



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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Co-Editors' Corner



Hildegard Fritze's lovely watercolor "Gingko Leaves" brings summer to our June cover and we are grateful. As we write these lines in a very cool April, we are only now welcoming the first shoots and blossoms of spring. Every season has its special joy, but summer seems made both for taking jaunts to favorite places and to new and exciting destinations ...or relaxing at home, enjoying Breakfasts in the Courtyard, croquet on the new court, "putting" on our Green, or reading to our heart's content.

The Editorial Board decided on "My Bucket List" for our theme, based on "want-to-dos" as in the Jack Nicholson/Morgan Freeman film. We suggested that contributors might focus on travels or experiences they are eager to accomplish. Some did just that. Others were inspired to relate memories of journeys or events that were bucket dreams already fulfilled. But themes are only nudges, and as always we were happy to have writers choose their own subjects which bring welcome variety, such as coping with a too familiar name or operating an unfamiliar elevator.

We welcome new contributors Ross Cowan, Harvey Lewis and Bard Turner, to our pages in this issue. At our recent monthly Residents' Association meeting we were introduced to many newcomers and we are in high hopes they too will soon share with us their art and writing, whether fiction, essays, poems or musings.

We extend thanks to Dorothy Rand, faithful member of the Circulation Team, who is retiring, and heartily welcome Leslie Lowry to replace her. Circulation is one of the important groups that keep the *Villager* going.

Right now we wish writers, artists, Editorial Board members, our printer, "circulators" and readers a happy summer filled with all sorts of bucket list accomplishments.

Alice Morrish

Peggy McKibben

Co-Editors



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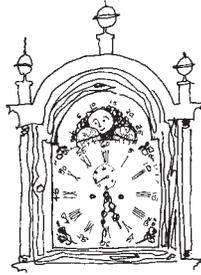
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From the Chief Executive Officer



Have you seen the movie “Meet Joe Black” with Anthony Hopkins? If you haven’t, I won’t spoil it for you, but there is a scene toward the end where William Parrish (Hopkins) is giving a speech at his 65th birthday party.

“What a gorgeous night”, he says, “and I’m going to break precedent and tell you my one-candle wish: that you would have a life as lucky as mine, where you can wake up one morning and say, ‘I don’t want anything more.’”

What a glorious sentiment. Can you imagine? I don’t want anything more.

This may be why bucket lists have long puzzled me.

Oh, I understand the concept: chasing a few long-desired goals - or even simply one - but I never got around to actually making one.

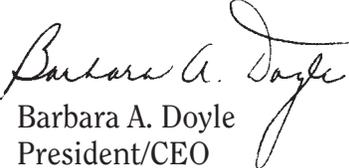
First of all, how long should it be? A short list seems practical, but I have a few friends with a slightly more “competitive” view. Their lists would take me the better part of a lifetime to work through!

Then there’s The Ranking. What goes at the top? The thing that’s the easiest to accomplish? Or the most difficult, and therefore the most prized? Lists can get so complicated.

So I guess I’ve always approached bucket lists a little differently. In other words, if you really want something, now is the time.

You could apply that same philosophy to many things in life that, to me, are more important than anything on a list. Telling a family member how much you love them. Being there for a friend in need. Showing an act of kindness where one is not expected. Now indeed is the time.

And that, I do believe, is a lifetime well spent.


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



J - U - N - E

Joyous days of light - the most of the year

Under clear blue skies - before the dog days arrive.

Now is the time to enjoy the early flowers of summer.

Everyone seems happier than in November.

Madelyn Armstrong

There Is World Enough But Is There Time?

Many of us love to travel and in our most active years visited destinations far and wide. Forty-three travel journals rest on our bookcase shelves but there are still many places I would like to see in person. We share life's goals with people everywhere but until we walk, see, hear, smell and taste what they do, and experience their natural environment, we can't even begin to understand why they act and think as they do.

My husband and I have visited all but three of the United States, Europe and all of the British Isles, some of the Near and Far East, Bhutan, a few countries in Africa, Central and South America, and the islands of the Caribbean. We have been north to Hudson Bay and the Orkney Islands and south to Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. In the last few years, we have had what we call our "northern exposure" with travels to Alaska, Hudson Bay, Newfoundland and Iceland (this year), but there are many more places we have not been. This is what I think of when I hear the phrase "Bucket List".

First on my list is Mongolia. Why Mongolia? In following the route of the Silk Road, visiting caravansarais from Turkey through the South Caucasus and on through Central Asia,

and spending time in Xian, China at its eastern terminus, I want to see the country that could produce the energy and resources to conquer China and then cross a vast hinterland to conquer and leave an imprint on an area from India to Europe. I have planned to go twice, but twice withdrawn. Maybe next year!

Second on the list is Kashmir. Why Kashmir? My father returned from his army service in India in 1945 and hung on the wall a poster of the Vale of Kashmir where he had spent time.

It is still vivid in my mind. When I studied the history of garden design, its garden above Lake Dal was the eastern equivalent of the Alhambra. An inscription in the Shalamar Bagh reads, "If there be a Paradise on Earth, it is here, it is here!" I have gloried in the Alhambra but strife between India and Pakistan over Kashmir makes visiting Kashmir unrealistic.

Further down the list are Persepolis, Muscat, the ruins along the Nile, Botswana and the Amazon jungle. How alluring are the islands of the Pacific, St. Helena or the Seychelles? Why not Madagascar, Sri Lanka or Tasmania? These places are accessible but we should get to it soon. Will "maybe next year" become "never"? Perhaps just writing this will inspire us to get moving!

Anne P. Schmalz

Turkey—Summer 1998

Arriving in Istanbul late morning, taking a yellow cab on the freeway along the shore of the Sea of Marmara into the Old City, I felt comfortable in the surroundings. Though the whole environment was certainly "foreign", it did not seem strange. Certainly our greeting at the splendid, newly opened Four Seasons Hotel was a treat. Not inexpensive, but for the price of a good Boston hotel, we were surrounded by beauty, luxury and an abundance of service par excellence. It was difficult to believe that the hotel had been a long abandoned small prison tucked away a stone's throw from the renowned Blue Mosque and the Hagia Sophia. We walked up a short narrow street to the grand open plaza



which is the center of Old Istanbul, a sort of Paris on the Bosphorus.



The Blue Mosque, Istanbul

After an hour of being the target of twenty or thirty insistent purveyors of rugs, booklets, postcards and cherry drinks, we retreated from the busy flowered plaza for a rest. The next morning, with “Gem”, an excellent young guide, we were introduced to the history and architectural details of the city’s major historic attractions. After the two main mosques, we walked the Hippodrome and down to the Cistern where we sensed the early history, before the time of monotheistic religions.

Muezzins called the city to prayers five times daily, and their calls from many minarets enthralled us at 5 p.m. while we prepared for our European cocktail ritual. So Istanbul kept telling us how European it was, while major sights and sounds insisted it was quite Muslim. There were very few mustached men, and while many women wore kerchiefs only a few were head to toe in black with only their eyes showing. Lots of blue jeans on people of all ages and classes. The city then had a population of some twelve million, most of them living and working across the Bosphorus on the Asian continent.

In the evening we sought out a “moderate” local restaurant and the hotel suggested Deneli, a “short taxi ride”. The taxi dropped us on a neighborhood street and pointed down a long, wide set of uneven steps, where we found the restaurant. It was indeed a local atmosphere where we appeared to be the only “Europeans”. We were also distinguished by the absence of a cell phone.

Most diners displayed their phones like movie

cowboys placing their pistols on the table as they ate. The menu featured eggplant and lamb, each in numerous permutations. The food was interesting and quite tasty. We did just fine, paid the bill, searched uneasily for a taxi, and jumped into one after showing the driver the location card from our hotel. He stopped no less than five times to ask directions, then continued dashing through dark, narrow streets. At last we recognized that we were probably in the right district. The driver zipped up a hill, wrong way on a series of one-way streets, pulling up sharply in front of the neatly uniformed doorman who seemed not surprised that the driver appeared from the wrong direction.

The following morning we joined friends, dashed to the airport for a flight of a few hundred miles to the southwest corner of Turkey, landing at Dalaman, met by the captain of our chartered sailing yacht, rushed along very steep roads through the Taurus Mountains for forty-five minutes to the busy marina of Marmaris, and boarded the Princess Zeynep for a wonderful ten-day cruise.

PRINCESS ZEYNEP - 110 feet overall length - 23 foot beam - 9 foot draft -112 tons - top speed 12 knots - range 3000 miles - built 1995 - air conditioned - each cabin had a jacuzzi as well as the usual necessities - 3 standard passenger cabins and 1 deluxe cabin.

The five-person experienced crew was all from Turkey, except for Lynn, the hostess, who was from Western Australia. Levant, the chef, provided great meals. Breakfast and lunches were “whatever you wished”. Dinners were five course affairs that were innovative, delicious, excellently served to the six of us at the large table on the afterdeck. Cocktails always preceded dinners, followed by lengthy after dinner conversation which ended with individual sky-watching along the foredeck, and “turn in” times staggered by individual preference.

After 8 a.m. breakfast, sometimes preceded by early morning swims, we were usually off on a short cruise to one of the unique, interesting and often exotic destinations, after which we would anchor in a beautiful rock-lined cove. The landscape was mostly rocks and shrubs with some areas of evergreen trees. In many places the rock



outcroppings were white with jagged edges that were slightly sharp to the touch, which made me believe they were tossed up by volcanic activity. Occasionally we saw or heard goats on the hillsides. We relaxed with books, played board games, often swam or snorkeled in the waters of the coves or jet skied or kayaked the surrounding waters. We did make one long run, out to Rhodes, the Greek island, a trip of about four hours, sailing and motoring. The other days were spent in short trips off the Lycian coast.

Antiquities was the word generally used to describe the numerous places where we disembarked for the most unique and interesting sightseeing I could have imagined. I expected to visit some ancient sites but HITTITE places, for gosh sakes! And it was the way we approached them, from the sea, generally finding them open for us to wander through, stepping over and around pieces dating from hundreds or thousands of years before Christ on to the first and second centuries A.D. In addition, we took our Zodiac into areas with well-preserved Greek amphitheaters, Roman baths, ruins of ancient towns that once housed thousands, now under water. Dramatic, spectacular necropolises were built high up the cliffs adjacent to these ancient places, with their classic Greek facings of delta shaped tops, columned sides and openings where doors once stood before intruders broke them to enter. In one area we walked past workers digging among the ruins, uncovering neat stone walks that were perhaps five feet below the surface. Walking around that dig I felt I was witnessing an important discovery.

Bazaars and narrow streets, sarcophagi in town squares, Turkish words that are phonetically spelled English words, rug stores galore, silver and leather shops, brightly colored buildings with small balconies and banners. We found all these in the few small towns we visited during our cruise.

Upon our return to Istanbul, we explored the main bazaar, a covered affair that went on and on with side streets, and featuring many types of ware but few devoted to electronics, cameras and other such items. They were likely sold in the neighborhoods along with modern clothing, housewares, etc.

We also toured the Topkapi Palace, providing us with a historical 'view from the top'. To me, among the most curious sights were segregated entrances to White Eunuchs' Quarters and Black Eunuchs' Quarters. We also visited the fascinating Kariye Mosque or Church of Chora Monastery, built before Emperor Constantine built walls around the city in 337. It contains numerous frescoes and mosaics, grand works of art celebrating early Christianity.

Our last evening in Istanbul began with an early evening cocktail cruise on a small riverboat up the Bosphorus a few miles and returning partway to dock at our restaurant, ending with a delicious meal and fine wine. THE TRIP OF A LIFETIME!!!

Ross Cowan

Summer, 1944

In summer a swimmer, well bronzed, jumps in the waves.
 Under endless blue the little breakers hurl their hissing curls against him as he shoves and shoulders through their loose collapsing staves. Behind him blanketed on the sand a girl tans in the sun;
 across her eyes she wears a white kerchief into which she stares.
 That whole long stretch of shore shows them alone, almost unseen below the towering dune later to flash on the darkening coast of the mind. Flare bright July a tinted postcard view it shows two sculpted figures once above in an emperor's villa garden in the pines out on the crumbling edge embraced in love but fallen long ago into the tide rocked in each white explosion of its lines their faces gone, half-buried in the sand and separate now in yearning attitudes.

Craig Hill



How to Grow Giant Pumpkins

No, this is not the wrong time of year to think about pumpkins. There are a lot of horticultural types here at Carleton-Willard and this will be a great opportunity for them to show their stuff. If you are going to grow really big pumpkins you should start thinking about them right now. A number of years ago PBS ran a program on this topic and I am using a lot of their information to get you started.

Oh, before I forget. Our goal is that next fall we are going to haul our baby out to Cooperstown, New York for the annual weigh-in. Think what this is going to do for Carleton-Willard's reputation. Imagine what these elderly people can do when they get started.

First, you need a nice big level plot of land with plenty of sunlight, but not too much. And a lot of water. Growing pumpkins need as much as 150 gallons of water on a regular basis. (Maybe you should check this requirement out with our Facilities folk; they may have some thoughts on this.)

Now to get you started. Growing pumpkins need sustenance and love. One grower filled a hypodermic needle with his own special brand of nutrients. Another polished his "plumpkin" with a coating of molasses. One fellow so feared for the safety of his baby that he spent a lot of time sitting on his front porch in a rocking chair, with a shotgun. (I'm not quite sure who would or could steal a giant pumpkin, but then I don't know much about agricultural criminality.) Pumpkins can grow as much as thirty or forty pounds a day. When pumpkins get really big, they sort of sag down under their own weight.



One woman pointed out that they look a little like a fat lady bending over. Bigger is better and we are trying for the biggest and the best. Last year's winner was up over 2,000 pounds.

When this program first aired, the benchmark for growing giant pumpkins was 1,000 pounds, so you can see how far we have come in just a few short years.

In the television program they did not actually detail the mechanics of transporting these beauties, but I have no doubt the staff here would be pleased to help us.

Unfortunately, I will be traveling abroad in the late summer and right at harvest time or else I would be willing to lend a helping hand.

Best of luck!

Wally Campbell

Traveling Without a Bucket List, Another Way to See the World

I have no bucket list. Rather, I choose where to go next by responding to what is written in brochures, or to friends looking for a travel companion. While this unsystematic method of choosing where to travel has taken me all over the world, it no longer works. Aging has removed some of those with whom I used to travel; others are experiencing health problems that limit their ability to travel.

I enjoy change, exploring new places, and meeting new people. Fortunately my husband, who was a Leica camera enthusiast, was also interested in travel. He took many pictures as we traveled and some of these grace my apartment walls here at Carleton-Willard. There is also a large world map on the kitchen wall with pins marking our many destinations.



Probably the loudest call to travel was simply succumbing to a place not yet visited. Rarely did we make a repeat visit to a country already visited. It was the call of the unknown that piqued our interest, along with the possibility of excellent picture-taking possibilities.

Mardi Gras after hurricane Katrina fulfilled both adventure and pictorial requirements, as did sailing down the Mississippi River to get there. Photographing the Aurora Borealis deep in the wilderness of Alaska; hiking the Cinque Terre in Italy were other photographic gems.

Then there was sailing down the Rhine River in Germany, on a trip entitled "The Rhine on Fire" wherein the castles situated high on the hills lit huge bonfires as the ships glided past in the dark.

Another adventure took us to Antarctica, traveling through many South American countries to get to where the ship departed. That trip included forty-foot waves during a storm! Saudi Arabia was another exotic culture that provided pictorial and human interest opportunities. While there we met college students and had an audience with a Sheik. Costa Rica provided yet another beautiful natural setting *and* a chance to try zip-lining. Flying above the jungle while in a body harness, holding on to a handle, put me in close touch with nature -- and assured me that once was enough! The small ship's crew had adopted a village which hosted us to a celebration with singing, dancing and the opportunity to share their lives.

There are many more tales of world travel. It seems my non-bucket list was inclusive. Only Spain (which in my mind would be an easy trip) is left to last, and that may be where it stays.

Anyone want to travel to Spain? Maybe there is yet hope!

Ara Tyler

An Early Bucket Dream

Fly-fishing for trout became a very important skill for me to learn and anticipate doing in the summer. My family was fortunate to be able for many years to rent a cabin for the summer just outside Rocky Mountain National Park, with its beautiful mountains and small trout streams. My father, a Presbyterian minister, also spent his vacation time there and enjoyed the fishing (fly fishing was almost a requirement for full ordination in the Presbyterian ministry at that time). He taught me early, and at seven years old I caught my first daily limit of trout -- a real accomplishment.

Good fly rods were expensive and out of sight for Dad to buy on his minister's salary during the Depression. So he bought bamboo blanks and made equally good rods by attaching the guides, handles and ferrules. I still remember his winding the silk on the guides while sitting at the same desk where he wrote his sermons, with the silk thread going through the pages of a Concordance for tension. But he had a catalog from Hardy's in England that listed all the expensive fishing tackle available at that time. I loved reading the catalog. One page showed a fly fisherman in action on a stream in Scotland. That did it. I vowed to fly-fish in Scotland some time in my lifetime.

My chance to fulfill that early bucket list dream came when my wife, Mary Ellen, and I made our first trip to Scotland. I took my fly rod, but soon learned that not only did one have to pay to fish on a section of a stream, but the fee only covered a specific hour.

However in time we stayed at a farm Bed and Breakfast in Sutherland (a county of northern Scotland) that had a small stream running through it, in which I was allowed to fish. I did and, much to the staff's surprise, caught two eating-sized trout. They cooked them for me for breakfast and I ate them! Only later did I realize that as great as that was, it was, sadly, not perfect as I had not worn the required uniform: namely plus-fours, tweed jacket, tie and wool cap. Bummer! I should say though that the experience was nevertheless a lot of fun and a worthy try, indeed.

Bard Turner



A Tale of Four Cities

To me recreational travelers seem to fit two molds: those who yearn to go where they've never been and those who itch to return to where they've been before. I'm one of the latter. I might smile at the account of a just-returned visitor to Costa Rica and even envy the tale of a fellow fresh from St. Petersburg brushing snow from his sleeve. But I'm really an incorrigible old-time Euro-centric and Anglophile. For ages my travel bucket list has focused on four major capital cities: Rome, Paris, Berlin and London. The more I go, the more I want to go back. It's never enough. I generally plan what I want to do, which museums, opera/concerts, architecture, walks, even restaurants, I'll visit. But no matter how deeply I sup at the trough, satiety never follows. These cities offer a depth of riches I find inexhaustible. That's good; as my ability to travel lessens, I want to go deeper into what I know is there. These "whats" can be very small things, or not even things. The recall of an incident can bring the city back into focus, spark the urge to



Ancient Roman Forum with Arch of Septimius Severus

return. No grandiose musings here. Just small stubborn memories.

Wandering with camera through the northwest end of the Roman Forum, I was waiting for the favorable late afternoon light with which to take pictures. As I neared the Arch of Septimius Severus, I spied a black cat snaking into the shadows behind one of the travertine posts at the base of the arch. I pursue him (it/she) and come up to him. He turns, looks up to me. I melt down

on my hands and knees. The yellow-eyed cat rubs his skull against my fist. Its eyes close and open. I'd say this is bliss. On my own for two weeks, I think maybe that's why. Then I slip and lose my balance. The cat is startled and scampers off. I step back into the sun-bleached piazza, blinking at the ruins around me.

We were alarmingly near the end of a family visit to Paris. I was beside myself. I just had to see the Père Lachaise Cemetery. No one else was interested. So I set out to find it on my own.

In rash moments I consider myself a musician. I knew that a whole slew of composers and performers rest there. I got a taxi, but as I was congratulating myself I hastily dug into my wallet, only to find a couple of bills, surely not enough to enter and return. I called up to the driver, rasping the only two French words I could rally: "Regret" and "Arrêt" (Francophiles will note the incorrect second word; I guess in my panic I could only manage a rhyme.) Luckily the driver understood my embarrassment and since we were near, overlooked everything and dropped me off at the gate. I got a pocket map and trudged off to find my quarry. There they were, one after the other. Georges Bizet, Frederick Chopin, Luigi Cherubini, Maria Callas, Edith Piaf and others, peering out from their receptacles while I returned the stare upon those who had given me such joy at symphony and opera - and such agony at the keyboard. I was on my way when I sensed a commotion over there, just out of sight. Maybe a dignitary's birthday? An honoree's holiday? I came over and there they were: twenty or so folks in charitably informal dress singing soft rock tunes from The Doors. The grave of their leader, Jim Morrison, seemed cheerily incongruous among such august stones, a scruffy mecca colonized by the young-at-heart. But then, Edith Piaf, of whom the Manchester Guardian once wrote, "sang simple songs that spoke to everyone", lies nearby.

While stationed in Frankfurt, Germany in the 1960s, I would courier classified information by train through Communist East Germany, via the internationally monitored Helmstedt Corridor to our attaché in the American sector of West



Cimetière du Père Lachaise

Berlin. Sitting in that rail car was an unsettling experience. The Berlin Wall had just gone up in 1961, a year earlier, and tension weighed heavily in that car. Passengers were required to surrender their identification, trains would sit forever in railroad crossings and hiss at empty streets. One morning, my duties done, I decided to walk over to a twelve-foot-high observation platform that permitted a view across the hundred yards of “no man’s land” to the grim sight of soldiers patrolling the Wall on the Communist side. They reminded me of figures from an operetta. Only these weren’t toy soldiers out of Sigmund Romberg. This was the real thing. I’m really in a war. Before boarding the train back to Frankfurt, I wanted to visit two iconic Berlin sites that stand for the futility of war, the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church and the Brandenburg Gate. Then as now I won comfort and reassurance from these unique places. One was bombed in 1943, its damaged spire emblematically retained in remembrance, the other, having seen greatest good and evil pass through its arches for nearly three hundred years, now a symbol of peace.

In England we have family, so I’m already in London every year or so. I might remember a super fish-and-chips more than a curate or sexton in the crypt café of St. Martins in the Fields off Trafalgar Square. These things get replenished at such a rate I hardly need them. London’s big attraction for me is, it’s in English.

Harry Hoover

No Bucket List for Me

What do I still want to do before I leave this earthly scene?
 What shall I see? Some place new? Patagonia?
 Gretna Green?
 No thanks; I’ll stick with Mexico and Spain,
 Or sail again on the coast of Maine.
 Barcelona was great, Alaska and Maui,
 And Martha’s Vineyard is also “wowie”.
 My passport’s good but my feet are weak
 And changing planes doesn’t lure.
 Maybe I’ll stick with my snapshots and logs
 Where my memories are secure.

Lois Pulliam

In Memory

| | |
|----------------|------------|
| William Stern | January 21 |
| Rosanna Crespi | January 28 |
| Robert McHenry | March 13 |
| Suzanne Newton | March 21 |
| Jeanne Merkin | April 2 |
| Mary Clapp | April 5 |
| Judith Neuman | April 20 |





*Welcome
New Residents*

Bruce and Gracia Dayton
From Lexington, 3/9/18

Anne Brainerd
from Cambridge, 3/15/18

Betty Savenor
from Sarasota, Florida, 3/26/18

Nancy Leupold
from Madison, New Jersey, 3/29/18

Pamela Herrick
from Orleans, 4/2/18

Robert Anderson
from Burlington, 4/9/18



Looking Back

There was no question - I was going to major in chemistry. My father had the same plan when he entered college, but after freshman year he switched to pre-law to keep his mother happy. He never forgot formulas or the Periodic Table. He often talked about the chemistry of everyday life and inspired me to carry on his passion. When I was about sixteen, I read the biography of Marie Curie and made my decision: I was going to be the next Marie Curie.

Fast forward twenty-five years. I had indeed majored in chemistry and had worked in a hospital laboratory in blood research immediately after graduation. Since then, however, I did little in the field. Marriage and children occupied my life. Wellesley invited me back to take a couple of refresher years in chemistry. That was tempting but then what? Did I really want to work in chemistry?

The love of science was still in my blood, however. I enjoyed working with our children on their science projects. David, our second son, introduced me to microbiology in his own lab in our basement. It was amazing to see what he discovered swimming in the vernal pool outside our house.

What really intrigued me was the seventh grade science course. I had had the good fortune to be a chaperone on the class trips to study the glacial formations right in our own town. My eyes were opened to the glacial history of the land right where we lived. This was geology, a subject I had rejected early on because I had thought it just involved identifying rocks. How boring must that be!

How wrong I was! By the time I started teaching, exciting discoveries were being made by geologists about the drifting continents. Related to that, Louis Leakey and other anthropologists and archaeologists were uncovering the remains of humans and their ancient living sites in Africa. My students and I shared the excitement of learning about these new discoveries.

In my school both fourth and fifth graders were in the same classroom. Each student remained with the same teacher for two years, which allowed teachers to design a social studies/

science program that covered a two year span. The first year we covered the geologic history of the solar system and the earth, and the evolution



of living things right up to humans. In the second year we covered the development of different civilizations, using kits from the Children's Museum and other educational institutions. The children did research in the school library to write reports about their chosen subject. Even the younger ones learned how to use note cards, develop outlines and create bibliographies. This, of course, was just before the computer era.

Because of my experience trying to find the right resource material for these reports, I realized that there were gaps in the available non-professional literature. My son, the once budding microbiologist, who had morphed into an archaeologist, invited me to collaborate with him on a book about the first humans to arrive in the Northeast, based on the geologic and archaeological evidence in the area. Using his syllabus and reading list for his course "Introduction to Archaeology in North America", I learned enough to be able to collaborate with him and produce a successful book on northeastern archaeology and geology for a non-professional audience as young as junior high students.

Thus the once aspiring chemist had been transformed into an aspiring geologist, anthropologist and archaeologist. If only I had majored in any one of those fields! Marie Curie seems a distant dream.

Esther K. Braun



The Stationery Store

When I was a school girl in Vienna, we were required to purchase a large piece of cardboard to protect the desktop from scribbling and spilled ink. The choice of the desk protector was a decision for the whole year, so the label's design and the quality of cardboard were matters of serious consideration. These protectors were usually either tan or blue.

The Austrian paper industry was well known for the variety of paper goods produced for the fine arts market (such as the thick paper required for watercolor painting), as well as for retail, postal needs and books. Thus the Austrian industry successfully withstood the onslaught of excellent quality paper imported from Russia.

At school, hardly anyone had a fountain pen; such a pen had a hollow handle filled with liquid ink. Possession of a *gold* fountain pen was a source of prestige, also resulting in much improved handwriting, especially in the old German script, *Kurrentschrift*, a Gothic cursive handwriting dating from the 16th century, still in use in the 1930s. It relied on light up-strokes and heavy down-strokes to create a classic calligraphic image. This required a nib of a certain flexibility; after some use, one's own pen acquired a particular slant, so it was unwise to lend it to anyone else. We had to practice German and Latin handwriting in alternate weeks, and not mingle German and Latin alphabets within sentences.

After essential school supplies were purchased, sometimes an interval of sheer pleasure followed. My favorite little stationery shop offered a small tin box of loose semiprecious stones, cut glass, or sometimes stones of glass with an insect embedded within, reminiscent of ancient amber. Alas! these stones were always chipped -- but because of that, their value was within the affordable reach of a 50 Groschen per week school girl's pocket money! I treasured each of these pretty glittering stones in my collection. Friends and I swapped one or two occasionally when they came home with me to do homework together. That is how I learned to distinguish the true color of real gems from lookalikes, and to develop favorites. There

were usually no white false diamonds; surprisingly I do not remember giving any thought to these.

The woman owner of the stationery store was a patient friendly person who allowed me plenty of time to make my choice. Nevertheless I had to get home in time for the midday main meal of the day or I would get scolded by Mutti for loitering on the way home. She never showed off her own jewelry; it was just a natural part of her, except when Papa took her out to a ball or the theatre. Then she stood still with a happy smile while Papa secured her necklace safely around her neck or a bracelet about her wrist. She looked splendid, like a princess from the English Royalty.

When I won a prize in a competition among all Viennese elementary schools to design a poster for ANKER bread, I had to choose my prize from a list. My first choice was a violin but my father would not promise me lessons; he did not want to hear the scratching of my practicing. I chose instead a diamond ring, resolving to sell it later to buy a violin. The ring was very pretty, the envy of my classmates, and was stolen during gym when I had to place it on a cabinet top.

My mother consoled me by engaging a piano teacher to come to our home every week. We had a baby grand piano by a fine Austrian craftsman, Sweighofer. My father played very well, especially the Radesky March and other military marches from the Deutschmeister Regiment with which he served in World War I. However I did not practice diligently, and when my teacher called me a "lazy critter", I told Mutti to send her away. So that was the end of the ring and my hopes for a violin!

Looking back on my girlhood in Vienna, I appreciate how rich was the culture in which I grew up, and how much I learned incidentally, "by the way", just by daily living there.

Daisy Illich



Winslow Homer Exhibit

A large number of residents traveled to Worcester to enjoy “Coming Away: Winslow Homer and England” at the Worcester Art Museum. The exhibit explored how the people, the landscape and the coast around Cullercoats in England, and the artists he met there during his 1881-2 visit, all had a profound effect on Homer’s career. Included among the more than fifty works by Homer in the exhibit was “Hark! The Lark”, which he considered his finest painting. To complement the visit to Worcester, the ArtMatters series, a monthly presentation at the Village, featured Homer’s life and work.



Turning Up the Heat

Bill McKibben, son of resident Peggy McKibben and international activist on climate change, offered an illustrated progress report on efforts to counter global warning. Some of the bad news is that the world has passed the safe level of carbon in the atmosphere (350 parts per million), half the polar ice has melted since 1960, and half of the life on the Great Barrier Reef has died in the last two years. Some of the good news is that solar and wind are now economically viable as alternatives to fossil fuels, divestment of fossil fuel companies’ stock is growing, and corporate and governmental campaigns to lower carbon emissions are growing rapidly. Stay tuned!

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

An Evening of Music

Soprano Epp Sonin, mezzo-soprano Amy Lieberman and pianist Alethea Khoo performed a wide-ranging program of vocal duets, solos and piano works. Selections from Pergolesi’s Stabat Mater were followed by songs by Beethoven and Mendelssohn and an elegant setting of Edna St. Vincent Millay’s poem “An Afternoon on a Hill” by Jeffrey Rickard. Ms. Khoo played a charming Debussy waltz before highlighting the varied moods of Lutoslawski’s “Bucolics” Suite. The evening concluded with the rapturous Flower Duet from the opera Lakme. Special thanks to the program’s dedicatee, the artists’ friend and mentor, resident Louise Curtis.

Civic Issues

The citizen action group is a resident group concerned about current social issues. Under the group’s sponsorship, the senior minister and two members of Bedford’s First Parish Church (Unitarian) visited to discuss the church’s role in the sanctuary movement. They described the study and the planning that preceded the May 2017 vote to become a sanctuary church. One guest currently lives in a fully equipped apartment in the church, and two volunteers are in the church at all times to assure her comfort and security. The Bedford church is one of four Massachusetts churches presently housing a sanctuary guest. The meeting concluded with a lively discussion involving residents actively involved in the church’s program.

Great Decisions 2018

The Foreign Policy Association annually selects eight timely and important topics, and distributes visual and print materials to facilitate presentations and group discussions. Led by residents, monthly gatherings feature these topics throughout the year. Recent sessions have focused on “The Waning of Pax Americana?”, “China and America: the new geopolitical equation”, “Turkey: a partner in crisis”, and “South Africa’s fragile democracy”. Future sessions will focus on “U.S. global engagement and the military”, “Russia’s foreign policy”, “Media and foreign policy”, and “Global Health: progress and challenges”.



Happenings

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

Jordan Marsh: New England's Largest Store

Called "The Balzac of Boston" by the Boston Globe, Anthony Sammarco offered an illustrated presentation based on his recent book about the history of the Jordan Marsh department store. Founded in 1851 by Eben Jordan and Benjamin Marsh as a small dry goods store with \$5,000 capital, the downtown store grew to 1,700,000 square feet of retail space at its centennial in 1951. Famed for the Enchanted Village of St. Nicholas, Thanksgiving parade, and blueberry muffins, the store won the hearts of New Englanders. After adding fifteen suburban locations in the following decades, in 1994 Jordan Marsh stores were renamed Macy's. (Macy's began in 1843 in Boston!)

Museum of Russian Icons

We enjoyed a trip to the Museum of Russian Icons in Clinton, where we had a guided tour of the largest collection of icons outside Russia. Icons are made of birch, covered in linen and painted with seven layers of gesso. They vary in size, some with doors, some covered with metal work, often embedded with precious stones. They portray Mary, Mother of God, Christ, John the Baptist and other saints. Signs indicated some icons were "Not Made by Hand". Our guide informed us that these were fashioned by the Holy Spirit. The trip ended with a delicious lunch at the Clinton Bar and Grill.

A Historical Flute Concert

Flautist Wendy Rolfe, accompanied by pianist Deborah DeWolf Emery, returned to perform a wide-ranging concert "celebrating the 200th anniversary of Claude Laurent's Crystal Flute (Paris 1818)". The oldest of four in the program, and tuned to a lower pitch than is today's custom, the flute required a separate pitch-altering piano specially brought in to accompany two early Italian pieces. Opening with an 1876 flute of cocuswood (a Caribbean tropical wood) and closing with a 1985 instrument made in Woburn, Massachusetts, Wendy reserved her fourth flute (cocuswood, 1937) for the most interesting piece of the afternoon, Lili Boulanger's haunting "On a Morning in Spring".

Movie Memories

The musical couple, Linda Poland, clarinet, and Alan Pearlmutter, piano, entertained with a collection of delightful songs from classic movies. They encouraged listeners to "sit back and remember where and when you first heard these wonderful lyrics and melodies". The oldest song was "Toot Toot Tootsie Goodbye" from the 1927 film *The Jazz Singer* with Al Jolson, and the most recent "Viktor's Tale" by John Williams from the 2004 film *The Terminal*. Along the way we heard beautiful tunes like "Moon River" from *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, "Music of the Night" from *Phantom of the Opera* and "Tonight" from *West Side Story*. The performers were thanked for their joyful, relaxing program filled with movie memories.



Sylvia

The Village Thespians entertained a large crowd as they presented the play "Sylvia", by A. R. Gurney. Sylvia (Elizabeth Flemings) is a lovable dog found in Central Park and brought home by Greg (Tim Martin). Kate (Sybil Martin), Greg's wife, does not share his feelings toward Sylvia and insists there is no way the three of them can co-exist in their "empty-nest" mid-town apartment. Phyllis (Arlayne Peterson) reinforces her friend Kate's dislike for Sylvia, while dog-lover Tom (Bob Schmalz) supports his friend Greg. With a blend of humor and pathos, matters are resolved, and twenty years later we mourned Sylvia's passing.

Edwin Cox



An Die (Choral) Musik

Did I think I would ever make any money in music? Well, it wasn't exactly on my bucket list. In fact as a fourth-grader I'd never even heard of a "bucket list", but then I was pushed into being a boy soprano singing in the High Episcopal Cathedral in Kansas City. There were about forty of us in the boys' choir but only about twenty-five could fit into the choir stalls for the Sunday service. So, at the end of every Thursday evening's rehearsal each of us had to audition for a seat. If we were successful we sang there and were paid seventy-five cents. Those who were unsuccessful were farmed out to the lower Episcopal churches of Kansas City and were paid fifty cents. I managed about fifty-fifty-probability for the top job. From then on I was an amateur.

After singing in numerous choirs in churches, the Navy and a small singing group on a weekly radio show, I moved to New York where my bucket list included singing under Robert Shaw, the greatest choral conductor of that time. There my list paid off, REALLY BIG. Early on in the season I spotted an angel in the alto section and after rehearsal one evening, I maneuvered an "accidental" meeting with her in the elevator.

Our sixty-fifth wedding anniversary is this June.

The chorale performed in Carnegie Hall and the works we sang that season by Bach, Haydn Janacek and Hindemith rang from then on in our ears, reminding us of our great good fortune in finding each other.

In my professional career I had to spend considerable time in Munich, often a month at a time. (If you have to be away for work, it might as well be in Munich!) On one trip there I asked one of my Munich friends if he knew of any church choir I could sing with for a Sunday or two.

He lined me up with the choir in St. Michaels, a medium-sized cathedral just outside of downtown Munich. I called the choir director who said, "Sure, come around on Sunday. We're doing a Mozart Mass". I said I couldn't come to



Marian plays the organ in the St. Bartholomaeus Traurkirche in Dornheim where Bach married his first wife, Mara Barbara. This is the organ played at Bach's wedding, but it has been renovated since that time

rehearsal, but he said that was okay, that I could probably sight-read it anyhow. I was to report to the choir loft at 9 a.m. the next Sunday. I planned to get there a bit ahead of time

to orient myself and take a look

at the part. When I arrived, I was greeted warmly, shoved quickly into the bass section in back of a small orchestra and handed the music.

The loft was on a balcony at the back of the church. Everyone in the choir stood around in heavy coats and winter hats. It was cold. I was

surprised when, precisely at 9:00, the down beat to start was given by the conductor without any warm up or preparatory remarks. The orchestra and choir plunged off bravely, although rather independently. It was twenty to thirty bars before everything gradually pulled together. Luckily, after the rough start, it all went pretty well.

Fortunately for me, the bass line was not too difficult, and I could fake a few of the rougher spots without anyone noticing. At the end of the service the head priest accompanied by a number of the congregation came up and thanked us for such a wonderful performance. I asked a couple of the basses if this was the way they always did it, and they said yes, they never needed a warm up.

I was invited to the next rehearsal (weekly, on Thursday nights just as here in the US). At the rehearsal all the music was “rehearsed” - i.e. read through one time - no critique, no polishing. (Robert Shaw, please come right away!)

I set my retirement date so that I could be a member of the Masterworks Chorale in time for Marian and me to go on a concert trip to perform the The German Requiem by Brahms. A Mexican conductor, Enrique Batiz had been engaged to conduct the chorale and the Mexican symphony players on this tour. At first reading with the orchestra, Enrique Batiz gave us an insight into his personality by immediately bawling out the first oboist. (Normally oboists are considered so rare that one flatters them with praise, even if undeserved, and “suggests” a correction or perhaps a “slightly different style”.) However, the orchestra took it all in stride, and we performed the Requiem several times in Mexico City and elsewhere.

The last performance was before a packed audience in the Cathedral Metropolitana in the Zócalo, the central square of the city. By this time we had become accustomed to (bored by) the unusually slow tempos selected by Batiz, but that night he was at his slowest. One could see how lovingly he regarded the sight of his baton. While singing the last section of the Requiem, I kept looking to see how many pages we had left and wondering if we would finish them before dawn or before we all expired of complete exhaustion. Meanwhile, due to the slothful tempo

and the effect of the high altitude of Mexico City (7,350 feet), some singers were starting to faint. With assistance from others, they were trying not to lose their place in the music, but were sinking slowly from sight, crawling back out from under the bleachers we stood on. We finished to tumultuous applause, which made it all worthwhile. Enrique Batiz lingered in our memories, and as we traveled home, he was the



subject of many limericks, most of questionable taste.

On my business visits to Kassel, Germany, I looked wistfully over the boundary with the DDR to the east toward Eisenbach, about forty miles away, the birthplace of Johann Sebastian Bach, Marian’s and my guru. At that time, I felt it would be unwise for me to cross the border as I was working on a US Government program. After retirement and the DDR dissolved, Marian and I were able to make one of the most meaningful bucket list trips of our lifetime. We had two objectives. One was to visit the birthplace of Marian’s grandfather in the northeast, or Pomeranian, section of the now integrated Germany



(another story in itself). The other was to visit ALL the places where Johann Sebastian Bach lived and worked (also another story). The first is Eisenbach.

We arrived in the central square of Eisenbach early one afternoon and located the Georgikirche on Marktplatz where Bach's uncle, Johann Christophe Bach was organist when Bach was a boy (b.1685). The church was closed, but on the bulletin board was a reminder from the choir director, Hr Knechtel, that the rehearsal was that night, "Bitte anmelden 1930 Uhr". There was a phone number which we called. We were invited to join that night, which we did. How to describe the thrill of sitting on the very benches (they looked suitably worn) that Bach sat on while in the choir (1692 - 1695?), and where Martin Luther sang as a choir boy two hundred years earlier. (Luther was later protected by a friend and lived in the Warburg Castle where he translated the Bible into German. Did he sneak back into the choir for an occasional anthem? Who knows?) We were introduced to the choir as the distinguished Chorsängren von Boston. The rehearsal was very well directed and the choir was well prepared for the Sunday service. On Sunday, after singing in the service, we were shown around the entire church. The font where Bach was baptized is in the front of the sanctuary and is still in service.

After visiting all the other places and churches where Bach lived and worked, we arrived in Leipzig, the final destination of the "Bach part" of our trip. Here we found no way to invite ourselves into the choir of the Thomaskirche where Bach served as Kapellmeister from 1723 to the end of his life in 1750. The main sanctuary was closed for renovation. We attended the Sunday service in the chapel opposite the sanctuary. Marian sat in the front row of temporary wooden chairs inches from the spot where Bach is buried, marked by a huge plaque on the floor.

After the service, we returned and she laid a large bouquet of roses on his final resting place.

Kay Barney

Sometimes Things Just Happen

When we returned to southern California after several years in the Bay Area, we moved to Altadena, a short distance up into the hills above Pasadena. Our second son was born soon after our arrival and I was a busy stay-at-home Mom. But when the boys were about three and one, I had a surprise phone call from a woman I had never met. She was the wife of a Caltech professor who had met an uncle of mine at a New York conference of United Nations support groups from various parts of the country.

He told her that I had recently moved to Altadena and, I feel sure, vastly exaggerated my college public relations experience and my magazine work, and told her she ought to get in touch with me. So she did and invited me to a luncheon at her home attended by a number of charming Pasadena ladies, all of them supporters of the United Nations at a time when Southern California was in a very "nationalistic" mood and "Get the U.S. out of the UN" billboards were rampant.

It seemed that the local UN group was trying to become more active and to gain new members to support the local organization. I was happy to help the UN cause in any way I could.

So the ladies at the luncheon discussed having a big community reception to attract new members. But how to get people there? Several people suggested ideas, none of which gained much momentum. I laughed and said, "Well I guess we could go the Hollywood route and see if we could get a star out here to meet and greet". People looked startled and the beautiful woman sitting next to me said, "Oh, no! That's a terrible idea." There was an embarrassed silence and I wanted to dive under the table. The discussion went on but with no concrete ideas. The ladies, all older than I, tried to be nice to me as we said goodbye but I went home wanting to cut my tongue out.

A couple of days later the hostess called and said "I think I have a surprise for you. But, by the way, do you know who the woman was who was sitting next to you at lunch?" "Only that her



name is Jane,” I replied. “Well,” she said “she is also Henry Fonda’s sister and she has changed her mind and is going to invite him to our gathering! We hope you will handle the press relations.”



Henry Fonda in “Mr. Roberts”

I nearly fainted! Henry Fonda -- my absolute favorite actor! In truth, I had been joking a bit when I suggested a movie star. But, with the blessing of my good husband, I hired a favorite baby sitter to come extra hours and look after the boys while I worked on press releases to the metropolitan, local and neighboring community papers. There was a huge turn-out, the star was just as kind and gracious as he was in the movies, and I got to direct a photographer to take pictures of him with local citizens. Great press coverage even by the conservative Pasadena paper.

I went back to being a Mom, and we soon moved to Canada to find new adventures, but some surprises still bring smiles many, many years later.

Peggy McKibben

Nom de Plume

As I move around the country I keep coming across people with the name Robert B. Sawyer. The first case was when I moved to Andover, Massachusetts. I needed some plumbing done for a washing machine. The plumber billed me and

I paid for it. The second bill was not mine but belonged to a Robert Baron Sawyer who lived one street over from me. I straightened that one out with the plumber.

Shortly thereafter my company moved me to Brunswick, Maine. The credit card company went after me for some money I didn’t owe. I found it was for a Robert B. Sawyer, a sailor in the U.S. Navy base at New Meadows, a nearby town. I had to set this one straight too.

I was drafted into the Navy in 1944 with limited service on account of my eyes. That restricted me to duty in this country. After about six months my name appeared on a draft going to Dakar in East Africa. Suspecting trouble, I stood last in line with my duffle bag filled with all my belongings over my shoulder. Sure enough, when my name was called after muster, another person said “Here!” I went to the Chief Petty Officer in charge and found that the other sailor was the proper recruit. I was handed my papers and thought about walking out but didn’t want to be thought of as a deserter, so I went back to my unit and talked my way back in.

The last case was many years later. I was flying from Boston to Berlin, Germany. I booked a round trip through a Spanish company with offices in Omaha, Nebraska. I didn’t realize it would be like throwing eggs into a running kitchen mixer. I received my ticket by e-mail, Robert B. Sawyer, but wrong credit card number. I called the travel company twice to correct this error.

They said everything was okay. I checked in at Logan and received my boarding pass with no questions and flew to Berlin. By then I thought they would have found their mistake and I had the cash to pay for the ticket going home. Again, received the boarding pass with no problem and never heard from them again. I figure whoever Robert B. Sawyer was probably worked for a large company with a dim bulb in the company’s travel office chandelier.

I have lived at Carleton-Willard Village for seventeen years and so far no other Robert B. Sawyer has moved in. Hooray!

Robert B. Sawyer



Bucket Lists

I have a friend named Caitlin. She is nearly eleven and a half. From the start, or at least from the time she crawled, she has been adventuresome and determined, undeterred by obstacle or adult caution. No tree too high, nor its top branches too puny, to escape her monkey business. Leaping from stone to stone to cross a rushing stream, she viewed me incredulously as I plodded across a sturdy bridge to join her on the other side.

When she was eight, she conceived an elaborate plan for her friends and all their pets (dogs, cats, fish and a hamster) to move to Puerto Rico, where they would join an Animal Planet television hero. Originally planning to fly, she did consider my observation that the Airline authorities might take note of a group of children accompanied only by a sizeable menagerie.

Change of plan: “we” would travel by truck, which I would drive, spelled regularly by Sean, the only “dude” in the group.

Recently, at a school Book Fair, Caitlin purchased a poster with the words “DREAM BIG” writ large on a field of blossom. It hangs over the head of her bed. I applauded her choice; the message seems right for her. I think if she had a theme song it could be “To Dream the Impossible Dream” but, no Don Quixote she, Caitlin’s dreams will be realized.

Musing over this issue’s theme, “My Bucket List”, I found myself wondering what Caitlin’s bucket list, many decades hence, might be. I imagine her bucket brimming over with impossibly challenging events and demanding journeys to as yet untraveled destinations. OR entirely empty because she will already have done it all!

Turning to my bucket, it appears empty except for a little flaking rust. I’m told I was slow to explore the world beyond my cradle, in no hurry to stand on my own two feet, let alone walk. Cautious to a fault, I didn’t ride a bike till I was eight, was scared of water, even rain. “Turn it off!” was my plea. In every way opposite to my young friend. Where Caitlin might dream the impossible and make it happen, I’d dream the

realistically feasible and see to the nitty-gritty details. Young as she is, Caitlin is a natural leader; I am a reliable second in command.

I find it splendid that we can be friends, and the world can use both of us, provided we understand our strengths and limitations. My travels have been undemanding but no less satisfactory for that. No notable career achievements, but immense enjoyment all along, and not a day without learning and discovery.

So, I had another look in my bucket and found a list! Nothing on it is likely to be realized, but imagining each is delightful.

- 1) Attend a ballet, preferably several works by different choreographers and including classical and contemporary styles.
- 2) Spend an hour or so playing with Shi Tzu puppies, maybe eight weeks old. I have had three adopted adult Shi Tzus, but have never met a puppy.
- 3) This one’s way out! Fly to Chicago to visit Obama’s presidential library when it opens in 2020 (I think).

Alice Morrish





Frozen in Time

That's the only way to describe Cuba in 2018. It looks much as it did sixty years ago. The automobiles are right out of the 1950s . . . sort of. We learned that there are pretty much no original parts in these cars. As the old cars break down, rust out or are damaged, pieces of the body, engine, tires, interior, etc. are replaced with whatever is available or can be fabricated, which is not authorized dealer parts. (Remember the U.S. embargo, the collapse of the Soviet Union, and a world-wide recession - events which devastated the economy of Cuba. Even used cars, when available, cost over \$100,000, which no one there can afford.)

The people of Cuba are extremely poor. Under Communism, the only party in Cuba, everyone is "employed", but everyone - whether a nuclear physicist or a street sweeper - is paid \$45 dollars a month. This is supplemented by a ration system. People get a monthly ration book which allows them such things as five eggs per month, milk only if there are children or seniors in the household etc, BUT the Cuban people are not angry, bitter or depressed. They were among the warmest, nicest people I've ever met. They're hopeful about the future, delighted to meet Americans and other visitors, curious to talk with us and forthcoming about their country and their situation, proud of their history and culture. We were concerned that we'd only hear what the Castro government wanted us to hear and only see what the government wanted us to see. Definitely not true. We saw, and heard about, not only the pride of Cuba-free health care and education for all - but we were also taken into the back streets where "real" people live.

Why did I go to Cuba? For years I have wanted to visit Cuba when it became allowed. And I especially wanted to visit before it became "Americanized" - McDonalds, Starbucks, Hilton and Marriott hotels, etc. This was definitely the time to go. Beautiful buildings are crumbling after sixty years of no maintenance, fountains in parks are without water due to the water shortage for the people, fresh food is scarce since so

much has to be imported (none from the U.S. of course).

No, Cuba is not ready for prime-time tourism yet. But things are definitely looking up. Many buildings in the cities are being restored and they are very beautiful. Private houses and apartments lag behind, but even there, a fresh coat of paint in colorful Caribbean hues is adding a bright spark to the landscape here and there. The several local guides we had were so informative, anxious to tell us about their history as a Spanish colony, then an American possession, then independent (if you can call life under Batista independent), and then the Socialist Revolution under Castro (power to the people briefly, until the Castro government turned into a repressive Communist dictatorship). Some Cubans blame the U. S. Government (but not the American people) with its embargo, for their current economic strife. Others blame the Cuban government for putting all its eggs in one basket - the Soviet Union, which essentially cut off all aid and support when it dissolved.

On this trip, we visited three cities: Santiago de Cuba (the mountainous eastern end of the island near Guantanamo where the Revolution began), Cienfuegos/Trinidad (heart of Spanish colonial history and near the infamous Bay of Pigs), and Havana. Our means of transportation around the periphery of the island was a small cruise ship (700 passengers). We docked in each city overnight - three days in Havana - and took tours out from the ship. In Havana we could go off on our own and explore the city which we did when we first got there. The cruise terminal was right at the edge of Old Havana and a few minutes walk to the main square. As two women, we found the city completely safe and were totally comfortable wandering by ourselves, a very pleasant surprise.

If you have not been to Cuba, and want a unique experience, go soon. You won't be disappointed.

Madelyn E. Armstrong



An Incident on the Great North Road

At the London medical schools there is a vacation break between the first part of the course and the second course. During my first year at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School I decided to take a touring holiday during the break to see my favorite parts of northern England, particularly the Yorkshire Dales. I went on my 1936 Triumph 350 motorcycle, a heavy but reliable machine, and stayed at youth hostels and small hotels, having a fine time.

On the last day of my vacation which was on a Sunday, I was ready to drive back to London. I used the last of my cash to fill up my tank with enough gas to last the whole distance. However, I had driven for less than an hour when the bike suddenly stopped. The reason was not obvious to me but motorcyclists are a friendly group and several of them stopped, offering advice and thinking they had found the error. But in another few hours the bike had stopped again. Finally someone found the problem which was due to the brake cable hitting the engine and shorting.

When the cable was tied back, the bike ran nicely. However, all this took a long time. Daylight was fading and I was on the main road, the Great North Road which, as this was before motorways, was only a two lane road. My headlight was rather feeble and hardly lit up the road.

Even worse, I was blinded by the lights of the oncoming traffic. I was not quite sure what to do, but knew I had to get off the road, so I pushed the bike onto the grass verge and started walking.

I was wondering what I was going to do next when suddenly the bike slipped into a ditch next to the road, pulling me along and the heavy bike fell on top of me. The part that bothered me most was that the gasoline from the tank was running all over me. I was not a smoker so I had no matches or lighter; I was not worried about catching fire but was more concerned about the loss of my capital in my gas tank. Luckily a kindly country policeman came to my rescue, pulled my bike off me and me out of the ditch. Then I walked with him on the road to his police station where he said

I could stay the night.

He made me some tea, of course, and a sandwich but then he said, "I have to go on my rounds now and I'm not allowed to leave you at liberty here so I will have to lock you in the jail cell." There was a bunk in the cell and I slept soundly until 6 o'clock in the morning when he woke me up.

Luckily there was a filling station close by and there was still a bit of gas in my tank so I drove to the station and told them to fill up the tank. Then I told the owner that I had no cash but would happily leave my good watch as collateral. He said, "Don't worry. This happens all the time." So I got back to the hospital in time to start my new course, having happily spent my first night in jail!

Harvey Lewis

Clinical Report

We've got more wrinkles; we've got less hair,
But our memory banks are beyond compare.
Our canes and walkers take up room,
But, alas, without them we couldn't zoom.
If temps go up or blood pressure drops,
We'd have to deal with the Clinic Cops.
But, hey, the food is great and our digs are, too,
And most of us DIDN'T get the flu!
So let's give a hearty elders' cheer
That winter's leaving when spring gets here.

Lois Pulliam



The Elevator

The actual Off-Site bus trip to the Museum about an hour away from Carleton-Willard was uneventful. I had never been there, but they had some interesting exhibits including the usual things, e.g. old pots, mosaics, paintings, etc. A popular artist's work was the current major attraction and the Museum was soon teeming with people. However what I will always remember most was the Museum's elevator.

The Museum was housed in a four story very old building. It seemed to have long central staircases between floors and one single elevator more or less out of sight against the right-side wall of the building. Most people used the stairs to access the upper floors. Your aging author opted for the elevator.

It turned out that the entrance to it was through a bright, shiny, yellow metal door maybe four feet wide. I pressed the up arrow and the panel next to the door showed the elevator's progress from floor to floor. It seemed that in addition to the "2L" floor, there was a "2R" floor, "3L" and "3R" floors but only a "4" floor. Hmm. Was I on the "1" floor "R" or "L" and did it matter? Nothing seemed to happen. The panel showed something was going on, but with all those L's and R's I knew I would have to wait. And wait and wait is what I did. Where was the elevator?

No sound behind the nice shiny door gave any indication of imminent arrival of anything. Finally my door slid open. A single elderly woman with a walker emerged. She said that she had been closeted in the elevator for so long that she had almost pushed the emergency button.

The elevator, almost like the entrance door, was only about four feet wide, but looked close to nine or ten feet long. That's odd for an elevator. Should I just walk on? I hesitated and then, with a little trepidation entered and pressed the "3R" button. Eventually, very, very quietly the door closed. It was the quietest, slowest elevator I have ever been on. There was no indication whatsoever that we were moving.

Then my door silently opened. I was in the basement, a completely unplanned destination. (When I had first arrived, in trying to get some response I had pushed the Down button in addition to the Up button.) Well, there was nothing in the basement that looked interesting, so I stayed entombed. Eventually the door closed and my journey continued.

Still with no sound or sensation of movement, after some time another door at the far end of the elevator opened. I was at floor "3R" according to the panel inside the elevator. With no memory of why I had even come to floor "3R", I got off and used the stairs thereafter.

I imagined that this must be how it is to be buried in a long casket and have someone finally open the lid.

This trip for me had its ups and downs, mostly ups.

Wally Campbell

A Dream

My dream is to walk along West 73rd-74th on Broadway in Manhattan again.

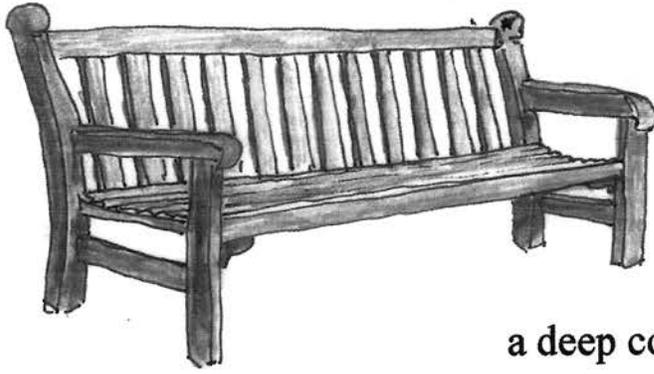
Jeanne Fischer





Places to sit ...

The Benches of Carleton-Willard

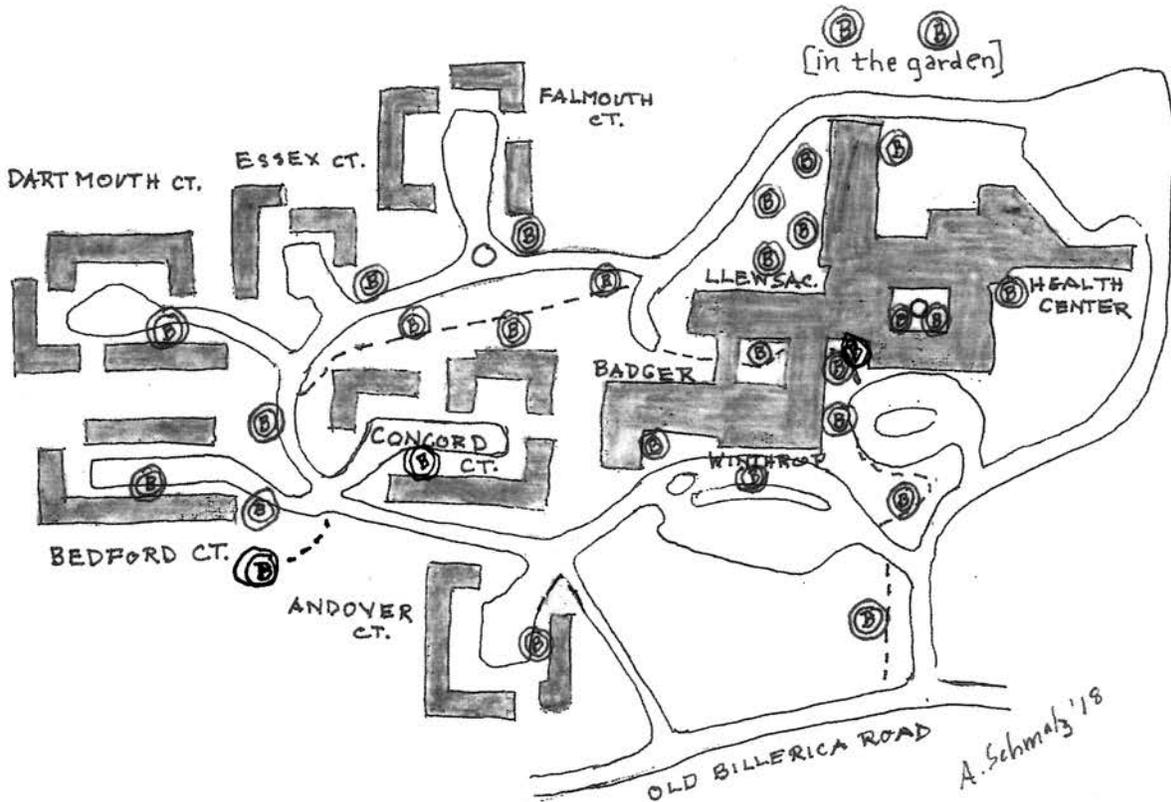


a high supportive back

strong arms for ease
of getting up and down

a deep concave seat
roomy enough for at least three people

Conveniently located for relaxation, contemplation and conversation





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

CWV Library Volunteers

What makes Carleton-Willard Village such a strong and active community? I am sure that we all agree that it is the result of the caring and involvement of our residents and the dedication of the management and staff. You can feel the warmth as you walk down the halls, join a fitness class, have a meal or attend an interesting program.

Volunteers are everywhere, visiting in the Health Center and Ross-Worthen, helping with pastoral services, organizing activities, watering plants, working in the General Store, offering comments and suggestions at our monthly Residents' Association meetings, and, most of all, working in the library.

Our library is completely organized and run by resident volunteers. Daily and weekly tasks include organizing the newspapers and puzzles, keeping the shelves in the hall inviting, shelving books, taking a cart of books up to the Health Center and to Ross-Worthen, and keeping the library attractive, neat and welcoming.

Book selection takes place at the beginning of every month. New regular print and large print books and a few donations, usually about thirty in all, are carefully chosen and are then processed and placed on the shelves for recent

acquisitions. The computer catalog is updated and lists are printed and made available to our residents. New catalog cards are printed and filed, and a display of book covers is created in the hall. Monthly book selection ensures that there is a steady stream of new books for our reading pleasure.

Technology is an important part of our library routine. Volunteers enter circulation information from the sign-out book into the library computer every week and this information is used to print out monthly reports and six-month reports which we use to find errors and to track overdue books. Once a year, usually in May, we print a three-year report of circulation and this is used during the summer when we weed the entire collection.

There is always work to be done in the library, and there are always volunteers willing to pitch in. We receive many appreciative comments from our fellow residents, and these make all the work worthwhile. We do love our library!

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

You Will Not Have My Hate by Antoine Leiris

A courageous testament to love and loss by the husband of a woman killed in the Paris bombings of 2015.

Blood Sisters by Jane Corry

In a mysterious accident, one of two sisters is disabled and the other feels compelled to care for her thereafter.

Second Wind by Nathaniel Philbrick

The witty tale of a sunfish sailor, an island, and a voyage that brought a family together.

Megafire by Michael Kotas

The author criticizes the policy of putting out every little fire in California which leads to more destructive fires.

Every Note Played by Lisa Genova

The story of a 45-year-old renowned and self-absorbed pianist who is struck with ALS.

The Line Becomes a River by Francisco Cantu

A former border agent writes beautifully about the realities of human life on the Mexican border.

The Friend by Sigrid Nunez

The tale of grief and healing, as a woman is left with an unwanted dog when her best friend dies.

The Widows of Malabar Hill by Sujata Massey

A young woman in India, prohibited from law practice, works with widows who sign away everything when their husbands die.

The Sun Does Shine by Anthony Ray Hinton

A memoir of how a thirty year inmate of death row, later declared innocent, found life and freedom.

An Artist of the Floating World by

Kazuo Ishiguro

Extraordinary story of a Japanese artist who served in World War II and now struggles with his memories and torn relationships.

Natural Causes by Barbara Ehrenreich

The author describes an epidemic of wellness therapy, the struggle to live longer, and the certainty of death.

A Wrinkle in Time by Madeleine L'Engle

A coming of age fantasy, highlighting courage, resourcefulness and the importance of family ties.

Asymmetry by Lisa Halliday

Alice, an aspiring young writer, meets Ezra, an aging novelist who is leaving the literary world.

To Die but Once by Jacqueline Winspear

In 1940, Maisie Dobbs, British nurse, spy and psychologist, is caught up in the strange death of a local boy.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Guo, Xiaolu Nine Continents
 Hinton, Anthony Ray The Sun Does Shine
 Leiris, Antoine You Will Not Have My Hate
 Mandela, Nelson Dare Not Linger (*)
 Maynard, Joyce The Best of Us (*)
 Philbrick, Nathaniel Second Wind
 Stewart, Rory The Marches
 Westover, Tara Educated

Biography

Junor, Penny The Duchess (*)

Current Affairs

Cantu, Francisco The Line Becomes a River
 Carpenter, Ben The Bigs (for High School students)
 Frum, David Trumpocracy
 Irving, Debby Waking Up White
 Lee, Bandy The Dangerous Case of Donald Trump
 Pinker, Steven Enlightenment Now
 Rather, Dan What Unites Us (*)
 Robinson, Marilynne What Are We Doing Here?
 Vincent, Lynn & Hill, Dog Company
 Captain Roger
 Wolff, Michael Fire and Fury
 Wolff, Michael Fire and Fury (*)

Environment

Kodas, Michael Megafire

Fiction

Alexander, Tasha Death in St. Petersburg (*)
 Alexander, V. S. The Taster (*)
 Allende, Isabel In the Midst of Winter
 Benedict, Marie Carnegie's Maid

Benedict, Marie Carnegie's Maid (*)
 Benjamin, Chloe The Immortalists
 Carlisle, Kate Once Upon a Spine (*)
 Corry, Jane Blood Sisters
 Cussler, Clive The Rising Sea
 Denton, Lauren K. The Hideaway (*)
 Ellicott, Jessica Murder in an English Village
 Gardner, Lisa Look for Me
 Gardner, Lisa Right Behind You (*)
 Genova, Lisa Every Note Played
 Genova, Lisa Every Note Played (*)
 George, Elizabeth The Punishment She Deserves
 Glover, Dennis The Last Man in Winter
 Grimes, Martha The Knowledge
 Halliday, Lisa Asymmetry
 Hannah, Kristin The Great Alone
 Harris, Robert Munich
 Helprin, Mark Paris in the Present Tense (*)
 Hendricks, Greer & The Wife Between Us
 Pekkanen, Sarah
 Herron, Mick This is What Happened
 Ishiguro, Kazuo An Artist of the Floating World
 Ivey, Eowyn The Snow Child
 Johnson, Debbie Christmas at the Comfort Food Café (*)
 Kawakami, Hiromi The Nokano Theft Shop (*)
 Kellerman, Jonathan Night Moves
 Kiernan, Stephen P. The Baker's Secret (*)
 Lawton, John Friends and Traitors
 Lawton, John The Unfortunate Englishman
 L'Engle, Madeleine A Wrinkle in Time
 Leon, Donna The Temptation of Forgiveness



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

| | | | |
|----------------------------|--|---|---|
| Massey, Sujata | The Widows of Malabar Hill | Kiernan, Denise | The Last Castle (*) |
| McCall Smith, Alexander | The Good Pilot Peter Woodhouse | Kix, Paul | The Saboteur |
| McCall Smith, Alexander | A Time of Love and Tartan | Origo, Iris | A Chill in the Air |
| McKibben, Bill | Radio Free Vermont (*) | Roberts, Cokie | We Are Our Mothers' Daughters |
| Moyes, Jojo | Still Me | Sammarco, Anthony | Jordan Marsh |
| Nunez, Sigrid | The Friend | Stratton, Julius A. | Mind and Hand |
| O'Brien, Tim | The Things They Carried (*) | Miscellaneous | |
| Pearl, Matthew | The Technologists | Spence, Annie | Dear Fahrenheit 451 (*) |
| Perry, Anne | Twenty-one Days | Nature | |
| Quindlen, Anna | Alternate Side | Katz, Jon | Saving Simon (*) |
| Runcie, James | Sidney Chambers and the Shadow of Death | Voigt, Emily | The Dragon Behind the Glass |
| Rutherford, Anne | The Opening Night Murder | Poetry | |
| Steel, Danielle | Country | Howard, Walter | Reflections in Moonlight |
| Steel, Danielle | Fairytales | Religion | |
| Thayer, Nancy | The Island House | Arnold, Scott T. | What Did Jesus Know? |
| Todd, Charles | The Gate Keeper | Chittister, Joan | For Everything a Season |
| Tudor, C. J. | The Chalk Man | Wills, Garry | What the Qur'an Meant |
| Walker, Wendy | Emma in the Night | Resident Authors | |
| Ward, Jesmyn | Sing, Unburied, Sing (*) | Tucker, Catherine & Tyler, Marialyce | The Tucker-Tyler Adventure |
| Wein, Elizabeth | The Pearl Thief | West, Nancy | The Experience of Our Years, Vol. II |
| Winspear, Jacqueline | To Die But Once | Shohet, ed. | |

Health/Wellness

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Bredesen, Dale, MD | The End of Alzheimers (*) |
| Ehrenreich, Barbara | Natural Causes |
| Leland, John | Happiness Is a Choice You Make (*) |

History

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Blum, Howard | In the Enemy's House (*) |
| Daughan, George C. | Lexington and Concord |
| Grann, David | Killers of the Flower Moon |
| Kiernan, Denise | The Last Castle |

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff





CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

100 OLD BILLERICA ROAD • BEDFORD, MA 01730

781.275.8700 • FAX 781.275.5787