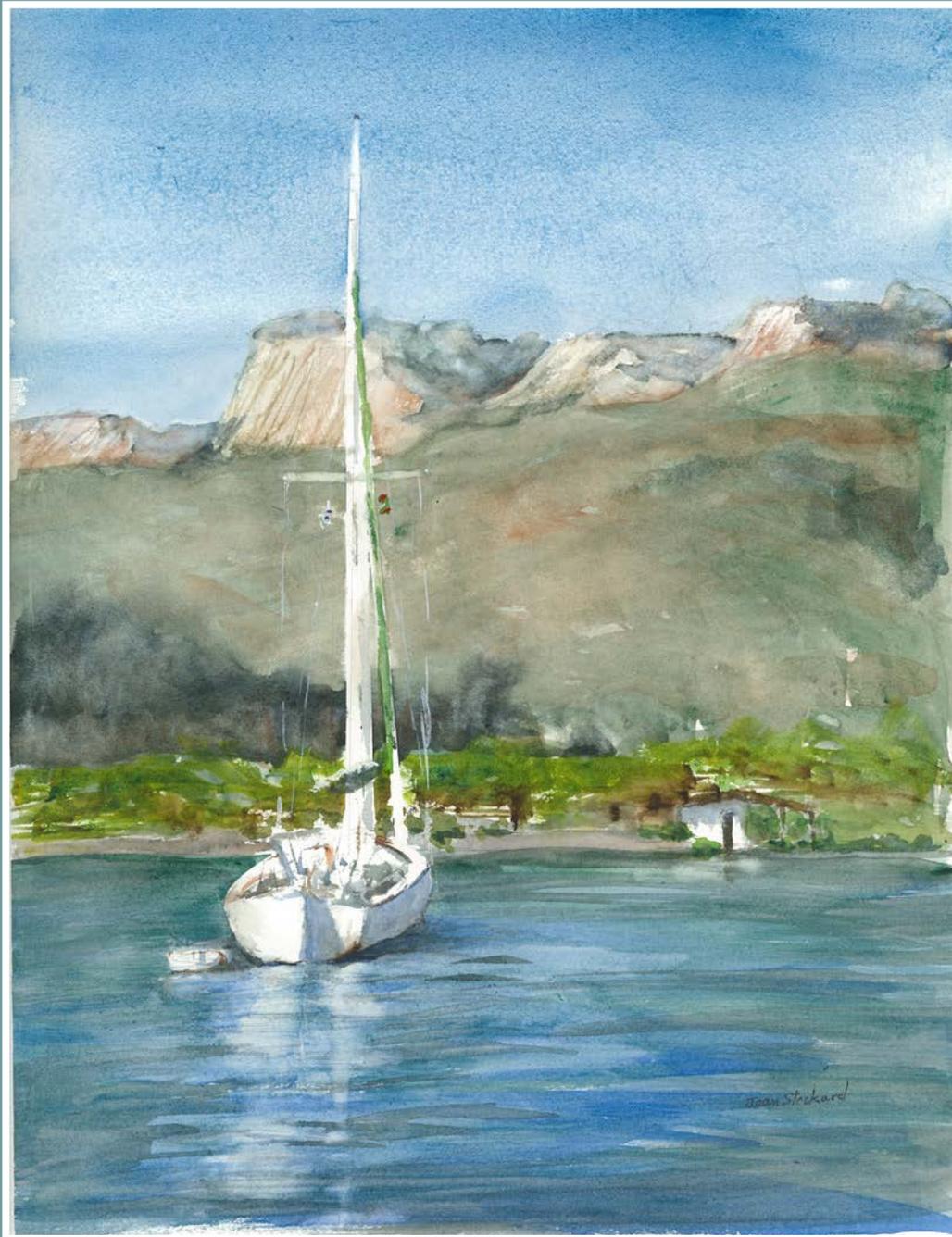




CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

Published quarterly by and for the residents and administration of Carleton-Willard Village, an accredited continuing care retirement community at 100 Old Billerica Road, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730.

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Co-Editors' Corner



We received a grand array of submissions for the June issue, many related to the theme, "A Gift", others remembering being a calendar model, ice dancing with a famous partner, and working on the Mt. Washington cog railway. June and the beginning of summer itself is a gift in New England, usually bringing soft warm weather and a glorious array of blossoms and new leaves. It also brings a slowing of duties as some committees and clubs take a break and many residents head for mountain, seashore or lakeside retreats. Those of us staying at CWV find more time for lighter reading, gardening and other favorite pursuits. Joan Stockard's painting of a boat awaiting peaceful sailing seems to typify the relaxed mood of summer. We are especially grateful for Joan's gift and for the writing and art by all this month's contributors.

We residents may be resting but we are also watching with awe as work on the new Village Centre and Bistro moves rapidly ahead. Of course it requires adjustments for everyone as Main Street gets a construction wall on which we have been invited to affix resident art (no spray paint!), and well-used services like the computer/copy room and the bumper pool table are moved to temporary locations. We watch bulldozers making way for a new Fire Road but we continue to enjoy our treed walkways, our lush common gardens and our own flowered plots and patios. And we feel proud and happy with another type of "green" -- solar panels being added to Badger Terrace and to the new addition.

We hope the theme for the September issue, "The Road Not Taken", will again inspire creative endeavor. As always, we welcome submissions on whatever subject resident artists and writers choose. *Villager* Board members are glad to lend a helping hand to those who have trouble getting their thoughts on paper.

To all readers: may you enjoy "the lazy days of summer".

Alice Morrish *Peggy McKibben*
Co-Editors



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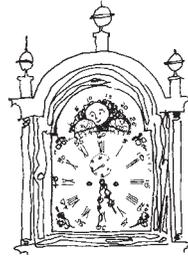
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From the Chief Executive Officer



"The airplane takes off against the wind, not with it." - Henry Ford

Dame Evelyn Glennie. Virtuoso Scottish symphonic percussionist. Grammy Award winner. World-renowned educator, motivational speaker and a favorite TED symposium figure. Spokesperson for the world's largest cymbal maker. Opened the 2012 Olympic Games in London, leading a performance of 1,000 drummers.

Deaf.

If you're wondering how a deaf person can function, let alone flourish, in the music world, you're not alone. Glennie has written books addressing what she considers a profound misunderstanding of hearing (note: not "deafness") by the medical community, the media, and the public.

Glennie performs barefoot, perceiving the instruments she is playing - and those of the other musicians - vibrating through her body. Whether in a recording studio or on a symphony hall stage, she will tell you she "hears" everything just as precisely, if not more so, than you or I would.

And she is amazing to see perform!

For Glennie, sound is a matter of vibrating skin, muscle and bones...as if her entire body were a single giant microphone. She is the first to admit that this unique relationship with sound is the foundation of her incredible technique. Were it not for her so-called "handicap", she would not be the artist she is today.

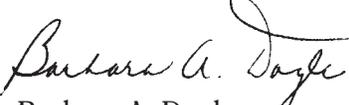
With the right perspective, any hurdle life throws at you could actually be the most amazing and unexpected gift.

Itzhak Perlman knows this well. Perlman overcame childhood polio to become one of the world's violin virtuosos - although his illness didn't influence his playing as much as his attitude.

Perlman talks about his appearances on the Ed Sullivan show to illustrate. "In the early days people would not so much listen to what I was doing, but more, look (at me)," he explained to the Wall Street Journal. " 'Oh, the poor kid, he walks on crutches. How can he possibly have a career?' So I had to prove with greater intensity that I was the genuine article."

That used to bother Perlman. Today at seventy, he jokes about it. "When I walk on stage, I walk very slowly, and everyone's on edge, waiting for me to fall down", he says, laughing. "Now, I consider this as part of the performance - a little bit of suspense before the music!"

Another gift.


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Nature's Gift

A short while ago I received a gift which until then I had not considered a gift. In early April there came a day when the sun shone and the air was warm; it seemed as if spring might really be willing to stay. I thought I would see what it was like on the perimeter path as I had not been there since last fall.

I entered the path at the north end and pretty soon came to the tall tree that had fallen across the path some years before and now lay on one side of it, but with the crown and roots sawed away. The remaining section of trunk still had about two dozen gnarled and dried branches sticking straight out so that the whole piece resembled a shorter version of a centipede. A little further along I came to a narrow boardwalk that had been laid over the muddy and wet portions of the path. There the grasses grew so tall and thick and close to the walk that, during summer months, they nearly met overhead to form a living tunnel. Just beneath the surface of the small pools of water on either side, I could see the tan, red and green-ish colored leaves that had been there all winter, looking as fresh as when they fell. Shifting focus, the sky and treetops came into the picture also.

After crossing the small wooden bridge, I came to what I call, with a little imagination, the "elephant tree". There was the huge head at the base of the tree, the grey wrinkled hide, the right eye looking out at each passerby, and the long trunk reaching up toward the sky. The path widened out there and ended at the lower meadow. A short walk up the grassy hill were the buildings, and the road which allowed much easier walking. There were no tree roots running across or projecting rocks to stumble on.

I enjoyed walking on the perimeter path again, but I did not think of it as a gift until later on when someone mentioned the theme of the *June Villager*. Yes, the perimeter path is a gift – a gift of nature. I had had a short trip into a woodland, and into a wetlands, and it is a trip which could be taken almost any time of year.

Betty Hefner

The Most Thrilling Mistake of a Lifetime

The Skating Club of Boston holds an annual ice show, Ice Chips, featuring championship skaters and club members. In past years it was a very large production taking place in the Boston Garden with live music. It was scaled down in recent years due to cost, but still presents top skaters in the world every year.

As ice dancers my husband, Shep, and I took part in this show for sixty years. One year our group number was very large. Our talented coach, Tommy McGinnis, had planned a number using an intricate dance in formation, the Three Lobed Waltz. After weeks of practice, testing timing and spacing again and again, the final effect from a distance was that of a flower opening and closing. We were thoroughly rehearsed and ready to perform. Show Time!



Emily Holt and her late husband "Shep" danced for sixty years in the annual "Ice Chips" show in Boston.

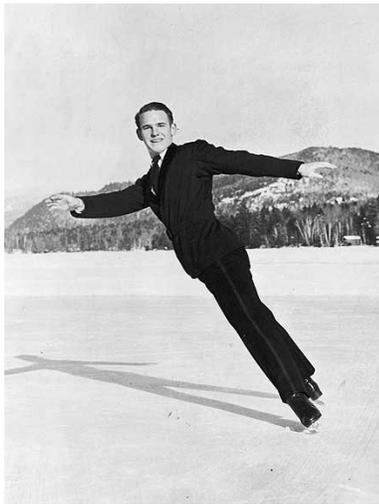
The show audience was large and enthusiastic. Dick Button, the World and Olympic Men's Figure Skating Champion, and a member of our club, slid out through the show curtain and did



his program, featuring astounding, very high and beautiful jumps along with many outstanding moves including the “Button Camel Spin”, which he invented. His power and grace took your breath away. We have not seen anything like him since his performing years.

Dick finished his number and exited through the curtain. The applause was thunderous! Our dance group was seated on ice at “cocktail tables” around the side of the ice ready to stand up when our number started. Shep and I were seated right next to the opening in the curtain. The orchestra struck up music for an encore and Dick shot out from behind the curtain to perform again. He was urged to come out again and again, eventually having four encores.

Then our dance number music started. Shep and I stood up. Dick, not realizing the change in music due to all the loud applause, came shooting out through the curtain once more. Standing in the spotlight and seeing the dancers ready to begin, he grabbed my hand and said “What do we do?” In ice dance the woman skates backwards most of the time and I had trouble telling him quickly which way to turn, so we were a bit behind. Well, Dick just quickly swooped around making huge, fast edges and turns all around the ice, carefully avoiding the other dancers, but we made something like a lopsided four lobe waltz. Of course the spotlight was on us which made it doubly difficult to see the other dancers, but he would whizz between them. He skated so fast I was al-



Dick Button, World & Men's Olympic Figure Skating Champion

most thrown from the dance position in his arms! As the music came to an end, we headed for the slit in the curtain. Dick thanked me, waved and disappeared to his star dressing room. I went to get my skate guards and there was Shep, sitting alone. He certainly

had missed his appearance in that show! The audience probably thought things went as they were supposed to. As for me, it was a thrilling mistake I will never forget!

Emily Holt

Fix It Fiancé

This was an event. After all, how often does a great niece come half way across the British Isles to introduce her newly announced fiancé to her very elderly relatives? Welcomed by my great aunt and her cleric husband (who was well past retirement age), we received a heartfelt welcome.

In the Vicarage drawing room the Silver Tea Pot was ready to dispense tea into the Sunday cups, and elegant Minton plates sat precariously on tiny, pedestal tables. My Ed took it all in with grace and charm. I was thankful that, ahead of time, I had warned him about the one-bite cucumber sandwiches. He managed to munch on one for several minutes without a glance in my direction. It was a marvelous introduction for my Beloved to meet this antediluvian couple. It was all going so well.

Next morning, over breakfast in the dining room, conversation centered around the view from the windows, the several miles of cow pastures and farmlands all the way towards Mounts Caer Caradoc and Lawley, two well known Shropshire hills. I feared my great uncle’s geological lecture would be coming on and, sure enough, in no time at all he had moved into high gear as each feature of the surrounding countryside was presented to us.

But Ed’s eyes could not be torn from what lay close by on the overgrown lawn. There, beside the trunk of a rose covered hawthorn tree, and nestled down beside the croquet lawn, sat the Lawn Mower. It was the product of the famous ATCO Company. Here was a new design startling enough to interest and engross my engineer. Our host was quick to see he had lost his audience and observed, “Oh! you’ve noticed our long grass and that wretched brand new machine that just refuses to run. Our man hasn’t been able to use it these last five weeks.”



It was music to Ed's ears. With his final spoonful of porridge, he made his move. "I'll be delighted to look at it for you", he said -- the understatement of the week. I knew he wasn't merely delighted to explore the problem; he was bound and determined to grovel in the dirt, and to have that machine running again.

The remainder of the morning passed quickly as members of the household were seated inside, by the dining room windows, in order to be able to respond immediately to the requirements of our new mechanic. He tapped frequently on the glass and mouthed his need for scores of tools that must be found to enable the complete dismantling of the ATCO. As his labors increased the grass was strewn with piles of wrenches, hammers, pliers, drills, oil cans, electrical gear and a mounting heap of disengaged lawn mower parts.

My aunt's voice quivered as she quietly wondered, "Stephanie, do you think he really knows what he is doing?" This bewitched fiancée provided blind assurances that he did. "Yes, yes . . . He must . . . Of course . . . Well, probably he does." But I began to wonder. There was a break for lunch. Ed scrubbed his face and hands and joined us. Nobody raised the question of the state of the machine outside. Ed volunteered nothing.

By afternoon we were fresh out of tools. My Great Aunt fell asleep in her ringside seat. My Great Uncle, as vicar, went upstairs to write his sermon. Slowly there were signs that the big machine was being reassembled. A can of petrol was brought from the garage, and Ed asked for a funnel. "Wake up," I called out, "The job's almost finished." The Vicar came slowly down from his study and observed, "It's wonderful what prayer can do." There was a wicked twinkle in his good left eye.

Ed had cleared a path in front of the mower. He found the starter lead and wound it round his finger. Then he strode up to the dining room window, smiled, and gave us a bow and thumbs up. "There", I thought, "maybe he really does know what he is doing." But I didn't say a word.

A dozen times that little string was pulled around the starter. The engine barely murmured. Once it sputtered back. "It's that darned old

choke", said my uncle. "He'd better let it rest." He beat upon the window glass and called out his advice. "Give it a rest; give it a rest."

Several minutes later Ed gave it one last, desperate try. Steadying himself on the mower, with his right hand he tugged at the starter cord. There was a loud explosion; the engine sputtered and burst into power, Ed moved the gear shift lever to start the drive wheel. The mower plunged forward with a jerk. The cutting blades took flight and rose high into the air while the handlebars swung down and buried themselves into the soggy turf. The mower's weight fell fully on the controls and froze the machine into high gear. Ed leaped down to grab the fleeing mower and was stomach dragged over the metal croquet hoops. He and his roaring monster ploughed ahead, full throttle, on course for the dining room windows.

But Captain Rolfe, my hero, former parachutist of the British Army's Special Air Services Brigade, was well prepared for all contingencies. With brute force he swept aside the upper structure of the ATCO and turned it forty-five degrees towards the south. Now backside up, he found himself on the ground clutching the ATCO and hurtling towards the hawthorn tree. The churning cutter blades chomped at the growing roses and carved a four foot path clear up the tree's beflowered bark. Then the upturned motor choked, and all went quiet.

Ed's feet stuck out from tangled, thorn-clad roots. He lay face down beneath a canopy of crumpled rosebuds.

"Well!", I managed to say, "That's the mower fixed."

Stephanie Rolfe

Summer Wisdom

Walking in the hot sun is foolish.
But walking in the shade is coolish.

Bill Stern



A Peek Into the Gift Horse's Mouth

Sixty years ago the medical specialty of rheumatology was relatively new; our understanding of rheumatoid arthritis (RA) was limited, and its treatment was empirical and of questionable effectiveness. We were beginning to understand that it was a disease of the immune system, but had no idea what caused it. Our goals were to slow down or stop the inflammation of body joints before the disease damaged or destroyed them, to relieve pain and maintain function, and to help the patient lead as normal and comfortable a life as possible. Surgery for arthritic joints was in its infancy then, but there was one promising development. Philip Hench, chief rheumatologist at Mayo Clinic had just received the Nobel Prize in Medicine for his discovery that cortisone was capable of dramatically reducing the inflammation and pain associated with RA. By the time I had the privilege and pleasure of working with Dr. Hench in 1954 we had learned that cortisone is a double-edged sword that is best used only in specific situations and in appropriate dosage. Other treatments such as gold injections were given over long periods of time before one could detect improvement or lack of it, and they were fraught with dangerous unwanted effects. So much so that twenty-five years ago I published a medical paper entitled *Requiem for Gold*. Today, gold is rarely used because stronger, more effective medications have become available, although many of these also have unwanted side-effects.

For patients in whom the inflammation of RA seemed to have subsided (“burned out”) yet whose joints had been damaged, our office visits consisted mainly of listening closely to the patient’s complaints, adjusting medication as necessary for maximum effect and safety, prescribing exercises to maintain muscle strength and joint mobility, applying physical modalities such as heat or cold, and recommending supports such as canes, crutches or walkers to improve balance and to reduce pain in weight-bearing joints, and teaching aids to their daily

activities to make them easier and less painful to perform. In those whose joints were inflamed, we closely monitored the stronger drugs these patients were usually taking. I was always amazed that usually, just by carefully listening and responding to the patient’s every symptom and complaint, reassuring if possible, and re-adjusting the treatment plan when necessary, a worried, discouraged, person in pain with RA, would leave the office a half hour or so later in a much improved frame of mind. In those days there was no computer in the examining room to distract either patient or doctor.

I have fond memories of two dear patients who attended a small retirement party put on by my department in 1991. Sally* was a cheerful woman in her late fifties who had suffered from RA for many years. Although her disease was still active and difficult to control, her joints were quite well preserved, and she usually had few complaints. One of the joys in her life was an annual pilgrimage to “Vegas”, which she’d been making for several years. The remarkable thing was that on every single trip, she had won at least enough money to pay for the whole trip including room and board—and often a lot more. One year, when she came to see me she brought along her younger sister who had never been to “Vegas” but was going along this time to help Sally who’d been more achy than usual. On the next office visit after “Vegas”, both sisters were beaming—they had both “hit it big”. Wow! I told Sally she had a special gift and wondered if it might not be a good idea for doc to go along with her next time. We had a jolly visit that day and fortunately Sally had few medical problems to tell me about. At my retirement party she presented me with a gift which she thought would be appropriate for me—a nice bird-feeder—because some of my patients knew that Ruth and I were birders.

Joe* was another old patient who attended the party that day. His RA had subsided, but had left him with several damaged joints. The most painful was a knee and he walked with a rolling and obviously painful gait. Today, a total knee replacement could have solved his problem, but that operation was relatively new then, the



results were unpredictable, and anyway he wasn't interested. For years I had tried to get him to use a cane to make walking less painful and to protect the knee from further damage. But he would have none of it. Over time the pain grew worse—and he kept telling *me* not to worry about it. To my surprise he came to the party walking almost normally, with a cane in his hand and a big smile on his face. It was a crooked wooden cane the handle of which was a carved and painted head of a duck. I was delighted and I congratulated him on his wisdom in doing the right thing by his knee. Joe laughed, handed me the cane and said: “Doc, this is *your* going-away present!” We all had a good chuckle and off he went with his agonizing rolling gait. That cane is the favorite in my collection of canes.

In lighter moments I wonder what Sally and Joe might have had in mind in selecting those particular gifts for me. I imagine Sally saying: “For the birds”!

Of course, Joe was saying: “Quack!”

*The patients' names are fictitious.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy

The School Out There

The blue Plymouth sped home on a snow-brushed Route 2, a full bag of groceries comfortably balanced on my lap. Mother drove quietly, lost in thought, her eyes fixed on the road. The question came from outer space: “How would you like to go to Mount Hermon?”

I stiffened, wondering how to respond. Anticipating the shock of leaving my Lincoln home for my senior year at a private school “out there” in western Massachusetts, I felt threatened by my mother's expectation of a positive response. She strained to hear a “Yes”. I fought an impulse to say “No”, saying nothing. She repeated the question. Then gently, “We can talk about it later”. We rode the rest of the way home in silence.

Lincoln had no high school. I'd expect that most of the twenty or so Lincoln high school-

ers bused each year to another town would have leapt at my mother's offer. We would alight each morning from the bus and enter a tightly-knit, exclusive community feeling like social pariahs. After sitting through desultory classes led by disinterested teachers, it was back on the bus at just that point when after-school social activity began. I was especially hungry for a good English class. I don't remember tackling Shakespeare or taking part in hum-drum extra-curricular activities. Instead, coming to mind are diagramming sentences, humiliating spelling bees, numbing fire drills. I could barely face the prospect of spending one more year, my final as a senior, in this place. Yet my fear of the unknown overpowered me. Not until we got home did I look at the floor and quietly mouth the “Yes” we both knew would come.

It took a while for Mount Hermon to sink in. My first week was depressing, littered with petulant “I told you so”s. My roommate fancied himself and play-acted an aspiring disk-jockey. My work assignment consisted of diurnal servitude in the bakery, where for two hours before lunch I'd arm-achingly mix an army's load of bread dough. We were chained to campus; I couldn't scoot to Lincoln. Then things began to change.

“On your feet! It's Mountain Day!”

Knocking-over of chairs. Mad rush to buses. A hundred-plus students on this unannounced day early in the school year would climb 3,166-foot Mount Monadnock. For me, it was a tough haul. But I made it to the top with the others, bursting with communal pride in competitive accomplishment. I never did like the “what” of my bakery work, but I did the “why”. I came to appreciate the egalitarian meting out of daily assignments. Everyone took part, cleaning stables, mowing fields, painting barns or yes, baking bread, the theory being that in order to Get, you should Give.

I sang in the chapel choir, sorted books in the library, found friends, some lifelong, with whom to share thoughts of music, art and literature. I even acquired a girl friend whom I'd retrieve from her dorm's parlor and have to return by 10:30.



<i>In Memory</i>	
Philip Kuhn	February 11
Anne Bryant	February 13
Suzanne Saunders	February 20
Juliette Hill	February 29
Donald Mintzlaff	March 2
Carl Bartels	March 5
Ellsworth "Al" Sanders	March 12
Audrey Henrion	March 17
Mary O'Meara	March 18
Yvette Loup	March 22
Rhea Kaplan	March 26
Barbara Kimball	March 31
Calvin Cumings	April 13
Patricia Till	April 19
Gene Odell	April 19

Picking a favorite memory of my single year at Mount Hermon is always fun. What most often materializes is the image of a beloved English professor. Bow-tied Melville Smith, or Smitty, as he was affectionately known for over forty years, was from the old school of teaching, going 'round the room and calling on students (always by their last names: "Mr. Lattimore", "Mr. Wilson"). Perched behind his tall podium, he'd pose three questions based on the previous day's assignment. The targeted student passed by correctly answering all three. For an interminable forty-five minutes one cowered in wait for the sword to fall. Oh, but once out of the classroom, Smitty was relaxed, solicitous, companionable, a good friend to his students. He always found time to inquire after activities, discoveries and interests. He hosted evening coffees at home and invited students with respectable grades to join him in his dark-paneled office on Saturday mornings to read Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*. Those Saturdays held my favorite hours of the week.

I recall many affable, spirited, even challenging coffee-and-conversation soirées at Smitty's house, examples of how Mount Hermon vastly improved on my earlier high school experience. A few students would gather in a snug, book-lined living room over cups of arabica coffee and peanut butter cookies, and feel free to air views, perceptions and memories in an encouraging spirit of community and shared esteem. Returning late on misty nights under aureoles of sidewalk lights, we'd often run into two or three guys still outside, gesturing animatedly over some absorbing book or issue. Desk lamps still burned in many rooms. People were still up studying or rapt in conversation. People were involved. This was the 24-hour campus life, light-years from the insert-and-eject bane of high school.

When my mother asked her question, she had acutely anticipated what I couldn't: the inestimable value of what Mount Hermon would provide, a microcosm of college life and beyond.

Harry Hoover



My Life As a Calendar Model

Sorry, it's not what you think. My grandfather, James H. Sawyer, bought a farm in Haverhill, Massachusetts in the 1890's. It was a nice-looking farm with a large red barn that sported a colonial cupola. The cupola had double hung windows for ventilation on all sides. The barn housed about forty cows and eight horses. A creamery was attached.

Across the driveway was a colonial house. A Victorian porch had been added with a portico at the front door. Grandfather was proud of the farm and put out a calendar each year with a picture of the farm on it. My dad graduated from the University of New Hampshire in 1918 and joined Grandfather in operating the farm. When Dad later inherited the farm, he built a pasteurizing plant behind the house because pasteurization had become popular for babies because of tuberculosis from impure milk. He started selling pasteurized milk labeled "baby milk". Dad decided to put out a calendar with a baby on it to send to every customer. Since I was less than one year old I was selected.



I continued to be the calendar child each year until my brother appeared three years later and then we both appeared on the calendar. Some years Dad borrowed an elegant toy truck from the local department store for the photos. I was in the driver's seat and my brother sat in back with a row of milk bottles. We loved those trucks and wanted them in the worst way but our parents were frugal, so the trucks went back and we ended up with coaster wagons purchased from the IGA store using labels from IGA products

for payment, similar to S&H Green stamps of a later era. Incidentally, IGA was established by disgruntled employees of the dominant A&P and First National stores of that time.



Three years after my brother was born, my sister appeared on the scene. She was then featured solo on a couple of calendars. The last calendar appeared in 1930 with all of us starring, my least favorite of all of the calendars. Dad and the photographer decided to use us taking care of the cattle. They had built a bonfire in a hayfield without first digging a hole and clearing a spot. My brother stood near the fire holding a plate and I was nearby astride my pony. My three-year-old sister was attempting to fry eggs holding a frypan at arm's length over open flames. We avoided disaster, the photographer took the picture and we put out the fire without further problems. Even though I was still too young for Boy Scouts, I had read a lot of books on camping and I knew how to build a cooking fire by that time and was horrified by how they did it. But I knew the adults wouldn't listen to a nine-year-old and I wisely remained quiet.

By this time Dad had built an ice cream plant next to the dairy and he put a photo of one of the stands where he sold the ice cream on the next calendar, and in subsequent years too, and I was out of a job!

(At age ten I got my first real job working on the farm for which I was paid a dollar a day but that is another story.)

Robert Sawyer



My Father and Other Animals

My father was a successful Boston physician. His patients loved him, and he loved his patients. He loved all living things actually - plants and animals as well. I will write about his orchids sometime but this is about his way with creatures.

Before he was married my father had a collection of snakes which he nurtured and cared for. My mother put an end to that hobby early on, but I have a vivid memory, as a child, of going for a walk with Dad in Vermont. This was when he caught a pretty green grass snake in the field. He put it on his head and jammed his hat down over it! We returned home thus, when, inside, Dad took off his hat and the snake escaped its prison. There followed some uneasy moments in the house . . .

Then there was our stuffed snapping turtle. One day my young sister and I were in the car when Dad stopped for a snapping turtle in the road. Picking it up and putting it on the rear floor of the car, he warned us to “keep our feet up” as we were in the back seat! Home, the turtle was relegated to the fountain in the garden, but was later discovered dead in the driveway.

My father “operated” on an injured chipmunk which my sister and I rescued from a weasel and kept in a bird cage. He also helped raise a baby crow which had been kicked out of its nest.

Above all, I think Dad had an affinity for cats. One summer my sister brought her Siamese cat, Anna, home with her. Anna came in heat – and if you have had a female cat in heat in the house you know what a terrible noise she makes! Anna howled day and night and then went up the big central chimney and wouldn’t move. We were all going crazy! Finally my father said that if we would leave the house, he would get her down. We went. And on return found Anna in the kitchen enjoying a bowl of milk. Dad was very mysterious, but what I am sure happened was that he could make the amorous calls of a Tom cat and lure her down.

My parents retired to the country and soon my father was adopted by a stray cat who would

spend half its time in the house and half the time in the orchard from which it came. Indoors it slept on my parents’ bed; outside it would accompany Dad on his walks about the place, trotting at his heels almost like a little dog. Poly (for polydactyl) was a big cat, white with black spots, and six toes. We fed Poly on the porch, leaving the door open at night so he could come and go. One morning Dad was amazed to find Poly on the porch sharing his Friskies with a fox! Poly was observed several times doing this!

Sue Hay

North Shore

slowly
out of the gray
granitic surface of the bay
the city begins to rise once more
streaming with vaporous light
I watch it being born once more
bridge by block by power plant
by tower and tower rising
out of the dark water
as substance start to live in it again
and the first sun drives bloom after bloom of red
through shrouds of mist
indifferent as death

yet out
in the ticking suburbs wings
still slant through sleepers’ heads
and carry them over it
countless stories up
strongly lifted upon
the invention of their dreams
higher and higher they glide
banking and soaring
above its roofs and avenues
to some blue zenith where it vanishes
they are dreaming the city is their dream

but see
the red is kindling orange the city

stirs in fire the river starts
 the alarming sun is leaping up
 resentful gulls birds of the moneyed harbor
 are flung by the freshening wind
 light as sparks
 above the lines converging on the toll
 wind-driven specks that flash in the strong light
 blaze for a second then suddenly
 turn downwind and
 streak seaward
 blackening like cinders

and now
 all colors are themselves again
 bragging of life
 edges once more connect
 and shapes solidify
 walls sleepers stepped through
 have grown hard
 have turned into places to be
 partitioned off in numbered rooms
 on numbered floors
 the traffic moves with all its usual noise
 the city is ready every block in place
 and ready or not its actors take the stage
 no telling where the lovers will be found

Craig Hill

Summers on the COG III

In my college days in the early 50's, when I was a rather callow youth, I worked three summers as a brakeman on the Mount Washington Cog Railway in New Hampshire. The job and living experience was a unique way to learn "man's work". Although I began to use profanity and chewing tobacco – maybe not great sources of character building – I treasure those summers for the adventuresome romance of working in the mountains with a crew of salty men on a historic and unique railroad.

The Mount Washington Cog Railway is a venerable New Hampshire tourist attraction which made its first run in 1868, the first mountain climbing railroad in the world. It ascends the western slopes to the summit of Mt. Washington,



New England's highest peak. The views are spectacular on clear days. And it can snow in August!

In my day, coal-powered steam engines pushing one passenger car ran round trips as often as three times a day. Often the trains went two at a time, called "double-headers". The passenger cars, holding seventy people, were pushed up the mountain by the engines, which then backed down in front of the cars. The cars were not attached to the engines! These specialized engines had canted boilers so that on the slopes they would be closer to level. Each ascent they consumed a ton of soft coal and a thousand gallons of water. These venerable puffers spewed smoke and ash and made great clanking noises as they chugged and hissed uphill. They had great names like "Waumbek" and "Chocorua" and "Ammonoosuc". Each train had a crew of three: an engineer, a fireman, and a brakeman.

The engineer operated the mysterious collection of valves, levers, gauges, injectors and petcocks that he coordinated in magical ways to make water into steam and steam pressure into pistons to drive the cog wheels with enough power to get up the steep rack and pinion track.

The fireman was a workhorse in the engine. Once he had filled the tender with a ton of coal and its fill of water, he furiously shoveled coal into the firebox all the way up the mountain, opening and closing the boiler door each time. Once up the hill, the steam-making over, his work was just to maintain fire and water level and scan the tracks below for problems.



It was as brakeman that I spent my days on The Cog. I would have been assigned to a crew the previous day, so I knew my schedule. I would join all the men for a hearty breakfast in the Marshfield Base kitchen. I would then join my crew, helping coal and water the tender, cleaning the coach, bringing the train to the loading platform, taking tickets as the passengers boarded, and then closing the doors as the trip began.

Riding the uphill platform of the coach all the way to the summit, I was transformed into a disreputable looking mess. Covered in soot and ash, reeking of coal smoke, my work boots, levis, blue work shirt, red neckerchief, and railroader's striped cap were greasy with black coal dust. If it was rainy, I was wet; I was revolting! But I thought I was in heaven! It was summer and I was a brakeman on the Mount Washington Cog Railway!. What a show-off job for a preppy from the suburbs!.

At Waumbek Tank, part way up, we stopped to take on water. While the train was idle at the tank, I stepped inside the car to give a colorful spiel about The Cog and Mt. Washington, throwing in juicy tidbits to captivate the gaping passengers.

When the watering was done, the train needed to pull into a siding to allow the downcoming trains to pass through. I, the brakeman, was king of this maneuver. I flipped or swung nine heavy pieces of the switch to be thrown in rapid order. There were five steel rails, two heavy cog rails and two flags to be moved. Having "thrown" the switch, I climbed the steps of the uphill platform and waved my right arm up and down to signal the engineer to enter the siding. Then I had to throw the switch again so the down trains waiting above the siding could pass. When they had gone by, I threw the nine switch pieces once more so our train could back out of the siding. Once it was below the siding, I returned all rails to the main line position so we could be on our way to the summit. Four complicated switch changes as fast as possible! Not one single piece could be forgotten or else a car or tender would derail and play havoc with the day's schedule and the passengers' peace of mind (and, yes, there were derailings with very inconvenient consequences.)

The dramatics of the Waumbek siding over, the train continued puffing its steep way uphill. Above treeline, we crawled up Jacob's Ladder, a trestle at a 37 degree pitch, steepest of the climb, and on to Skyline Siding. There we had the right of way, so the down trains had pulled into the siding. My job was once again to inspect the rails and give the arm swinging go ahead to my engineer if they were set correctly. We clanked up to the summit cone to the venerable, weather-beaten buildings that cling to the granite at 6,288 feet. The ascent was over. Passengers could marvel in the mist, hold their hats in the winds, or enter the hotel to buy souvenirs.

On the Mt. Washington summit, there can be all sorts of weather. A summery 80 degree day at the base could become a windy 30 degrees up top. The mountain clouds might envelop the summit on clear days. The winds can dispose of a hat without mercy. It has snowed in July. Rains might surprise. But on clear, windless days the grandeur of Mt. Washington is superb, with fine views of the Presidential Peaks, long vistas in all directions and invigorating clear mountain air.

The train having remained on the summit for an hour, the whistle blew and passengers climbed aboard for the return to Base. The descent was a feverish dance with disaster for a brakeman performing his unheralded heroism on the front platform of the passenger car.

Remember, the cars are NOT attached to the engines! Having consumed its coal and most water on the climb, the engine backs down mountain under air compression. To minimize the demand on the engine, the weight of the car and its passengers is relieved by the application of brakes on the fore and aft axles of the car. The brakeman sets the brakes hard on one axle and adjusts the downhill push of the car by increasing or easing the other brake.

I stood amidst smoke and thunder four feet away from the engine's boiler and smokestack to operate two shaft-and-wheel brakes, attached by cables to brake shoes on each axle. I had to adjust and maintain the push of the car by turning the braking wheels and setting them with a ratchet and pawl mechanism. Applying the right amount



of brake pressure by tightening or loosening the crude system became an art form. It could be hair-raising, too. On my little perch amidst the thunderous racket of screeching wheels, pounding pistons and clanking cog wheels, I had to breathe thick steam and constantly maintain contact with the engine, check our location on the track, and attend to my brake wheels. By summer's end, the toe of my right boot had worn through from kicking the cog dog off and on.

One indicator of sufficient braking was the steel roller on the engine which rode up and down on a steel-shod wood block on the car. If the roller jiggled around, it meant the brakes were set enough. If not, the car would push the engine too hard, resulting in furious chug-chugging and dirty looks from the engineer. Or, if I had applied too much braking, the car would pull away from the engine! EEEK! I have experienced horrifying gaps of thirty feet which I had to artfully and gradually close without slamming into the engine. It concentrated the mind. I hoped the passengers might think it was just part of the routine. Oh sure!

On moderate grades, the engine's descent is actually aided by the weight of the car. So I had to know when and where to apply the brakes and when to ease off on them. Touchy! Crews had a hearsay catalogue of when and how hard to brake.

Eventually the three hour round trip ended, and the crew had to prepare for another. It was reassuring that many passengers dismounted at the Base Station platform with happy smiles and even thanked their filthy brakeman for a great trip. Yes!

It took some training and a lot of disdain for danger to be a brakeman. But what an utter blast! Exciting on every trip. Dramatic. Testing strength and judgment and attention to detail. Great way to spend the summer. Plenty of tales to tell. Would never dream of trying it now. Ah, youth!

D. Alexander Wieland

A Reptilian Dilemma

When my oldest son was in elementary school he kept several snakes in his bedroom. I am not a friend of snakes but it was his bedroom and how much should a mother interfere? The deal we made was that it was okay to have them unless any escaped.

The time came when one was missing. Eventually it was discovered under the cushion of a chair, still in his bedroom. But it had escaped. Dilemma! I waffled on the deal.

But the real challenge came later. My husband, our younger son and I were going on a trip to Florida, half business, half vacation. My snake owner had caught his snake in Florida. His question to me: would I take his snake "home" and set it free? Another dilemma. Earlier he had accused me of having a psychological problem because of my fear and dislike of snakes. Would this be a chance to prove him wrong?

The day of our flight arrived. My snake owner put the snake in a sock in a box and handed it to me. I have no recollection of passing through airport security, but I do have a vivid memory of putting the snake in a bureau drawer in the motel room where we spent our first night of the trip. This, of course, has stayed with me because I was so afraid it would escape. Doing the kind thing of feeding it or giving it water was beyond me.

The next day we drove south to our first destination. Finally, as we journeyed along fields and open spaces, it appeared the time had come. Stopping in a rest area we found the perfect place for the release. I opened the container, took the toe of the sock and shook out the snake.

It at first seemed dazed and stayed motionless. Finally, without looking at us, it slid away into the deep grass.

Mission accomplished. I still have trouble with snakes.

Annette Dykema



Village

MIT Museum

Residents enjoyed a visit to the MIT Museum, featuring the work of MIT professors and students. Among the exhibits were a study of Greenland's melting glaciers, the work of Lincoln Labs on air safety, and a holograph exhibit with laser lit images that produced three dimensional shapes and colors on a flat screen, notably the head of a woman with such reality one felt she would speak. In the robotics section we met Kismet, who could hear and register with raised eyebrows the information his "ears" received. Kinetic sculptures displayed machines in perpetual motion, inventions whimsical and imaginative. We finished with lunch at Asgard, an outstanding Irish Pub.



El Camino de Santiago de Compostela

Veronica Gadbois, staff member and friend to all Carleton-Willard residents, inspired us as she described her five hundred plus mile pilgrimage on "The Way" across northern Spain from the Pyrenees to the cathedral city of Compostela and beyond to the sea. With two friends, Veronica walked for thirty-six days, stopping overnight at albergues, collecting the stamps showing her progress and receiving her certificate at Compostela. At the cathedral she attended Mass and saw the immense censer swung above the heads of the congregants. Her many stories and marvelous illustrations helped her audience share the joy and sense of accomplishment she felt at the end of "The Way".

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

Sights and Sounds of French Impressionism

Pianist Kathryn Rosenbach presented an ambitious program of works by Debussy and Ravel, inspired by French painting and Spanish rhythms. Beginning with Debussy, she conjured reflections dancing on water, sultry Granada evenings with pulsing guitars, gardens battered by slashing rain, and an amorous flight to a mythical island. Turning to Ravel, she brought sensitive phrasing to his nostalgic *Pavane* before concluding with three haunting excerpts from the technically challenging *Miroirs* that evoked a lonely bird's plaintive call, a boat tossed on a roiling sea, and a jester's jaunty morning song. The audience's enthusiastic reception augurs well for a repeat performance.

A Visit by Rainbow, Retired Service Dog

John Moon, from National Education for Assistance Dog Services, visited with Rainbow, a retired service dog. Rainbow, a ten and a half year old black Lab, wandered among the audience and made many friends. Meanwhile, John Moon told us that Rainbow came to NEADS to be trained to assist with tasks that the physically handicapped cannot do. Much of the training is done by prisoners at Concord and Framingham, who benefit from the experience. Service dogs are not guide dogs, who work with sight impaired people. Often, they have "flunked out" of training as a guide dog and shift careers to become service dogs. NEADS places forty to fifty dogs each year, many with military veterans.

Hail to the Chief

On a wintery election-year evening, a group of performers calling themselves In Good Company warmed an appreciative audience with an engaging and timely hour of twenty-one presidential campaign songs that ranged from "God Save Great Washington" (1786) to "High Hopes" (for JFK, 1960). The ensemble of seventeen actors, two doubling on banjo, guitar, fiddle and ukulele, together with a pianist, set the scene for each number with a humorous anecdote that brought all the candidates to life, even those also-rans whose rousing songs failed to get them elected. The result was a rollicking romp through nearly two hundred years of American political and cultural history.



Happenings

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

Exhibit of Flemings Prints

This exhibit introduced us to a unique form of artistic expression on paper. The artist's explanations of her use of print media reveal her background, what led her to print-making and the means she explored. After a career as a landscape designer and city planner, she took museum classes and learned to use the press. A wide variety of prints were shown. Monoprints and solar etching make use of collage. The subtlety of colors allows the viewer to focus on the layers of line and shape in each work. We see the love of experimentation and artistic growth that give us an insight into the artist and her work.

Trumpet, Cornet, Flugelhorn, Piano Concert

Using four different brass instruments, trumpeter Joseph Foley and pianist Bonnie Anderson regaled an appreciative audience on the first day of spring with a joyous variety of works. Joseph, who, like Bonnie, has soloed with the Boston Pops, appropriately chose the piccolo trumpet's bright tone for a baroque concerto, before switching to the smaller, softer cornet for Thorvald Hansen's charming trumpet sonata. Sparking greatest interest was the flugelhorn, whose mellow sound fit the warm mood of Richard Peaslee's haunting "Nightsongs". Bonnie's superb accompaniment was the equal partner in a memorable evening.

Thespians Offer Four One-Act Plays

The talents of many residents were in evidence as the Thespians presented an evening of entertainment. The theme in each play was the difficulty of communication, spoken and unspoken. In *The Interview*, a father is annoyed because his son refused to wear his hearing aid during a college interview. The interviewer assures the father that his son made a favorable impression. In *Irish Stew* and *Lack of Moisture*, couples find that similar sounds can have widely different meanings, and that words can be barriers to harmony in a marriage. *The Mortality Dance* offered contrasting views on dealing with aging, ending the show with all singing "Live 'til you die".

Art of the Gilded Age

Dr. Theodore Stebbins, former Curator of American Painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Art, discussed the art created in the era Mark Twain called "the gilded age". Influenced profoundly by the Civil War, during 1870 - 1900 the United States developed into a major industrial power, with a growing class of wealthy capitalists, who became patrons for artists and architects such as John Singer Sargent and H.H. Richardson. Others whose work flourished in this period included Homer, Eakins, St. Gaudens, Tiffany, LaFarge, Twain, Dickinson and Nast. Stebbins suggested how each contributed to the artistic flowering in the "gilded age".



Tour of WGBH Studios

WGBH is Boston's premier station in the public broadcasting system, responsible for producing more than one-third of the programs seen on all public television stations nationwide. The first radio broadcast in 1951, was the Boston Symphony. TV broadcasts began with Julia Child in "The French Chef" in 1955. We toured TV and radio studios and saw several radio programs broadcasting live: "Boston Public Radio" with Jim Braude and Margery Eagan, "The World" (for Public Radio International), and "Classical Music with Cathy Fuller". A highlight was our visit to the Fraser Performance Studio, acoustically the finest performance space in the area, used by Yo Yo Ma for recording. Lunch at The Stockyard capped an enjoyable day's outing.

Edwin Cox







A Memorable Event

Several years ago while attending a formal dinner dance, we were introduced to a particular service dog and the concept of dog training that rendered that dog appropriate for being a helping companion to a person with limited mobility.

Picture a round table with couples seated around its perimeter, drinking, laughing, attempting to have a conversation above the dance music being played by a full dance band, couples occasionally leaving to join the dancing, when into the room come a couple with a dog! Some murmured how inappropriate! A dog at a dinner dance - really!

We were all to learn a lot from that couple who joined the table; they immediately gave the dog a hand signal which commanded him to lie down under that table close to the couple. And this is where the dog stayed until told to get up.

The couple were weekend trainers for service dogs whose Monday through Friday trainers were prisoners serving time in jail. They were volunteers who took the dogs wherever they went to accustom the animals to life in all its permutations. The prisoners acclimated the dogs to commands, trained them in helping tasks but, being incarcerated, could not be a part of the general community, so volunteers gave the dogs real experience in the wider community. The dogs were claimed by the volunteers on a Friday and returned to the prison on Sunday evening.

Companion dogs are allowed at movies, on busses, at concerts, on the street - wherever a person with limited mobility or sight might venture to go. Therefore during *their* training, dogs need to be exposed to a wide range of situations, and shown their role in helping their owners. Volunteers work with the NEADS staff and learn how to effect that training.

Several years ago, I attended a graduation ceremony where those who were to receive a dog as a life companion were graduating from their training. It was a very special ceremony as the prisoner who had been instrumental in the dog's training had finished his sentence and was also at the graduation, quite an unusual circumstance. Participating in the program had majorly changed his life as it soon would for the person receiving the dog.

The entire program is moving beyond description as the participation chain changes so many lives. Who would have imagined that attending a dinner dance would have had such an impact on those of us seated at this particular table. The dance was not as memorable as the introduction of service dogs into each of our lives, a memorable event.

Ara Tyler

Six Characters in Need of a Kick

Having a husband acting in a professional theatre can be a bit haphazard at times or can even lead to mayhem. Such an event involved my husband, Peter Temple, and occurred at the Brattle Theatre in Cambridge in the late 1940's.

There was great excitement one day because Pepe Schildkraut, the darling of Europe and well-known as a movie star in America, and his company were booked for the entire week. The play was by Luigi Pirandello, an early and prolific writer in the "Theatre of the Absurd", who was equally revered. The title was "Six Characters in Search of an Author."

The first and only rehearsal was scheduled for the afternoon of the opening. It was a dress rehearsal and open to the public, who filled three quarters of the theatre. My husband had the important part of the Director/Manager and was on stage right, ready to say his lines. "Places," he called three times but to no avail. He went to the Green Room where he found all the actors in a jolly tea talk.

Pepe's company turned out to be his family: father, mother, daughters, son, all very much in need, not of an author, my husband thought, but a big kick of discipline.

Pepe went on stage apologizing for being tardy, his watch having stopped. At his place, center stage, he proceeded to exclaim to the audience about the glories of Cambridge--good food, the landscape etc. for a good five minutes, an oratory that the audience loved.

The rest of the stage was empty but Peter heard the daughters in the Green Room and ran to get them on stage. The curtains were closed while the women took their places and the curtain reopened



to strong applause. The play itself was divided into seven parts and by the time the third part started, my husband blew up and yelled “You people are terrible”. He walked over to Pepe and explained he could no longer get away with the lackluster mistakes his company was making. The actors were speaking different tongues and exchanging places. Pepe was dumbfounded and slowly went back to his place. Meanwhile the daughters were giggling. The play went on to parts four and five, but in part five the daughters fell apart and Peter started shouting profanities at them to get them back in line. He also shouted a string of profanities at Pepe and ordered the play to resume.

Suddenly there was a rumble in the audience and a young man leapt onto the stage. He slapped Peter and grabbed his belt shouting “You are cruel to this great master of the theatre and should be offstage yourself for cursing.” All this time the intruder was pushing Peter back over and over again.

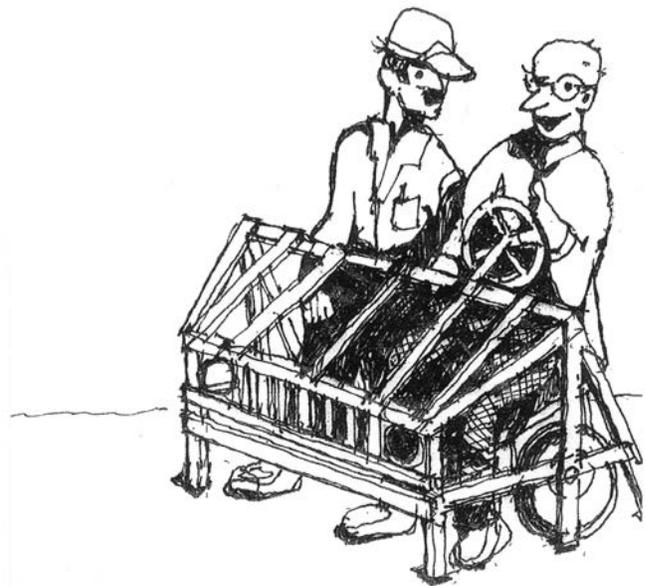
The daughters screamed with delight and they too started pushing Peter and pulling his clothes. Another man came from the audience, grabbed a sugar bowl from the tea set, and hit Peter over the head, causing him to fall to the floor, almost unconscious.

I too ran on stage as the crew from backstage came hurrying to rescue Peter. The daughters were dancing with glee around him. Pepe called for a curtain closing which was ignored. The daughters were flirting with the light man and the mother picked up and cradled Peter’s head. The men on stage began a debate, raised their voices, and moved to center stage to lecture the audience. Pepe again called to close the curtains but to no avail. In despair, Pepe himself closed the curtain on the fracas.

The crowd dispersed, exhausted and sad. I walked my husband to my car and wine and coffee cured him remarkably fast.

That evening at the scheduled opening, the entire cast did beautifully. The three women got boisterous applause and Pepe was magnificent. Eliot Norton, the theatre critic for *The Boston Globe*, was in the audience and his review guaranteed a three-week extension of the serious yet playful *tour de force*.

Gigi Temple



And we bailed out Detroit?

JM '16

Starting the Fountain

I had a little fountain that made music for our yard.
 I hadn't set it up yet, though it wasn't very hard.
 One day I got it into place and filled it full of
 water,
 I attached it to the power and did everything I
 ought-er.
 But not a dribble did it make, not a bubble,
 not a drip,
 Not a single bit of wetness slithered o'er its
 weathered lip.
 I rechecked the connections, found the drain and
 sought the plug,
 Reached my finger in to free it and met a large
 and spotted slug!

Anne Schmalz



*Welcome
New Residents*

Ms. Jane Tyler
from Arlington
3/15/16

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony (Reed and Barbara)
from Concord
3/18/16

Mr. Tom Guthrie
from North Haven, Maine
4/1/16

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell (Wallace and Nancy)
from Bedford
4/2/16

Ms. Joan Vander Vliet
from Greenfield, Massachusetts
4/14/16

Kathryn (Katie) Stebbins
from Ann Arbor, Michigan
4/21/16

Reflections on Turning Ninety

It is hard to believe as I hold on to a railing for my husband's arm for support, that I once played the lead in our school musicals. I studied modern dance and, at sixteen, attended every Ivoryton Playhouse summer theater performance in Connecticut. Katherine Hepburn had trained there.

In 1942 the war was on, nevertheless I danced the hula in the musical "On the Beach at Waikiki" in front of a paying audience (with the movie star, Michael Whalen, standing behind me). That was heaven.

In honor of my summer venture at the Ivoryton summer theater, my mother gave me nylon pajamas. I was thrilled by the gift until I met my twenty-three year old roommate who was wearing a black silk nightgown. The play "Junior Miss" was on Broadway and most of the summer theater students hoped to be in the road companies. She was dressed for the part!

Although I was only sixteen and still in high school, I must have looked older. I was amazed when a member of the summer theater audience asked me to go out after the show. After telling me about his divorce, the poor man was greatly embarrassed to find that he had dated a sixteen year old girl, who could only talk about being on the field hockey team at her school.

One of the hardest parts of aging for me is that I have lost the ability to taste flavorings. Chocolate was a most important ingredient of my childhood. When my father asked for my mother's hand, my grandfather wanted to know how the suitor felt about chocolate. A proper favorable response allowed him to fit into the family. He passed. So chocolate was a high point in my life, but now, sad to say, it has lost its delicacy and special flavor. Nonetheless, we still have a "chocolate drawer" for our grandchildren in case of emergencies like worry about college admissions or breaking up with a boyfriend.

I turned ninety in May of this year. Where are the snows of yesteryear? What has happened? I cannot hear well without a hearing aid; I cannot read without glasses. But I still have the longest,



strongest reach in our fitness class and I can still enjoy lectures, concerts, religious services, both Jewish and Christian, as well as conversations with fellow residents though their names may escape me.

Deborah Hermann

The Gift That Has Kept on Giving

My husband was devoted to his slide camera and recorded every major family event with abandon. When the developed film, now slides, arrived in the mail, he wrote the date and event on the box cover but nothing on the individual slides. Three cartons of these slides are now stored in my son's basement. (How many thousand is that?) At different times since we moved to CWV, several family members have volunteered to sort through this collection to select the best for a disk. The task is daunting. Each volunteer has given up. Slides were wonderful records and the color on a large screen in your living room was spectacular, but it was a production just to see them. One needed to own a projector and decent screen. Setting up took time, and we all had to watch them together. Even guests had no choice when we decided to "entertain" them with slides of a trip abroad or of endless underwater scenes in the Caribbean Sea.

Just imagine how many slides we had by the time we were married twenty-five years! As we were about to leave for a trip to Europe to celebrate our 25th anniversary, my husband presented me with the gift of a lifetime, literally. He handed me two framed panels which measured thirty by forty inches. Beautifully arranged in each were one hundred wallet sized color prints of the family as it had grown over those twenty-five years, starting with our wedding. I was overwhelmed and ready to forget the trip. There was so much to see; the children as babies and then as adults. The wonderful family trips we took. The grandparents, now gone, beaming as they held the babies. So much to absorb!

In the secrecy of his office he had gone through all those slides, selecting only the ones showing family members. Wallet sized prints

were made. He selected the two hundred best and laid out the prints with great precision and according to plan. How I hated to leave them for our twenty-one day trip.

Those panels were hung on the walls of the bedroom corridor. Frequently, one of us could be seen silently paused in front of one. So many memories hanging on the wall!

He did it again ten years later. In this 35th anniversary panel (only one) you could see the babies from the first two panels now holding their own babies, and the two of us beaming as we held our grandbabies, just as our parents were seen in the earlier panels. Graduations, weddings, trips with the family and by ourselves. So much was packed into those ten years, all beautifully arranged in a single panel.

Over the ensuing years, there were more weddings and graduations, involving the grandchildren this time, but there were no more panels forthcoming. Our youngest granddaughter, born after the 35th panel, complained that she was not in any pictures on the wall. Grandpa, now fifteen years older, no longer felt he was up to the task. She and I volunteered to go through the slides ourselves, so that he had only to make the prints and place them. And so two more panels came to be on our 50th anniversary.

Four years later, my husband and I moved to Carleton-Willard Village. As one walks in the door, the first thing one sees are those panels. Each new guest expresses amazement, but those who study them the most are our offspring. So many times I will spot one of them, arms folded silently standing in front of a panel, all those memories coursing through his/her mind.

Little did my husband realize what a wonderful gift he had given to all of us. It will last forever.

Postlude: Last March my family decided it was time for a new panel. In the interim, our great granddaughter had been born and our youngest grandson had joined the family. There were more weddings. Every family member sent pictures to our younger granddaughter and her significant other, who selected and created a sixth panel. The gift that keeps on giving, indeed!

Esther K. Braun



The Gift I Did Not Want

Sometimes even good friends can drive you a little crazy. So it was with my neighbor we will call Linda. It was the early 1990's, and she had recently acquired a microwave oven and was obsessed with how great it was.

Over and over she talked to me about how I must get one. And over and over I told her that I did not want one, that it would take up too much counter space and that I was not about to change my style of cooking at that point in my life.

So she went after my husband, Gordon. "Linda says I really need to get you a microwave. Why don't we go look for one next weekend?" "NO! I do not want it!" "Well, I would be glad to..." "No, no, no, I do not want a microwave!"

It got so I was practically avoiding Linda so as not to have to hear about it again.

Then my older son, daughter-in-law, Sue, and first granddaughter, Sophie, arrived for a brief stay before they left for Logan and a week-long trip. Sue, who is always on the lookout for a joke, was aware of the ongoing microwave debate. As I was leaving the kitchen I heard her say softly to Sophie as she fed her with a spoon, "Well, it certainly would be easier to take care of you here if there were a microwave to heat up your food." Sophie had not yet learned to talk so kept on eating.

I kept right on walking. The next day they took off on their trip. That evening when Gordon returned from work I said "Well, guess what I did today?" "And what would that be?"

"Drove to Lechmere and bought a microwave. It will be delivered tomorrow." He looked surprised. "Well, why on earth did you do that?" "Sue said it would be easier to take care of Sophie if we had a microwave to heat up her food." His grin was huge. "Oh, well," he said, "of course."

When the young family arrived back the following weekend, Sue heated the baby food up in the new microwave as though it had been there all along. Then as I watched her feeding

the darling baby, she said quietly "You know, Sophie, it really would be easier to take care of you here if only there was a little red MG in the driveway!" Sophie kept on eagerly eating while I gasped and then started to laugh. Sue broke into laughter too and Sophie, apparently deciding it was the thing to do, laughed along with us. By this time we were making such a clatter that the grandfather and the father came in from the living room to see what was happening. The grandfather figured out the likelihood of the joke and started to laugh and the father just enjoyed seeing us so jolly that he broke into laughter too.

Well, thanks, Linda, for the memorable laugh session. I would rather have had an MG than the microwave but the latter is better for heating up coffee.

Peggy McKibben



Brass Rails Equals Happy Trails

How will we manage without the brass rail?
We walked or rode by it each day without fail.
We met there with friends and joined them
for meals,
We leaned on, or dawdled, or sped by on wheels.
We know that a bistro is coming by fall,
But we'll still want a rail running close to the
wall!

Lois Pulliam



A Gift

One spring morning many years ago, my little son presented me with a small budding twig.

“Here, Mom”, he said, “I brought you some happiness.”

Margaret Mendelsohn





RAINBOWS

The sun is low in the sky behind the viewer

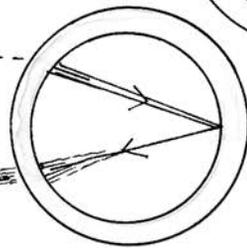
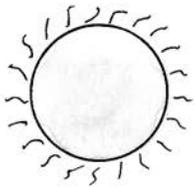
It is raining at some distance in front of the viewer



λ -wavelengths

	Red
	Orange
	Yellow
	Green
	Blue
	Violet
	Purple

Sunlight is refracted through the front surface of the raindrop, reflected off the back surface and refracted as it exits



there are millions of droplets - the effect to the viewer is an arc.

A double rainbow occurs when the rays reflect back to the rear surface again and are refracted back through the front surface. The order of colors in this second rainbow is reversed.

Anne Schmalz



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

Seasons

The winter is over! Now we are able to enjoy longer days, warmer weather, beautiful gardens and time outdoors. With pleasure we accept the seasonal gifts that nature provides, and our senses relish the sounds of birds and the colors of flowers. We are lucky to live in such a lovely environment.

Carleton-Willard Village is full of activity, as construction of the new Village Centre and Bistro is well underway. We are watching with fascination as the planned changes take place and we certainly have lots to talk about.

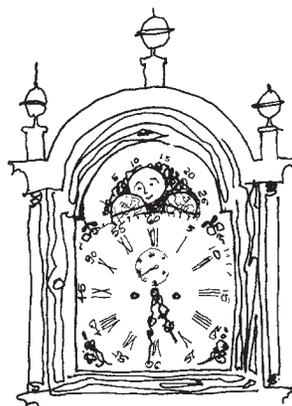
The summer is a particularly busy time for our library committee. A three year book circulation list is printed and we then check the bookshelves and remove the books that have not circulated. We donate those to the CWV staff, the Health Center, the Bedford

Council on Aging and the Bedford Public Library. By summer’s end we will have made space for another year of new books.

The library committee has chosen an additional summer project, one that I hope our residents will enjoy. Using the three year circulation list, we plan to print out a list of the books that have been taken out most often (our own “best seller” list) in regular print and large print, both fiction and non-fiction. The list will be available for our residents and many of the books will be on display. We all agree that we enjoy finding out what other people are reading.

The library is a peaceful oasis during the hustle and bustle of construction. This “best seller” list is a gift from those of us who work in the library to all of our fellow Carleton-Willard residents.

*Katherine F. Graff
Library Committee Chair*





Among the Newest

Excellent Daughters by Katherine Zoepf
An authority on the Middle East explores the secret lives of young women who are secretly transforming the Arab world.

Journey to Munich by Jacqueline Winspear
Maisie Dobbs goes on an undercover mission to Nazi Germany for the British Secret Service.

Single Handed by Daniel M. Cohen
The inspiring story of “Teddy” Rubin, holocaust survivor, Korean war prisoner, Medal of Honor recipient, true Hero.

Miller’s Valley by Anna Quindlen
Faced with the flooding of their farm, Miller family members reveal very different understandings of home and family.

The Blue Zones by Dan Buettner
The study of areas of the world where people live the longest, with lessons for our own culture.

Georgia by Dawn Tripp
A novel of Georgia O’Keefe, presenting a vibrant portrayal of an important artist.

The Road to Little Dribbling by Bill Bryson
A loving and hilarious walk across Britain, with multiple episodes to surprise and delight us.

The Dogs of Littlefield by Suzanne Berne
A comedy of manners about a Boston suburb facing the murder of local dogs.

The Name of God is Mercy by Pope Francis and Andrew Tornielli
An interview with the current Pope revealing his deep concern with the weak and poor of this world.

My Name is Lucy Barton by Elizabeth Strout
In a hospital setting, a mother and daughter face their history of mixed devotion and resentment.

The Highest Glass Ceiling by Ellen Fitzpatrick
The timely topic of women’s quest for the American presidency, and the stories of three who tried in the past.

Treachery at Lancaster Gate by Anne Perry
A bomb that goes off during a police raid proves to be a cover-up for murder.

The Civil Wars of Julia Ward Howe by Elaine Showalter
A new look at the famous writer who survived an unhappy marriage to become an ardent feminist and national icon.

No Shred of Evidence by Charles Todd
A pleasure expedition to Cornwall, with a trace of romantic feelings, turns deadly for Inspector Rutledge.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Museum of Fine Arts Musical Instruments

Autobiography/Memoir

Athill, Diana Alive, Alive Oh!
 Chast, Roz Can't We Talk About Something More Pleasant?
 Conroy, Pat My Losing Season
 Cooper, Anderson & Vanderbilt, Gloria The Rainbow Comes and Goes
 Van Dyke, Dick Keep Moving (*)
 Webb, Brandon The Making of a Navy Seal (*)
 Winter, Kathleen Boundless

Biography

Cohen, Daniel M. Single Handed
 Coveney, Michael Maggie Smith (*)
 Robinson, Roxana Georgia O'Keefe; A Life
 Showalter, Elaine The Civil Wars of Julia Ward Howe

Current Affairs

Bergen, Peter United States of Jihad
 Boston Globe Betrayal
 Dionne, E. J., Jr. Why the Right Went Wrong
 Engel, Richard And Then All Hell Broke Loose
 Fitzpatrick, Ellen The Highest Glass Ceiling
 Hammer, Joshua The Bad-Ass Librarians of Timbuktu
 Konnikova, Maria The Confidence Game
 Mayer, Jane Dark Money
 Zoepf, Katherine Excellent Daughters

Essays and Letters

Lindbergh, Anne Against Wind and Tide
 Morrow

Fiction

Adichie, Chimamanda Ngozi Americanah (*)
 Allende, Isabel The Japanese Lover
 Bass, Rick For a Little While
 Berne, Suzanne The Dogs of Littlefield
 Binchy, Maeve A Few of the Girls
 Binchy, Maeve A Few of the Girls (*)
 Blondel, Jean-Philippe The 6:41 to Paris
 Brizzi, Fausto 100 Days of Happiness (*)
 Buckley, Christopher The Relic Master
 Camilleri, Andrea Montalbano's First Case
 Cantor, Jillian The Hours Count (*)
 Chamberlain, Mary The Dressmaker's War (*)
 Chevalier, Tracy At the Edge of the Orchard
 Chevalier, Tracy At the Edge of the Orchard (*)
 Cleeves, Ann Red Bones
 Coben, Harlan Fool Me Once
 Coleman, Reed Farrel Where It Hurts (*)
 Cullen, Lynn Twain's End (*)
 De Kerangal, Maylis The Heart
 Eskens, Allen The Life We Bury
 Gardner, Lisa Find Her (*)
 Hadley, Tessa The Past
 Haruf, Kent The Tie That Binds
 Heaberlin, Julia Black-eyed Susans (*)
 Hiaasen, Carl Skinny Dip
 Indridason, Arnaldur Into Oblivion
 Johnson, Adam Fortune Smiles: Stories (*)
 Kanon, Joseph Leaving Berlin (*)
 King, Lily The English Teacher



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Krueger, William Kent	Ordinary Grace	History	
Lee, Janice Y. K.	The Expatriates (*)	Banta, Melissa and	The Art of Commemoration
Lehane, Dennis	Live By Night	Winslow, Meg	and America's First Rural
Leon, Donna	The Waters of Eternal Youth		Cemetery
Leon, Donna	The Waters of Eternal	Bell-Scott, Patricia	The Firebrand and the First
	Youth (*)		Lady
London, Joan	Gilgamesh	Kilmeade, Brian	Thomas Jefferson and the
Noblin, Annie	Sit! Stay! Speak!		Tripoli Pirates
England		Puleo, Stephen	The Boston Italians
Novey, Idra	Ways to Disappear	Puleo, Stephen	Dark Tide
Pataki, Allison	Sisi: Empress on Her Own	Scott, James M.	Target Tokyo
Perry, Anne	Treachery at Lancaster Gate	Winik, Jay	1944: FDR and the Year
Perry, Anne	Treachery at Lancaster		That Changed History (*)
	Gate (*)		
Quindlen, Anna	Miller's Valley	Miscellaneous	
Rendell, Ruth	Dark Corners	Grant, Audrey	Bridge Basics I
Robb, J. D.	Brotherhood in Death (*)	Root, William and	Modern Bridge
Sandford, John	Storm Front	Pavlicek, Richard	Conventions
Simonson, Helen	The Summer Before the		
	War	Resident Authors	
Smith, Alexander	The Revolving Door of Life	Pitt, Louis	Post-Colonial Healing in
McCall			Central Africa
Sparks, Nicholas	See Me		
Stone, Nick	The Verdict	Religion	
Strout, Elizabeth	My Name is Lucy Barton	Carroll, James	Christ Actually
Todd, Charles	No Shred of Evidence	Coogan,	The New Oxford Annotated
Tripp, Dawn	Georgia	Michael D., Ed.	Apocrypha
Tripp, Dawn	Georgia (*)	Hitt, Jack	Off the Road
White, Randy Wayne	Night Moves	Pope Francis	The Name of God is Mercy
Winspear, Jacqueline	Journey to Munich		
		Travel	
Health and Wellness		Bryson, Bill	The Road to Little Dribbling
Buettner, Dan	The Blue Zones, 2nd Edition	Sciolino, Elaine	The Only Street in Paris
Cleghorn, Andrea	The Whipple Brunch	Yeadon, David	The World's Secret Places
Kalanithi, Paul	When Breath Becomes Air		

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff





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