we’re scooped up by the stork and plopped in an alien place, only to be picked up at day’s end and Returned to Sender. We brush ourselves off and head right for the Dogpath. Zigzagging precipitously over gnarly rock, the Dogpath is the fastest and most strenuous way to climb from the road to our house, high up on a rocky promontory overlooking the Cambridge Reservoir. As the stork ascends into the sky, the challenge crystalizes: be the first to sprint up the Dogpath and, gasping, reach home. Two of us might occasionally glance at one another and let the third one win, so important is it that victory be evenly meted out. After each dreadful school day, everyone needs an equitable measure of the spoils, a fair chance to recoup one’s self-esteem.

The rusty 1939 Jaguar sedan rattles tentatively down the straight-arrow highway, minding the sleek postwar wheels rushing by in a solid



line in the left lane. Could my college roommate possibly make the 271 miles from Philadelphia to Boston for the holidays before nightfall? I'm not sanguine: he's been meaning to replace that burned-out headlight for weeks. Oh, and that right rear tire. The rattling spitting from the large 18-wheeler passing us on the left does not fade once in the clear; instead, it's even more insistent. By the Wilmington turn-off, the aberrant racket is unendurable. We coax the saddened wreck into a garage. The mechanic slides out from under the chassis, leveling his gaze at the driver. "New brake pad" and "not going anywhere" are the only words I can make out. With just enough money to get home, we gingerly steer the beast to a pay phone. Reversing the charges, I call home for money to be wired to the post office, itself a lair concealed downtown. The image of my parents scrambling on a late Saturday morning to beat the close of business, will never leave me. It is 3:15 a.m. when the pock-marked heap pants up the driveway. At once a porch light comes on. The front door opens to frame my sleepless, pajamaed, arm-outstretched parents.

The Paris cabbie is duplicitous. He sizes me up the minute I climb in, tense and full of anticipation after my flight from a long-term Army assignment in Frankfurt: tweed jacket, low-quarters from the PX, non-existent French. I haven't seen my parents since late 1960, well over two years ago. They're traveling in Europe; what a great opportunity to get together, if only for a couple of days! My clandestine work for the military doesn't permit me to cross the pond, not even for my sister's wedding. The cab door closes, whereupon the driver pulls out from under his seat a towering black-lettered fare schedule that bears a resemblance to an eye examination chart.

I calculate that my destination, just five blocks away as it turns out, will soak me \$73. I'm too excited, too timorous, to balk. I let it go, although I am ashamed to let my indignation and utter confusion color my exhilaration at "coming home" in Paris. But our time flies by, the *contretemps* is forgotten, and I'm charged a

normal fare on return. (Have I become a Frenchman in only two days?) Yes, 3,000 miles away, yet here we are together, sipping aperitifs under mottled sycamores, sauntering along rain-slicked boulevards, watching slow boats plying the Seine from the balcony of the Musée d'Orsay, perching late on the edges of hotel beds where over there in that corner sits an asthmatic floor-to-ceiling toilet labeled "Le Simple", something only the French could concoct.

One advantage of working for a classified Army Intelligence unit in Washington consists of not being authorized to disclose what you do. This secretiveness can spin a convenient aura of mystique, excusing one from being expected to deliver to inquiring souls a yawning litany of generic this's and that's. As a civilian, I now find it even harder to interestingly describe my work to others, but at least I have an excuse not to do so. The secrecy by which we have sworn to protect the nation from harm also insulates me from embarrassment. But there's a problem. My mother back home still gets the question: "Lucretia, what DOES Harry do in Washington?"

One morning I resolve to free her from Bondage. I take a pen and distill my duties in three pithy lines on a 3 x 5 card. I then lean the card against her telephone. She can pick it up and read it whenever she gets The Question. The small support I'm giving her is, in some minor way, in return for how she comforted us with our hands in her armpits, her calls from the kitchen, her outstretched arms, her palpable love for my father, simply her Being. It is good to always come home to the embrace of family and friends genuinely interested in the content and quality of my life. I smile at a favorite time, one of many, when we gather at day's end around the small low black lacquer table with martinis and hors d'oeuvres, winter light, dinner smells, laughter and love, knowing that coming home always owns the power to surprise and gladden.

Harry Hoover



Dog-gone

Our family had two Cocker Spaniels for pets when I was growing up. The experience was not very successful - but it was not the dogs' fault! Both had previous owners and they were set in their ways. We were an active family with three children (a fourth on the way), a Doctor father, and a preoccupied mother (who was the one who wanted a little dog in the first place).

Reddy, the first spaniel, came to live with us in 1935. Our home was in Cambridge, a suburb of Boston. At that time letters were delivered by a postman, with a mailbag on his back, wearing a uniform. At that time also we were patrolled by a cop on his beat, wearing a uniform. Reddy took a dislike to them both and would bark his head off at them - and more ---

I remember coming into the kitchen one day to find my mother and the policeman at the kitchen table negotiating payment for new trousers for the policeman. Reddy had to go. A place was found for him in the country, far away from civil servants in uniform!

We wondered if, in his past, Reddy had encountered swift kicks, or perhaps blows from a heavy stick wielded by someone in a uniform?

Cammie was given to my mother by friends unable to keep her. If ever there was a dog looking for love and attention it was Cammie. She was around us all the time, literally "dogging" our footsteps. If she was "out" she wanted "in", and vice versa. If we were going anywhere, she was first in the car. She would climb in our laps when she could. Her behavior was quite neurotic. When my baby sister developed severe allergies, Cammie had to go. Fortunately for her, she landed in what must have seemed to her like Heaven. This was evident from the letters we received regularly from her new owners. A sample might be: "Season's Greetings! You will be glad to know that Cammie joined us, as usual, at her place at the table for Thanksgiving".

Sue Hay

Coming Home - a Different Perspective

Coming home is in the eye of the beholder, and one's perspective changes with one's age. Many parents have memories of their college age children graduating, then returning home to find that pretty dramatic changes had occurred to "their rooms" and in fact to their place in their childhood home of origin. It had all changed.

It's a growing up experience when the signs of "home" shift so definitely. "How *could* you take my bedroom and make it into an office for Mom?" The realization dawning that somehow coming home means something different from simply slipping into the previously inhabited role.

As a child development specialist, it would be natural to suggest that moving on to inhabit one's own life was what was underway. Mom and Dad were sending signals that it was time to get on with one's own life. This coming home was different: it included a signal to move on!

Today many families are not giving that signal, so some developing young persons continue to live at home rather than striking out on their own. This changes the family dynamics and, to my mind, shortchanges the developmental progress of the young people, keeping them in a semi-childlike relationship with their parents.

Sometimes it is better to be less welcoming to a coming home youngster and instead give them a nudge, suggesting that their tenure at home has changed, that it's time to move on. This nudge out of the nest encourages their own growth. And that is what parenting is all about: helping young people become functioning adults.

Ara Tyler



S







Tidying Up

What a day!
I went looking for my old, luxuriant beard
but found three stones, one
a quartz egg, one a souvenir
of travel in the Caucasus
(incised on this, a drawing
of Pushkin's profile), and one
the fossil of an extinct bivalve.

What? I said. These could never
have been mine. And then
I rearranged again
the cabinet where the old props
were kept back when.

I looked for my hands,
my eyes, all those familiar things.
Clear at the back
was a small badge I might have worn,
which gave the authority to conduct
sightseeing trips
to important graves.

Other things:
a ring of keys
I found one morning on the lawn,
red with dried paint or blood,
and never claimed by anyone,
and keys of my own, of course,
to lost suitcases, forgotten
apartments, lockers once
assigned to me in places
I must have been with that old beard,
those eyes and hands.

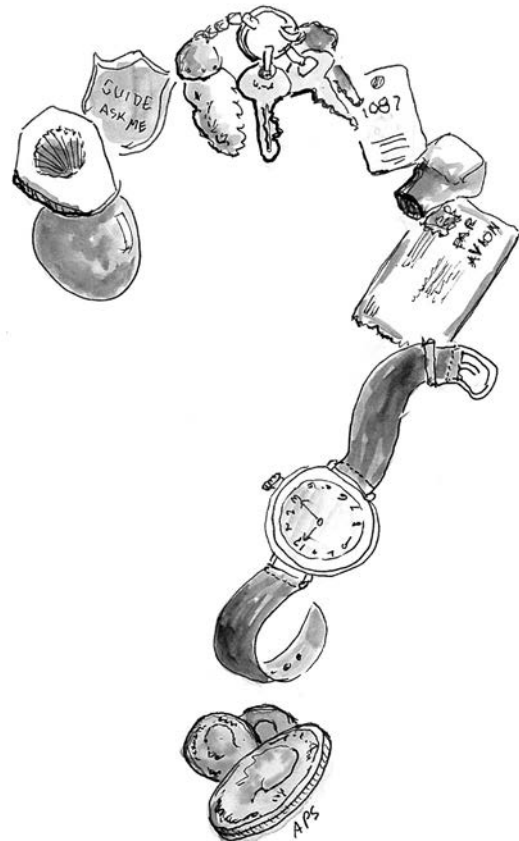
And so much else. Claim checks,
envelopes with cancelled foreign stamps
illegibly addressed in unfamiliar hands,
packs of erasers meant for pencils
of obsolete design -- and where were they?
What did they ever write?
Photographs of nameless children
of friends lost touch with
donkeys' years ago, ticket stubs
sentimentally kept,
at least, I think so.

This clutter. Enough to make one weep.
How does one throw these things away?
Tidying up, for me at least,
only goes so far. There is always
the irreducible drawer,
full of these oddments, these orts
I can't bear parting with.

Hopeless. Hopelessly funny,
I find it. Some of the watches
proved to be dead forever,
utterly stopped at instants
of catastrophes for which
I have amnesia -- who was I then?

But some of them, when tapped,
responded, their second hands
began to march again.
I could imagine that they were collected
by some young barbarian soldier
who wore them once, from wrist to elbow,
as he rode west with his advancing army.

Craig Hill





Village

A Cruise on Plymouth Harbor

A beautiful, warm, sunny summer day - ideal for a cruise! And that is what a large group of residents enjoyed as we journeyed to Plymouth to board the Pilgrim Belle, an authentic Mississippi-style paddle-wheeler, for a grand tour of Plymouth Harbor. Starting from the same pier where the Mayflower II is berthed, Pilgrim Belle passed Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Beach, Gurnet Point Light and "Bug" Light. Our guide explained that colonists called lobsters "bugs" and refused to eat them. After returning to land, a short ride brought us to East Bay Grille, for a delicious lunch.



Summer Art Show

Through the summer in the art gallery we enjoyed the works of two resident artists. Charles Conlon, a Naval Academy graduate, took us on a colorful trip to exotic places the Navy has taken him. Sights included puffins, palm trees against a red sky, the doorway of a Spanish mission, boats under sail, and a snowy woodland scene in winter. Mary Cady displayed her work in watercolors: fresh beach scenes with children building sand castles, sand dunes, ponds nestled in woods, a traditional New England red covered bridge, and lovely displays of flowers to enjoy and admire.

Recognizing and Avoiding Scams

Middlesex County District Attorney Peter Koutoujian, Bedford Police Chief Robert Bongiorno, and State Representative Kenneth Gordon joined in an informative presentation about identifying and

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

staying away from scams, i.e. illegal schemes to separate you from your money. "Never give out personal, financial or identity information to an unknown caller. Never send money to someone claiming to call for friend or relative in trouble in a foreign or strange location." Government agencies never threaten or make demands over the phone. Don't be afraid to say "no" or hang up. In summary, "if it sounds too good to be true, it probably is".

Southern Rail in Concert

The high-energy bluegrass group Southern Rail transformed the Auditorium on a summer evening into a boisterous, rollicking hoedown. Jim Miller, guitar and lead vocals; John Tibert, mandolin; Sharon Horovitch, acoustic bass; and Richard Stillman, banjo, burst upon the stage with riveting harmonies, heart-stopping picking, stomping, twisting, shouting, and sweet honeyed vocals. Feet jumped and heads bobbed in a spirited hour of get-up-and-go energy. An engaging repertoire of original, traditional and contemporary bluegrass, with a spicy seasoning of folk and country music, revealed first-class musicians regaling a spell-bound audience with beautiful and creative arrangements that touched the heart and funny-bone alike.

Volunteer Opportunities in Town Government

Michael Rosenberg, Chair of the Bedford Board of Selectmen, spoke about opportunities for residents to become involved in town government by serving on town boards and committees. At the time of his visit, vacancies existed on the Arbor Resources Committee, Community Preservation Committee, Depot Park Committee, Historic District Commission, and the Transportation Advisory Committee. He encouraged us to take our experience and interests into account, and consider completing the "questionnaire for volunteers" in the Town's Annual Warrant. Mr. Rosenberg has been active in town affairs for decades. His devotion to the welfare of all the citizens serves as an example and motivator for residents of Carleton-Willard Village.



Happenings

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

Sudbury River Lunch Cruise

On a brilliant summer day, residents first visited the Concord Museum and then embarked on the Sudbury River for a luncheon cruise. At the Museum, the N. C. Wyatt exhibit, "Men of Concord", depicted the town and citizens in the nineteenth century as written about by Henry David Thoreau. Later, quietly drifting on the river, we felt far from town: dozens of sunbathing turtles, at least a score of Great Blue Herons, gaggles of Canada Geese and even a large deer grazing on the near shore as we passed. Bright red Cardinal flowers, Purple Loosestrife and white and yellow water lilies dotted expanses of verdant marsh on this lovely summer afternoon.

Field Day

At the height of summer, more than fifty residents, including many using walkers or power chairs, gathered in the cool auditorium to take part in the first annual Field Day, hosted by the Fitness Staff. Seated, or standing on the soft carpet, players engaged in five sports: Ladder Toss, Corn Throw, Bocce, Wii, and Washer Toss. Seated Volley Ball rounded out the list of events. Following several hours of friendly but intense competition, staff tallied the scores and winners in each event received a large "Winner" medal on a red, white and blue ribbon. All will be happy to learn that a Field Day is likely to be held again next year.

Massachusetts Harp Ensemble

During this, their first visit to Carleton-Willard, members of the ensemble entertained a large group of residents with a varied mix of works ranging from Bach to Irish folk songs. Seven harpists and one percussionist offered pieces from opera (Verdi's Triumphant Procession from *Aida* and Mascagni's Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*), through sacred (Schubert's *Ave Maria*) to a sing-along rendition of "A Bicycle Built for Two". Players included one twelve year old, two high school seniors, and veteran players. Informative introductions and answers to residents' questions enriched the evening.

Visit to Mount Auburn Cemetery

A large group of residents was fortunate to visit Mt. Auburn Cemetery for an hour-long bus tour guided by Meg Winslow, Curator of Historical Collections at the cemetery and daughter of resident Anne Winslow. With her colleague, Melissa Banta, Meg is co-author of a new book on "The Art of Commemoration and America's First Rural Cemetery: Mt. Auburn's Significant Monument Collection". She maintained a lively, informative commentary as we rode through Mt. Auburn's 175 acres, passing Bigelow and Story Chapels, notable monuments, graves of famous Americans, immense trees and lovely natural sites. Lunch at Stellina's Restaurant in Watertown capped an outstanding day's activities.



18th Century Musical Intersections

Wendy Rolfe, with her Baroque "Traverso" flute, joined by colleagues Alice Robbins, cello and viola da gamba, and Christa Rakish, harpsichord, transformed the Auditorium into Sanssouci Palace in Potsdam, summer court of Frederick the Great. Frederick was not only King of Prussia, but a composer and flautist. Our musical guests offered three concerts of works by Johann Sebastian Bach; Frederick's court flautist, Johann Quantz; and Frederick's sister, Anna Amalia. The performers shared with us details about their instruments, baroque musical forms and intriguing incidents. Their presentations were enriched by visuals of scores, instruments, and scenes of performances at the court.

Edwin Cox



Handmade Memories

I have a hooked rug on the wall in my living room. “ERL 1942” is inserted in the lower left corner. My grandmother, Edith Ranney Livingham, wanted to be remembered and she is when I look at her rug. It depicts her “Summer Home” on her property in Littleton, Massachusetts. A formal garden set out in two eight foot beds with grass to grow in between them. At the back is a long wall of delphinium and other flowers that backed up to the street. The middle of the lawn has chairs and a faucet to water all this expanse. The other side is peonies.



At one end is a summer house and iris, a single flower yellow rose bush and a rock garden with running water. Beyond is an apple orchard. I remember that children were allowed to pick the johnny-jump-ups that grew there.

I inherited the rug and it brings back memories of how we all slept in the “Summer Home” when I was a child. Though it was designed by one of my aunts, the rug was hooked by my grandmother. It has never been on the floor. I consider it a treasure.

Today pieces of handwork are still made, often for church sanctuaries. But now, women, including me, frequently say “I just can’t find the time”. This seems especially strange when I think of all my grandmother had to do as a wife and mother of four children, one of whom was born at home and was retarded because oxygen was not administered quickly enough after her birth. There was no schooling available for that daughter then, but Grandmother taught her to read and subscribed to the magazine *Nature* for her which she enjoyed reading. Grandmother

also taught her to use the bus and sometimes, when I was a child, that aunt came to visit my family, managing to change busses in Worcester.

Quilts, hooked and braided rugs, crewel embroidery, cross-stitch samplers, some of which may have been made by firelight, are precious mementos. The quilts and rugs were usually made from the scraps carefully saved from homemade dresses or shirts, We admire these treasures in museums but sometimes don’t get them out of our boxes and chests at home, where they could bring memories of people we loved. Letters saved often tell fascinating stories. Will these records be passed on?

Not if they stay in the attic!

Dot Rand

Perseids

We thought we were old
but of course we were not
not then at least
that August night
on an unpaved farm road
north of Toronto six of us
a bit tight I suppose,
walking abreast
our arms around each other’s shoulders
holding each other up and
in total darkness except for the stars
Jim would shout,
there’s one
there’s another
and there were, lots of them,
streaking
from nowhere to nowhere more that year than
any year since at least it seems that way
how many years ago was that
Betty and John are both dead by now
Jim and Marie we are told
still play golf every winter down in Florida
we the two of us are still here.
still
as yet.
and we are old

Craig Hill



Our Basement – On the Farm

The house on our farm in Indiana was actually built on the foundation of the first house built by my stepmother’s parents, Anna (Long) and Kellis Hoard, but destroyed by fire in 1916.

The four-room basement was entered either by an outside door or by a door from the kitchen at the head of the stairs. The first two rooms were the food storage room and the room with the cream separator (and later the washing machine and tubs). Beyond were the room with the coal bin and a big woodpile for the big furnace, which had its own room across the hall. The furnace had one register -- a flat grille in the floor above, between the living room and the dining room.

The basement did not freeze in the winter and was cool in the summer. “The egg room” was where I spent most time, washing and packing eggs in crates for “The Egg Man” to pick up. It was not my favorite job, but I made it more pleasant by helping myself to homemade pickles from large crocks in the same room -- sweet and crunchy.

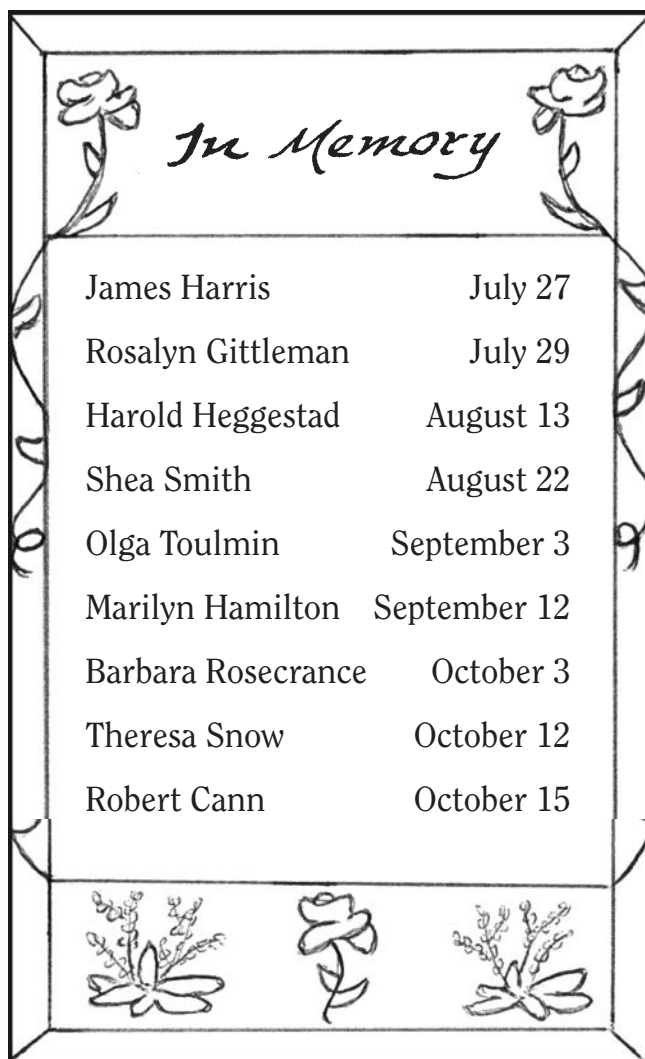
There were deep wooden shelves on one wall, full of canned fruits and vegetables from our garden and orchard. Before freezers became available meat was also canned. The coffee cans were saved and used for keeping pork sausage. The sausages were cooked with the fat carefully saved. Then the sausages were packed in the one pound coffee cans and covered with melted lard and lids. Beef was canned in quart jars for later use with noodles, soups or stew. Fruits and vegetables made a colorful array of quart jars.

The old jelly cupboard stored special jars of jams and jellies. Fruit came mostly from our own garden, orchard and woods. We melted paraffin to cover our jams and jellies.

On one end of the room were broad shelves holding white (“Irish”) potatoes, sweet potatoes and onions, enough to last all winter with just enough saved for the next year’s spring planting.

At that time a potato would be cut up so each piece had an “eye” and that would be planted for the new crop.

And the canned goods! Having orchard, woods and garden, we canned all summer: corn,



carrots, huckleberries, peaches, raspberries, grape juice, pickles, pickled beets, vegetables for soup, peas and beans. And then there was cabbage: fresh cabbage for coleslaw, grated and dressed with fresh cream, sugar and vinegar -- or cabbage cut up, salted and weighed down with a plate and stone in a big crock to make sauerkraut. In winter sauerkraut and spareribs with boiled potatoes was a classic.

Before frost came, the garden would be harvested and usable items saved. Onions and potatoes had their shelf in the cellar. The sprawling tomato vines would be carefully pulled up and placed on newspapers so the fruit could gradually ripen. Sometimes we had our last fresh tomato for Thanksgiving.

I remember going to the woods with my father to gather strips of shagbark hickory bark. We used



it in the big black iron kettle in our little smokehouse on the far side of the summer kitchen.

Hams, shoulders and sides of bacon would be hung on poles after being treated with salt and other curing supplies. Then a small fire in the big kettle smoked the hanging meats. Years later the smokehouse still breathed memories whenever the door was opened.

It was a lot of work and we knew we were needed helpers, but oh! we ate well and proudly.

Donna Argon

Toffee Came Home

The pets of my childhood were neither cuddly nor furry. Canaries and goldfish dominated the scene. I also always brought back the cutest little lizard from the circus each May. The lizards, incorrectly called chameleons, tickled my palms with their sticky little feet and cocked their heads as they studied me. I really loved each one and, thanks to my brother, a champion live-fly catcher, they survived in their glass bowl for several weeks. I was allowed to have a cat in the summer months, as long as he lived in the barn. Needless to say, I rarely saw him. He was completely self-sufficient and hardly qualified as a pet.

My husband was brought up in apartments, so he was also limited to canaries. He had some hilarious stories of trying to capture one after it had escaped through an open window during its daily exercise outside the cage.

In the early years of our marriage our babies seemed to occupy our time. No time for pets! Ten years later, as we were packing to move to

Lincoln, Toffee unexpectedly entered our lives. He was an adorable orange tabby kitten from a neighboring cat's litter. Both of us being novices at owning a cat and apprehensive about letting him out to face the dangers of cars and dogs, he was not allowed out. He lived in our downstairs level where he was confined to a small space for a while. Newspapers were used instead of a litter box. There was a distinctive "perfume" as son David recalls. Eventually he had the run of the playroom. As so often happens in a large family, the family pet grows attached to one family member. David was the chosen Braun.

When we moved to our new house in Lincoln we knew we could safely let Toffee run free on our large wooded lot and the surrounding open land. The family adored that little one. BUT, as Ogden Nash so wisely wrote:

The trouble with a kitten is that it soon grows up to be a CAT!

He was gradually introduced to that outside world but he always reappeared for his meals and his favorite sleeping spot, David's bed. I have a vivid mental picture of David preparing



to change his bed, carefully lifting his bedspread by the four corners, and gently laying the large hanging lump onto the rug, and then back again. David remembers walking through the tall meadow grass to an adjacent pond with his two orange pals, Thane, our Golden Retriever and Toffee,

who had grown to twenty pounds. I can visualize them: one thirteen year old boy, one orange bushy tail and one long and slim orange tail barely visible above the grass.

Toffee spent his days roaming the woods. It was not unusual for him to stay away overnight, but he was always waiting for us to open the



door to let him in for breakfast. His meows were loud and demanding. We suspected he was a father but that was his secret.

Two things Toffee did not like were riding in the car and being in the rain. From the moment he realized he was being lifted into the car he started yowling. Usually it was to go to the vet for a shot so he had good reason to yowl. But sometimes we were headed to the family summer home -- an hour's ride of that ear-splitting howl.



He avoided being wet at all costs. He did not mind the cold weather or snow, but he always sought shelter in the house with the first rain-drop. Knowing this, it surprised us during a cold rainy spell that he did not appear mewing at the door. We reassured the children that he had probably found shelter in a barn where he could be dining on a tasty field mouse, and that he would be back when the rain stopped. If only we could have convinced ourselves!

When the rain was over and still no sign of Toffee, we had pretty much given up hope. We tried to prepare the family for the possibility that he had been hit by a car or some similar tragedy, and that we might never know what happened. We did know that if he could have, he would have been meowing at the door by now . . . But Shh! Listen! Did you hear something? Yes! Yes! But it was not the usual meow from our talkative cat. It was more like a blood-curdling yowl from a feline in great distress. There he was, soaked to the skin, and dragging a mangled hind leg. He collapsed on the doormat. David wrapped him in a towel and tried to get him to eat, but he

was not interested and just kept on howling.

A trip to the vet confirmed that his hind leg was badly infected and that he was running a fever. He was to be kept immobilized and put on antibiotic pills. For several weeks, Toffee was barricaded in a secure spot in the kitchen. To keep the patient happy, he was fed real tuna fish, NOT cat food. For many days, Toffee just slept and showed no interest in getting out. We knew he was improving when he started trying to find an escape route. But he would not put any weight on that leg even though the infection was pretty much healed.

At the next visit to the vet, he was puzzled that Toffee was still not using his leg. An X-ray revealed a real shocker: there was a bullet lodged in his leg bone, where it had stopped after going straight up his leg and shattering the bone on the way. Surgery could not repair the bone. The bullet remained imbedded there the rest of Toffee's life. He limped on three legs. Who could imagine anyone living near us mean enough to shoot a cat? We will, of course, never know. I think it was a not-too-distant neighbor who had many bird feeders. Others in the family had other ideas.

Toffee lived to be eighteen, thirteen years after he had been shot. He never went far from the house any more (he lost the desire once he was neutered!), nor did he ever put weight on that leg. When David left for college a couple of years later, Toffee abandoned David's bed and found a warm spot on the living room floor, where a heating pipe in the slab was leaking, unknown to us!

As he mellowed with age, Toffee's favorite resting place was my husband's lap. It was normal for Toffee to come to the dining room table and meow at his feet until he lifted all twenty pounds to his lap. Those two had hardly noticed each other in earlier years.

When Toffee had to be put down, the one who suffered most was my husband. He could barely see to drive home, and said "I can't believe I am crying over a cat!" I reminded him that it was Toffee, not just "a cat".

Esther Braun



Welcome New Residents

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon (Edward and Hazel)

from Lexington, 8/1/16

Mr. Arthur Milliken

from Concord, 8/24/16

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson (Tom and Arlayne)

from Lexington, 10/3/16

Democratic Socialist Sport Camp

When I think about what has shaped me, I think of the camp in New Jersey that I went to in my formative years (five to thirteen years of age) before World War II. A group of German gymnasts and democratic socialists from New York City bought a fifty acre plot which previously had been occupied by an order of nuns, hence the frequently used name, Camp Elsinore. This was during the Depression and some of the initial occupants were without jobs, but they now had a place to live.

There was a building on the property with a wide covered verandah on two sides where long tables were used for meals, card playing and gathering. This was the area where lectures were held. Inside was a room, "the great room", used for many activities, meetings, exercise. There was a piano played by various members and children (the playing not always of the best

quality), and a radio which children listened to on rainy days. Along the width of the back of the house was a sleeping room with enough bunk beds to sleep singles and families. A kitchen ran the length of one side of the building. It had a wood-burning stove and windows facing that side of the verandah, where members collected money to cover the cost of meals and other costs of running the camp.

Shocking for everyone to be sleeping in the same room? Not in my eyes. People respected each other's privacy and nudity was not offensive. The outhouse was a distance away, divided for males and females. However, it did not take long for families to build wooden platforms for tents, on the hill overlooking the main house, for privacy.

Most of the activity was in the summer, but the building, with difficulty, could be occupied all year long, with one area heated by a coal-burning stove. Since we moved to New Jersey shortly after the camp came into existence, my father purchased a car. We were spared the long railroad ride and five mile walk from the station to the camp. A mile-long dirt road from the main road to the camp made the walk even more challenging. We became frequent campers on weekends in the spring and fall.

There was a barn on the property which became a workshop where repairs were made to cars, trucks, etc. by the members. At the back of the barn there were two showers, one for male and the other for female campers. There were sinks as well, which provided an area for cleaning up in the morning or at any other time. The water was supplied by a well; you pumped water into a container for your needs.

The work (building, cooking, cleaning) was shared by all including the children. We brought our dishes to the sink on the verandah and did whatever was asked of us. One of my most favorite memories was when we children were taken down the dirt road to where there was a large blueberry patch. We filled containers with the fruit, brought it back to the house where the mothers cooked the blueberries which were served with pancakes.



For sports we needed to walk down a long wooded path to an open field which became the sport field. A soccer field, a 400 meter running track, high jump and long jump areas were built by the men. There was a shot-put and fist-ball area as well. The swimming pool, which was located closer to the house, was also built by the members a year later, as well as the platform behind the house for dancing. All the children and adults participated in the competitive sports events throughout the years, including swimming and diving. We also competed with various camps in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. A group of adults from the camp participated in the 1936 Workman's Olympics and were personally exposed to Hitler's Germany.

Basically, my political ideology was formed as we listened to lectures given by people who had escaped the Hitler regime or the horrors committed in Russia by the Soviet Communists.

We learned about the importance of freedom of expression and how inhibiting authoritarian rule was. Religion did not play a part in our thinking other than that the members felt it limited free speech. When we had political movies, or those about the Spanish Civil War; when escaped German political activists spoke or Jewish persons told their stories, we, the younger generation were always a part of the audience, there to listen and learn.

However, these were difficult times: economic depression in the United States, Hitler's overtaking Germany and Europe, Russian dictatorial communism, war looming over the world.

Also the German camp dealt with the suspicions of the community who feared that the people at Camp Elsinore were Hitler supporters. But the camp somewhat circumvented these negatives by creating a positive for families, offering the good things in life: music, dancing, swimming, sports and plays, as well as socialistic idealism. The community had purpose, thought-provoking, as well as being a joyful place for the adults and for children who participated, and could wander freely through the camp surrounded by many friends.

Margaret Rendl

Dad, the Problem Solver

“You can't expect me to go to church every Sunday, sit on the front pew and look pleasant. Florence made fourteen mistakes in the first hymn. Yes, I know she loves playing the organ but can't you get someone else?” I asked.

My mother served our Sunday dinner with unusual force. “Now you know, dear, that if we take the organist job away from her she will resign as secretary and we cannot function without her.” We ate the rest of our meal in silence, glancing worriedly at Dad, the church minister.

Monday morning Dad got out the car in preparation for my driving lesson and surprised me by asking me to park in an unfamiliar factory district. We went into a large carpet warehouse and swiftly chose an industrial weight neutral shade. Dad had exact room dimensions and asked for immediate delivery and installation. (This was Depression and business was slow.)

We then parked at a store specializing in office furniture and door signs. Dad chose an imposing desk and an official sign reading “Miss Florence Abernathy, Administrator”.

By this time, it was 10:00 a.m. and we went to the church where the carpet was already in place in an unused room. Dad and the custodian moved the desk into place and installed the sign on the door.

We then entered Miss Abernathy's office where she was totally mystified by the moving and installing. Dad smiled and said, “Now, Florence, we can't have you playing the organ any more. You now have important responsibilities editing the newsletter - the new weekly - and organizing the new Religious Education Building. Come with me and I'll show you your new office”.

Of course she was thrilled. Dad found a good new organist and everyone lived happily ever after.

Louise Curtis



Home

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in."
Warren in "The Death of the Hired Man"
- Robert Frost

"I should have called it something you somehow haven't to deserve."
Mary in "The Death of the Hired Man" -
- Robert Frost

When I was young, I lived in many different places with a variety of adults. "Home" was simply my current address. "Be sure to be home by three." I was aware that for my friends home had a different meaning and resonance but like most children I took the life I led matter of factly; it was what it was.

My first sense of "coming home" as an emotional rather than merely geographical event was unanticipated and I still can not explain it. In 1948, my mother decided we would make a trip to France and England primarily to visit families we had "adopted" through the war years.

France was my first experience of a foreign country and I was dazzled. Even in its bruised postwar state, Paris seemed sophisticated, proud and elegant. The chateaux were the stuff of fairy tales and the cathedrals awe-inspiring. There was sobering evidence of what France and the French had endured through war and the occupation.

A miserably rough Channel crossing (details of which are best forgotten) delivered us to Dover on a not atypical English summer day: damp, grey and drizzly. Soon after disembarking I felt almost flooded with an unfamiliar sensation of "coming home". At the time I attributed this to relief at planting my feet on *terra firma* and not having to struggle to communicate in schoolgirl French.

However over the rest of our stay the unfamiliar feeling of belonging intensified, even as I knew it was illusory. Food I'd never eaten seemed just right. Fried bread, for instance, as part of an English breakfast -- alas, long since banished by cholesterol awareness. That summer there was a "plum glut" so plums in custard featured at

every meal. Landscapes and villages were orderly and understated. The cathedrals seemed welcoming, set as they are in a "cathedral Close". I liked the courtesy, queuing and reserve even in the cities; equally, the highly articulate rowdy humor of market stall holders and London cabbies. As an English literature major, it was magical to "connect" with Samuel Johnson, Keats, Carlyle, Hazlitt where they had lived, strolled, socialized.

When the trip ended, I was sad to leave, not knowing when I might feel so comfortably at home again, even as I looked forward to my final two years of college. Over the next decades I returned to England only a few times, but always with the same odd sense of being where I belonged. Nearly thirty years after my first visit I found myself on a BOAC (as it then was) plane, with my worldly possessions following me on some big ship, going to marry a man I'd met briefly five years before and seen four times since.

For the next twenty years, England was my actual home, my "current address". I had family, people who acted as if I were one of them. Friendships grew and made their own history. Best of all, the sense of being home was *real*, rooted in practicalities rather than ephemera. It was a warts-and-all belonging, highs and lows, profound affection spiced with amusement and occasional irritation - much as I imagine any home to be.

Since returning to the States I (or my husband and I when he was alive) have gone home every year, for that is how it still feels, despite the many changes to England over the past decades. The uniquely subtle and beautiful skies do not change, nor the appreciation of irony.

On the return flight, there is time to shift gear. I am returning to where I live, to be reunited with my dog, to where my responsibilities await me, and to where I am wonderfully well looked after.

Home, in fact. But I'll be hoping to go home again next year!

Alice Morrish



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

Non-Fiction Favorites

The last issue of the Villager contained our article on popular fiction authors and titles. Now we turn our attention to non-fiction.

Choosing non-fiction books for our library here at Carleton-Willard Village is a challenge. We have to consider whether the subject is of interest to more than just a few residents and whether the number of pages and the size of the font are appropriate. If we are unsure about a book, we take it out of the Bedford Library and several library committee members preview it. Our book selection discussions are lively, as we all love to talk about books.

We are pleased to offer the following suggestions for good non-fiction reading, in alphabetical order by author. All of the books listed are in our library collection, and we have included the sections where the books may be found.

Brooks, David: [The Road to Character](#) (Current Affairs and Large Print) The deeper values that should inform our lives.

Brown, Daniel: [The Boys in the Boat](#) (Misc. and Large Print) Nine Americans and their epic quest for gold at the 1936 Olympics.

Coates, Ta-Nehisi: [Between the World and Me](#) (Current Affairs) A meditation on race in America.

Croke, Vicki: [The Elephant Company](#) (History and Large Print) The inspiring story of an unlikely hero and the animals who helped him save lives in World War II.

Garrels, Anne: [Putin Country](#) (Current Affairs) A portrait of post USSR society, based on scores of personal interviews.

Gawande, Atul: [Being Mortal](#) (Health and Wellness and Large Print) Medicine and what matters in the end.

Harari, Yuval: [Sapiens](#) (History) A groundbreaking narrative of humanity's creation and evolution.

Junger, Sebastian: [Tribe](#) (Current Affairs) War veterans, united by service to their country, come home to an angry, divisive society.

Kalanithi, Paul: [When Breath Becomes Air](#) (Health and Wellness) A memoir by a physician who receives a diagnosis of stage IV Lung cancer at the age of 36.

Macintyre, Ben: [Operation Mincemeat](#) (History) How a dead man and a bizarre plan fooled the Nazis and assured an allied victory.

Manning, Molly G.: [When Books Went to War](#) (Large Print) America's counter attack against Nazi Germany's wholesale burning of books.

McCullough, David: [The Greater Journey](#) (History, Large Print) The story of the adventurous American artists, writers, doctors, politicians and architects who set off for Paris in the years between 1830 and 1900.

McCullough, David: [John Adams](#) (Biog) An epic biography of the second President of the United States.



McCullough, David: Mornings on Horseback (Biog) The story of an extraordinary family, a vanished way of life and the unique child who became Theodore Roosevelt.

McCullough, David: The Wright Brothers (Biog and Large Print) The story of Orville and Wilbur Wright and their mission to take to the air.

Montgomery, Sy: The Soul of an Octopus (Nature) An exploration of the emotional and physical world of the octopus and the remarkable connections it makes with humans.

Norris, Mary: Between You and Me (Misc) A New Yorker copy editor tackles grammar and punctuation in an entertaining way.

Olson, Lynne: Citizens of London (History) The Americans who stood with Britain in its darkest, finest hour.

Puleo, Stephen: Dark Tide (History) The Great Boston Molasses Flood of 1919.

Rebanks, James: The Shepherd's Life (Autobiography/Memoir) A vivid and honest account of an ancient way of life.

Reich, Robert B.: Saving Capitalism (Current Affairs) Our economic state: rising inequality, poor economic performance and a desperate need for reform.

Scotti, R. A.: Sudden Sea (History and Large Print) An unforgettable account of the Great Hurricane of 1938.

Theroux, Paul: Deep South (Current Affairs) An ode to a region, full of life and loss alike, caught by the eye of a keen traveler.

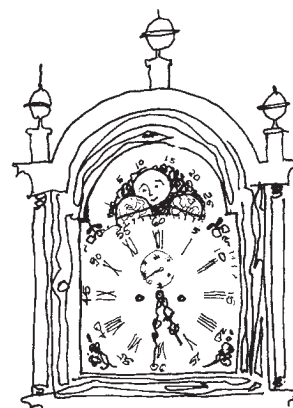
Toobin, Jeffrey: American Heiress (History) The wild saga of the kidnapping, crimes and trial of Patty Hearst.

Wood, Levison: Walking the Nile (Travel) The account of an English writer and explorer's journey by foot from the source of the Nile to the Mediterranean Sea.

Zoepf, Katherine: Excellent Daughters (Current Affairs) The secret lives of young women who are transforming the Arab World.

Happy non-fiction reading!

Katherine F. Graff
Library Committee Chair





Among the Newest

A Gentleman in Moscow by Amor Towles
A Russian count, confined to a luxury Moscow hotel as a subversive, has a riotous time.

The Gatekeeper by Kathryn Smith
Missy LeHand, FDR and the untold story of the partnership that defined a presidency.

An Irish Country Love Story by Patrick Taylor
Dr. Fingal O'Reilly has loyal and true friends when he is in danger of losing his beloved home.

Defying the Nazis by Artemis Joukowsky
The companion book to Ken Burns' film about an ordinary couple whose faith and zeal inspired them to undertake dangerous rescue missions during World War II.

The Twelve Dogs of Christmas by David Rosenfelt
A woman is murdered after she complains to the zoning board that her neighbor has too many dogs.

Hillbilly Elegy by J. D. Vance
A family memoir offering a compassionate analysis of a disaffected white underclass and the appeal of Donald Trump.

The Perfect Horse by Elizabeth Letts
The daring mission to rescue the priceless Lipizzaner stallions kidnapped by the Nazis.

The Edge of the Empire by Bronwen Riley
A first century travelogue, from the heart of Rome to Hadrian's Wall, full of fascinating people, sights and events.

A Great Reckoning by Louise Penny
Inspector Gamache takes on the Surete Academy of Quebec, a chilling story that is also full of hope.

The Last Days of Night by Graham Moore
A legal thriller at the dawn of electricity amid the gas lamps of New York in 1888.

The Shattered Tree by Charles Todd
A battlefield nurse goes to dangerous lengths to investigate a wounded soldier's background and true loyalties.

Florence! Foster!! Jenkins!!! by Darryl W. Bullock
Appealing biography of "the world's worst opera singer" who was widely loved and who brought happiness and laughter to millions.

The Art of Rivalry by Sebastian Smee
The exploration of the personal creative tensions between Manet and Degas, Matisse and Picasso, de Kooning and Pollock, Freud and Bacon.

The Queen's Accomplice by Susan Elia MacNeal
Maggie Hope uses her connections with Queen Elizabeth to help catch a modern-day Jack the Ripper in 1942 London.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Smee, Sebastian The Art of Rivalry

Eng, Tan Twan The Garden of Evening
Mists

Autobiography/Memoir

Gottlieb, Robert Avid Reader, A Life
Le Carre, John The Pigeon Tunnel
Le Carre, John The Pigeon Tunnel (*)
Scottoline, Lisa & I've Got Sand in All the
Serritella, Francesca Wrong Places (*)

Evanovich, Janet Wicked Charms
Ferrante, Elena My Brilliant Friend
Fesperman, Dan The Letter Writer (*)
Francis, Felix Triple Crown
Grady, James Last Days of the Condor
Hamilton, Jane The Excellent Lombards (*)
Johansen, Iris Hide Away
Jones, Wendy The Thoughts & Happenings
of Wilfred Price Purveyor
of Superior Funerals

Biography

Andersen, Game of Crowns (*)
Christopher
Bullock, Darrell W. Florence! Foster!! Jenkins!!!

Lagerkrantz, David The Girl in the Spider's Web
MacNeal, Susan Elia The Queen's Accomplice
Mahajan, Karan The Association of Small
Bombs

Computers

Baig, Edward C. & iPad for Dummies
LeVitus, Bob

McEwan, Ian Nutshell
Moore, Graham The Last Days of Night
Murakami, Haruki Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki &
His Years of Pilgrimage

Current Affairs

Denver, Rorke Damn Few
Norberg, Johan Progress
Ostrovsky, Arkady The Invention of Russia
Vance, J. D. Hillbilly Elegy

Patchett, Ann Commonwealth
Penny, Louise A Great Reckoning
Penny, Louise A Great Reckoning (*)
Perry, Anne Revenge in a Cold River
Perry, Anne Revenge in a Cold River (*)

Fiction

Backman, Fredrik A Man Called Ove
Baume, Sara Spill Simmer Falter
 Wither (*)
Carey, Ella The House by the Lake
Cline, Emma The Girls
Coleman, Reed Robert B. Parker's Debt
 to Pay
Divakaruni, Chitra Before We Visit the
 Goddess (*)
Eastland, Sam Red Icon

Perry, Thomas Forty Thieves
Randel, Weina Dai The Moon in the Palace (*)
Robb, Candace The Service of the Dead (*)
Rosenfelt, David The Twelve Dogs of
 Christmas
Scottoline, Lisa Damaged
Silva, Daniel The English Spy
Smith, Alexander Chance Developments (*)
Smith, Dominic The Last Painting of Sara
 De Vos (*)
Solomon, Anna Leaving Lucy Pear



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Sorrentino, Christopher	The Fugitives	Miscellaneous	
Tanabe, Karin	The Gilded Years (*)	Barry, Dave	Best. State. Ever. (*)
Taylor, Patrick	An Irish Country Love Story	Vinciguerra, Thomas	Cast of Characters
Their, Aaron	Mr. Eternity	Nature	
Todd, Charles	The Shattered Tree	Louch, Jan with	The True Tails of Baker and Taylor (*)
Towles, Amor	A Gentleman in Moscow	Rogak, Lisa	
Vatsal, Radha	A Front Page Affair (*)	Wohlleben, Peter	The Hidden Life of Trees
Walker, Martin	Fatal Pursuit (*)	Williams, Terry	The Hour of Land
Whitehead, Colson	The Underground Railroad	Tempest	
Wood, Monica	The One-in-a-Million Boy (*)	Travel	
Health and Wellness		Richie, Donald	Introducing Japan
Marchant, Jo	Cure	Rodi, Robert	Seven Seasons in Siena
History		Symington, Andy	Scandinavia
Bar-Joseph, Uri	The Angel		
Bierfelt, Kristin	The North Shore Literary Trail	(* indicates Large Print)	<i>Katherine F. Graff</i>
Cooke, Alistair	America Observed		
Frankopan, Peter	The Silk Roads		
Holt, Nathalia	Rise of the Rocket Girls (*)		
Joukowsky, Artemis	Defying the Nazis		
Lelyveld, Joseph	His Final Battle		
Lemire, Elise	Black Walden		
Letts, Elizabeth	The Perfect Horse		
Mazzeo, Tilar J.	Irena's Children (*)		
National Geographic Society	Ancient Egypt		
Reinstein, Ted	Wicked Pissed		
Riley, Bronwen	The Edge of the Empire		
Smith, Kathryn	The Gatekeeper		
Toobin, Jeffrey	American Heiress		
Trillin, Calvin	Jackson 1964		





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