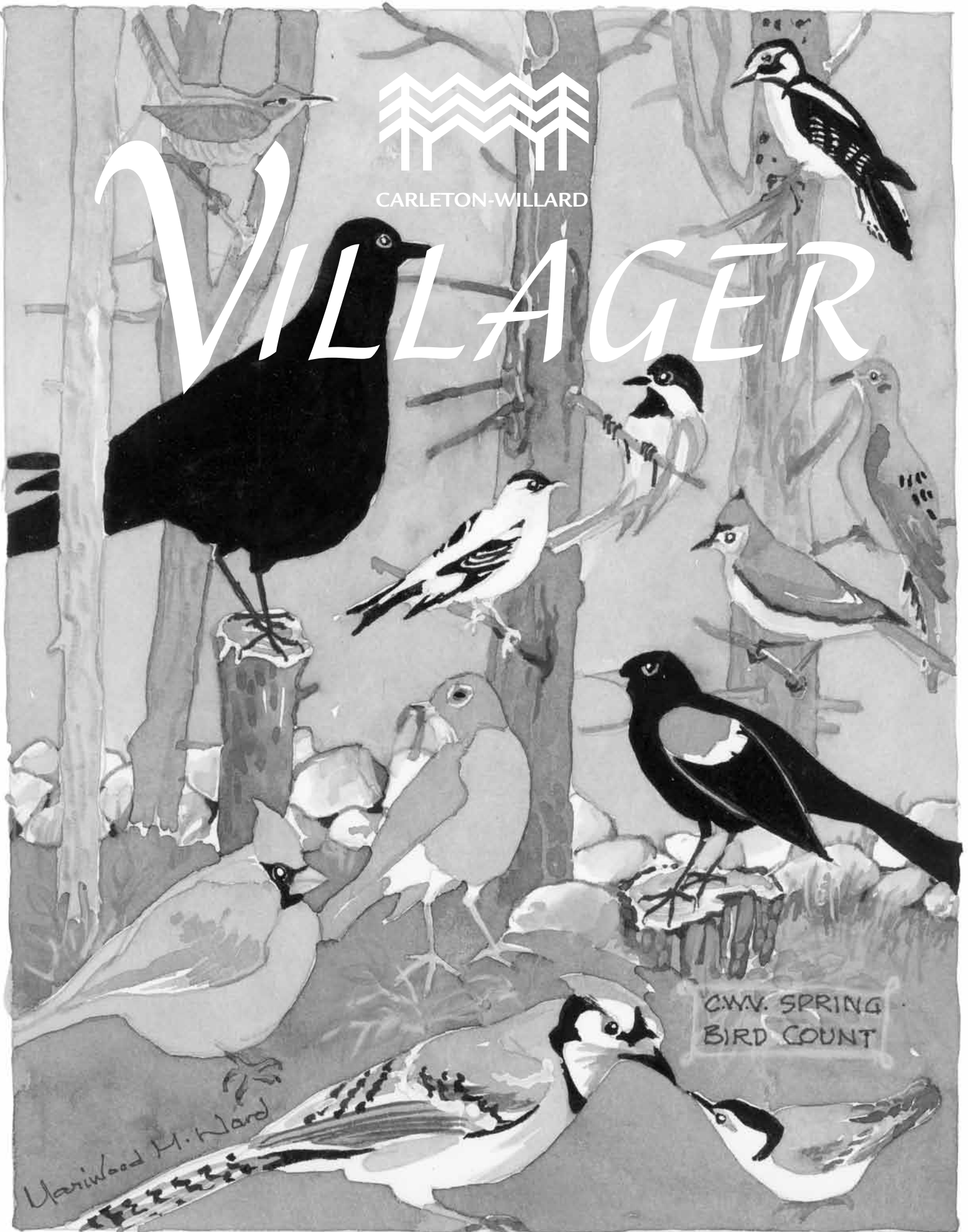




CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER





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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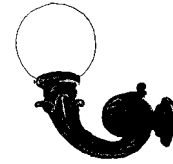
CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE ADMINISTRATION

Barbara A. Doyle

President/CEO



Editor's Corner



The male Robin territorial call from sunrise past sunset is a welcome reminder that spring has finally come to the Carleton-Willard campus. An unforgiving winter finally ended when we woke up to a coating of new snow on our flower beds on April 16. With flowering shrubs and trees all proving once again that nature is in charge, we truly enjoyed the seasonal change.

In response to our Flight theme for this issue, authors submitted articles about equally divided between aircraft adventures and bird flight. Cover to cover readers may be able to see the connections between the amazing endurance of both species struggling with limited fuel supplies to make point to point connections.

The *Villager* is the voice of our residents and their stories that end up in print are but a small fraction of the fabric that binds us together. Change is inevitable and our board is adjusting to the retirement of four members, primarily due to health issues. Audrey Fletcher has been a major voice and first class proofer for eight years and Kathy Lawrence first authored articles in 2009. Donna Argon and Craig Hill are more recent members and plan to continue submitting material for future issues. We thank them for their past contributions and are happy to welcome Anne Schmalz as our newest member, filling a much needed role as artist and author.

Our theme for the next issue is "By Chance." What exciting adventures through life we have all had before arriving here in our seventies, eighties, and nineties. Now we are discovering new things about each other while sharing these experiences and giving thanks for the treasures of life all around us.



Contents

Cover – *Careleton-Willard Spring Bird Count by Mariwood (Woody) Ward*
(See inside back cover for identification key)

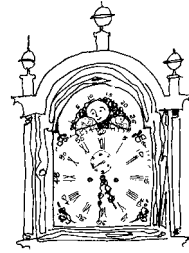
Sketches – by Anne Schmalz

Inside Front Cover Editor's Corner

- 2 **From the Chief Executive Officer** • Barbara A. Doyle
 - 3 **A Tip-Top Flight** • Christine Callahan
 - 3 **Flight** • Ara Tyler
 - 4 **North Flight** • Henry Hoover
 - 6 **Flight to Fun** • Peggy McKibben
 - 7 **Welcome New Residents**
 - 7 **Flight and Fright** • Nina Jackson
 - 8 **Profiles** • (profiles are not made available in this edition)
 - 9 **The DC-3** • Sue Hay
 - 10 **Long Forgotten Memories** • Mary Cowham
 - 11 **In Memory**
 - 11 **Poem** • Craig Hill
 - 12 **Village Happenings** • Edwin Cox
 - 15 **Mistaken Identity in Darjeeling** • Mary Cowham
 - 15 **A Fishy Bit** • Edith Gilmore
 - 15 **Doggerel** • Edith Gilmore
 - 15 **Poem** • Craig Hill
 - 16 **Up We Go** • Anne Schmalz
 - 16 **Murmuration** • Anne Schmalz
 - 17 **How Do Birds Fly?** • Anne Schmalz
 - 18 **Where's Breakfast?** • Jim Stockwell
 - 19 **Moonbird** • Jim Stockwell
 - 19 **Spring Flight** • Hazel Palmer
 - 20 **Facts from the Stacks** • Edwin Cox
 - 21 **Among the Newest** • Katherine F. Graff
 - 22 **Recent Library Acquisitions** • Katherine F. Graff
- Inside Back Cover** – **Bird Identification Key**



From the Chief Executive Officer



“The moment you doubt whether you can fly, you cease forever to be able to do it.”

– J.M. Barrie, Peter Pan

If you have ever talked to anyone learning to fly, you might hear about a common anxiety new pilots have to overcome: fear of takeoff.

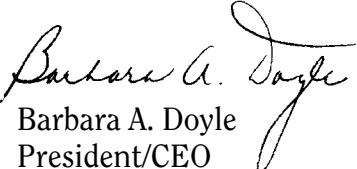
One must barrel down the runway, faster and faster, until the wings gain sufficient lift to send the airplane upward—what is called “achieving airspeed.” The science behind this is perfectly logical, of course. Nevertheless, taking off involves counterintuitively racing toward the end of the runway as you are quickly running out of room!

It takes a little courage to go fast enough to fly.

This image comes to mind as I think back to 1979 and the planning of Carleton-Willard Village. We had an idea of what a retirement community should be—what it could be—but there was relatively little at the time to use as a guide. We had our vision. We had the desire. And we had the belief that we could make it happen.

After much hard work and persistence, we have the Village we know and love. There might have been a few course corrections along the way, but our original vision has remained true. The beautiful grounds, our continuum of care, Main Street, these and more endure as the foundation of our community. And though we have certainly grown both physically and strategically, the Village’s commitment to its Residents and their quality of life is still the reason for the journey. We continue to soar.

The funny thing about flying, new pilots will tell you: once you are up there, you never want to come down!


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



A Tip-Top Flight

Walking along the corridor at the Madison, Wisconsin, airport with my son-in-law, John, I couldn't help but be a bit sad. Strange, since I was returning to my wonderful husband, Ed, and to my beloved Arlington where I served for more than twenty years in town government including three terms as Town Clerk. I had been with John, my daughter Eileen, and their baby, Katie, for the seven weeks since Katie's birth. It is, I guess, always hard for a grandmother to say good-bye.

It was still a time when John could accompany me all the way to the departure gate. We were there saying farewell when I glanced up as a large man walked by. Without thinking I said, "Oh hi, Tip!" I was immediately embarrassed to realize how I had addressed the Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives. I had met the congressman at district meetings, but did not expect him to remember me. "Hi," replied Representative Thomas P. O'Neill and then added quickly "Hey, I know you. Christine from Arlington, isn't it? Remind me again of your last name." I said, "Callahan, and I'd like you to meet my son-in-law, John Farrell." He shook hands with a radiant John and then introduced the aides who had accompanied him to Wisconsin where he'd been presented with a distinguished award. "Why are you here?" Tip asked, and after I gave a brief explanation he said, "Great news, congratulations on the new grandchild. Now sit here and let's talk." John left, pleased that I was with such good company.

As we were called to board the small plane to Chicago, the congressman said "OK, now you walk with me and we will find seats together." As we settled in for the flight, the Speaker asked pertinent questions about Arlington. Then he pulled three or four magazines and newspapers from the stack beside him and said, "Here, which ones do you want to read while I do a bit of work?"

When we reached Chicago he was off to a flight to Washington, D.C. while I headed to the Boston plane. Before we departed I thanked him profusely and sincerely for turning a bittersweet event into a highlight memory I will never forget.

Christine Callahan as told to Peggy McKibben

Flight

Flight stimulates many memories of learning about airplanes and experiencing them over a lifetime. My first encounter was as a child when pilots would land at a nearby airport and offer to fly anyone brave enough to venture aboard for a dollar. As children we could walk to the airport, but owning a dollar and then parting with it for such an adventure without parental permission was not an option. We simply watched and wished.

When I was an early teenager, a family friend took up flying seaplanes and everyone with a sense of adventure flew over the local harbor and out over Long Island Sound. These planes were pretty primitive. One could see the water rushing by under the floorboards as the plane slowly rode on its pontoons prior to reaching airborne speed. My mother awarded badges of beads and ribbon to those who took the flight and many country club members sported those FFK badges of courage.

My next flights were commercial as I traveled around the world, landing in jungle airfields lit by bonfires, helicopter hiking in the Bugaboos, crossing several oceans, and visiting many countries. I learned to relax and enjoy naps and airborne reading. There were many adventures including trips to third world countries where conditions were primitive. My brother who had been a jet pilot reminded me that whatever might happen the pilot front and center would be the first to experience a mishap and would do his best to get himself home safely. "Relax in that thought" and I did.

One of my friends flew a private plane out of the Seattle/Tacoma airport in the state of Washington. As a passenger sitting next to the pilot, I had breathtaking views, skimming over fields of munching cows, landing for breakfast, and then off again, going home over the mountain ranges where I was on the lookout to determine if there were any other planes in the path we planned to take.

I enjoy flying and plan to continue having interesting flights. The world is an opportunity waiting to be explored and flying is the best way to reach many destinations still on my bucket list.

Ara Tyler



North Flight

“Did you bring the sandwiches?”

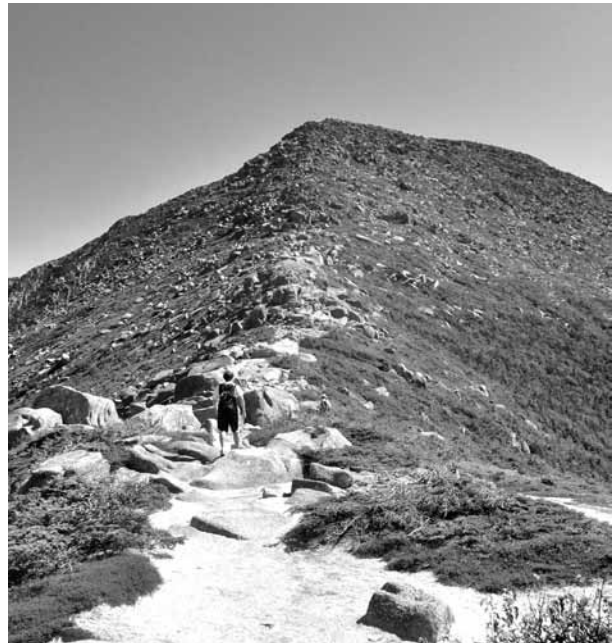
That is my mother, as we descend the stairs, amble across the driveway and into the car. What a load! Already stuffed to the gills with enough provisions to supply a Shackleton polar expedition, the 1940 steel-blue Plymouth four-door sedan begs for mercy as the five of us squeeze in with the lunch on one of the laps, and somehow coax the doors closed.

I don't know how my parents decided we would venture up to northern Maine for our family vacation. My father was from the Pacific Northwest, my mother from the Deep South. They met while he was at Harvard studying architecture and she was at Radcliffe. So everything familiar seemed to point south or west. But north? North was “up there.” Well, maybe that was it: northern Maine was *terra incognita*. With our limited funds — father's residential architecture business was beginning to flourish before the war had other ideas — the distant land of moose and caribou might just be the answer: not so distant, really; two days would do it. A little research and a friend's recommendation produced a set of mossy vacation cabins, called Kidney Pond Camps, in the shadow of Mt. Katahdin, Maine's highest mountain. A lake, family hikes, community dining, wooden canoes, the smell of mushrooms and damp woods: there was something for everyone. So that was it. The car noses out the driveway and turns left to Maine.

In those pre-interstate days, you didn't get very far very fast. It is dark when we make Base Camp, a Camden B&B. Later the Plymouth sniffs the morning air and points beyond to the Dark Woods. We achieve Millinocket by mid-afternoon. Comes now the final push, twenty miles to Kidney Pond along a bouncy dirt road. I see from my right rear window a single thin gray telephone line riding alongside us at eye level. When it ends, we're there.

What happens next is long wiped from memory: how our cabin looked or how the food was, if there were any kids our age or grown ups our parents liked. But I do recall my first derring-do.

I decide to take a canoe out on the lake by myself before breakfast. I get in, seize my lone oar, and head out to the middle of the mirrored pond. It is calm. Dark pines ring the water. Now the sun rises. So does the wind, blowing suddenly from the direction of the camp right into my face. I head for the camp, which I can see across the water that is starting to ripple from the breeze. The canoe won't obey. It wants to head away from shore. I try paddling backward, to no effect. I don't have the smarts to get into the front of the canoe to avoid this weathervane effect. I see my parents in a lookout party now gathering on shore. A small outboard comes out to meet me and tow me in. I don't remember being scolded, only relieved, gladly giving up my pre-breakfast bragging rights.



The canoe's one thing; Katahdin another. It's our intention from the get-go to climb Mt. Katahdin. The appointed morning is bright and sunny, a great day to climb to the head of the Appalachian Trail and to the top of Maine. The camp guide takes us to the start of the trail recommended as the most “family-friendly” and we begin the ascent.

Why don't I remember what happened before the Knife Edge?

We emerge from the tree line and head up over rocky ledge into a full sky. It's a glorious feeling! We finally reach the peak, eat lunch, do a small dance or whatever we do to celebrate.



We don't notice that the sun has quickly disappeared under unannounced thick clouds. The wind is picking up. We better start back down. We go the way the camp recommended. It's a bit harder, but it's an excitingly different route, one where they say they'll have a truck to meet us at the bottom. There is danger: it's the Knife Edge, the first hundred or so feet starting from the summit offering a cautionary three-foot-wide walkway, with sides plunging a vertical 500 feet to dark cliffs and a lake below.

We start walking out along the Edge. It's clouding up fast. The wind too is picking up. Fog is rolling in. The first raindrops ping from the east. They're cold, they burn the cheek. It's getting hard to see. I try to fit my hopes for a long life into a tenuous, blade-thin strip of gravel. Not much luck. Just a bit further ahead to safer ground. How far is it? Can you hear me, how far is it? I'm not sure, only please I will... I will...

A wind gust sweeps across the narrow path. Then another. We can't hear each other. Wordlessly, we turn around gingerly, confining our steps carefully and specifically to the arc of a circle. You don't want to step away from that arc. We make it back to the summit. We don't remember how we came up. Several ways can lead down the mountain. We take the one most obvious to us. The weather is still worsening. We work down toward a barely visible tree line. Because the rock in this weather seems unmarked, we can only hope we're on some kind of trail. We don't know. All we want is to get off this mountain. Then we realize. We've lost our way. No trail. Where are we?

My sisters and I, and certainly my mother, have implicit faith in our father to lead us to safety, to all the things until now we'd taken for granted. Now he leads us any direction that descends. We emerge through thick branches onto a dry stream bed. There's a little trickle between the medium and large stones, but mostly we

are looking at a long rocky path that disappears down the slope. I remember my father saying we'll follow it, since of course it will take us to the bottom. What we do then, we'll worry about when we get there. A sob stifled, a boot relaxed, a pack jumped back on shoulder and adjusted, a glance at the sky, and we're on our way.

The rain settles into a steady, soaking pour, but at least we're out of the wind. We lapse into a kind of silent chorus line, hobbling over the stones. For a while the rhythm of feet on the rocks cajoles us to complacency. But each soggy hour siphons some of this away.

It is in desperation almost dark when the stream bed encounters a small road. The stream cavalierly decides to dip under a bridge and we scramble up to the road. A car comes in a few minutes, sooner than we could imagine. I remember nothing about our ride to camp or about our benefactor. Nor do I know how far we'd strayed from our intended destination. I do remember, back in camp, being swathed in blankets and generally rubbed and worried over, to the point where I involuntarily blurt out that I'm very ticklish. We kids get hot chocolate; our parents are each handed a stiff slug of brandy. I say to myself, I love my father. I don't recall hitting the bed.

The weather clears. The next morning is bright and warm, with a gentle breeze that beckons us, on our last full day, to enter the pine forest still damp from yesterday's storm. How caring, humbling, enveloping, is nature!

"Where are you two off to?" asks my mother.

We call back, smiling to say, "We're going to climb Double Top. Just a mile down the road a piece. No sandwiches. We'll be back for lunch."

Henry Hoover





Flight to Fun

“This place is too great to miss. See if you can get a flight from Gatwick tomorrow. I should finish this assignment up by Friday. I have to be in Southern France next Monday, so we can rent a car, drive through Southern Spain over the weekend, and fly from Madrid to Cannes on Sunday evening. Be sure to be alert for the landing.” It was Gordon, my husband, who at that time was European Correspondent for *The Boston Globe*, ringing me at our temporary home in London, and calling from Gibraltar where he was on assignment.

Not one bit of argument on my part and next day I was on the train to Gatwick, London’s second air terminal, and soon on the flight which culminates in landing near the Rock where the main highway is closed for all planes to cross on the runway, a very exciting entrance to a won-



derful destination. Bright, beautiful, and balmy, that was Gibraltar and I was thrilled to be there for the first time.

We took a cab back to the hotel where Gordon had set up his computer on a balcony outside the room so he could work overlooking the Mediterranean. We had dinner that night at the hotel, more English than London, where Brits remember how it used to be when roast beef and Yorkshire pudding dominated the menu. Next morning, while Gordon worked, I went out exploring, happy just to people and building watch in this wonderful mix of African, Spanish, and English inhabitants. What a splendid overlapping of costumes and culture.

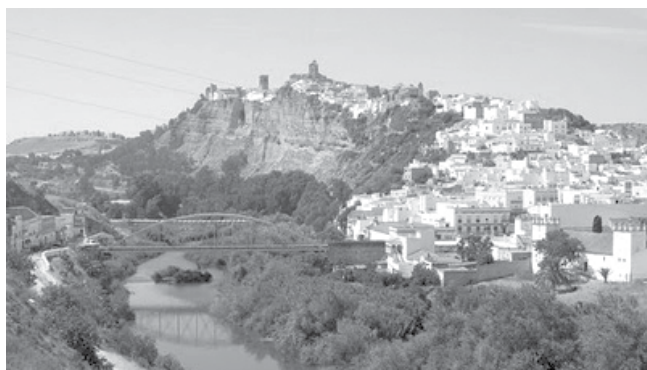
That night we went to a Moroccan restaurant and had a dinner I remember as totally delicious. We chatted amicably with an American couple at the next table and felt very cosmopolitan till we got a startling comeuppance. When Gordon handed his credit card to the waiter following this feast, he was told emphatically, “No credit. Only cash!” We were used to handling almost all transactions with our Visas. We were in a mild panic as we each emptied our wallets, our pockets, and any secret hideaways where we might have stashed emergency funds, finally coming up with enough cash to cover the bill. Almost nothing for a tip, but that is far less a concern in Europe where waiters do not depend on tips as they do in the U.S. To our amusement we realized that the Americans we had chatted with earlier had quickly paid their bill and exited, probably afraid it was all a scam to borrow funds from them. We laughed as we walked back to the hotel. I cannot remember how far it was but no way could we have taken a cab that night.

We were early users of the credit card machine the next morning. Again I wandered around the town, probably buying souvenirs, but mostly enjoying the mix of architecture, language, and people. By afternoon Gordon had finished his assignment. We rented a car and drove first to a spot at the very tip of Europe, looking across the Straits of Gibraltar to where we knew Morocco and the whole vast continent of Africa awaited. We both yearned to take the next boat over, but duty called and we crossed instead to Spain, driving into the rural interior, bright and sunny and increasingly hilly. We were delighted when we spotted our first cork tree, both of us remembering Ferdinand sleeping under such a tree in our childhood reading. We were headed for Frontera de la Arcos, a town fellow hikers had told Gordon about when they all scaled the Rock before I got to Gibraltar. Arcos is one of Andalucia’s pueblos blancos (villages with whitewashed houses) atop a limestone ridge. We took the winding road up, around, and further up, up till we finally came to a town plaza where “our” parador was situated.

Paradors are old and distinguished edifices that have been turned into beautiful hotels by the Spanish government to entice travelers into re-



mote areas. This one was a gem. From our balcony we could look down, down, down to the river far below. In the early evening eagles floated on the thermal drafts as we looked down on them. But that wasn't all we saw. At sunset we witnessed a lovely wedding on a balcony a couple of floors below us. Dinner in a lovely hotel dining room was grand. The Spanish architecture and furnishings were truly splendid. I think it may be my favorite hotel that I have ever stayed in anywhere.



The next morning we walked up and down the town, finding young boys playing soccer on the plaza in front of the Catholic Church, the only flat spot we could find in town. Then it was back down the mountain to the highway where, to my great disappointment, we had to bypass Seville, Cordoba, and Granada, cities I still wish I could visit. On we drove to Madrid where we gave up our car at an agency close to the airport and took a cab directly to the Prado Museum which, because it was Sunday, we found tightly closed. So there we were, forced to spend Sunday afternoon wandering about Madrid. We had a glorious time going from one plaza to another, admiring the architecture and the people, stopping at an outdoor café to sit under a tree and sip sangria, saying "Gracias" when a senora stopped me to insist in broken English that my husband should not carry his wallet in his hip pocket. I had been telling him that for years, but he finally shifted it after that encounter. Much as I love seeing great art, we were so glad the Prado was closed and we had that happy, relaxing afternoon.

Far too soon we were off to the airport headed for Cannes, one of the few cities in Europe I did not like. But that's a story for another day.

Peggy McKibben



*Welcome
New Residents*

Margaret Blintliff,
from Acton, 2/4/14

Martha Maloney,
from Bedford, 2/14/14

Mary Siphron,
from Manhattan, New York, 2/28/14

Gertrude Scheft,
from Winchester, 3/20/14

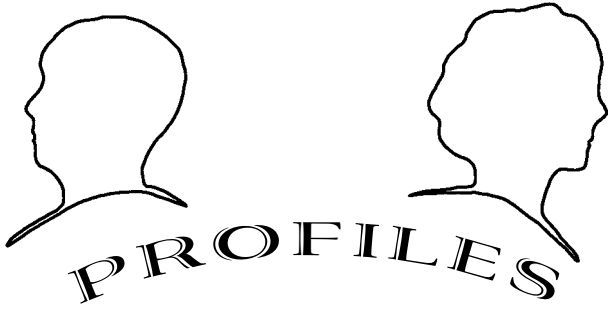
Anne Davidson,
from Cambridge, 4/9/14

Stephanie Rolfe,
from Lincoln, 4/25/14

Flight and Fright

Malaysia Airlines flight #370 had two hundred and seventy-seven passengers and twelve crew members with plans of reaching Beijing when they boarded the flight at Kuala Lumpur. Most of us have flown more often than not without major problems, just inconveniences and discomforts. There were two dozen artists in a mix of international passengers, mostly Chinese, on this fated flight. Not to linger on the severe fright they all must have felt, but it seems a sad example of trust gone wrong. Mysteries are part of life. I hope to continue to contemplate a flight without fright to enjoy a life with adventure, satisfaction, and pleasure.

Nina Jackson





Rocky Mountains, but in between the peaks. We twisted and turned and dipped and rose around one mountain and then another. The trip lasted about an hour and we landed at the foot of the magnificent Teton Range, in a pasture scattering some horses as we did so.

I was lucky again. When visiting Taiwan on the occasion of our son's wedding, we wanted to go to the Taroko Gorge, one of its landmarks. Located on the Island's east coast, a rugged mountainous area which is part of the Pacific Rim, the Taroko Gorge is a source of the lovely Jadeite, a green, marble-like stone used in jewelry and carvings for which all China is famous. This was in 1978 and the only way to get from Taipei to Taroko was by plane—a DC-3—although now there is a road and a railway.

We landed in Hualien, the collecting area for the quarried marble. From there a small bus took us on a very narrow roadway, cut with difficulty (and loss of life we learned) into one side of the Gorge. We could look up and down, around the corners, always in the midst of this beautiful green glow as the marble-like walls reflected what light there was in the depth of the canyon. Most wondrous of all was to look out and see a temple perched on a precipice across the way.

The DC-3

According to the Encyclopedia Britannica “the DC-3.....was universally recognized as the greatest airplane of its time.” Certainly two of the greatest flight experiences I have ever had were thanks to the DC-3. Of course the location and destination were a significant part of this experience. There are many others who must feel the same way.

In 1947, after finishing my summer job in Boston, I joined my family on their vacation in Wyoming. First to Salt Lake City (an uneventful flight) and then I was put on a DC-3 for the rest of the way to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Famous for its easy takeoffs and apparently “loved by pilots for its easy handling,” the plane reached a cruising height which took us, not above the



I am sure many of us have had the experience of flying on a DC-3. These airplanes can be found in some museums now, and, who knows, may still be in service in some out of the way corner of the world.

Sue Hay



Long-Forgotten Memories

Rick Steve's Europe is a delightful travel series that has been on PBS for several years. As it is aired on weekday evenings at seven-thirty I've rarely seen it because, more often than not these days, I am either in the Abbott Dining Room, or eating at home morosely engrossed in all the sad and repetitive news that CNN has to offer. I was therefore pleasantly surprised when a neighbor, who knows that I went to school in Keswick, thoughtfully alerted me to the fact that Rick Steve's topic that night was about the Lake District. I quickly switched to Channel 2 and soon discovered that some of Rick's photos were of places where I'd never been, but had often wished that I had.

For example, I'd always been curious about Castlerigg because rumor had it that a secret society of Druids had held black masses there right up until early in the eighteenth century. That rumor may or may not be true, but I was intrigued to learn that the stone circle at Castlerigg was built in the Neolithic period some four thousand years ago by the Neanderthals to celebrate the seasons, and it predates Stonehenge, near Salisbury, by a thousand years. I also wish I could have seen Hadrian's Wall, built by the Romans in the third century A.D. in a futile attempt to keep the Scots out of England. Though a mere forty miles away from Keswick we never saw it because of petrol rationing in World War II.

Keswick School is one of the oldest grammar schools in England and legend has it that Saint Kentigan founded the original choir school in 547 A.D. It may also be one of the oldest co-educational schools in Europe. No one knows when girls were first admitted at Keswick School but Elizabethan records in the parish of Crossthwaite refer to the presence of girls at the school "since tyme immemorial." Hugh and Christine and I were nine, eleven and thirteen when we first went to Keswick in 1936, and we soon learned to adjust to some of the rigors of boarding school life, and the photo of Catbells, one of the so-called "mountains" on the other side of Lake Derwentwater, vividly reminded me of our regular walks every Saturday.



Throughout the school year all the boarders had to be outside the Assembly Hall at nine o'clock every Saturday morning – whatever the weather might be – and the only valid excuse for absence would be a temperature, a sprained ankle, or maybe an arm in a cast. After all of us had been issued with boxed lunches (that invariably consisted of a thick ham sandwich plastered with mustard, a stick or two of celery or a couple of carrots, an apple, a small container of milk, and, if lucky, a packet of trail mix), the juniors (under fifteen) were assigned to a walk that usually lasted two or three hours. They were then marched off, to the cheers and jeers of their seniors, by two of the younger staff. Moments later the seniors (over fifteen) watched the six foot four headmaster, wearing a Sherlock Holmes' cap, plus fours, and carrying an Irish shelali, stroll across from the headmaster's house with one of his staff, and in short order the seniors were quickly made aware of the order in which each of them would be called upon to walk with the headmaster for x number of minutes during the long walk and probable climb that would take about four or five hours.

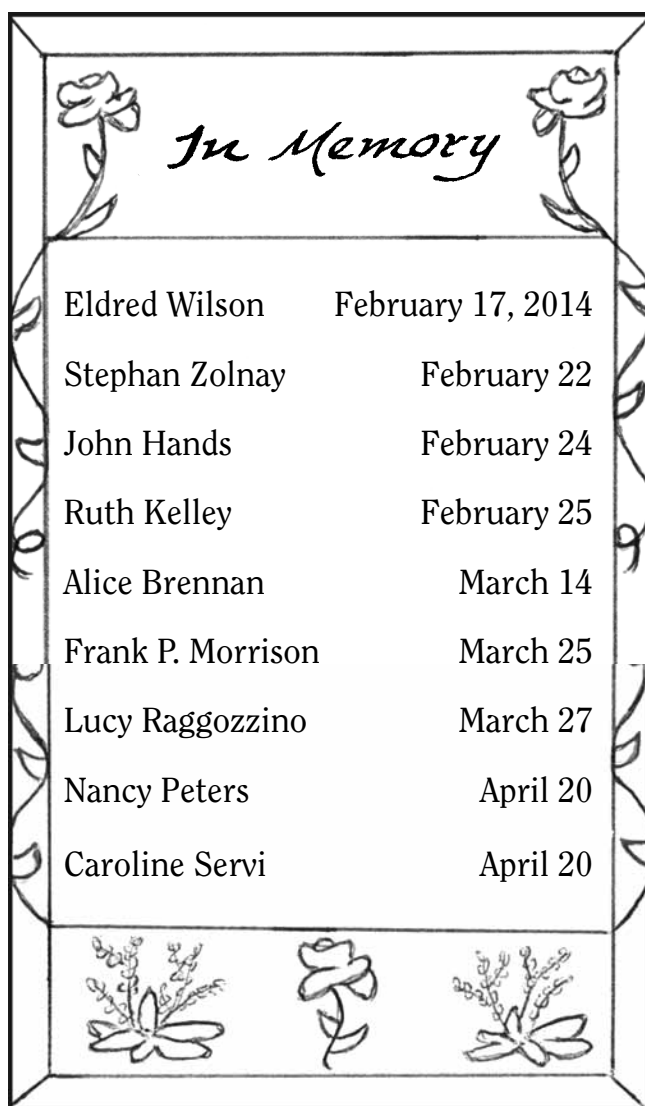


My favorite walk of the year, usually undertaken in the summer term, was to Ambleside where we visited Dove Cottage and heard the oft-told tale of how the poets Coleridge, Southey and Lovell, all of whom lived in Greta Hall (now the girls' dormitory at Keswick School), regularly visited William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy in Dove Cottage. After Dorothy (and her maids) had provided them with a substantial meal, the three poets walked back to Greta Hall. On one occasion, Wordsworth and Coleridge had a violent argument and did not speak to each other for many months. Nevertheless, the three poets from Keswick continued to visit Dove Cottage, and while William shut himself up in his study in high dudgeon, poor Dorothy silently continued to feed her guests whenever they deigned to visit her.

Watching the Rick Steve's section on the annual sheepdog trials reminded me of my much loved Puck. He was a sweet-faced mutt, born in the stables of the Packhorse Inn, one of the oldest hostelries in Keswick. When my parents gave him to me on my fifteenth birthday they, and I, firmly believed he was a genuine Lakeland Terrier. When we went to our first sheepdog trial it was obvious to us all that while Puck's mother may have been a Lakeland Terrier, his father had come from fifty-seven varieties. Nevertheless, I loved him dearly. From the photos of the modern "downtown" Keswick, I guess I shouldn't be surprised that all the up-market shops and restaurants look so sleek and prosperous, even the Packhorse Inn (now minus its stables) appears to be flourishing with the ever popular tourists who continue to flock to Keswick, which is still the heart of the Lake District.

At the end of that scant half hour of *Rick Steve's Europe*, I immediately assured my neighbor how much I had enjoyed the program, and spent the rest of that evening – and most of the night! – surprised at myself for fondly recalling so many long-forgotten memories of more than seventy years ago.

Mary Cowham



Listen to the geese, you said.
 We heard what sounded like a querulous
 conversation
 Passing overhead
 As we sat in the kitchen, late morning of
 Labor Day,
 Reading our separate newspaper sections,
 Yours, births, deaths, and marriages,
 Mine the grinding down of nations.
 The geese soon out of hearing,
 Went on their way,
 Perhaps to some nearby pond
 To continue their argument about the weather
 And when or how or whether
 To continue beyond.

Craig Hill



Off-site trips and in house presentations lifted our spirits while we all coped with the coldest and darkest days of the year, nurturing high hopes for the flowers that will burst forth when this issue appears.



Davis Museum

Led by a Wellesley College alumna resident, a group visited the Davis Museum and enjoyed lunch at Blue Ginger, the Wellesley restaurant of the famous chef Ming Tsai. Our tour of the museum was led by a student docent and concentrated on the permanent collection, organized to facilitate the teaching of art and art history, the



principal missions of the museum. The tour also included “Glass Heart (Bells for Sylvia Plath)” a small room in which bell jars, light and sound combine to create a unique sensory experience, and “Figments of the Past,” Venetian works on paper. Some residents independently explored “New Gravity” the first solo exhibit in the U.S. of works by the sculptor Tony Matelli.

This is a selected summary of events that were enjoyed by

MFA Masterpieces

Resident Alice Wang was a docent at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. In honor of Alice’s 90th birthday, Miriam Braverman, once a fellow docent and now emeritus lecturer, presented a talk on the masterpieces in the museum’s collection. Her list began with Copley’s portrait of Paul Revere and ended with a Paul Revere bowl, with the names of the Sons of Liberty encircling the bowl. The museum’s greatest work, in her view, is Gauguin’s massive allegorical painting, “Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going.” She included paintings by Rembrandt, El Greco, Turner, Millet, Renoir, Monet, Sargent, and Homer, among others. Wondrous works from Egypt, Greece, China, India, and Japan were included before Ms. Braverman said it was impossible to cover them all.

Belize

The Rio Bravo Conservation and Management Area is a 260,000 acre tract in the Central American nation of Belize. Founded in 1988, the Area now comprises four percent of the country’s land area. Massachusetts Audubon has partnered in the creation and development of the Area. In addition to protection of wildlife and habitat, responsible forest management is a goal of the Area. Audubon’s Bill Gette, a frequent visitor to Belize, described the topography and plant and animal life of the Area with an emphasis on birds and insects. He also illustrated two major Mayan archeological sites in Belize, La Milpa and Lamanai.



Happenings

residents of Carleton-Willard Village in recent months.

Love Letters

The Village Thespians presented “Love Letters,” a two character drama starring residents Patricia and Derek Till. Written by A. R. Gurney, the play relies entirely on the actors reading selections from their fifty-year-long correspondence. We learned of the deep and complex relationship between two friends, who, though married to others, shared intimate thoughts and concerns from childhood throughout their lives. He, Andrew Makepeace Ladd III, became a U.S. Senator, while she, Melissa Gardner, failed in her attempt to be a successful artist. Our reactions ranged from laughter, through empathy, to compassion.

China and U.S. Relations

Professor Joseph Nye, former Dean of the Kennedy School at Harvard, spoke to a large group of residents on “Avoiding Conflict between China and the U.S.” His experience includes service in the State Department and as Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security. Nye believes China and the U.S. recognize their mutual economic interdependence, and is optimistic that they will find ways to avoid military confrontation. At least for the next decade, the government of China will be occupied with addressing the growing demands of a rising middle class for increased political and civil rights. His concerns relate to North Korea as a source of irrational behavior and the Chinese-Japanese dispute over several unpopulated islands that are claimed by both nations.



Memories of the 1930s and 1940s

In a display of talent and creativity, the Village Thespians entertained us with a production which combined song, dance, poetry, personal memories, reenactments of historic speeches by world leaders, and a remarkable assemblage of images— posters and photographs—to bring to life a period we all lived through. The large cast was showered with applause as we showed our appreciation for a memorable evening.

Piano Recital

On a chilly January morning we gathered for a warm and generous program of piano masterworks performed by Wanda Paik, Lincoln friend of Carleton-Willard resident Henry Hoover. Ms. Paik has appeared as a soloist with the Boston Pops, Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra, and the Brookline and Wellesley Symphonies, and given recitals in The Fogg Museum at Harvard and the National Gallery in Washington. Her program consisted of works by Schubert, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, and Debussy, varied in style and weight. As an encore, Ms. Paik offered a Chopin impromptu, including the familiar theme heard in “I’m Always Chasing Rainbows.”



More Happenings

Garden Club

C-WV Garden Club members enjoyed colorful presentations in February and March. Suzanne Mahler's very informative and beautiful slide show on "Gardening for Butterflies and Hummingbirds" offered choices of plants for our gardens or window boxes to bring the beautiful visitors. Ila Cox of Boxford spoke on "Tulips and their History"—from their origin in the wilds of central Asia to the floral darlings of the Ottoman Courts to the runaway financial speculation in bulbs in 16th century Holland. Today Holland leads the world in tulip production. The varied colors and shapes grace our landscape from windows to public gardens to the simplest dooryard.

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



Greenland

In the midst of winter's snow and ice, lecturer Barry Pell took us on a trip to Greenland which is the world's largest island and the least densely populated place on earth. Small wonder, since three quarters of the island is perpetually covered by an ice sheet, almost two miles thick in places. There are no roads and the people live around the coastal harbors where fishing and hunting sustain them. Visiting in August, when there was almost no night, Barry traveled by boat, plane, and helicopter, returning with pictures showing the beauty and majesty of the Arctic landscape, and the life of the people. Unfortunately, global warming is already impacting Greenland and its people in major ways.

Visit to the Sam Adams Boston Brewery

Sam Adams Lager and Ale has been made since 1984 in the original Haffenreffer Brewery in the historic brewery district of Jamaica Plain. The founder, Jim Koch, is the sixth generation of his family from Louis Koch who brewed beer in Ohio until The Prohibition. Now most of the lager and ale is produced in Pennsylvania and Ohio, but the newer brews are researched at the Jamaica Plain facility. Our tour took us from a lecture on ingredients—barley, hops, and yeast—through the room with huge vats in which the various processes were taking place, and finally to the testing room. We sampled Medium Lager, Summer Ale, and IPA, having been coached on what to look for as to taste and color.

Edwin Cox

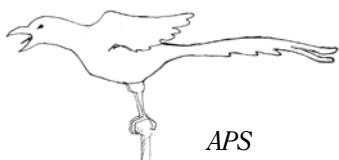


Mistaken Identity in Darjeeling

My mother was sound asleep on the verandah of her bungalow one afternoon and awoke with a start when Tooni, our elderly bearer, came shuffling in and said, "You called, *memsahib*?" My mother assured him she had not and said he must have been mistaken. He looked at her in disbelief and, somewhat miffed, he padded back to the servants' quarters. A few minutes later he again heard my mother's distinctive voice calling, "Bearer! Bearer!" Very reluctantly he went back to the verandah, and this time all was forgiven.

My mother was awake and both she and Tooni laughed together on hearing a magpie's remarkably accurate imitation of my mother's deep contralto voice, as it screeched more urgently than ever from a nearby tree, "Bearer! BEARER! BEARER!"

Mary Cowham



Doggerel

"Barking dogs don't bite." I doubt if this is true.

Don't check it out!
Poodle, foxhound, large Alsatian?
If you're in a confrontation,
canine threat, you note, intense?
Climb a tree or leap a fence.
Just go away, avoid a fuss.
Hail a taxi, board a bus.

You probably won't be pursued,
but if you're in a nervous mood,
go right straight home
and what is more
—you might feel safer—
lock the door.

Edith Gilmore

A Fishy Bit

Mr. Gewinter, by any report,
had never been called "the affectionate sort."
But when he was told in the family news
that his nephew, while taking a tropical cruise,
had encountered, while taking a tropical swim,
a shark who was very much bigger than him
and just in the mood for a snack,
the uncle authentically sorrowed.
"How awful," he sobbed. "Now I'll never get
back
the twenty-five dollars he borrowed."

Edith Gilmore

It was his father's face we saw
as he ran into the red circle
of beach firelight and threw
onto the coals a small
handful of dried grass that flared up
and flew over our heads
orange threads that glowed
a second or so before they vanished
above the dark of the waves.

Craig Hill



Up We Go!

Into the wild blue yonder...

A fascination with flying has existed as long as humans have watched birds take flight and yearned to be able to “lift off” as well. I am probably not the only one to have dreams where I am soaring, arms spread, over the earth.

The nearest I have come to realizing the sensation of free flight was on a hot air balloon ride my children gave me several years ago. We floated over the countryside at the whim of air currents, the pilot maneuvering up and down by releasing hot air into the balloon or letting it out.

Leonardo Da Vinci’s curiosity drove him to spend a lot of time studying bird flight, analyzing avian technique and trying to simulate it mechanically. Artistically, when he depicted angels he gave them wings with the same reversing arc shape and primary and secondary feathers as real bird wings. He stopped short of substituting wings for arms as evolution did to birds.

We have heard the myths about Daedalus and Icarus who built wings of feathers and wax, but crashed after these came apart in the heat of the sun. Who knows how many people up to modern times had their try? Yet our imaginations today still create heroes of those who have succeeded in gaining the ability to fly. Literature and films are replete with them. Peter Pan and Mary Poppins, Superman, and so many superheroes of modern literature. Harry Potter and his classmates play Quiditch, riding facsimile broomsticks like the fabled witches of old.

When I sit by the ocean and watch parasailors take to the waves, occasionally managing to get aloft, I also watch the gulls, so easily able to do just that. I am awed by their ability and the beauty of their flight and yes, envious as well.



Murmuration

While watching the exquisite choreography of the thousands of performers at the opening ceremonies of the Sochi Olympic Games, I was reminded of the aerobatics of flocks of birds.

Although Starlings are best known for this, there are other birds that do this as well. Living in the city we often marveled at the Pigeons who took off from the roof over our heads and in large groups veered to and fro over the street before re-lighting on the roof again a few moments later.

This practice is called *murmuration* and has challenged observers for an explanation for thousands of years. How do they do this without colliding in midair, while changing direction in perfect unison and obeying some kind of instinctive communication not only from the leader, but from each other?

Even more intriguing in my mind is *why*? Research does not provide a definitive answer. Experts suggest that the birds are practicing evasive maneuvers to avoid airborne threats, or competing for roosting locations of choice. Having watched birds in flight for many years, I prefer to think that many times they do aerobatics just for fun!

There are stirringly beautiful videos of murmuration available through Google. A marshy area near Oxford, England, has amazing displays.

Anne Schmalz



Anne Schmalz

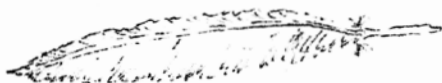
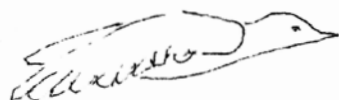
HOW DO BIRDS FLY ?

Aerodynamics and an Evolved Anatomy

The shape of an airfoil when moving against air pressure creates a negative pressure above it = lift.
The greater the speed, the greater the lift.



The birds wing – an *airfoil*



primary feather

with the upbeat
primaries rotate
to allow air through

on the downstroke
primaries close tight
to allow maximum thrust



take-off



the power stroke
is down and to the back

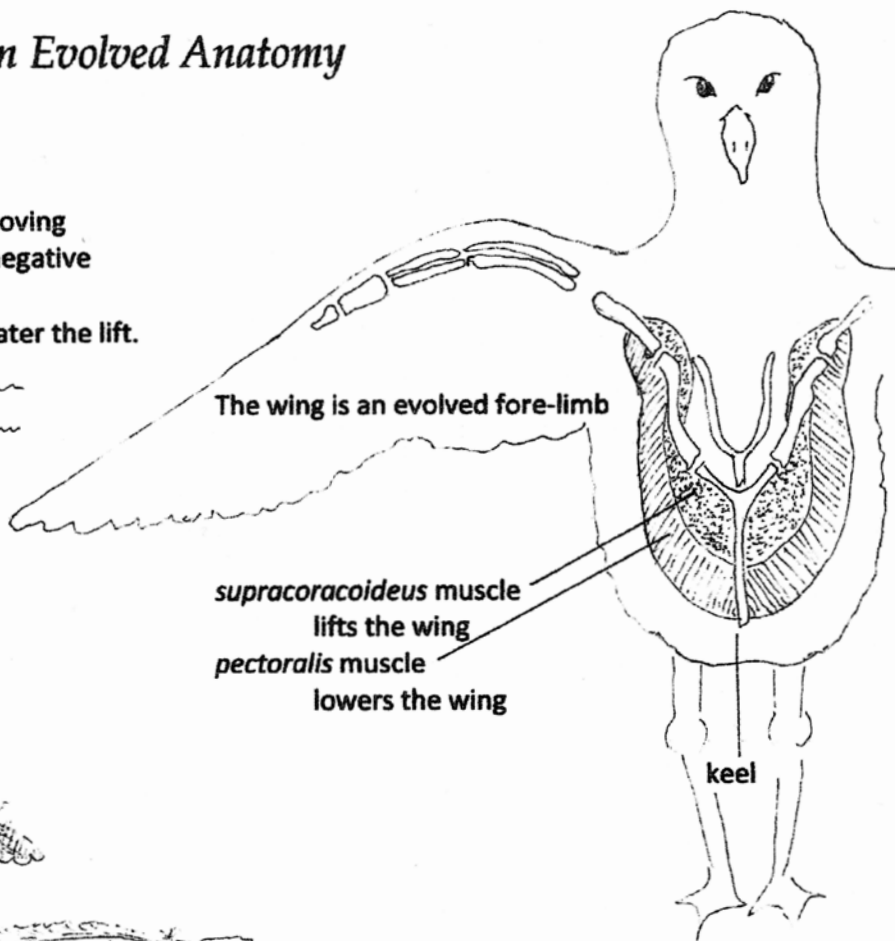
repetition increases
speed and altitude



the tail as rudder



landing: tail is spread, lowered,
head up, wings reverse



This is, of course, a simplified explanation for a very complex phenomenon !



Where's Breakfast?

For many years my wife and I were six month residents on Cape Cod in South Orleans in a cabin-like house that started off life as a warming hut and retreat for duck hunters and fishermen. The house was perched on a bank of heavy vegetation about fifteen feet above the Namequoit River and was an ideal spot for viewing wildlife, especially shorebirds and local nesters.

The Namequoit River is a tidal river connecting Arey's Pond to Little Pleasant Bay and nearly every year the parade of baby Mallard Ducks and Canada Geese born in the marsh near the pond passed right in front of our house. The new arrivals would break single file in front of our house to explore every crevice for scraps of food, but straying from the protection of the lead adult was fraught with danger. Predators like foxes were poised to start their breakfast with a duckling or gosling and at any sign of their presence the lead adult would start squawking to bring the youngsters back in line in safer waters.

Directly under our windows which overlooked the river was a thicket of yews. One year a pair of Cardinals decided to build their nest right on top of one of the yews and the sideshow at breakfast time was compelling. At first we could spot four beaks with open mouths jostling and waiting for the first round trip from the local cafeteria of woodland goodies. Then, as they grew, four chicks, fighting for position, were flapping their wings and calling for more, more, more. It was hilarious.

The front yard of our house facing away from the river housed a small garden, flowering apple and cherry trees, all enclosed by a split rail fence covered with rambling roses in the summer. The unobstructed area of lawn was not more than thirty feet square, certainly not a spot where one might practice landings and takeoffs. While I was working there one morning in June, two puffballs plopped into the yard. They were the size, at least a foot high, and appearance of the largest Steiff toys you could buy for your children. Blinking yellow eyes, barely visible through their still furry faces, did not quite know how to ask

“Where's Breakfast?”

We had been watching two Great Horned Owls build their nest and feed these chicks about half a mile down the dirt road that led to the sea. The chicks had finally fledged and I think our yard must have been their first visit to Mother Earth. I made no moves to startle them and they just stood there for about ten minutes, staring at me until they finally decided that I had no breakfast crumbs to share with them. With great effort, they struggled back into the air, barely clearing the fence and off to continue the first adventure of their lives.

These days I don't need to hang a sign out “Open for Breakfast.” The locals know that my feeder will be well stocked with Lyric Supreme seed and they are here from dawn until dusk, often fighting over who eats first. As you can see, my appetite for bird watching has never been satiated. I feel so fortunate to have such good friends who show up for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, especially at my Carleton-Willard back porch.

Jim Stockwell





Moonbird

Five thousand miles of non-stop flight without a carbon footprint—"Impossible," you might say, but not for migrant Red Knots flying from home base in Tierra del Fuego, Argentina, to a refueling stop on Delaware Bay in the middle of May. The attraction of the Bay is the spring spawning of protein rich horseshoe crab eggs. With a few more short stopovers on the way north, the Red Knot reaches the Arctic in time to bring the next generation into the world, more than nine thousand miles from home.

For those familiar with seashore birds, the Red Knot is slightly bigger than a Sanderling or small Sandpiper and lives for about five years. For a local size comparison, think of a very sleek Robin about eleven inches from beak to tail, weighing about the same as a stick of butter. Eggs are laid in the open on the tundra and hatchlings are left to forage for themselves as soon as they leave their shells. Attrition rates are very high with avian and ground based predators always on the lookout for unprotected eggs or chicks. The chicks' parents leave in early August for the return trip to Argentina. The chicks stay behind to fatten up for their southward migration and are on their own for guidance to home base.

Scientists have been keeping records of Red Knot populations for years and in the early 1990's the estimated population was about one hundred thousand birds, but lack of food at refueling stops and environmental damage has cut today's total to about forty thousand. Hurricane Sandy wiped out about seventy percent of the horseshoe crab breeding habitat in Delaware Bay and horseshoe crabs have been overfished for use as bait in eel traps. Conservation groups have been working to try and curb horseshoe crab fishing and restore the wetlands for Red Knots and other shorebirds.

Fortunately, recent counts suggest some stabilization and recovery and there is one remarkable story of survival. In 1995 a one-year-old Red Knot was banded by a scientist in Argentina and one year later recovered and rebanded with a



highly visible orange leg band. That bird has now been observed almost every year at various viewing spots along the migration route and at twenty-one-years-old has earned the name "Moonbird." The name refers to a lifetime of round-trip commutes to the Arctic equivalent to flying all the way to the moon and half way back. The most recent confirmed sighting in January in Argentina raises some hope that Moonbird will pass along his lessons of survival to some of this year's migrants on the way north to the Arctic. In this time of decreasing species and bird counts all over the world, a story about species recovery is most welcome.

Jim Stockwell

Spring Flight

I was proud of my spring garden. The huge clump of old fashioned larkspur was at its loveliest, covered with sweet, blue blossoms. I was kneeling, happily cultivating the soil around the stems, when I heard angry buzzing and squeaking close above my head. I looked up cautiously. There was the biggest bumblebee I had ever seen. Fighting her was a chattering hummingbird, trying to get the flowers for himself. I cowered and covered my head. As the fight went on, it wasn't the hummer who flew from my precious garden; it was me, the gardener.

Hazel Palmer



"In life, night comes. In literature, the sun always rises." Jill Lepore

The Harvard Classics

At some time in the distant past, twenty volumes of the fifty-one volume "Harvard Classics" came to rest on the upper shelves of the Carleton-Willard Library. Until recently they remained there, part of the decorative collection of books and objets d'art which grace the shelves too high for most residents to reach. Then, in a gracious gesture, someone donated another volume in the series, which was accepted and catalogued as part of the regular library collection. At this point, a natural question arose, to wit, "Why is one volume being made part of the regular collection, while twenty others remain out of reach, virtually unknown to regular library users?" Readers will be glad to know that all twenty-one volumes are now catalogued and reunited on a common shelf, clearly identified and within reach.

What are the Harvard Classics? In the early years of the last century, President Eliot of Harvard often said that the elements of a liberal education could be had by reading a collection of books that would fit on a five foot shelf, which others referred to as "Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf." Challenged by a publisher to list the books, Eliot, after working for a year jointly with Professor Neilson of the English Department, produced the list. The set of fifty-one volumes was available in hardcover, in successive editions, from 1909 through 2010, and is still available in softcover. The complete list can be found on-line in the

Wikipedia entry for "Harvard Classics." Our twenty-one volumes are all from the 1938 edition (black binding), dated 1937 and 1939 in the books. Single volumes of this edition, new or used, appear for sale regularly on eBay and Amazon, the used volumes often for less than twenty dollars each.

The Harvard Classics are not light reading. But, serious readers will find them invaluable when you decide to fill, or refill, a gap in your store of knowledge, or just want to stimulate your brain a bit. Among the treasures on our shelf are works by Homer, Plato, Confucius, Virgil, Plutarch, Cervantes, Bacon, Burke, Walton, Darwin, Penn, Franklin, Woolman, Dana, Bunyan and Emerson, and a variety of essays, drama and poetry.

Edwin Cox
Library Committee



Among the Newest

The Daring Ladies of Lowell by Kate Alcott
A novel based on the true story of a murdered mill girl in the days of America's industrial revolution.

Composing a Further Life
by Mary Catherine Bateson
How to make a new life after retirement and find ways to contribute to society.

Russians by Gregory Feifer
An NPR Moscow bureau chief travels the country, talking to people of all classes from oligarchs to peasant grandmothers.

Ping Pong Diplomacy by Nicholas Griffin
The strange and tragic story of how the game of ping pong in China was manipulated at the highest levels.

John Muir and the Ice That Started a Fire
by Kim Heacox
How Muir changed our world, advanced the science of glaciology, and popularized geology.

Under the Wide and Starry Sky by Nancy Horan
A novel based on the actual courtship and marriage of Robert Louis Stevenson and an American woman ten years his senior.

Orphan Train by Christina Baker Kline
The relationship between a rebellious 17 year-old girl and a 91 year-old woman who, at the age of nine, was sent on an orphan train to the Midwest.

By Its Cover by Donna Leon
Guido Brunetti investigates the theft and mutilation of rare books in a Venice library and the murder of one of its patrons.

Revolutionary by Alex Meyers
The true story of a twenty-two-year-old woman who served in the revolutionary army disguised as a man.

Twelve Years a Slave by Solomon Northup
A first person narrative by a man born a free man in New York State, who was kidnapped and sold into slavery in 1841.

Still Life With Bread Crumbs by Anna Quindlen
A comedy of manners, in which love turns up in the most unexpected places.

Children of the Revolution by Peter Robinson
Inspector Banks and his sidekick, Detective Sergeant Annie Cabbot, work to solve the case of a body found on the tracks of an abandoned railroad track in Yorkshire.

Dog Gone, Back Soon by Nick Trout
A week in the life of the newest veterinarian in Eden Falls, Vermont.

The Sugar Season by Douglas Whynott
An inside look at the maple syrup industry, following a year in one family's activities and their concern regarding climate change.

Katherine F. Graff



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Biography

Aslan, Reza	Zealot (*)
Berkin, Carol	Wondrous Beauty
Ephron, Delia	Sister Mother Husband Dog (*)
Herriot, James	The Best of James Herriot
Korda, Michael	Ike
Larcom, Lucy	A New England Girlhood
Leon, Donna	My Venice and Other Essays (*)
L'Engle, Madeleine	The Summer of the Great Grandmother
Northup, Solomon	Twelve Years a Slave
Orr, Bobby	Orr: My Story
Riffenburgh, Beau	Pinkerton's Great Detective
Sotomayor, Sonia	My Beloved World (*)
Tobin, James	The Man He Became (*)
Whitlock, Anna	The Queen's Bed
Yousafzai, Malala	I am Malala (*)

Current Affairs

Blinder, Alan	After the Music Stopped
Buffett, Howard G.	40 Chances
Feifer, Gregory	Russians

Environment

Carson, Rachel	The Sea Around Us
Heacox, Kim	John Muir and the Ice that Started a Fire
Kolbert, Elizabeth	The Sixth Extinction

Essays

Hiaasen, Carl	Dance of the Reptiles
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Fiction

Alcott, Kate	The Daring Ladies of Lowell
Baldacci, David	The Finisher
Berry, Steve	The King's Deception
Bradford, Barbara Taylor	Cavendon Hall
Bradley, Alan	The Dead in Their Vaulted Arches (*)
Cameron, W. Bruce	The Dogs of Christmas
Clement, Jennifer	Prayers for the Stolen Missing You
Coben, Harlan	Monument to the Dead (*)
Connolly, Sheila	Cell (*)
Cook, Robin	Dust
Cornwell, Patricia	Andrew's Brain
Doctorow, E. L.	North of Boston (*)
Elo, Elizabeth	Admiral Hornblower in the West Indies
Forester, C. S.	Flying Colours
Forester, C. S.	Lieutenant Hornblower
Forester, C. S.	Ship of the Line
Forna, Aminatta	The Hired Man
George, Elizabeth	A Traitor to Memory
Grafton, Sue	W is for Wasted
Harris, Robert	An Officer and a Spy
Horan, Nancy	Under the Wide and Starry Sky
Joyce, Rachel	Perfect (*)
Keller, Julia	Bitter River (*)
Kidd, Sue Monk	The Invention of Wings (*)
Kline, Christina Baker	Orphan Train
Lamb, Wally	We Are Water
Leon, Donna	By Its Cover



Leveen, Lois	The Secrets of Mary Bowser	Health and Wellness	
Li, Yiyun	Kinder Than Solitude	Bateson, Mary	Composing a Further Life
Manning, Diane	Almost Perfect	Catherine	
Daniels		Lake, Nell	The Caregivers
Martin, Valerie	The Ghost of the Mary Celeste	History	
O'Brian, Patrick	The Yellow Admiral	Blum, Howard	Dark Invasion: 1915
Perry, Anne	A Dangerous Mourning	Bruyn, Louise	She Walked for All of Us
Perry, Anne	Defend and Betray	Fuhrer, Mary Babson	A Crisis of Community
Perry, Anne	The Sheen on the Silk	Kilmeade, Brian	George Washington's Secret Six
Pilcher, Rosamunde	September	Meyers, Alex	Revolutionary
Powers, Richard	Orfeo (*)	Most, Doug	The Race Underground
Quindlen, Anna	Still Life With Bread Crumbs	Wheeler, Sara	Oh, My America
Quindlen, Anna	Still Life With Bread Crumbs (*)	Miscellaneous	
Rankin, Ian	Saints of the Shadow Bible	Grant, Audrey	Bridge Basics I
Roberts, Nora	The Next Always	Griffin, Nicholas	Ping Pong Diplomacy
Robinson, Peter	Children of the Revolution	Hood, Ann, Ed.	Knitting Yarns (*)
Shotwell, Vivien	Vienna Nocturne (*)	Sheinwold, Alfred	Five Weeks to Winning
Smith, Alexander	The Forever Girl	Tausig, Ben	Curious History of the Crossword
McCall		Watson, Louis H.	The Play of the Hand at Bridge
Spencer, Elizabeth	Starting Over	Nature	
Steel, Danielle	Echoes	Govan, Ada Clapham	Wings at My Window (*)
Steel, Danielle	Power Play	Harrison, Marina & Rosenfeld, Lucy	Gardenwalks in New England
Tartt, Donna	The Goldfinch	Lishman, William	Father Goose
Todd, Charles	Hunting Shadows (*)	Pilley, J. & Hinzmann, H.	Chaser (*)
Trout, Nick	Dog Gone, Back Soon	Speede, Sheri	Kindred Beings (*)
Wiehl, Lis	Snapshot (*)	Sterba, Jim	Nature Wars
Winspear, Jacqueline	Messenger of Truth	Stephens, Gloria	Legacy of the Cat
Winspear, Jacqueline	The Mapping of Love and Death	Whynott, Douglas	The Sugar Season

**Poetry**

Foehner, Charlotte and Cozart, Carol The Widow's Handbook: A Guide to Living
 Frost, Robert Birches and Other Poems (*)
 Smith, Philip, Ed. 101 Best-Loved Poems (*)
 Stepanek, Mattie Journey Through Heartsongs

Reference

Elliott, Julia, Ed. Oxford Large Print Dictionary (*)

Resident Authors

Endicott, Priscilla Taking Up the Reins

Religion

American Bible Society Psalms (*)
 Bay, Eugene A Sower Went Out
 Brother Lawrence The Practice of the Presence Of God

Religion (continued)

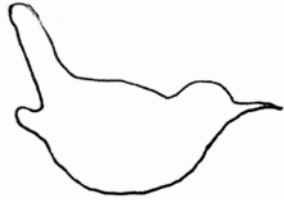
Brother Roger of Taize God is Love Alone
 Cox, Harvey When Jesus Came to Harvard
 Ferris, Theodore Parker Selected Sermons
 Kushner, Harold When Bad Things Happen to Good People
 L'Engle, Madeleine The Irrational Season

Travel

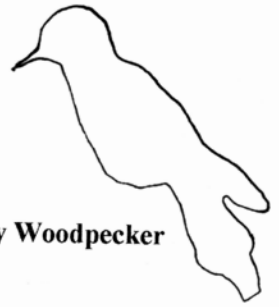
Fodor Ireland 2010
 Irving, Washington Tales of the Alhambra
 King, Dean Harbors and High Seas
 Michelin France 2005
 Michelin Paris: The Green Guide
 Weber, Bruce Life is a Wheel

(* indicates Large Print)

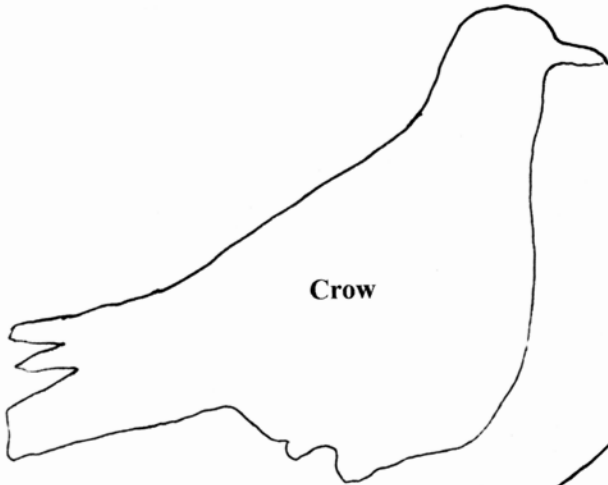
Katherine F. Graff



Carolina Wren



Downy Woodpecker



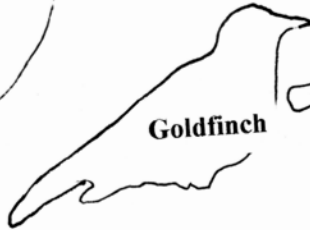
Crow



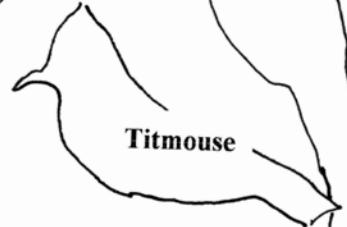
Chickadee



Dove



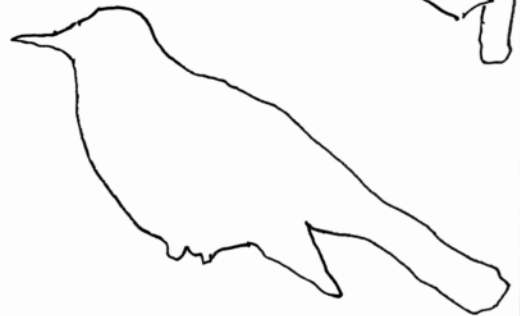
Goldfinch



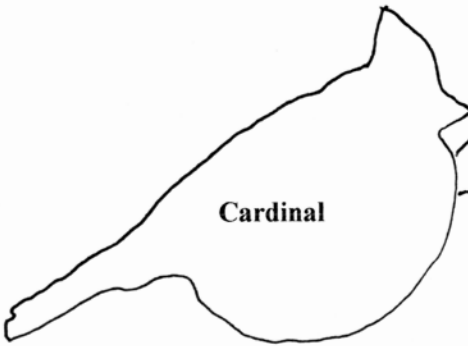
Titmouse



Robin



Red-winged Blackbird



Cardinal



Blue Jay



White-breasted Nuthatch

Carleton-Willard Village Spring Bird Count



CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

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