



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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Co-Editors' Corner



Surprise! is our theme for this season of holidays when much thought is put into trying to find “the perfect surprise” for those we cherish. Of course the Biblical reasons for two of the holidays, Christmas and Hanukkah, were surprises. Those angels singing to the surprised shepherds first brought the Christmas message. And the one-day oil supply for the candles that lasted a much-needed full eight days was the surprise that led to Hanukkah. The phenomena of surprise add greatly to any event, message, gift, reunion, rainbow or sunset.

“Crisscross,” Hazel Sheldon’s watercolor that graces our cover, also speaks to surprise. Having spent her early art career painting florals, Hazel suddenly found herself eager to paint bright abstracts which have brought artist and viewer joy.

We are pleased to welcome new contributors, Derek Till and Janet Lovejoy, who happily surprised us with their tales of surprises.

But, sadly, we have also recently lost two great *Villager* contributors. Alexander “Sandy” Wieland, was a wonderfully exuberant writer and artist whom we remember for his rollicking accounts of working as a brakeman on the Mt. Washington Cog railway and of hiking and skiing but also for his brilliant September 2016 cover of autumn in New England.

Constance “Connie” Devereux was artist, writer and frequent “surpriser”. Her December 2014 cover captured the quiet beauty of a snowfall in the woods and her lovely drawings of flowers and fruit frequently brightened the inside back cover, but her writings of youthful Mississippi River vacations were often hilarious. We are thankful for these two who so wonderfully enlivened our pages.

We are grateful too to all our writers, artists, Board members, production chief, proofreaders, distribution crew and readers. May all your holiday surprises be happy!

Alice Morrish *Peggy McKibben*

Co-Editors



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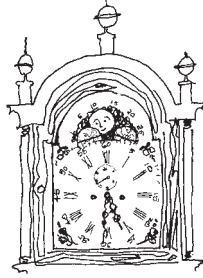
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From the Chief Executive Officer



History is merely a list of surprises, It can't predict the future; it can only prepare us to be surprised yet again – Kurt Vonnegut

What is it about surprises?

Some of us just love them. These fearless folks long for spontaneity and the unexpected, for the excitement of the moment to take them out of their comfort zone.

Others, not so much. I know some people who are left a bit anxious - if not outright distressed - when things suddenly shift away from the secure and predictable.

Just read an interesting article. In spite of how we might personally feel about a good old-fashioned surprise, your brain loves them.

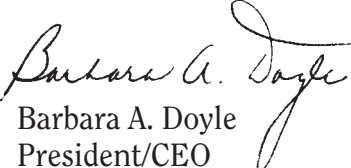
Researchers tell us that surprises, good and bad, are a crucial part of human psychology. This is because they are processed differently by a part of the brain called the hippocampus, a kind of novelty detector for the mind.

The hippocampus compares new and unexpected stimuli - the stuff of surprises - against already-stored knowledge. If these are different, we get a big shot of the neurotransmitter dopamine, which in turn activates the pleasure center of our brain. Surprise “transcends” pleasure.

More than giving us a dose of “happy time”, scientists theorize that surprises are central to cognitive development. The novelty factor of a surprise is what triggers the mechanism by which children (and adults) learn.

The very same mechanism also forms all those wonderful lasting memories that we cherish throughout our lives: a wedding day, a favorite song that “takes you back”.

Well then: Surprise!


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Surprise Guest

When the front door bell rang, my sister Cynth went to open it. There, in the pouring rain, stood a disheveled elderly man. He was very polite as he held out his billy-can and asked for some water to make tea. “Of course”, she said, “come in and get warm”. She led him into the kitchen quarters. “Sit ye down”, she said, pointing to a chair near the hot water furnace. And that’s where he collapsed.

Cynth knew she had to get him to hospital, but the clinic did not open until next day. On this day, since my brother and father were off in the Air Force, the household consisted of my mother, my elder sister, me and my aunt, plus two female acquaintances who had housing problems due to the Blitz. Because of our nightly air raids we each slept on a mattress on the floor of a downstairs room. This visitor would need a secure place to sleep. So the ever-resourceful Cynth found a folding cot and set it up in Father’s workshop above our heated garage. Better than sleeping on a haystack?

Our mother learned of this when she came home from her voluntary war work. She was almost speechless. “Do you mean this tramp is staying with us?” she asked. Cynth reassured her. If she could borrow the car she would take care of the hospital visit with her guest. She introduced him as Mr. Cope to all those staying in our home. My aunt was clearly terrified of this man, and everyone else was quite nervous of the situation. Bedtime and we checked into our woolen siren suits ready to sleep downstairs. Cynth took Cope up to his separate quarters above the garage. In the house my aunt put on her outdoors shoes and slept all night under the dining room table. Most of us checked that all outside doors were firmly locked. Fortunately our fears of attack or pillaging by this outsider were not fulfilled.

My sister took Cope to the hospital next morning. He was diagnosed as having pneumonia, medications were prescribed, and he was told to return in a week. On hearing this my mother exclaimed “A WEEK!!! We have to

have him for a week?” In the coming days, Cope stayed mostly by the furnace, and gradually seemed to be reviving. Then came the second week, and the third, by which time he was told by the Clinic to take little walks down the garden to regain his strength. We offered him the job of feeding the hens and collecting the eggs from Cora, Dora, Nora, Flora and latecomer, Ethel. Meantime Cynth found Cope some very handsome clothing at a village bazaar. Dressed in this new outfit, he looked quite impressive, and stood a few inches taller. By the fourth week he could hike down to the local farm, where we had a cow. He would bring back a little creamy milk, then churn it into butter to ease our wartime rations. Cope regarded Cynth as his guardian angel. He called her “My Young Miss”. He called me “The Little Miss” and our mother “The Madam”. Our other guests were beginning to sleep at night with less anxiety.

At this time the hospital staff told us our man had a hand infection requiring more medication. But he was determined to be useful. First he offered to wash our dinner dishes, a chore he said he was well prepared to do, and he quoted past experience. “I’ll just jump over ‘em” he said. That evening when we were enjoying dessert, an alarming crashing and clatter emanated from the adjoining pantry. It was accompanied by a high pitched whistling of “Hearts of Oak”. (Apparently he once was in the British Navy!) Cynth went to assess the damage. She found that he must be given another task to fill his time if she were to preserve our tableware.

On his last leave, our father had provided us with a billygoat with an insatiable appetite. This animal had a hideously penetrating voice. We named him Adelus after a noisy member of our village church choir. Attached to a movable stake, the goat would replace our wartime fuel-less lawn mower by consuming bushels of grass. Cynth added a daily pet-moving exercise to Cope’s duties. However he only managed to move the animal a few times to fresh feeding grounds before it was discovered that the fabric of one of Cope’s kneepants was absent from his new outfit, chewed off by Adelus, and presumably now reposed in our goat’s stomach.



Eventually came the day when my sister received her orders to report to the Air Force. This brought our uniformed family members up to three and, when I later joined the Navy, we would be four. My mother handled it well. Cope, however, seemed desolate with the news. Within a few hours he told us that he must be moving on. We all said “Oh no, Cope, you don’t need to go”, but he was adamant. We gave him a huge breakfast, packed up plenty of sandwiches, and added a large carton of hot chocolate. We all went up the driveway to the road to say goodbye to him, to wish him well. When he bid adieu to Cynth, he clasped both of her hands and peered down at the ground. Finally he managed to say, “Take care of yourself, My Young Miss”. Then he walked swiftly to the footpath and went south without looking back. In a quick moment he was gone. We just kept standing there, caught by the surprise of how much we would miss this old man of the road.

It was a couple of years later that he rang our front door bell again. He asked about us all and enjoyed a cup of hot cocoa. But he didn’t linger. He really wanted to see My Young Miss one more time, but now learned that she was married and had moved away.

After many more months, we had a call from our Hospital indicating that they had a patient who wanted to see us. My mother, being the only person available, went there and found Cope lying in one of the beds. She sat down alongside him. They had a little conversation. After a pause, the aging Cope took her hand and whispered, “Say goodbye to My Young Miss. So kind, so kind”. He held mother’s hand for a few minutes. Then his eyes closed. She stayed there beside him for a little while. There was a gentle smile on his face, as if he had finally come home.

Stephanie Rolfe

For Beauty’s Sake

Martha’s Vineyard is a safe haven for many wild creatures. There are raccoons who are proficient at opening garbage cans, skunks who snuffle up grubs in the lawn, turkeys who block traffic as their brood crosses the roadways, and deer. Deer find the Vineyard a year round source of food and, because of the many forest and shrub rimmed shorelines and ponds, find safe haven for breeding.

I used to have a shady garden of hostas and daylilies and other shade loving plants. Day lilies are my favorites. I loved the pale yellow, deep scarlet and colors of our sunsets, some plain, some ruffled. Alas the deer were fond of them too. They trimmed hostas almost to the ground, but they waited for the day when the lilies had attained their greatest beauty and most succulent blooms.



Deer can be seen crossing the dunes along Vineyard Sound, sometimes alone, sometimes a doe with a fawn, sometimes two, and even three. My son saw a deer with a splendid rack crossing the dirt road near our house. Among the blueberry, bay berry and beach plum bushes it is often difficult to pick out the tawny bodies. Deer seem so gentle and harmless with their soft brown eyes and spindly legs, timid and wary. Bambi has given that impression. To me they are conniving, sly creatures who can devastate what might be a lovely garden.

Often when I was about to drive away in my car, I would see a deer standing in front of the



house as bold as could be, watching me. He had noticed the juicy blossoms of my lilies. Of course as soon as I returned not a blossom was left, just the green stalk.

People have all sorts of suggestions to fend off the deer menace and I have tried them all. Tie strips of Reynolds Wrap to a string and stretch the string over the garden. The twirling, glistening light is supposed to frighten the marauders. Tie strings around bars of Irish Spring soap and dangle them from the string. The smell drives away all animals including two-footed ones.

Last but not least there is coyote or lion urine from the Minneapolis zoo. I bought a small bottle of ZooDoo for \$18.00, mixed it with water in a watering can, and sprinkled it over lilies and hostas. A downpour of rain the next day washed all the ZooDoo away. That was going to be an expensive solution.

Urine is urine, I thought. I invited various male members of my family to contribute their share, but got no volunteers. So I became the contributor. The deer stayed away for a few weeks; the lilies with their many-hued blossoms brightened my garden. After a few weeks the collection process became too tedious, and I gave it up. Alas the day lilies have not survived, but the deer have never been friskier.

Nancy T. Smith

Sunspots 8/21/17

Some of us used the patio as a place to watch the sun

Because we thought eclipses sounded like a lot of fun,

And anyway, we couldn't have enjoyed it any more

Than seeing a repeat eclipse in Twenty-Two-Four.

Lois Pulliam

Surprise on the Dining Table

Every Thanksgiving my parents, twin sisters and I would drive to nearby Wellesley for dinner with my Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Phil. On Christmas Day we reversed the procedure; they'd come to our house in Lincoln for the sharing of presents. I enjoyed my Aunt E most of all my relatives, Perhaps one reason was that nearly all of them were on my mother's side, living far away in Georgia, Florida and Ohio, on the moon. Aunt E was next door. She and my mother became great friends. Maybe they saw a refreshing contrast in their respective social environments, mother born and raised in the deep south, father's sister growing up in Idaho before coming east.

Upon arriving at Aunt E's, first you got a good sniff of turkey before you got inside the door. E would move down the line to squeeze us kids with a suffocating hug. Phil was more distant, shaking hands or lightly pecking cheeks. But there was something else. E would give me a present, small but seeming, even at my age, important to her. One afternoon two nuggets of fool's gold fell shining into my hand, talismanic relics from ancient family camping trips. Another year came a maroon chunk of petrified wood gleaned from Idaho forests. Innocent enough, I guess. But when E slid into my hands a weighty package containing some of Phil's old 78-rpm shellac records, mother began to feel uneasy. No such offerings went to my sisters; nor did they figure in the conventional Christmas exchanges. Maybe she spoke with E; I don't know. But the gifts stopped.

When Phil died, E gave mother all of Phil's large record collection. Phil had wanted me to have them. He knew I liked music although perhaps not the kind he preferred. Mother was troubled. We had no way to play these records; besides, shouldn't they go to shut-ins, rest homes, or to a Lincoln friend who played violin in the Boston Symphony Orchestra? I bickered. I wanted those records, fighting for them just short of a tantrum. I knew little of the jazz and swing bands that Phil loved, but I would even-



tually, and classical music was also sandwiched in the cache. Despite my protests, or because of them, mother finally let me keep four records, returning the rest for E to “distribute more responsibly”. I’ll never know how my mother’s thoughts developed as the months passed. At any rate, I stopped sulking. There were no more words on the subject.

A few years later, before sunup I padded into the living room. I couldn’t sleep. It was my birthday. I was nine. On the dining table, with no note, was a foot-high pile of neatly stacked 78s in their original paper sleeves. Next to it, sporting a crinkly blue finish and a simple Off/On button was a phonograph.

Harry Hoover

Surprises!

Here are a few surprises I have experienced. When I was about seven, my family moved from a small rural town in Hampshire to a town close to London -- about fifty miles. I was unhappily surprised when my classmates at school teased me unmercifully about my “country” accent – I was an “Hampshire hog” and was treated as a stupid farm yokel, so localized were the accents in those days

In my early teens, my local chums and I were surprised and excited to discover that the disused and overgrown sandpit in which we developed scary bicycling routines was the very place that the Martian Rocket Ship landed in H. G. Wells’ sci-fi epic, “War of the Worlds”. The Martians emerged on huge tripods and used heat rays to slaughter the army and burn a path to London. Naturally our fun and games in this deserted spot took on new dimensions. (You may recall that Orson Welles turned the story into a fake news broadcast that nearly caused panic in New Jersey.)

About this time, I was greatly surprised to learn that the fun-loving little old lady that I enjoyed visiting was not my Great-Grandmother, although I was always told that she was. This

was a real shocker because we got along so well -- for example we discovered that we had the same birth defects, bent little fingers. The story is that after my real Great-Grandmother died quite young, my Great-Grandfather married his former wife’s sister - a criminal act! “Marriage to deceased wife’s sister” was made illegal by an act of Parliament in 1835 (why is unclear). Apparently it was rarely enforced and was revoked in 1907. (Interestingly, “marriage to deceased wife’s sister” was made fun of in Gilbert and Sullivan’s “Iolanthe”.)

A couple of World War II surprises. First, I had finished army flight training in Alberta, Canada and was on a troop train headed east to return home. We were stopped in Winnipeg Station for fuel and food when a troop train going west, full of trainees headed for Alberta, stopped on an adjacent track. As we leaned out the window showing off our “Wings” to the trainees, I suddenly spotted a familiar face. and there was mutual recognition -- we were fellow members of our high school class of 1937! An extraordinary coincidence!

Second, in 1946 on my way from Rangoon to England for demobilization, I managed to spend a few days in Cairo, an exotic city I had never seen before. Visitors could buy a day pass to the Gezira Sporting Club on an island in the Nile. At the club I dived into a beautiful swimming pool, and when I surfaced, facing me was a very old friend from our home town whom I hadn’t seen since 1939. He was visiting Cairo, also for the first time, from an Army base in North Africa. Needless to say, Flight Lieutenant Till and Captain John Jefferies celebrated our reunion, starting with the Great Pyramid at Giza and finishing in downtown Cairo night-life!

In about 1995, Patricia and I visited New York, primarily to enjoy theatre. One evening we saw Lauren Bacall and Charlton Heston perform A.R.Gurney’s “Love Letters”. After the show, while we were looking for a taxi, Patricia yelled, “It’s Pete!”, and rushed over to a couple who had just emerged from the theatre. It was indeed the playwright himself, A.R. “Pete” Gurney, an old Cambridge friend of Patricia’s when Pete was teaching at Harvard.



Several years ago I had a totally different surprise when I opened a mailing from a distant Australian relative containing a lot of family stuff she had dug up. One of the items she enclosed was a facsimile of a birth certificate. It clearly showed that the woman who became my Grandmother was the mother of a baby girl, but the “Husband” space on the certificate was blank. This was two years before my Grandparents were married. I was shocked, shocked.

A more recent and happy surprise was an email informing me that I had a first cousin, David, in Cambridge, England whom I didn’t know existed! My Father and his brother Cyril returned to England when they were demobilized from the Army after World War I. Dad lost touch with his brother, and what happened to my “Uncle Cyril” remained a mystery for about eighty years until I received the email from David’s son-in-law, the family historian. Patricia and I met David and his wife Gillian in London and we settled so readily into a comfortable exchange that it was like being with old friends. We enjoyed their company several times after that.

Derek Till

On A Friend’s Painting

Here is your latest work of art
 In colors rose and blue and gold,
 Created directly from the heart
 With brushes confident and bold.
 Flowers bloom and petals shine
 In crystal vases clear and clean,
 Their details such you can define
 Each blossom, stem, and leaf of green,
 The painting shines with lovely light.
 With each stroke the artist gives
 Us inspiration. All is right.
 In works of art the “still life” lives!

Sue Hay

“Meet Me at the Shed”

It was around the time of my thirteenth birthday. After breakfast, my father said rather soberly, “I need to speak with you; I’ll meet you at the shed”. We were at our summer home, and the shed was a not very large, sturdy outbuilding at some distance from the house. It housed garden and yard equipment, and was also a summer kennel when we had a litter of Cocker Spaniel pups.

On this morning I plodded as slowly as I dared towards the rendezvous. My mind raced, cataloging the sins of commission or omission that might have brought it about. Had I left a window open to the elements, made a mistake which might put the puppies at risk, or had a recent cookie-theft been discovered? By the time I stood in front of my father, I was frozen with apprehension.

He said not a word but led me to the side of the shed, where stood a bicycle - a green bicycle. It had fat, not skinny tires; no gears, no hand brakes on the handle bars (you braked by back-pedaling). But it was the most beautiful of bikes. It promised escape and adventure and it was GREEN. No one else had a green bike.

But could I say any of this? No. I croaked out a “Thank you, thank you very much”. My father looked a bit deflated.

That bicycle was a great companion to me, and I hope my father realized that. But I have always regretted my pallid response to his gift. He would so much have preferred a noisy exuberance of which I was incapable.

I have never learned to like what I think of as manufactured surprises, but the bicycle experience was instructive. It falls to the surprisee to be volubly appreciative of the planners’ efforts while still internalizing the shock of surprise. Then everyone is a winner.

Alice Morrish

nior fall semester,







Einstein's Birthday

When I was growing up in Princeton, New Jersey, I had a best friend named Agnes and we played together most every day.

One day, when we were about eight years old, all the grown-ups were saying "tomorrow is Albert Einstein's birthday!" We knew that name was an important scientist and wondered if he would have a birthday party.

We told Mother we wanted to give Mr. Einstein a birthday present. She agreed that would be very nice. We thought and thought and finally decided he was a scientist who would use a lot of pencils.

We pooled our pennies and bought one five-cent pencil at the Five and Ten. We tied a bow around it to make it look special.

We dressed in our nicest playclothes and Father drove us down to Princeton Junction (where people caught the "Dinky" railcar to downtown Princeton) and we walked to Einstein's apartment which was across from the famous McCarter Theater.



At Einstein's home we rang the bell. When the door opened, a strange looking man appeared and we shouted "Happy Birthday!" He was very amazing to look at with his long, white, bushy hair standing out in all directions, his glasses askew, sloppy clothes and worn out slippers. We were in awe, but it was kind of a shock. He smiled and we handed him the pencil. Einstein stooped down eye-to-eye with us and asked us in a friendly manner where we lived, and we told him we lived not far away. He shook hands with each of us and told us he would surely make good use of the pencil. He thanked us very, very much. We wished him Happy Birthday again and skipped away, not fully appreciating the gentle patience of this world famous scientist whose name would be legendary.

Emily Holt

Progress, C-W Style

We've got The Rail and Vic Café as two great spots for lunch

And these appeal to residents – the Carleton-Willard bunch.

We've got new grass and patios, croquet and golf for play

And Philip's flowers everywhere outline the walker's way.

What's left to want? More to explore,
And by this fall an opened door:
We've had our chance at last to enter
The new C. W. Village Centre!

Lois Pulliam



Surprises with Teddy

In July 1962, Ginny and I, together with our six-year-old son Teddy, left for Sweden where I had a NIH fellowship to study interventional radiology. Most of our time was spent in Lund, a university town which was ten miles from Malmö, a major port with regular ferries to Copenhagen, sixty to ninety minutes away across a body of water known as the Øresund. Our apartment, in a “student house” had two rooms separated by a bathroom, and a kitchen, consisting of two hot plates and a small refrigerator. We were about thirty, but the building was filled with young students. Teddy was able to play at times with a younger German girl who lived across the hall. He went to a Swedish school and, despite the fact that neither he nor his classmates could understand each other, he made a number of friends. Because of the closeness of Copenhagen, we spent two out of three weekends there, and Ginny and Teddy would occasionally go over during the week. On occasion, despite his youth, Teddy would suggest the right turns while driving with his mother. Later we spent a short time in Stockholm. There we were considered visiting faculty and lived in the Wenner-Gren Center, built by the owner of Electrolux, where our apartment was filled with the finest Swedish furnishings, a welcomed change.

At the end of the year, with Teddy now seven, we took a trip through parts of Western Europe. One of our first stops was in Munich, Germany. We needed several items and went to a small department store. While shopping on the fourth floor, not realizing that our son wasn't there, we received our first Surprise. The loud speaker asked if Teddy's parents could come to the information desk on the second floor. There he was, not at all concerned at our absence. We continued on to Vienna where, on the second day, we took a long walk not far from the Russian zone. Teddy was upset about something and was walking one or two steps behind us. Suddenly we looked around and Teddy was gone. Recalling his ability to get around Copenhagen, I foolishly thought he might have returned to our hotel,

but he wasn't there. Meanwhile, a Vienna policeman, comprehending Ginny's problem, but unable to speak English, took her arm and led her away. She was taken to the local police station where Surprise #2, a group of policemen sat around a table being entertained by Teddy who was standing on the table.

My parents happened to be attending a meeting in Copenhagen at the same time that we planned to be in Rome. They offered to take Teddy home and put him in the same grammar school I had last attended in 1942. When we reached the gate at Rome's Leonardo da Vinci Airport, Teddy walked unaccompanied, carrying his allergy meds, across the tarmac to the plane, never turning around to look for his parents.

With that introduction, you may wonder what happened to Teddy. Now known as Ted, he is a distinguished social theorist-philosopher who travels to Europe to teach five times a year, including in Copenhagen, where he is an adjunct professor at one of the universities.

Stefan Schatzki





Village

Anne Schmalz Exhibit

Anne Parker Schmalz presented us with an intriguing display of works depicting bugs and birds, leaves and flowers, plants and trees, and sketches of natural scenes and manmade wonders that she has encountered in her lifetime of research and worldwide study. The skillful line drawings, cleverly enhanced with watercolors, some with fascinating facts surrounding the subjects, kept residents returning to learn from and enjoy this amazing show. Much of the work was originally shown at the Boston City Hall and the Arnold Arboretum. Other exciting exhibits could be seen in the locked cabinet – including Anne’s collection of natural objects found on site at Carleton Willard!

Pawtucket Canal Boat Trip



On a cloudy, cool day we arrived at the Visitor’s Center of the Lowell National Historical Park, where we viewed an excellent orientation film describing the history of Lowell as the nation’s first industrial city, beginning in the early 1800’s. Boarding a vintage electric trolley, we rode to the Swamp Locks, where we boarded an open boat for our narrated tour of the 1823 Pawtucket Canal. We passed twice through the manually operated Francis Gate Locks on the way to and from the Merrimack River. A return trolley ride and short walk brought us to Cobblestone’s Restaurant, where we enjoyed an outstanding lunch.

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

Virtual Tour of the Piscataqua River

We were welcomed aboard the MV Thomas Loughton by guide David Ramsay for a virtual tour of the Piscataqua River and the Isles of Shoals. Using slides and stories he told us the history of the area. We passed the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, a naval prison and naval hospital (now closed), hotels, a yacht club and light-houses. Seven miles offshore we reached the nine Isles of Shoals. Best known are Star Island, site of a church owned conference center, and Appledore, site of the summer home of Celia Thaxter, daughter of Thomas Loughton. Celia’s most famous guest was Childe Hassam, painter of island scenes, including Celia’s garden.

Abigail Adams Visits the Village

Actress Linda Myer brought Abigail Adams to life during an informative and entertaining visit. Wife of our second president, and mother of our sixth, Abigail shared her unease about sailing across the Atlantic with daughter Nabby to join husband and father John in Paris, where he was Ambassador to France. John and son John Quincy first went to Paris six years earlier, but Abigail worried about adjusting to a new environment. Abigail read from letters she and John wrote during his long absences in Philadelphia, including “remember the ladies”. She took comfort from the fact that they would be together in Europe. We took comfort in knowing how well things turned out for them.

“Three Step Dances” Piano Concert

Pianist-composer Adam Bergeron performed eleven pieces he termed “three step dances” to illustrate how dance music in three-quarter time has evolved from the early 1700s to the present time. Opening with two minuets from Bach’s era, Bergeron led a fascinated audience through the classical era to the romantic with examples of early and late Beethoven minuets, followed by well-contrasted waltzes by Chopin, Brahms and Paderewski. Bergeron’s musical skill and experience were confirmed as he finally moved from Johann Strauss’s iconic Blue Danube Waltz to the rare and hypnotic Gymnopedies of French composer Erik Satie, and ended with two of his own compositions.



Happenings

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

Health Lecture

Resident Dr. Peter Gibb, a gastroenterologist who retired from Lahey Clinic in 2004, spoke on "The Vanishing Ulcer and Flourishing Acid Reflux". In the early years of his practice he saw many patients with duodenal ulcers, but the bacteria that caused that problem was discovered, and the cure found before he retired. While that problem disappeared, the frequency of cases of GERD (gastro esophageal reflux disease) increased dramatically. Dr. Gibb discussed the diagnosis, causes and treatment of GERD. The importance of the topic to the audience was evident from the many questions, which he addressed with empathy and clarity.

Fred Moyer Jazz Trio

Pianist Frederick Moyer returned to Carleton-Willard with bass Peter Tillotson and Bob Savine on drums for a spirited concert of jazz in memory of Bruce Williams, presented by the Williams family. Kicking off with two pieces honoring Bruce's love of Oscar Peterson, played note-for-note from original recordings, the Trio rocked through nine more numbers from Duke Ellington and Boogie-Woogie to familiar show tunes. Jazz left Bruce "smiling from ear to ear". Appropriately, Gail Hatfield closed this moving tribute by joining with Bruce's grandson in singing "When you're smiling, the whole world smiles with you".

Professor Andrew Bacevich

Dr. Andrew Bacevich, retired Professor of International Relations at Boston University, visited to speak on "America's War for the Greater Middle East". A West Point graduate with a doctorate in American Diplomatic History from Princeton, he is a leading advocate of a non-interventional foreign policy. In his review of the thirty-plus year history of U.S. involvement in the Middle East, he stressed the ambiguities in our motives and goals, the terrible costs of our efforts, and the very mixed record of successes and failures. His conclusion -- we are not winning and the war is "self-perpetuating".

Russell's Garden Center and the Wayside Inn

On a cool, grey, autumn day a lucky group traveled to the warm and colorful garden and gift center that is Russell's in Wayland. After a brief introduction to the history of this family enterprise, people got to wander among the huge selection of a wide variety of gift items, bird-oriented goods, garden-related products and of course the plants -- lots of seasonal indoor and outdoor plants. The final goal of our trip was the historic Wayside Inn further along the old Boston Post Road. The Old Kitchen was a cozy venue for a very hearty lunch.



Oktoberfest

Despite threatening skies a small, but cheerful group enjoyed Oktoberfest at East Hill Farm in Troy, New Hampshire, followed by a stop at Cathedral-in-the-Pines in Rindge, New Hampshire. Lunch was a German family-style feast, complete with Oompah band and raised steins of cider or other libations appropriate to the occasion, topped off with warm apple strudel, followed by a stroll in the barnyard to see the farm animals. Highlights of the visit to the Cathedral-in-the-Pines were an excellent tour, a spectacular view of Mt. Monadnock, and a visit to the museum with its collection of everything from a spike from the battleship "Maine" to WWII memorabilia of the founder's son.

Edwin Cox



A Blessed Retreat Through the Years

When Maine and Massachusetts were one state in colonial times, Eastport, Maine was at one end of the coast and Westport, Massachusetts at the other end, only a few miles from Rhode Island. Westport is NOT on Cape Cod and I don't have to cross any bridge to reach Westport, even though traffic is getting heavier all the time due to the State takeover of Horseneck Beach. It's an eighty mile drive from Bedford down Routes 24 and 88, to the last (5th) traffic light before Route 88 crosses the Westport River to Horseneck Beach. A right turn at that light brings you into Westport Point, the village where my cottage is located.

My mother's parents, the Reverend Smith and Helen Dexter, of Trinity Church in Concord, Massachusetts, bought a long narrow lot, 66 x 400 feet, going from the road to the Westport



River in 1910. Their summer house (vintage 1890's) with stained glass panes in the windows and a porch all around, was right on Main Road, i.e. at the street end of the lot. Behind it was a barn. The whole lot, with the buildings, was bought for \$2,000 - for half an acre of area.

When my parents were married in 1928, the Dexters gave them the barn, saying, "Make your summer cottage out of it."

So my parents threw the horses out of the space that was to be the kitchen. They moved the Model T Ford out of the future living-room/dining-room area, the hay out of the upstairs, and

Grandpa, whose study was in the room over the horses, also was shown the door (politely), and he had a one room study (about 12 by 18 feet) built about 150 feet east of the barn, and spent his first day and night there April 23, 1930 (as he wrote on one of the wall studs in the cabin.)

My parents made a very rustic but pleasant cottage, with a kitchen where the horses had been, a bedroom filling the space behind the sliding barn door, a living/dining area where the Model T Ford had been, and a bathroom between the bedroom and the kitchen, with a tiny crow-foot bathtub. This was the summer cottage for the whole childhood and teen years of me (1929) and brothers Christopher (1932) and Timothy (1935). A well was drilled in 1929 to supply both houses with water. Before that, rain runoff from the roof to a cistern at the grandparents' house was the water supply. Drinking water was carried from neighbors' wells.

An open porch was added to the cottage in 1930 on the east side facing the Westport River,



where we learned to swim off the marshes at the foot of the land. A small dock was added in the early 1930's and two rowboats and a sailboat provided lots of recreation and exercise. We learned what berries to pick and what plants to avoid (Poison Ivy).

My father had a vegetable garden for a few years between the house and Grandpa's cabin, and my mother had several flower beds near the house. We also had a croquet court on the grass in front of the porch.

As we grew, the house's upstairs needed more headroom, and so dormers were added (designed



by my parents; my father had been in architectural school before he was ordained). With the dormers came an upstairs bathroom and shower.

After my grandparents' deaths (1940), that house was sold, and my parents added a garage and a third upstairs bedroom in the early 1940s, to the north end of the house where the barn door had been.

Through the adolescent and teen years, I did a lot of foraging for wild foods as I camped on various islands in the river. I still pick berries and make jams and jellies from what I pick -- from gooseberries in the spring to grapes and cranberries in the fall. (This interest was helped by the Boy Scouts where we learned to identify edible foods in the wild.)

When I became rector of St. Luke's Church in Chelsea (1968 - 1995), I had opportunity to come to Westport Point the year around, and did so quite a bit. In the late 1960's and early 1970's, I insulated the house downstairs and added electric baseboard heating, plus a wood-burning stove and a metal chimney. In the kitchen, I noted the smell of horses when I opened up a wall for insulating! So the house can now be lived in year-around on the first floor, quite comfortably. One is rather isolated in winter, however, since many of the surrounding houses are vacant in the winter.

The house at Westport is still where I am most at home; it's sort of "in my blood". Through the years, I have had numerous friends in the village, though I've now outlived many of them. The summer community attracts many teachers and a few clergy, though the area is historically farming and commercial fishing and lobstering.

Now of course the challenge is to face giving up Westport when I can no longer drive. I think I have made a start by being part of CWV since 2005, and by increasingly putting my "fixit" skills in lamps and furniture for my growing number of friends in this wonderful community.

Richard T. Loring

<i>In Memory</i>	
Robert Baldrige	July 17
Bruce Williams	August 2
Harry Richter	August 5
Marjorie Thomas	August 5
Joe Zagaja	August 7
Edward Owens	August 9
Joan Turner	August 10
Constance "Connie" Devereux	Aug 23
D.Alexander "Sandy" Wieland	Aug 23
Chantal Sloan	August 23
Caleb Warner	August 24
Hugh Shepley	September 4
Melinda Ryder	September 6
Nina Jackson	September 8
Tom Peterson	September 12
Celio "Joe" Impemba	October 2
Janet Hosmer	October 14
Dwight Warren	October 16



And the Last Shall Be First

Golden Retrievers have always played an important part in our family's life. When I was married in 1958, one of our favorite gifts was a generous check earmarked "For a Golden Retriever!"

Some few years later, tired of living with our three-year-old daughter, Caryl, in a very small Boston apartment, we began to search for a new home. We traveled extensively; however, secretly we already knew that the town of Lincoln would be our first choice. Thankfully, we soon found a lovely little Cape surrounded by enough land to make any dog happy.

We could hardly wait to start that second search; that wonderful wedding check was burning a hole in my pocket.

Again, this search turned out to be a short one. We knew a breeder in a neighboring town who "just happened to have a litter of Goldens due to arrive any day or night". Indeed her call came the next morning and we were invited over to view eight new adorable puppies. Eight weeks later we brought Macy home, and the rest, as they say, is history. He lived with us for fourteen years, and he was followed by a succession of equally well-loved dogs and other animals.

Fast forward fourteen years to the year 2006 and the real reason for this story. I was then living alone in a 1700's tavern in Carlisle. I was feeling rather lonely and isolated and, to make matters even worse, I didn't have a dog.

Once again I knew just where to find what, hopefully, would be my last Golden puppy. This new breeder and I talked about what kind of dog

would be right for this aging, somewhat mobility-challenged woman. Together we picked out the perfect dog for me. Her name is Carlisle; her nickname is Carli. She is gentle, thoughtful, a bit stubborn, and wonderful when we are visiting some of the residents in the Health Center here at Carleton-Willard.

Six years ago, before we came to CWV and were still living in Carlisle, I happened to read a short article in a local newspaper about an occasion happening that very day at the First Parish Church in Concord Center. It was a memorial service for a friend who had championed the Golden Retriever breed for many years, and all Goldens were invited.

Carli and I had just returned from a long walk in the cranberry bog. Her coat was full of burrs and she was covered in mud. I looked even worse.

Off we went anyway. On arriving at the church, we saw about forty-five gorgeous Goldens and their equally gorgeous owners lined

up around the half-circle driveway. We were the last to

register and Carli was given a lovely bandana to wear around her neck, just like all the other dogs. We both tried to be as inconspicuous as possible, standing quietly at the very end of the line. After we listened to several talks and a bit of music, the mistress of ceremonies moved to the middle of the line and told us all to turn left and move slowly and with dignity down Lexington Road to our parked cars. Having been the last, we were now first, and I have to admit to feeling a bit of pride as Carli and I led the parade of forty-five Goldens and their lovely owners down the road.

Janet Lovejoy





A Surprise Birthday Celebration

On a summer weekend this year, I was feted at a family birthday celebration held in Kennebunkport, Maine. The occasion was my having reached my ninetieth year. What was so special was that while I had raised two daughters, they had managed to add five boys to the clan, and all were in attendance.

The fun began when my daughter Betsy and her husband George, from Atlanta, stopped here to collect me as they drove to Maine. The car ride provided a great opportunity to have an individual chat with those two about their lives and future plans.

Being Southerners and enthusiastic about lobster, we “googled” *best lobster restaurant* and, though experiencing an incredible rain storm, found our way to a lobster place right on the shore. After indulging our appetites, we continued our ride to my other daughter’s Maine home.

As we approached the driveway, it was evident from the cars assembled that others had preceded us. Visible were five cars and we later learned that a neighbor granted permission for two more to be parked in his circular driveway across the road.

On entering the house we were greeted by two dogs and then a standing army of teenage and older young men, the grands! They had each driven to Kennebunkport from different parts of the country, several from Logan Airport, having flown in from New York, Atlanta and elsewhere. All were taller than I, and one I had not seen for several years. Fortunately the house had many bedrooms and large family rooms so space was not an issue.

The beach at Goose Rocks was within walking distance and when the weather cleared, we were able to pack the beach wagon, trail the sea kayaks, slather ourselves with suntan lotion and walk to the water.

The sea kayaks interested the boys so off they went, and we parents sat and talked. Later we played Bocce on the low tide sand. I won! Several of us ventured to enter the water and relearned that Maine seawater remains cold most of the

season. Then we walked the mile home and proceeded to get ready for supper.

Imagine a long beautiful walnut table set with white dinner plates, each holding red boiled lobster, ten in all! A beautiful sight, along with a green salad, melted butter and rolls. Silence prevailed as each person attacked the feast set before them. The conversation revolved around travel and sports. And then the birthday cake.

Those boys yet in college shared some of their stories and those out in the world had other experiences to share. One grandson had recently been skiing with a guide in a wilderness setting in South America. The younger boys had school stories to share.

Then, the next morning, as mysteriously as the group had assembled, off they went to their separate destinies. The two oldest in a red Camaro, destination Logan Airport, to fly off, one to Atlanta, one to New York. The next to depart were their parents, off to Logan and thence to Atlanta. The following day we gained a girlfriend late at night, but not before she became lost in the dark, wooded streets without lights and needed rescue.

When it was my turn to depart, my daughter drove me to Carleton-Willard and then drove back to Maine to continue hosting, then closing the house later in the week.

I was delighted once again to have a chance to visit with the grands, as well as to swim, play Bocce, and feast on lobster. I wonder what they will do for a ninety-fifth. Think I’ll stick around and find out!

Ara Tyler



A Surprising Little Event

This is an anecdote about a surprising little event in a long-time relationship of my wife, Hazel Sheldon, and her long-time friend, Nan Nelson. The friendship began in the summer of 1955. Nan's new husband Ray and I, both young engineers at Raytheon in Bedford, were playing softball in the company league. My then fiancée Hazel Coit had taken the train out to Bedford from North Station (She was Walter Brown's secretary at Boston Garden) to see the game and to be with me. Nan was also at the game and as I remember, that is when Hazel and Nan first met.

Later that summer Hazel and I got married and rented a home in Bedford Gardens where the Nelsons were also living. The friendship flourished. About a year later, the Nelsons moved to Concord, and in another year Hazel and I moved to Lexington. Both couples started families. Throughout it all, Hazel and Nan kept in touch.

Hazel likes to tell about how she and Nan would get all dressed up, high heels and all, and shop at the then new Burlington Mall.

Time passes. Ray retires from Raytheon and the Nelsons move to Hilton Head, South Carolina. Hazel and Nan keep in touch with many letters and phone calls. Hazel and I visited the Nelsons during one of our vacation trips.

In those years, Nan's brother Bob lived in New Haven, and Nan's mother lived near Bob in a retirement home. When Nan came up to Connecticut to visit her mother, I would drive Hazel down to Connecticut so she could see Nan.

After Ray died, Nan moved to a retirement home in Oregon to be near her son, Allen. In her letters to Hazel, she kept Hazel up-to-date on her family members, in particular, Bob, who moved from New Haven to Boston, and later from Boston to Carleton-Willard Village.

Over a decade ago, Hazel and I looked at retirement communities, in particular Brookhaven and CWV. Hazel summarized our decision beautifully by noting that Brookhaven was city-like and CWV was country-like. And as a farmer's daughter she liked the country. We gave CWV the initial down payment to reserve a place. Then, a little over a year ago, after living in our home in Lexington for

close to sixty years, we received a call from Peggy Whitely asking if we were ready to move to CWV. We said yes.

Peggy said a two-bedroom cluster home would soon be available, and we said we'd take it. A few days later, we met Peggy at her office and drove down to the court where our new home-to-be was located. Imagine our surprise when we got there to see the name on the door: "Schmalz". Our new home-to-be was the current home of Nan's brother Bob!

(Bob and his wife Anne were moving to another cluster home nearer the meadow.)

Ed Sheldon

Editors' note:

Hazel Sheldon is the artist whose watercolor, "Crisscross" adorns this issue's cover.



Welcome New Residents

Pauline Harris Salter
from Bedford, 7/28/17

Katherine and Ross Cowan
from Martha's Vineyard, 9/12/17

Lorraine Bennett
from Lexington, 10/10/17

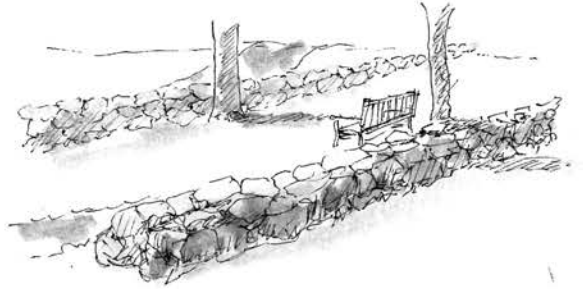
Judith McConnell
from Bedford, 10/11/17

STONE WALLS of Carleton-Willard

• if only these walls could talk !



a remnant of the old walls
that once bordered Old Billerica Road



in the Maple Grove walls
that once bordered the
old drive



an old gateway



a tree rooted in an old wall



entrance to the lower meadow
from Falmouth Court



Perennial Entertainment

I don't have enough sun in my backyard anymore. Sixteen years ago when we first moved to Carleton-Willard, there was a sunny area against the house that called out for a flower garden. We had moved from the oak woods of Lincoln, where there is an unwritten law: Don't cut down trees. The little sun we had there was dedicated to a vegetable garden. Here at CWV I had a plot in the field gardens where I could still grow vegetables, so I could now devote my horticultural life to flower gardens around the house.

Little did I realize what Nature had in store for my gardens and me, although I should have suspected that something was quietly going on. That beautiful oak tree along with the pines, all of which separated me from the sidewalk and Village Road, were slowly growing taller and fuller each year, and those perennials in the backyard kept trying to reach the sun by stretching higher and higher. Eventually they all looked as if they belonged behind the *Looking Glass* and had tasted the contents of the "Drink Me" bottle.

Much to my delight, as my health problems have developed and I find myself resting on my bed during the day, those tall flowers soon reach above the window sill. I can be a peeping Tom of the activity among the flower heads without disturbing the creatures that inhabit this mysterious jungle. Among the early arrivals are the bees and the butterflies, which coexist in apparent harmony. Some of the bees are quite small, but they don't seem intimidated by an occasional bumble bee sharing the sweet delights of the same flower. The butterflies are mostly variations of orange and black, but

some are smaller than others - fritillaries mostly, or an occasional swallowtail. No monarchs this year. It's fun to watch them up so close, as they unroll their long proboscises to take a tiny drink. They must always leave enough for the next as so many follow each other on the same flower.

Down on the ground chipmunks have built tunnels among the roots. They scoot around through the forest of stems, unaware that I am watching and wishing they would build their tunnels elsewhere. As the season moves on, the Echinacea flowers turn into cones full of seeds, delicacies for the goldfinches, who sit on them while they sway in the wind, sometimes fighting for the best one. The most fascinating visitors to partake of the nectar in the red *Monarda* are the iridescent hummingbirds, which hover and dash

through the air for quick sips. They try the purple phlox and other red or purple flowers as they zip through the garden. They would never come so close if they knew I was watching, so I remain motionless.

Now, the late summer sun signals the end of blossoming. Suddenly the hummingbirds no longer visit, probably on their long journey to warmer climes; the butterfly population dwindles and then vanishes, having finished its life cycle. The

Echinacea cones are empty. The goldfinches, no longer gold, have returned to the sunflower feeder. Activity in the garden subsides, except for the chipmunks who continue to build up their larder.

Soon the first frost will come and all visible activity will cease. I will have to wait until next spring for another year of fascinating entertainment among my perennials.

Esther K. Braun





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

Classic Fiction Project

This past spring the Carleton-Willard Village library committee announced plans to review and renew our collection of classic fiction titles. A survey was sent out to all residents and we received a good number of very helpful comments and suggestions.

In August the project began in earnest. Our first step was to move our classic fiction titles to a separate shelf. Then we examined each book to check on its condition and the size of the font, removing those which were difficult to read or unable to be mended.

Then the fun part began. Armed with a computer printout of the classic authors and titles on our shelves, we went to our local Used Book Superstore. We were pleased to find an extensive classics collection, but many of their books were considerably marked up or had font too small and dense for our geriatric eyesight. In spite of this, we came home with ten books, all at reduced prices.

Our second trip was to our local Barnes and Noble store which had an excellent display of classic titles, also at reduced prices. We found eight more titles and returned to Carleton-Willard with a great sense of accomplishment.

We then turned our attention to our large print classic titles, and we returned to our two bookstores. Unfortunately, there were no large print classics available in either store.

Discouraged but undaunted, we returned home and are investigating other stores, including our present source of large print material.

Now that our classic collection has been vastly improved, the library committee has decided to blend the classics back in with the regular fiction. We will be posting a list of available classic titles in the library to help residents find their favorites.

The library committee has an ongoing goal to offer our residents the very best in reading material. Who knows what our next project will be!

*Katherine F. Graff
Madelyn Armstrong*



Among the Newest

There Your Heart Is by Mary Gordon

An American woman's traumatic role in the Spanish Civil War shapes her granddaughter's path years later.

Sargent's Women by Donna M. Lacey

Biographies of four women painted by John Singer Sargent - women who personify the extravagance and absurdity of the Gilded Age.

The Saboteur by Andrew Gross

World War II thriller about British special agents who must find and destroy the "heavy water" from Hitler's atomic bomb.

The Secret Diary of Hendrik Groen
by Hendrik Groen

An 83 year old records the pleasures, tensions, trials and tender moments of life in an Amsterdam retirement home.

Glass Houses by Louise Penny

Chief Inspector Gamache battles drug cartels and a hooded figure lurking in Three Pines.

They Came for Freedom by Jay Milbrandt

A new, exciting and accessible account of the courageous faith, daring escape and tenuous survival of our Plymouth forebears.

The Burning Girl by Claire Messud

A bracing, hypnotic coming-of-age story about the best of friends' transition from childhood to adolescence.

We Were Eight Years in Power by

Ta-Nehisi Coates

Reflections on race, Obama, and the aftermath - insightful essays on patterns of social change.

The Necklace by Claire McMillen

The curious story of a necklace that connects two generations of women and involves love, money and scandal.

Sea Power by James Stavrides

A retired Navy admiral examines the history and geopolitics of the world's oceans - highly readable and instructive.

Little Fires Everywhere by Celeste Ng

A suburban utopia in Ohio is shaken up when a new family with differing values moves in.

Will's Red Coat by Tom Ryan

Evocative, true tale of a hopelessly aged and irritable dog who is redeemed and transformed by endless patience and perseverance.

Destined for War by Graham Allison

Citing sixteen disputes in world history, twelve of which led to war, Allison suggests how the United States and China can avoid falling into the same trap.

Daring to Drive by Manal al-Sharif

The moving memoir of a Muslim woman's struggle to gain basic human rights, particularly the right to drive a car.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Blais, Madeleine To the New Owners
 Scottoline, Lisa & I Need a Lifeguard Every-
 Serritella, Francesca where but the Pool (*)
 Sermak, Kathryn Miss D and Me (*)
 with Morton, Danelle

Biography

Gilbar, Steven & Not Forgotten
 Stewart, Dean
 Lucey, Donna M. Sargent's Women

Current Affairs

Allison, Graham Destined for War
 Al-Sharif, Manal Daring to Drive
 Bloomberg, Michael Climate of Hope
 & Pope, Carl
 Coates, Ta-Nehisi We Were Eight Years in
 Power
 Desmond, Matthew Evicted (*)
 Kapur, Akash India Becoming
 Stavridis, James Sea Power

Environment

Hanes, Stephanie White Man's Game

Fiction (Classic)

Aesop Aesop's Fables
 Alcott, Louisa May Eight Cousins
 Austen, Jane Pride and Prejudice
 Bradbury, Ray Fahrenheit 451
 Carroll, Lewis Alice's Adventures in
 Wonderland; Through
 the Looking Glass
 Cather, Willa My Antonia
 Chase, Mary Ellen A Goodly Heritage

Crane, Stephen The Red Badge of Courage
 Dickens, Charles A Christmas Carol;
 The Chimes;
 The Cricket on the Hearth
 Dickens, Charles A Tale of Two Cities
 Godden, Rumer An Episode of Sparrows
 Hardy, Thomas The Mayor of Casterbridge
 Kipling, Rudyard The Jungle Books
 Pyle, Howard Robin Hood
 Shute, Nevil On the Beach
 Smith, Betty A Tree Grows in Brooklyn
 Steinbeck, John The Moon is Down
 Steinbeck, John The Pearl
 Stevenson, Robert Treasure Island
 Louis
 Stoker, Bram Dracula
 Stowe, Harriet Uncle Tom's Cabin
 Beecher
 Tarkington, Booth Penrod
 Twain, Mark The Adventures of Tom
 Sawyer
 Wharton, Edith The House of Mirth

Fiction

Albanese, Laurie Lico Stolen Beauty (*)
 Bijan, Donia The Last Days of Café
 Leila (*)
 Black, Cara Murder on the Quai (*)
 Blauner, Peter Proving Ground
 Brown, Dan Origin
 Burton, Jessie The Miniaturist
 Coleman, Reed Farrel Robert B. Parker's The
 Hangman's Sonnet
 Colgan, Jenny The Café by the Sea
 Correa, Armando The German Girl (*)
 Lucas



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Dunn, Carola	Buried in the Country (*)	Scottoline, Lisa	Exposed
Flynn, Kathleen A.	The Jane Austen Project	Winterson, Jeanette	Christmas Days
Follett, Ken	A Column of Fire		
Fuller, Alexandra	Quiet until the Thaw (*)	History	
Gordon, Mary	There Your Heart Lies	Kluger, Jeffrey	Apollo 8 (*)
Gordon, Mary	There Your Heart Lies (*)	McCullough, David	The American Spirit (*)
Grafton, Sue	Y is for Yesterday	Milbrandt, Jay	They Came for Freedom
Grafton, Sue	Y is for Yesterday (*)	Ricks, Thomas	Churchill and Orwell (*)
Groen, Hendrik	The Secret Diary of Hendrik Groen	Miscellaneous	
Gross, Andrew	The Saboteur	Wiking, Meik	The Little Book of Hygge (*)
Hilderbrand, Elin	The Identicals		
Kiernan, Stephen P.	The Baker's Secret (*)	Nature	
Ko, Lisa	The Leavers (*)	Ackerman, Jennifer	The Genius of Birds
Le Carre, John	A Legacy of Spies	Ryan, Tom	Will's Red Coat
Locke, Attica	Bluebird, Bluebird (*)		
MacNeal, Susan Elia	The Paris Spy	Poetry	
Mayor, Archer	Trace	Kaplan, Kenneth	One More Mountain
McCall Smith	The Kalahari Typing School for Men	Updike, John	Selected Poems
Alexander			
McCall Smith, Alexander	Tea Time for the Traditionally Built	Religion	
McMillan, Claire	The Necklace	Gomes, Peter	The Good Book
Messud, Claire	The Burning Girl		
Mizushima, Margaret	Hunting Hour	Resident Authors	
Ng, Celeste	Little Fires Everywhere	Swartz, Merlin L.	Studies on Islam
Patterson, James	16th Seduction		
Penny, Louise	Glass Houses	Science	
Penny, Louise	Glass Houses (*)	Mezrich, Ben	Wooly (*)
Perry, Anne	An Echo of Murder		
Perry, Anne	The Whitechapel Conspiracy		
Peters, Elizabeth & Hess, Joan	The Painted Queen	(* indicates Large Print)	
Quinn, Kate	The Alice Network		<i>Katherine F. Graff</i>
Ratner, Vaddey	Music of the Ghosts (*)		
Rushdie, Salman	The Golden House		





CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

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