



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



Tim Martin's splendid aqua acrylic, "Taughannock Falls", brings the joy and adventure of summer excursions to our June cover. For many of us, our dads often shared these outings with us, thus tying in our theme "Life with Father". Authors took the theme in several directions, some remembering how a father's love and companionship had nurtured their lives while another describes growing up with no knowledge of her father.

Other writers brought a variety of experiences to our pages, including Stephanie Rolfe's compelling story of a visit from overseas by a wonderfully special nephew, and Madelyn Armstrong's recollections of her family's "Maine camp". Joan Kaufman gives us a lovely haiku, the first we can recall in the *Villager*, while Sue Hay has penned a second poem about our big construction project.

And on that subject, as we write this letter in April, the Victoria Café has just reopened looking quite smart with new décor and furnishings. It will offer hot soup, "grab and go" prepared sandwiches, salads, pastries and desserts as well as a place to meet friends while chatting over coffee, tea and a muffin or bagel. The new Bistro, with its stained glass windows on the Main Street side and now-under-construction Croquet Lawn outside the opposite windows will also soon open. And by the time summer is over, artists should be painting in the new studio, billiards and ping pong enthusiasts playing in the Game Room and all of us enjoying the many facets of the Village Centre.

We are happy that Fran Bronzo has agreed to join the Circulation Team, a vital link in the *Villager* chain which includes the Editorial Board, writers, artists, production designer and editors, all wishing readers an adventurous and happy summer.

Alice Morrish Peggy McKibben

Co-Editors



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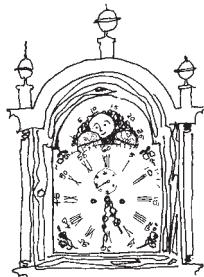
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From the Chief Executive Officer



"You see things and you say, 'Why?' But I dream things that never were, and I say, 'Why not?'"

George Bernard Shaw

There's something about a stained glass window. The way the light hits it, each individual colored piece a glowing jewel transformed by the sun. As a child, I would sit in church, mesmerized, drawn into every mystical scene. This was the magic experienced by millions for centuries: of being transported to places where one might witness the unimaginable, even the miraculous.

To me, stained glass windows were a time machine, a portal - to the far-away past, the distant future, to places here on earth and in worlds beyond. It was dizzying to me. What is happening on the other side of the glass?

These thoughts are with me as I sit in our new Bistro, gazing into our own illuminated panels of azure, yellow and rose, and contemplating the 35th anniversary of Carleton-Willard Village.

How far have we come as a community? Where are we yet to go?

Today's Village is beyond what any of us could realistically hope for in 1982. Although, we had fairly ambitious aspirations. Maybe that's been the real secret to our success: daring to dream big. To imagine the unimaginable, to commit to a path without really knowing what lay ahead -- just to see, well, what if?

Success doesn't just happen. It takes, as they say, "a Village" - the unified efforts of a group, all following the same set of guiding principles, committing to the same goals, and to each other.

It's an undertaking requiring a massive assembly of skills, plus a continual investment of effort and personal resolve.

And a leap of faith.

Any leap of faith is an act of love. You have to love your life's work. The people you work with. And, most of all, the people you work for - our residents.

As I gaze through the Bistro's illuminated glass, I wonder: what will we accomplish in the years ahead? What new "unimaginable" things will we, together, help make a reality?

Coming together, they say, is a beginning; keeping together, progress; working together, success!



Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Thoreau Falls 1946

Some of the greatest days we ever spent in the White Mountains as youngsters we were mostly naked!

From Zealand Falls Hut, west of Crawford Notch, our two-family group (we called ourselves Camp Skunk Cabbage!) would set out for a day of exploring, scampering and skinny dipping in the long series of pools sculpted from the smooth granite bedrock of Thoreau Falls. From the AMC hut, we followed the Ethan Pond Trail, an old lumber railroad bed cut along the slopes of Mt. Field above Zealand Notch. A few miles later, the Thoreau Falls Trail left the level grade and descended beside the falls of the North Fork of the East Branch of the Pemigewasset River - Thoreau Falls.

The Falls provided an amusement park for us. The erosion of years had washed the soil and bushes from the granite bedrock beneath. The result was a quarter-mile-long series of moderately steep pitches of bare rock falls ending in clear, icy mountain pools. We scrambled up and down the smooth rock faces, then slid down natural mossy troughs and into the crystal basins of water at the foot of each pitch. There seemed an endless succession of these clear baths of various sizes and depths. So we bounded up and down, splashing delightfully with the springy energy of youth and excitement until it was time for lunch, toweling off, and warming in the summer sun.

Having cavorted all morning, we stretched out on our tummies to bake on the warm rocks, and feasted on our Appalachian Mountain Club trail lunches. A few afternoon swims and we were ready for the hike back to the hut.

These sunny days of peace, privacy and play were highlights of our White Mountain hiking trips. The wilderness had freely given us a water park, and we came to feel for a while that we innocents had become united with Great Nature in an unforgettable, indelible way.

D. Alexander Wieland

Memories of my Father: a Country Doctor

Ray Stillman was a 1916 graduate of Bates College and of Harvard Medical School in 1920. After finishing his residency, he and my mother settled in Wareham, Massachusetts, often called the Gateway to Cape Cod, and his office was in our home. My two sisters and I were born during the 1920's. Sadly, they have now died, but I am still hanging in there and remember our Wareham years very well.



The nearest hospital was in New Bedford and today's Tobey Hospital was not opened until 1940. Because of the demands of my Father's practice, our life had to adhere to a strict time schedule. Our family ate our big meal together at noon. We girls would pedal our bikes home from school as fast as we could, eat our big meal together at noon, then return to school by 1:00 p.m.

During the Thirties, we had a cook who was also a housekeeper. Dishes would have to be done and the kitchen made tidy by 1:30 p.m., when patients would arrive. Office hours were 1:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m. and again from 7:00 p.m. until 8:30 p.m. My Father napped from 1:00 p.m. to 1:20 p.m. This nap, although short, was enough to make him ready for the patients' arrival at 1:30 p.m. As they arrived, they were seated in various



places. There was the office waiting room for some. Babies and their mothers were placed in the kitchen or the dining room. My Father was assisted in his office by a young woman whom he had trained in medical procedures. When she was not busy in the office, she was in the kitchen with a big autoclave which sterilized the medical instruments. Then, or if she was away and I was not in school, he would ask me to help him -- almost always a treat for me.

Many medical procedures were done in our home. Our basement had an x-ray machine and a dark room for developing film. There was also a table where my Father could set fractured bones and place limbs in Plaster of Paris casts. He had a supply of crutches which he would lend out free of charge. He performed minor surgical operations such as removing growths, sewing lacerations, removing fish hooks, and the like. Most important of all, he listened to the patient's history. All of this I remember when I think of my Father.

Through the years, he would always be there for me. He would often come to watch me as I played ice hockey matches every Saturday in the winter. He would take me with him as he went to see patients and he'd say, "Bring the assigned book reading"; then he would quiz me when he returned from the patient's house.

As you may be able to tell, I'm very proud of my Father. In his career he delivered over five thousand babies. An album of photographs of 109 of these children was presented to my Father by some of the kind people of East Wareham, Parkwood, Great Neck and Tempest Knob. That book is now one of my most treasured possessions.

During the thirties many people were very poor and some had a hard time paying their bills. My Father's fees at first were \$3.00 for a house call and \$25 for a home delivery. Payments were often in berries, chickens, eggs or vegetables. There were times when years after a delivery someone came to our door to pay for the delivery even though the child was all grown up.

I am very proud of my Father.

Ruth Fernandez

Life with Father

My father, Robert Frederick Flege, was born in 1898 to teachers-turned-farmers in Williamstown, Kentucky. He was one of ten children, nine of whom graduated from college. (One died in childhood.) His parents were devoted Methodists who lived by the Golden Rule and celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary.

Just after his 1918 graduation from the University of Kentucky as a language major, he joined the Army and went to what we call "boot camp". When the war ended in November he returned to his intended career and became a high school teacher. That's where he later met my mother, who enrolled in his Latin class. They assured my brother and me that my mother's straight A's had nothing to do with my father's post-graduate courtship, and I hope and trust this is true.

Father quickly became Principal and the Superintendent of Schools in Irvine, Kentucky, a small town close to what we call Appalachia. When in elementary school I could walk there with my 6'2" father, and I had to match his long stride, scuttling alongside him. Friends can attribute my "fast walk" to this early training.

It was the Depression, of course, in those days. We rented our house and had no car, but we had, and continued to buy, books and even a baby grand piano. Both my parents were wonderful readers-aloud and they read all the children's classics to us: "Winnie the Pooh", "Alice in Wonderland", "The Five Children", "Grimm's Fairy Tales" and lots more, moving into Dickens and Stevenson, *et al.* At no age were we told that any "adult book" was too old for us, so we had dipped into those on our own. There was no public library--only the Pack Horse library which came in a van irregularly. That left just the school libraries which were not large in a small town.

Father went back to the University of Kentucky during successive summer schools to get his M.A. degree. He also worked as a paymaster for the Kentucky Highway Department, riding horseback on the mountainous roads. This was a hard way to put yourself through college as a



married man with a family. He was a man who could do anything, however, including milking cows, shearing sheep, sawing wood and scything weeds and tall grass. He could repair things and build simple structures - all useful talents in a farm boy. He was also a wordsmith, a crossword fanatic, and a marvelous bridge player who could recall every card in every hand of the previous night's game. That memory served him well, as he knew every schoolchild by name, and, eventually, every child's parents, siblings and grandparents. He loved poetry and could recite reams of the classics, as well as funny and distinctly NOT classic rhymes. He was a superb public speaker and remained "a draw" in retirement, when he often entertained the Lexington, Kentucky Historical Society.

When World War II came, the language teachers went into the service or war-related jobs, and my father decided to teach Spanish in their absence. Alas, I took his class and, as he was an excellent teacher, there was no way I could slide by unnoticed. If he felt I hadn't studied enough, he was sure to call on and embarrass me!

Father was head of Civil Defense during the war and my mother became Red Cross Home Service Director, a full-time job which required a two-week training at the National Red Cross in Washington, D.C. The war was different in middle America from coastal cities such as Boston or San Francisco, but we had scrap drives, rationing and all the ups and downs shared nationwide.

My senior class graduated in 1945 and we had been freshmen in 1941 - the War years - so we had no yearbook (paper shortage) or real prom. However, some of us began college knowing the war had finally ended in August and that was more than enough to make up for minor losses.

My father proved that a small town (2,300) school system could hire good teachers and turn out students who succeeded in area colleges and nationally known universities. He served Irvine schools for many years before resigning to work for Kentucky's Department of Vocational Rehabilitation. In that role, he visited every one of the 120 counties in the commonwealth. He and

my mother were just about to celebrate their 70th anniversary when he died - while working the Sunday crossword puzzle. He did, however, manage to get to his 75th college reunion, along with his brother, Blain, a classmate. He got to see my brother's and my weddings, the births of his beloved grandchildren, and even those of about half of the great-grandchildren. I'm just sorry that the youngest generation did not get to know him.

Lois Pulliam



Welcome New Residents

Lawrence Curtiss and Jennifer Masters

from Concord, 1/14/17

Mrs. Phyllis Doherty

from Bedford, 3/8/17

Ms. Martha Gruson

from Concord, 3/27/17

Mr. Harry Richter

from Woburn, 4/7/17



PROFILES

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Construction Site (Continued)

1-22-17

The creature rolls up from the South
With crooked neck and gaping mouth.
It roars with hunger, comes to steal
A big (unappetizing) meal.
The mammoth monster's jaw unlocks,
Goes down and grabs a pile of rocks,
Lifts up, turns slowly, seems to savor
What must be a peculiar flavor!
It hesitates, but then, unstuck,
Spits mouthful in a waiting truck!

Sue Hay



Life with My Father

Eight years after the youngest of my three brothers was born, I arrived in the world. Needless to say, I was welcomed with great fanfare. My mother had someone to fuss over, fixing my hair in the curls of the day (à la Shirley Temple), and dressing me in beautiful clothes. These were for special occasions, thank goodness; I also had play clothes.

Whereas my mother concentrated on how I looked, my father made things for me in his woodworking shop. Although I cannot recall everything he made for me, one special structure I will never forget. It all began with a sand-box about four feet by four feet square lined with linoleum or oil cloth. There were seats along the four sides and an awning which could be tilted to block the sun. My friends and I spent hours there creating all sorts of dramas as we played. It was fun even when I played alone, which was often the case. Daddy would come to sit on the side seat to watch me create. He was a great source of ideas. I loved those chats with just the two of us.

One day, perhaps when I was six or even younger, as my interest in the sandbox began to wane, Daddy asked me if I would like him to convert it to a doll house. I loved playing with dolls and even made clothes for them. (Mother was the instructor in that enterprise. She crocheted sweaters for them and taught me how to knit at a young age.) I was thrilled with the prospect of having a home for the dolls. Daddy and I sat down together and discussed what features this house should have. He drew up floor plans to help me visualize it.

I was the project supervisor as I watched my dream house take shape. My three brothers were more like day workers. They helped when they were home and had nothing better to do. Carpentry was not their forte. They were more interested in tennis or playing music.

I am sure the construction took most of the summer. My father went to "The Office" during the week. The dollhouse was his weekend job. It was a traditional two-story but with some exciting unique features. I imagined a real estate ad:



"House For Rent. Two stories, three bedrooms, kitchen, dining room, living room w. attached playroom, 1½ baths, running water and all-electric service throughout. Shingled double pitch roof. Dimensions 6' x 6' x 6' (width x depth x height). Special unique feature: front façade opens out making front rooms accessible to a small child".

Yes, I could crawl inside the front rooms. I was like Alice after she drank the "Drink Me" potion.

Of course we needed wallpaper. With a twinkle in his eyes, Daddy and I entered a wallpaper store. "May I help you?"

"Yes, we need enough paper to cover the walls of three bedrooms, dining room, living room and playroom."

"How many rolls do you think you will need?"

"About one."

The look of shock and disappointment on the man's face was priceless. We had a good laugh on the way home.

What fun I had! The water did run in the sinks. With a little switch I could turn on all the lights. We went on expeditions to buy furniture. Mother gave me some fabric for rugs. She taught



me how to make curtains out of an old one from our house.

When I was ten I went away to camp but I was still attached to my doll house and sewed curtains during rest hour.

The time finally came when I lost interest in playing with dolls. New tenants with bushy tails moved in. Each spring I tried to clean up after them but it was an overwhelming job - slum clearance in miniature. My niece was born when I was thirteen so she became the next landlord, but an absentee one. The decay continued.

Sadly the dollhouse was eventually demolished but the memories have lived on in the entire family.

Early on my father took me on Sunday morning expeditions to educational and fun places such as the old Boston Aquarium in South Boston. Later on he drove me to Sunday School from Jamaica Plain to Boston. This was a wonderful occasion for us to talk about all kinds of topics. Our conversations in the car were always educational and fascinating. He seemed to have a wealth of knowledge.

Not to down-play my mother who was also an important element in my life, especially when it came to the arts. She was a talented pianist. I joined her at Symphony at the Friday afternoon concerts when I was twelve and a student at a nearby school. We went to the theater together and took piano lessons from the same teacher. She was also very "high-strung" and was easily upset. My father was always patient and tried to soothe her. He was often the one to break bad news to her and would do so when he thought it was "the right time".

By the time I reached adolescence, Mother became very ill. My father was her loving caretaker. I helped when I could. In all my ninety-one years I have never seen a more patient person than he was with her, at the same time continuing to raise me, an adolescent daughter with her own growing-up problems. What a wonderful man!

My father rarely was angry with me. One time I have never forgotten was when I was three or four. I cannot imagine what the crime

was, but I will never forget the punishment. He had bought me a bag of chocolate Easter bunnies. Each time he asked me if I would promise never to do "that" again, I stubbornly said "No" through heaving sobs, as one by one the bunnies disappeared down the toilet. Only when he was down to the last one did I say "Yes". I guess I never did it again because I never had a repeat of that devastating punishment. It hurt twice as much because I adored him; I suspect he suffered, too.

When I was away at college and a Chemistry major, he was on the phone giving me advice and support when I requested it. He had considered majoring in Chemistry himself before he switched to Government. Much to my chagrin he remembered more than I did!

He welcomed my husband into the family and loved our children. He and Mother drove from their home in Brookline to our home in Newton almost every Sunday. He always brought a steak dinner purchased at a special butcher shop in downtown Boston near "The Office". We all looked forward to those visits.

Sadly, my wonderful father never lived to see our home in Lincoln. The hospital called my oldest brother and together we had the excruciating job of telling Mother that he had died. Without my father to cushion the devastating news, how were we going to manage? She took one look at us and she knew, but she was surprisingly strong. It was I who was the one who needed him to soften the blow.

Esther Braun

Haiku

Yesterday I heard
This Spring's first Redwing singing.
My heart opened wide.

Joan Kaufman



In Memory	
Lila Hexner	January 10
Regina Meadvin	January 19
Steven Hastings	January 21
Joan Stockard	January 26
Margaret Potter	January 31
Vaman Bawdekar	February 3
Carol Pearson	February 6
Ward Chamberlin	February 23
Eleanor Finkelstein	February 24
Paul Phelps	March 13
Catharine Allen	March 21
Joyce Atchinson	April 6
Wallace Fox	April 9

Words and Songs Our Father Gave Us

"There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;"

And thus my father would begin one of his favorite recitations, *The Cremation of Sam McGee*.

In his four children he had a rapt audience -- at least at the beginning -- but I imagine my mother had heard it all too often! Born at a time when memorization was central to a good education, he was able to recite many things, but what we heard were not classics in the normal sense, but rather long tales with an odd twist. Certainly they were not written for children, but we relished them all the same. I remember especially the twenty-one verse story of *Three Ha'pence a Foot* and the eighteen verses of *The Lion and Albert*. These were by an Englishman named Marriott Edgar and my father tackled them with a strong British accent.

He taught us songs that went on and on and, like the poetry, told a story. We all sang them together and I have loved singing them to my children and grandchildren. I remember particularly *Froggie Went A'Courting*, *The Eddystone Light*, *There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea*, *Clementine* and *The Logger Lover*.

Washing dishes after dinner was a ritual made enjoyable by singing ballads and learning to harmonize. *Sweet Adeline*, *In the Sweet Bye and Bye*, *Aura Lee*, and the *Whiffenpoof Song* are but a few of these. The years after World War II produced many great musicals and songs from these came into the repertoire.

In elementary school we might learn *The Children's Hour* but I wish the ability to memorize poetry had been further encouraged when I was growing up, or perhaps it is a gift that comes naturally. I am glad that I had the benefit of those words and songs given to us by our father. I can still hear him finish that Robert Service epic -



"The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.

Anne Parker Schmalz

Driving with Dad

My Dad was straight arrow, a civil engineer who graduated from university during the Depression, who first started working for South Penn Natural Gas and Oil Co. ("Pennzoil" and "Pennzip") during summers while he was still in college. The "company" kept him working all during the Depression and for that his loyalty was so strong he was still working for South Penn when he died of a heart attack at age fifty-six.

He was modest, never bragged, kind and absolutely reliable. People who worked with him and for him both respected and expressed great affection for him. He loved to garden and to gift neighbors with vegetables from our back-yard garden. He was fun but seldom exuberant, though if he was really amused would laugh till he cried. He was a member of a weekly candlestick bowling league, was a good bridge player and he loved driving.

When I was seven he was promoted to the engineering office in Pittsburgh where I spent a large part of my childhood. Saturdays were pretty much dedicated to errands and household chores; Sunday mornings we went to church but Sunday afternoons we went for "a drive".

I'm sure he must have mapped those drives out ahead of time so we saw different parts of the countryside beyond Pittsburgh. One destination I loved was Allegheny County Airport to watch the planes come in. Oh, for a nine year old girl that was exciting! We always had to wait a short while before we could spot a plane far in the distance, coming closer, propellers whirring and finally stopping just beyond the wire fence in front of us.

Then the steps were dragged across the tarmac, locked into the side of the plane and soon the door opened and there appeared a beautiful stewardess, smart in a navy or maroon uniform with wings insignia and a small peaked cap. Soon

the very stylish passengers alighted: women usually in hats, gloves and high heels, men in suits and ties. Who, I wondered, were these lucky people? Perhaps, movie stars? Now, as I think about modern plane travel, I still think they were extraordinarily lucky. Now one would need to be in a corporate jet to have such pampering service. Several years ago I had a layover at the Allegheny County Airport and was amazed to find a huge shopping mall inside the airport -- a far cry from the small airfield where I had so enjoyed the wind blowing my hair as the propeller planes flew in.

Occasionally the final stop on our drives was to get ice cream cones. My brother, Ben, and I always hoped that might be included but those were Depression years and we had been taught not to beg for treats. My parents never talked much about "hard times". I felt quite secure and well loved but understood that I should be appreciative of treats but not demanding.

Sometimes those outings included a picnic, prepared by Mother who was a fine Southern cook. We went to South Park which had many picnic sites, each with tables and children's swings and a slide. We had a favorite spot which did not seem to attract many other picnickers and there we would feast on Mother's fried chicken and other delicacies, often including Devil's Food Cake. The park also had a large swimming pool but those were the days of great polio dread so Ben and I never got to experience that. We would go home on a different road, thus learning more about our new surroundings.

Once it was time for a new (used) car and to the total joy of his children, Dad drove up in a car with a rumble seat! Wow! I can still remember the little pads on the back that we used to climb into that wonderful chariot. We could sit back there, waving to friends, feeling like royalty.

At that age, never mind that my hair was being blown askew, this was thrilling. If we got drenched on occasion, I have forgotten it, but as winter came I think my more practical mother must have decided this wasn't going to work and the car disappeared, but I have always been glad that Daddy had a chance to demonstrate his more flamboyant side.

Peggy McKibben



Village

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

The Visit of the Robots

Dr. Blandine Antoine, an executive at iRobot Corporation, visited with robots named Roomba and Scooba. While the robots cleaned and waxed the floor of the stage behind her, Dr. Antoine gave residents a brief history of the Bedford based company. Founded in 1990 by three MIT roboticists, early products aided cleanup at the World Trade Center site in 2001, explored inside the Egyptian pyramids, and assisted in military operations in Iraq and Afghanistan. Now focused entirely on consumer products, iRobot offers various devices to equip a “smart connected home”, including Mirra to clean the swimming pool and Looj to clean the gutters on the roof. Residents were fascinated by this glimpse into the “internet of things”.



Unsinkable Women

Deborah Jean Templin wrote and performed this entertaining drama, telling the stories of eight survivors of the Titanic disaster. To create the mood of the era, she sang popular songs, beginning with “Oh, You Beautiful Girl” and ending with “Smiles”. Costume changes introduced each character. Eleanor Widener founded the Widener Library at Harvard in memory of her son. The Cardeza Foundation for Hematologic Research honors survivor Charlotte Cardeza. Feisty Margaret (Molly) Brown, a philanthropist was awarded the Legion of Honor. Violet Jessop, a chambermaid, continued to work aboard steamers. These women provided four of the remarkable stories from the Titanic.

Tim Martin Exhibit

A resident passing by this exhibit of Tim Martin’s paintings said, “These paintings lift my spirits tremendously!” This is certainly the feeling that many people share. Drawn from the past twenty-five years of art activity, the vivid colors, distinct shapes and topical variety are reflections of both Tim’s professional architectural career and his spontaneous nature. He admits to an emotional connection with his choice of subject matter which ranges from human interest to nature to landscapes. There is often a sense of one on vacation. He notes that his work has gradually evolved from realism to interpretation. It altogether entertains us.

Thespians Present Three Plays

Three contemporary “ten minute” plays, each featuring two characters in a brief, but life revealing encounter, offered residents a stimulating blend of humor and pathos. In “Ski Lift”, Egbert (Tim Martin) and his companion Ralphe (Bob Schmalz) discuss who will jump to his death first (neither does). In “Angel at My Door”, Holly (Elizabeth Flemings) convinces Jake (Paul Drouilhet) to abandon suicidal thoughts and take her into his bookstore as a “daughter”/assistant. In “Smitten”, Amy (Janet Lovejoy) persuades her friend Barb (Sibyl Martin) to stay in her loving relationship with God, despite the inconveniences (“Never date a deity!”). Sheila LaFarge directed and the audience responded enthusiastically.

Old Chestnuts for the Young at Heart

An appreciative audience welcomed the return of flautist Wendy Rolfe and pianist Deborah DeWolfe Emery for a delightful program of “Old Chestnuts for the Young at Heart”, a program offered in celebration of Wendy’s mother Stephanie Rolfe “entering her ninth decade”. The seven selections, all chosen by Stephanie, were accompanied by family photographs of Stephanie at various stages in her life, from infancy and childhood to marriage and as a Carleton-Willard resident. Featured were Chaminade’s passionate “Concertino” and Poulenc’s “Sonata for Flute and Piano”. For a change of pace, Wendy joined son Samuel Dunham, playing his great-grandfather’s violin for two sprightly duets.



Happenings

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

UTEC-Lowell

Residents were privileged to visit the home and meet the staff of this outstanding organization. The mission of UTEC is “to ignite and nurture the ambition of our most disconnected young people to trade violence and poverty for social and economic success”. (UTEC began as the United Teen Equality Center, but shortened its name for simplicity.) About 175 people aged sixteen to twenty-four, half of them already parents, are served annually by street workers, coaches, teachers and counselors. Participants gain parenting skills, complete high school, learn job skills and work habits, and build more healthy and confident lives. We were inspired by the staff and young people we met.

Next Steps for Citizen Action

About seventy five residents gathered for a wide ranging discussion on steps citizens can take to respond to recent national developments that concern many in the group. As emphasized by the Moderator *pro tem*, the meeting was non-partisan and apolitical. A list of Issues and Concerns was developed. Names and contact information for organizations addressing these concerns were shared and will be posted. Based on experience, residents encouraged a three-step approach: join and donate to one or more organizations; call elected officials and express your views; and write letters to editors. Follow-on meetings were scheduled and held.

A Visit to Middlesex Jail

Residents visited the Middlesex Jail and House of Correction in Billerica on a trip arranged by Tom Larkin who formerly directed a program for inmates. After complying with a rigorous security procedure, and receiving thorough orientation to the history and current life at the jail, we visited the area where inmates meet their personal visitors, the health services unit, and Pod A, housing 120 inmates, two men per cell. During a simple but tasty lunch prepared by inmates, we met an inmate who told us his story and answered many questions. Finally, Sheriff Peter Koutoujian hosted a frank and highly informative question and answer session.

New England Aquarium

On a clear but blustery winter day residents relaxed while Driver Extraordinaire Carlos navigated downtown traffic en route to the New England Aquarium, where an amazing variety of sea life is on display. A highlight of the visit was seeing



part of the giant octopus; much of him (her?) was hiding behind a pillar. Readers were reminded of the 2015 book “The Soul of an Octopus”. Oohs and aahs were heard from residents viewing the entertaining (and educational) penguins, the brilliantly colored anemones, the playful harbor seals, the HUGE turtle and the fascinating fish in the giant tank. Afterwards a delicious lunch was enjoyed at “Provisions” nearby.

Carleton-Willard Village Singers

On an early spring evening, the twenty CWV Singers under director Robert Lague opened their Spring Concert with the stirring spiritual, “I Woke Up This Morning”. Selections from Broadway musicals included “I Feel Pretty” from “West Side Story” and several from “My Fair Lady”. Stefan Schatzki lent his rich baritone to Copland’s Old American Songs, while Ara Tyler and Harry Hoover united in four love ballads. A Schubert Mass movement and the traditional round “Dona Nobis Pacem” lent a classical air. Finally the audience joined in a prayer for peace and “Give My Regards to Broadway” before bringing down the house with “God Bless America”.

Edwin Cox



Climbing with My Dad and My Brother

When my Dad was young and single, he got a job in New York City and went to live at the YMCA, where he made several life-long friends. A couple of his pals got him interested in weekend trips to places outside the city involving hikes and moderate mountain climbing. One of their favorite places was called Mount Schunnemunk (pronounced "skunny monk") in Orange County, New York. The mountain features a long North-South ridge with beautiful views in every direction, and the Hudson River Valley off to the East.

When I was seven years old and my brother was nine, Dad took us there one gorgeous fall day. I recall feeling very exhilarated and proud of myself for making it all the way without slowing them down. (Well, perhaps I did a bit but they were nice enough not to mention it.) He took us to other places in later years, but Schunnemunk has remained my favorite childhood climbing or hiking memory.

My brother never married and through his adult life he returned to Schunnemunk numerous times. The last time he did so, at age seventy-four, he made it all the way, but noticed that he was quite winded compared to a previous climb a couple of years earlier. This was his first clue that he had begun to suffer from a serious lung condition, and he died less than a year later. I have spread some of his ashes along the Concord River to commemorate a canoe paddle during a visit with our family in the 1960's. But I have saved a portion, hoping to spread some someday at Mt. Schunnemunk, surely his favorite place in all the world.

Bard S. Crawford

Summers on Pease Pond

When I was a kid, I spent all summer at our camp on a small pond in rural Maine. Yes, we did call it a "camp" not a "cottage". Cottages were owned by people from AWAY, like Massachusetts, and were often located on AWAY-occupied lakes like Sebago, or on the coast. Our camp was on a very small pond, Pease Pond, one mile from Beans Corner where there were two houses and one little store - Dot's Corner Store. One of the houses had "T's on every shutter because that's where the Toothakers lived. The other house was obviously a very prosperous farm, quite expansive with a grand view up to the Blue Mountains in Weld. I don't think we knew the people who lived there. Maybe they had a cottage somewhere . . .

The camp, physically, was quite attractive on the outside. It was painted white with dark green trim and was secured from the adjacent cow pasture by a white picket fence which we had to paint at the beginning of every summer. There were only two camps at the foot of the pond, ours and the Carters' which, to be honest was rather a dump, but we co-existed and Junior Carter and I even played together occasionally. They had a dog named "Nuisance" - honest, he once ate a pound of butter off the picnic table in our yard.

The camp didn't have running water or electricity. We fetched drinking water from a spring a short boat ride away. No water ever tasted so good. We had a hand pump in the sink that we primed with pond water. When boiled on the wood stove it served for washing dishes and sponge baths - there was no shower. I could describe the chemical toilet in the tiny indoors bathroom but you'd rather I didn't. Anyone who has lived with one will understand how my father grew the most spectacular tuberous-rooted begonias under the pine tree in the corner of the yard. For lights, we had kerosene lamps which were cleaned and filled each week. Later on my father had gas lights installed. The mantles in the lights were like gossamer; they had to be replaced periodically when one of us squeezed them too hard and they would seem to evaporate.



in a puff of nothingness. Heat on the cool August nights was provided by the kitchen stove, banked for the night, and originally by a Franklin stove, later replaced by a lovely fieldstone fireplace in the living room. Entertainment was listening to old 78 rpm records on the wind-up Victrola, making popcorn in a long-handled basket in the fireplace, playing cards, reading "John Martin's Book", rolling cigarettes in a little metal contraption for my father, or just listening to the peepers and loons.

My recollection is that we went down to camp the day after school got out for the summer and didn't go back home until the day before school started in the fall.

In my mind, at least until I was in high school, camp was in another world, miles and lifetimes apart from our house and the town. I was a teenager before I realized it was only five miles away.

I don't recall

how my two older brothers spent their days, but mine seemed magical, both then and in my recollections now. Yes, there were chores but they didn't seem burdensome to me. Chopping and stacking wood, painting the trim on the buildings (camp, woodshed and guesthouse), hauling water, changing beds, cleaning and filling lamps, washing up the dishes, weeding the garden, hauling rocks or landfill to build out our lawn, painting and caulking the Rangeley boat and the rowboat, mowing the lawn, spraying the roses against bugs, cleaning out the fireplace -- always stuff to do before I could head out for the rest of the day. And every day was an adventure. There were a few other kids on the pond. I saw them occasionally over the summer, but was happiest left to my own devices. I pretty much lived in

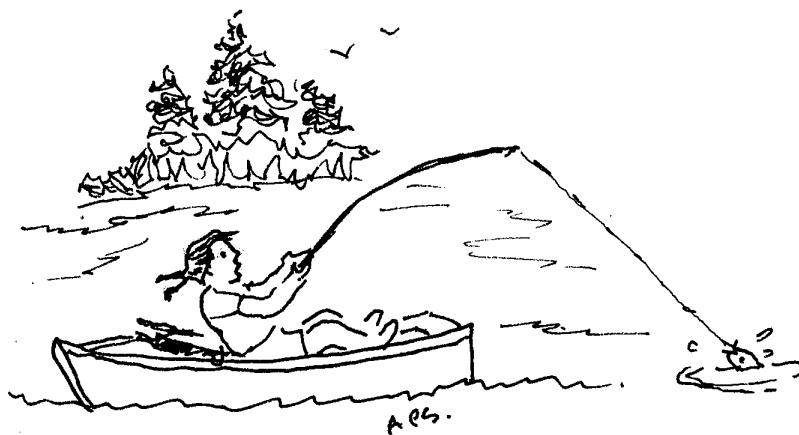
the water or in a boat. There was a small (very) beach on the other side of the Carters where I would swim and snorkel for hours at a time. Later on my father put a float out in front of our camp and I would dive off it, or intentionally overturn the canoe and swim under it, coming up inside in the air pocket, pretending I had rescued myself. Often I would take the canoe or motor boat down to the other end of the pond and quietly down the outlet to the beaver dam, admiring the pitcher plants along the way, hoping to see a beaver caught unawares when I got to the dam. Other days I would just head out fishing, by myself on week days or with Dad on the weekends. Yellow perch got thrown back (too bony). White perch were brought back, were cleaned and enjoyed for supper or breakfast the next morning. Occasionally (rarely) I would catch a bass which made for a feast.

And once I caught an eel

which I kept in a pail of water until my mother (probably) convinced me to release it.

At least once a week, around 5:30 p.m., I would walk up through the pasture to the main road and sit on the fence waiting for my Dad to come home. The traffic in those days and on that road was sparse. I would play a game with myself, saying I'd bet he'd be the 5th car that came along. This would cover at least fifteen to twenty minutes. If he didn't come then, I'd bet he'd be the 3rd car to come along. Eventually he'd always come. I'd open the pasture gate for him, close it behind, and jump on the running board to ride down the dirt road to camp, assured that all was well for another day.

Madelyn Armstrong





Adventures with Father

The call for writing stories this month asks for “Life with Father” as a theme. What is one to write about if you never met your father? That’s my challenge and I’m going to give it a try. While most will be writing about life with father, my story will be about life without father.

I grew up in a single parent family at a time when it was an anomaly, almost unheard of to be without two parents unless there had been an accident or illness which explained the whereabouts of the missing family member. We three children were never given an explanation about where or why our father was absent, and we were admonished not to ask.

When you are a child in a society whose expectations are that every child has two parents, or at least a reasonable explanation as to why he or she does not have two visible parents, it’s a tough assignment. Both my brother and I remember being quizzed by curious teachers as to what our father’s occupation was and where he lived. We didn’t know, and we didn’t know why we didn’t know. It was sheer embarrassment to be quizzed by curious adults and sometimes taunted by other children when we simply had not been provided with information.

Fortunately we had an uncle who had sufficient stature in the community to give us a place in the social structure, and we later learned that our parents were “separated”, and had gone through an incredibly public divorce, thought to be unacceptable for children to know about. I still do not know any of the details, and throughout my life no one who knew would come forward to explain what had transpired.

Father’s Day was always an uncomfortable experience. It focused on what every child had except those of us who, for reasons never explained, were without a father.

So, while others are writing about pleasant experiences, I have quite a different story. To this day, I never met, knew or had any contact with whomever he was. I do not know relatives on that side of the family, though I do have curiosity as to why those grandparents would not have been

interested in knowing how their grandchildren lived their respective lives.

When adults are angry with each other, it spreads down the line to innocents, impacting their lives, and leaving them with a strange story to tell. So this is my Fathers’ Day story. Biologically one has to have a father; however, for unexplained reasons, I was never allowed to know or meet mine.

Ara Tyler

A Very Special Summer

As I opened the door to the BOAC terminal at Logan Airport, I found that my hands were trembling. I was to meet Toby, our ten year old nephew, who was travelling all on his own from England. Due to traffic delays, I was very late. I dashed down to the Arrivals Desk hoping and praying that someone would be caring for Toby. I need not have worried. He was standing behind the airline counter cheerfully greeting fellow travellers. He saw me in a flash, ran over, gave me a huge hug, and said “Let’t go ‘ome, I’m thtarvin”. (Let’s go home; I’m starving.)

He was my sister’s younger son, Toby. He spent the earliest years with his family in Dunchurch, a small village in the middle of England. Shortly before his second birthday, his Dad quit his job and the family packed up, moving from their exciting, brand new home in the Midlands to the South Coast. There, Toby had been accepted to fill the one remaining vacancy in a private, experimental, therapeutic day school for handicapped children. This school was offering a new, exciting program founded on the premise that if Down Syndrome students were admitted to their program before they reached the age of two years, many of them could, to some extent, learn from exposure to basic living skills, reading and math. During their schooling they would be buoyed up by love, fun and warmth in an atmosphere of total approval and encouragement. They could acquire an unpredictable number of skills before they reached age five, when their ability to learn would be significantly



diminished. For Toby the program was remarkably successful. When he was six, careful study of his abilities confirmed that he had achieved many skills but had reached a plateau where he was not gaining more ground. His family was advised to move him to their local public school where there was good teaching, albeit with limited programs for the handicapped.

And now Toby was almost eleven years old and wanted to come to visit us. His parents saw this as an opportunity for him to gain some independence. He loved to read very simple books, he could express himself in simple language both verbally and in written work, and he was a happy and cheerful child. Although very limited academically, he excelled in social skills and was certainly the most polite, charming and friendly young boy I had ever met. He loved music, theatre, family and people. He had no interest in or skill with numbers or money. In the health department, he had a weak heart and was subject to chest infections. His shortened jaw affected his speech. Walking could be difficult since one foot faced North while the other preferred to drift towards the East, but somehow he managed.

Initially I loved the idea of Toby visiting us on his own but soon fell victim to all the "but what if?" anxieties. My husband's immediate reaction was "Of course he can come". We considered the idea for several days before sending his parents our agreement. I still remained somewhat anxious about this new and important responsibility.

Toby knew us well. He had first visited us with his parents when he was three, and again when he was five. We had made several trips to England, staying with his family. The plane journey was familiar and probably would seem quite short. For this solo trip his parents would arrange a British Airways (paid) companion. They expected that after a meal on board and a few minutes of a movie, he would fall sound asleep and, before he knew it, would arrive in Boston.

Toby was familiar with our home in Lincoln and we planned to put him in our college daughter's bedroom where he had stayed before. We expected that because of the time change he would be ready to sleep very early. Sure enough,

after his meal he cuddled down beneath the sheets, listened to the beginnings of a story and fell asleep. At about 3:00 a.m. he woke up, came across the hallway to join us in our king-sized bed - back to sleep in no time!

This routine worked for the weekend, and then came a new challenge. I was Administrative Director of a day camp in Concord, and as discussed and arranged with Toby earlier, I had enrolled him for the last two weeks of the summer. "Toby the Day Camper" was a role far removed from his life at home, and he tried desperately to assume his new identity. I put him with a group of ten boys a bit younger than he, where his counselor was delighted to have the experience of working with him. It fitted well with her college training to become a teacher of handicapped students. Toby related well to the adult counselors (particularly those responsible for Drama, Nature, Cookout), and especially to the Camp Nurse. The swimming pools and the boating pond spelled DANGER to him and were to be avoided. Even when the August heat brought him to melting point, he politely declined to go into even the shallowest water to cool off. (At weekends, despite the safe companionship and support of my husband, we could not persuade him to venture into the delicious ocean.) So at camp we found it best to assign him to the Nurse's hut at swim times. There Toby provided wonderful comfort to many injured campers who appreciated his compassionate care and attention.

The Drama lady was his biggest ally. At home Toby owned Gilbert and Sullivan disks and was never reluctant to demonstrate his thespian ability with scenes from their plays. On the last day of camp, he entertained the entire assembly with a memorable performance of "I Am a Pirate King" from HMS Pinafore, singing the song very loudly with bravado and panache, albeit completely out of tune. He received loud applause and quite a few whistles of approval from his audience.

After camp closed, my husband and I devoted the following three weeks to our visitor. One Saturday we took Toby to Tanglewood for a picnic on the grass and a symphony concert. Our young guest was quick to remind us that we must be



totally silent during the music. On the long drive home, Toby listened to music on the radio, which he conducted, mirroring Maestro Ozawa's gestures, until he fell asleep. Back home, my husband gave him one of his batons. My sister later told us that he used it when watching opera on the "telly" -- conducting musicians on the screen before an imagined English audience. No interruptions -- woe to anyone who dared even to sneeze.

On our daily adventures, we visited the Children's Museum, watched street musicians in Copley Square and Quincy Market, and went on a bird hunt on Plum Island. We ate endless Fish and Chips, explored farmers' markets, and made many friends. Toby was most comfortable with adults, all of whom fell in love with him. We went to children's book stores, ice cream stands, the Old North Bridge to hear the story of America and . . . on and on. Enormous demons appeared now and then to plague Toby. The appearance indoors of a single mosquito sent him into a panic, and we consumed many minutes, sometimes hours, finding and eliminating these monsters. If a place or topic bored him he tried hard not to show it, but we could get the hint if he began to sing quietly as he gazed blankly towards the blue sky above. For a break, we could fall back on American television or play an easy board game. Some days I would invite him into the kitchen to concoct a treat for dinner. It would be his choice of course. We found ourselves eating a lot of "Bangers and Bacon".

As the time approached for the journey home we felt that Toby was ready to leave. We had enjoyed five weeks of his marvelous company, but despite the telephone calls and frequent chats with him about his family, Toby now needed to return to his own surroundings. Perhaps we weren't ready to let him go, but, reluctantly, we knew it was time. We would miss him so much. He asked what we would do without him and I told him that I would probably cry. That seemed to trouble him, but he was cheered by the thought of being back with his folks, especially the dog. We took him to Logan Airport, and after lots of hugs and kisses, we put him into the faithful hands of a BOAC caretaker, and watched

his plane take off for Heathrow Airport. I could not bear to see him leave. We were so grateful to my sister and her husband for every amazing moment we had shared with our remarkable nephew.

When I fell into bed that night, I found this hidden on my pillow. It lives safe and secure in my treasure chest.

Stephanie Rolfe

good bye
Steph
don't
CTY

love
Toby



An Unexpected Dream

Fly fishing? I had never even dreamed of fly fishing. When I asked Ellis, my stepfather, to go with me for a week to 7-D ranch in Cody, Wyoming, he was delighted. “I’ll bring my fly fishing gear and enough for you too.”

My daughter, Catie, was working at the ranch that summer of 1975 as a wrangler. As a family, we had spent two weeks there ten years before. I was excited about going again, not to ride this time, but to fly fish in the Sunlight Creek with Ellis. A new adventure.

We flew to Billings where we were met and driven to Cody. From Cody we drove west over a pass in the mountains and down into Sunlight Basin. The valley, surrounded by mountains still showing patches of snow, stretched before us, green meadows, rolling hills knitted together by gullies of evergreen, aspen and cottonwood trees. Sunlight Creek flowed out of the nearby mountains and rushed through the valley, down, out of sight where it finally met the Yellowstone River. The road took us south: up at the end of the valley were the log houses and cabins of 7-D ranch.

We were each settled into our own cabin, and then went out to find Catie at the stables. Nothing much had changed. Dewey Dominick and Lee, his wife, though older, were still in charge. The routine was still much the same: riding in the morning, often a picnic lunch, swimming in the creek, hiking trails, fly fishing for some. In the evening there was storytelling.

Dewey, a raconteur, had an anthology of outlandish tales for entertainment. At times, there was square dancing.

The second day, dressed in canvas hats, flannel shirts, vests and waders, we set out. First I needed a fly or two. The ranch brochure had stated that they were available for sale. When I asked Dewey, he answered “Don’t pay any attention to the brochure. No, we don’t sell lures.”

A kind guest heard our conversation and offered to give me a lure. It was a Brown Bear, resembling the brown fuzzy-wuzzy caterpillars we used to see crawling on the ground in the summertime.



The creek flowed around the ranch buildings, under the road, and rippled over rocks and rills as it rollicked its way between aspens, cottonwoods and basket willows lining the banks. We followed the creek around the stables, through a meadow, under the bridge, and there, just beyond the spot where Ellis paused, came upon a wide stony beach. The creek, rippling over rocks, became a shallow pool as it curved under a muddy bank around the beach. “This looks like a promising spot” said Ellis. “You want to cast into the ripples and let your fly drift down into the pool.” Ellis cast several times and then I tried. After several casts I felt a tug on my line. I yanked the rod up and there, dangling on the end of my line, was a shiny, flapping brook trout. I was so excited my hat flew off my head and sailed downstream. “It’s too small. Let it go,” said Ellis. Soon I caught a second one just the same size. “Let it go.” he repeated. “OK”, I said. At lunch that day guess what we had? Brook trout just the size of the ones I had caught.

The following morning, Ellis went off with Dewey to fish the streams of Bear Creek Mountains. Catie was taking guests riding, so I gathered my gear and set off to try my luck again. I



followed the creek, its bank thickly grown with basket willows and aspens, until I came upon a pebbly shingle where the creek bubbled and gurgled its way to a deep black pool across from where I stood, and then rushed on its downward course. I stood for a while in the quiet, broken by the sound of stones and water rattling. I noticed the aspen leaves spinning in the gentle breeze, the brilliant blue sky above, and a hawk banking, and tilting its wings to catch the breeze. A perfect spot just to breathe in and enjoy.

Slowly I walked to the water's edge to decide where to find the most promising spot to drop my Brown Bear. The pool across from me was shaded by the trunk of a fallen cottonwood and the crowded branches of a willow. Below, the water looked dark and deep. I lifted my rod and cast.

Pow! An electric shock struck my line. I snatched my rod, swinging it over my head. Whatever the creature was that had struck my line was not there. In my excitement, without thinking, the line I had flung was over my head, caught in the branches behind me.

That was that. Fishing was over. I stood for a moment and mentally photographed the scene. Someday, I thought, I'll return to this very spot. Maybe that old trout will be lurking here in the dark waiting for me.

Nancy Smith

The Courtyard Pool

In 2001 the landscape architects who designed the Higgins House Courtyard also designed the pool. It has been the center of attention there ever since. The bronze animals and birds were installed by them then with the exception of two birds perched on one of the rocks, which were given by a resident. These are all permanent "residents" year round. There are other, live residents too: lotus, water lilies, painted turtles and koi.

These painted turtles spend the winter in a thirty gallon tank in Paul Lund's office. Their names are Fred and Ginger, and they often sun on the rocks of the pool much to residents'

delight. Painted turtles are native to this area but in the winter they usually bury themselves in the mud. In April they are returned to the pool.

The lotus is Asian, *Nelumbo nucifera*. Its huge leaves on long stems and distinctive seed pods fill one side of the pool. It is the national flower of India and Vietnam. The water lilies are a *Nymphaea* species. Their much smaller leaves float on the surface, while their fragrant flowers open in several layers of pink to creamy white.

The koi remain in the pool all winter. The water does not freeze solid as there are small circulating pumps. Below 50 degrees these fish stop eating, usually in late October. In April when the temperature rises above that they will again be fed, and the turtles returned to the pool.

Koi are ornamental fish descended from carp but hybridized over many centuries to produce the many-hued and large-sized specimens we see today. Because carp are cold water fish they can survive in many environments. Decorative fish are prized in Japan especially. They are called "*nishikigoi*" or "braided carp" and symbolize love because koi is a homophone of the Japanese word for love. Selective breeding has led to at least twenty-two varieties of distinctively patterned fish which are much prized and exhibited in national competitions. Some sell for thousands of dollars.

Said to live in the range of fifty years, according to some sources, koi have attained an age of over two hundred years! Our koi live in a protective environment now, although at one time a heron did get one. Then the plastic heron was installed and since then they have not been bothered. Elsewhere herons or raccoons have been known to empty ponds of their pet fish.

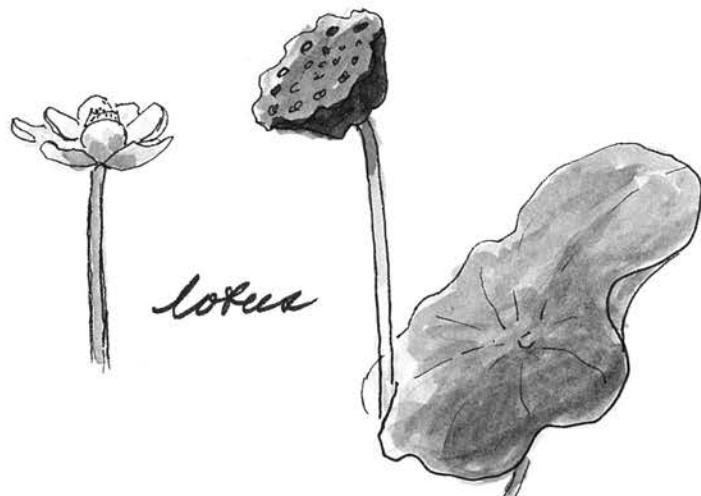
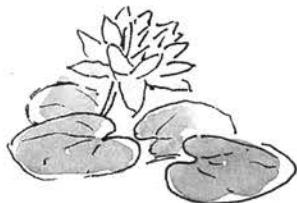
I wish to thank Paul Lund and Philip Kennedy for their help with this article, for caring for the pool's inhabitants, and, beyond doubt, for increasing the enjoyment of residents who come to the courtyard.

Anne Schmalz

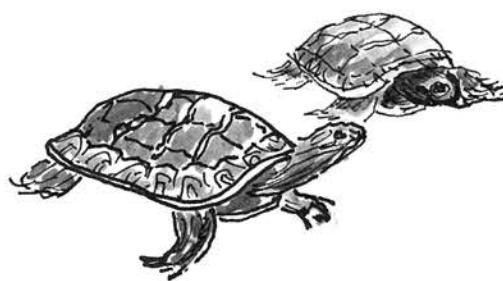
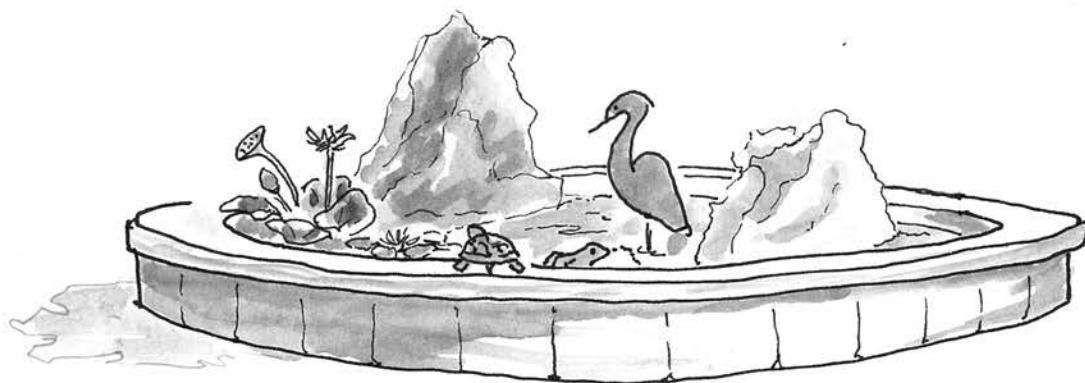


the Pool in Higgins House Courtyard

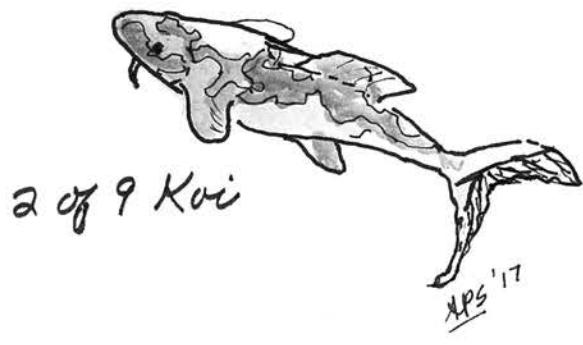
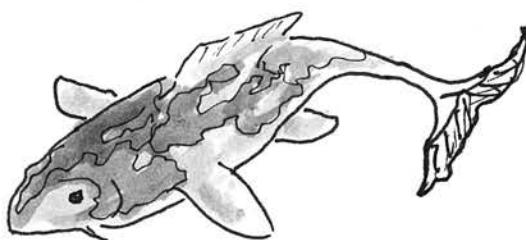
water lily



lotus



painted turtles



2 of 9 Koi



My Father

My father, born in 1898, was basically a country boy who grew up in Oklahoma and Vermont and enlisted in the Marines as soon as he was old enough. He never served in combat in World War I because he became sick with flu and pneumonia on the way to Europe and was returned to the States for discharge.

He stayed in Boston where jobs seemed more plentiful and worked for years as a driver selling butter, eggs and poultry retail to homeowners. He worked long hours for not much money. Briefly he owned the business, but the Second World War with the resulting shortages brought that to an end. The rest of his working life he was a shipper/receiver for a small paint enameling business in Allston. Again the hours were long and the pay small. Ten and twelve hour days and often six day work weeks were the norm. He adhered to this schedule for the rest of his working life except for a period in his mid-forties when he was debilitated by stomach ulcers, which ultimately ended with the removal of part of his stomach. He retired in his late sixties as the result of a never-diagnosed neurological problem that manifested itself in slurred speech and loss of balance. His boss, the company owner, cried when he asked him to retire.

Essentially he was shy, non-verbal, modest and self-effacing. As with a lot of men of his generation, he rarely demonstrated his affection. No bear hugs, no "I love you's" in our house. But I knew. I knew what his feelings were for me.

Surprisingly, he had a great sense of humor. When out with his buddies, he was quick on the pickup and delivered great one-liners. On a fishing trip we took with five or six of his friends, he had everyone in stitches and choking with laughter. Was this my father? The life of the party? Rarely could we get him to the movies, but when we did and something struck him funny, he would cackle, roar with laughter, sputter and gasp for breath. It might not seem that funny to the rest of us, but before he was through he would have everyone in the theatre in an uproar.

One thing he did like to do with me was go to baseball games. For sixty cents you could go to double headers on Sunday and sit in the bleachers. The Boston Braves were our favorite team and we spent long, long Sunday afternoons watching the locals play. Even today, it is probably the reason I can remember many of the players on the 1944 Braves team.

The night before he died, I stood silent and alone looking down at him, lying there in a hospital bed. A pale shadow of my father, almost blending in with the white hospital sheets. All I could think was, "Dad, don't leave me. Don't leave me".

But he did. My mother called the next morning to say that he was gone.

I realize I have a lot of his personality traits, and thanks to the sacrifices that he and my mother made, I was able to grow up into the best of times. I have been blessed.

Wally Campbell

To the New Addition

It's really Spring: hip, hip, hurray,
And welcome to the Vic Café.
We may not get a BLT,
But, heck, the coffee still is free.
Farewell to hotdogs, toasted cheese,
But soup and salad's there to please.
None of the losses truly hurt
As long as we get our "just dessert!"
Places to eat? We take our pick:
Once more we're meeting at the Vic!

Lois Pulliam



FACTS from the STACKS

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

Classic Fiction

The Carleton-Willard Village library has embarked on an ambitious project, to review and renew our collection of classic fiction titles. Our residents have always shown great interest in the quality of our collection so our first step was to send out a survey to gather their opinions and suggestions.

The results of our survey were very interesting: 66% of those who responded enjoy reading classic fiction and 50% of those who responded would like the classic titles to have their own dedicated section in the library. At present, the classics are shelved in one fiction section. Many residents suggested authors and titles to be considered.

One question has arisen: how do we determine whether a title is a "classic"? Books that have withstood the passage of time and that are included in high school and college literature courses are certainly candidates. The Internet offers a wide variety of listings of classic literature as well. We have identified over seventy-five different authors whose work could be considered classics.

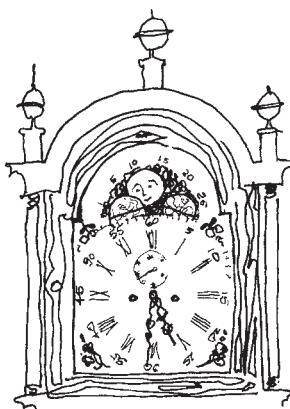
We are now ready to begin our task to review and renew our classic titles. To make the job easier, we plan to move

our classics to a separate shelf. Then each book will be checked carefully for condition and size of print. The library has received several gifts during the past year, and we plan to use these funds to replace some titles and to add additional ones.

Hopefully this project will be completed within the next six months. We will then decide whether to keep the classics separate or to mix them back in with the rest of our fiction collection. Whatever we decide, the spine of every classic title will be marked with a "classic" label.

The Library Committee hopes that this project will stimulate more interest in and more enjoyment of our world's greatest books.

*Katherine F. Graff
Library Committee Chair*





Among the Newest

A Piece of the World by Christina Baker Kline
A fictional memoir of Christina in the Andrew Wyeth painting, exploring her somber grace.

The Glass Universe by Dava Sobel
This true story of the women of the Harvard observatory and their contributions to the field of astronomy.

The Death of Kings by Rennie Airth
When a jade necklace comes to light, Scotland Yard inspector John Madden reopens an old murder case.

Expect Great Things by Kevin Dann
The life and death of Henry David Thoreau, a naturalist-magician with almost supernatural powers.

The Year of the Comet by Sergei Lebedev
A powerful new Russian novel about the end of the Stalin regime, as seen through the eyes of a boy.

Books for Living by Will Schwalbe
How books, the right books at the right time, can not only deepen life but save it.

We'll Always Have Casablanca by Noah Isenberg
The life, legend and afterlife of Hollywood's most beloved movie, and why the 1942 classic has endured.

Earthly Remains by Donna Leon
Venetian Commissario Brunetti, on an island sick leave, deals with the murder of the village manager and the pollution of a great lagoon.

The Stranger in the Woods by Michael Finkel
The extraordinary story of Christopher Knight, who left his home in Massachusetts in 1986 and disappeared into the Maine woods for twenty-eight years.

A Meeting of Land and Sea by David Foster and Brian Hale
The nature and future of the storied island of Martha's Vineyard.

Border Child by Michael Stone
The trials of a Mexican couple with a child trying to cross the border into the U.S.

The Women in the Castle by Jessica Shattuck
Three German women, wives of men who tried to assassinate Hitler, band together after World War II to care for war victims.

The Wages of Sin by Kaite Welsh
A woman studying for a medical degree in 19th century Edinburgh recognizes a corpse on her dissection table.

Animals Strike Curious Poses by Elena Passarello
Sixty witty, playful essays on animals immortalized by humans in history, myth, science and more.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Biles, Simone	Courage to Soar
Burns, Catherine	The Moth Presents All These Wonders
Forsthoefel, Andrew	Walking to Listen
Kennedy, Patrick	A Common Struggle
King, Coretta Scott	My Life, My Love, My Legacy
Noah, Trevor	Born a Crime
Spiegelman, Willard	Senior Moments (*)
Starr, Jonathan	It Takes a School
Watt, Lauren Fern	Gizelle's Bucket List (*)

Biography

Dann, Kevin	Expect Great Things
Finkel, Michael	The Stranger in the Woods
Finkel, Michael	The Stranger in the Woods (*)
Jamison, Kay Redfield	Robert Lowell, Setting the River on Fire

Current Affairs

Alexander, Brian	Glass House
Desmond, Matthew	Evicted
Fleming, Melissa	A Hope More Powerful Than the Sea
Fleming, Melissa	A Hope More Powerful Than the Sea (*)
Friedman, Thomas	Thank You for Being Late (*)
Ghobash, Omar Saif	Letters to a Young Muslim
Lewis, Michael	The Undoing Project
O'Neil, Cathy	Weapons of Math Destruction

Fiction

Airth, Rennie George	The Death of Kings
Backman, Frederik	And Every Morning the Way Home Gets Longer and Longer (*)
Barry, Sebastian	Days Without End

Beaton, M. C.	Death of a Liar
Beaton, M. C.	Death of a Nurse
Beaton, M. C.	Death of Yesterday
Bergman, Megan Mayhew	Birds of a Lesser Paradise
Carlson, Dolley	The Red Coat
Church, James	The Gentleman From Japan (*)
Clark, Marcia	Blood Defense
Clark, Mary Higgins	All By Myself Alone (*)
Colgan, Jenny	The Bookshop on the Corner (*)
Colin, Beatrice	To Capture What We Cannot Keep (*)
Corry, Jane	My Husband's Wife
Cox, Michelle	A Girl Like You
Davis, Fiona	The Dollhouse
Donoghue, Emma	The Wonder
Dorris, Michael	The Cloud Chamber
Drabble, Margaret	The Dark Flood Rises
Eisler, Barry	Livia Lone
Ephron, Delia	Siracusa
Gardner, Lisa	Right Behind You
George, Nina	The Little Paris Bookshop (*)
Giordano, Paolo	The Solitude of Prime Numbers
Hamid, Mohsin	Exit West
Hamilton, Steve	The Second Life of Nick Mason
Harper, Jane	The Dry
James, Miranda	Twelve Angry Librarians
Jenoff, Pam	The Orphan's Tale
Joubert, Irma	Child of the River
Kertes, Joseph	The Afterlife of Stars
Kline, Christina Baker	A Piece of the World
Kubica, Mary	Pretty Baby
Lebedev, Sergei	The Year of the Comet
Leon, Donna	Earthly Remains
Lovett, Charlie	The Lost Book of the Grail (*)



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Health/Wellness		History	
Taubes, Gary	The Case Against Sugar	Allen, Danielle	Our Declaration
Weber, Robert L. &		Dow, George Francis	Everyday Life in the Massachusetts Bay Colony
Orsborn, Carol	The Spirituality of Age	Foster, David R.	A Meeting of Land and Sea
		Graney, Mimi	Fluff
		Nagorski, Andrew	The Nazi Hunters
		Roberts, Cokie	Ladies of Liberty
		Shetterly, Margot Lee	Hidden Figures
		VerPlank, Burt	Middlesex Canal Guide and Maps
Health/Wellness		Miscellaneous	
Saunders, George		Grant, Audrey	Bridge Basics 2: Competitive Bidding
Saunders, Kate		Isenberg, Noah	We'll Always Have Casablanca
See, Lisa		Schwalbe, Will	Books for Living
Health/Wellness		Nature	
Semple, Maria		Mitchell, John	An Eden of Sorts
Shattuck, Jessica		Hanson	
Shelton, Paige		Passarello, Elena	Animals Strike Curious Poses
Smith, Ali		Shanahan, Mike	Gods, Wasps and Stranglers
Stone, Michel		Williams, Florence	The Nature Fix
Health/Wellness		Poetry	
Stratford, Sarah-Jane	Radio Girls (*)	Davenport, Mariana	The Gift Already Given
Todd, Charles	Racing the Devil	Davenport, Mariana	The Stone the Word
Welsh, Kaite	The Wages of Sin		
Wharton, Edith	The Age of Innocence		
Winspear, Jacqueline	In This Grave Hour		
Woolf, Virginia	Mrs. Dalloway		
Health/Wellness		Science	
Taubes, Gary	The Case Against Sugar	Burdick, Alan	Why Time Flies (*)
Weber, Robert L. &		Sobel, Dava	The Glass Universe
Orsborn, Carol	The Spirituality of Age	Sobel, Dava	The Glass Universe (*)

Katherine F. Graff



C. Bevereux



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