



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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Co-Editors' Corner



Our March theme, "Love at First Sight" inspired a wide response: first sight of a newborn son, a baby grand piano, oysters, motorcycles, the start of a sixty-eight year long partnership. Taken altogether, we feel residents' stories have made a particularly joyful spring issue. We thank all our writers including several new contributors.

On a sadder note, we bade a final farewell to Mary Cowham, who died December 27th. For eight years Mary was the *Villager's* Assistant Editor (with Editor Jim Stockwell). She then mentored your neophyte Co-Editors in producing the issues of December 2014 and March 2015. Since then Mary, though without "official" role, has been a source of advice and unfailing support and encouragement to us. In addition to her editorial work, Mary wrote thirty-six stories of her extraordinary life for the *Villager*. These reveal not only keen intelligence and wry humor but also, though never stated, her gallantry and determination. She was a joyful presence in our lives; we are forever grateful.

We should also like to acknowledge our debt to Paul Drouilhet, who died January 12, 2018. He was our unsung hero of cover art, using his photographic and technological skills to produce images of resident artists' work for *Villager* covers. He never refused even our most unreasonable requests and, modest to a fault, waved away our thanks -- which once again we express here.

Writing in mid-January's short days, frigid temperatures (lowered further by wind-chill), messy, sometimes even perilous, walking, it is sometimes a stretch to anticipate spring's gifts of lengthening daylight, first shoots of green, the joy of striding out. But anticipate we do, and wish our readers, wherever they may be, and the writers and artists who create the *Villager*, hopeful anticipation of a happy and productive spring.

Alice Morrish *Peggy McKibben*

Co-Editors



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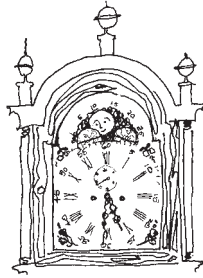
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From the Chief Executive Officer



“You may never get to the end of the journey. But this, so far from discouraging, only adds to the joy and glory of the climb.” – Winston Churchill

I sometimes find myself taking a long stroll through our beautiful new Village Centre. It’s usually a quieter time of day - fewer people, less activity, allowing me to gently take in the long graceful architectural lines ... the sunlight, now dramatically different from mid-day, filtering through from above... smart and subtle details of wood and glass and metal. Yes, Main Street has undergone quite a transformation.

I can’t help but think, “Just how did we get all this done?”

The scope of the work is impressive enough: a two-story atrium, artists’ and exercise studios ... computer learning lab, the business center, meeting rooms, ping pong, an arts and crafts studio... the fabulous Brass Rail and inviting outdoor terraces, and the Spa which will open shortly. An expansion on this scale would make any resort hotel proud. We’re lucky enough to have it all here at the Village.

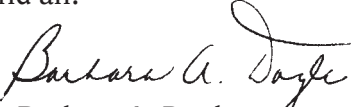
Still, there’s more here than the structure alone.

The Village Centre was an ambitious project from day one, and with a simple goal: to meaningfully add to the richness of daily life in the Village. That intention is, and always has been, at the core of everything we do at Carleton-Willard. All the planning and visioning was invested to expand the experience here... one that’s creative, stimulating and rewarding. One that celebrates old friendships and makes new ones.

What “community” is all about.

We were lucky to have a project team who created an inspiring new environment for our residents.

And speaking of our residents, without their suggestions, opinions and continual involvement, the Village Centre would not have been possible. Thank you one and all.


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Brief Encounters

On the evening of the Fourth of July, 1947, I was pacing the halls of Boston Lying-In Hospital (BLI). I was there as a third-year Harvard Medical School student fulfilling a required rotation in Obstetrics. In my day, performing ten deliveries was a prerequisite for the MD degree. I had already reached my quota, but still had a few days left on my rotation, so I would look in on difficult deliveries or help out wherever necessary. That evening BLI was quiet and I was looking for a window from which I could watch the fireworks in Boston. As I walked along the corridor towards such a window, a young woman wearing the distinctive uniform of a Massachusetts General Hospital (MGH) student nurse came out of a patient's room. When she saw me with my mustache, long white coat over street clothes and tie, she assumed I was one of the senior obstetricians, and approached me. I was stunned -- she was gorgeous in her trim uniform and cap. She appeared concerned but calm as she said, "Sir, could I bother you to listen to the fetal heart in my patient? I just can't hear it." Besides admiring her beauty and demeanor I was impressed by her addressing me as "Sir", which I'd never been called before. We went to see her patient; I succeeded in hearing the fetal heart and reassured the patient and her nurse, then walked away joyfully smitten. I see that encounter vividly, but have no memory of the Boston fireworks.

At that time BLI was experiencing an unusually large number of women who developed blood clots in the leg after delivery. During delivery metal stirrups pressed against the back of the knees holding the mother's knees sideways with the knees bent. It was thought that the stirrups might be blocking the leg veins, thus allowing clots to form below the level of the knee.

In a test of this hypothesis half the patients were delivered with stirrups while the others had their legs held manually without pressure on the back of the knee. Naturally, a strapping, or even any passing student nurse was fair game for this assignment.

A few days after that memorable Fourth, I happened to look in on the delivery of an extremely

obese lady. Holding a leg larger than herself was my vision of the other night, suitably capped, gowned, and masked, and struggling a little to keep the leg motionless. Sidling up to her I whispered my offer to hold the leg for her. Sensibly she accepted; indeed, as I learned later common sense was one of her strong traits. Mercifully, the delivery was quick and I restored the leg to its more comfortable position. The young nurse and I had a good laugh over the whole thing, introduced ourselves, and went off to other tasks, but now I knew she was Ruth Stillman.



Several weeks later, while on a new rotation at MGH, I entered an elevator and there was Ruth. Fate was now in play and I decided it was time to act. I suggested dinner some night, she accepted and we had a lovely time. As we parted before curfew at the student nurses' dorm, I handed Ruth one of my calling cards. I learned later that she had never received one before and wondered what that was about. In the world of diplomacy where I had grown up everyone of my age carried cards -- how else would she get in touch with me? We dated more frequently: from evening walks along the Charles to plays and grand opera, we had grand times. Sensing that she wasn't crazy about my mustache, I shaved it off. She thought that was funny but said that I looked better without it.

Our courtship progressed in fairly normal fashion, though our obligations caused us to meet less frequently than I liked. Soon we were each other's best friends. When we both graduated in 1949 we made it a trifecta and married sixty-eight years ago. What a joy those years were, especially given the close-knit family we became with our five lively, lovely, beloved and talented daughters.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy



A Moment to Remember

Those who know Woods Hole, and especially those who love mussels, go to a small restaurant about a half a block on the other side of the drawbridge and down an alley to the right. The restaurant has no walls and is “open air” to that extent. It is covered by the building above it. The entrance and part of the floor are the cobblestones and brick of the original alley it was, and the place opens out on to Eel Pond. In addition to the tables under cover it uses a short pier jutting into the pond and a float for more tables. A couple of years ago we went for an early dinner and took a table for two on the float.

It was a soft warm summer evening. There was a small amount of boat activity on the pond, and a few ducks circled around in the water below our table on the chance that we might be generous and share a bit of our dinner rolls. There were not too many customers in the restaurant, so there was a pleasant, not too loud, hubbub of conversation. We placed our order for some wine and dinner, which for my part was Mussels Portuguese. About half way through our meal the waitress, on passing by, stopped at our table and casually asked if we were married. “Yes”, was the answer. “And about how many years?” she asked. We admitted to sixty-three years (it’s now sixty-four going on sixty-five) of happy married life together.

We have been asked this question before by strangers on the street or coming out of a theatre or restaurant. Some younger people have said, “Wow!” Maybe it’s because we look happy and obviously care for each other very much. Somehow I guess it shows.

We finished our dinner with dessert and coffee as dusk was coming on. I signaled the waitress for the check. Coming to our table, she told us there was no charge for the dinner; another couple had paid our check. The only condition was that we were not to be told until they had left the restaurant. We quickly looked around to no avail. They had indeed left! On the way out we checked with the *maitre d’*. She had not seen anyone familiar to her at the time we came

in or after. There was a couple from Ohio, she thought, but she couldn’t be sure they were the ones. We remembered seeing only a few people when we arrived; there was a couple who *could* have been them. . . Whoever they were, by now they were nowhere in sight.

We’ve been back several times. The staff has changed, of course, and we’ve never recognized anyone who could have been our benefactors. But the little restaurant is still there, and the mussels are bigger and better than ever.

You should check it out.

Kay Barney



Welcome New Residents

Sheldon and Diane Draper Buck

from Wellesley, 11/16/17

Mary Allen Bramhall

from Concord, 12/8/17

Hollis Bodman

from Cambridge, 1/23/18



Love Story

Love has many definitions and for me movement is one of my significant loves.

Helping a family grow was enough motion to keep me happy for a long time. But things changed by the time my college-aged son had purchased a used Honda 350cc motorcycle to commute to Northeastern. I could tell he was a careful rider and took no chances. He did not ride a great deal. Later that latter part would change.

So, when I reached fifty (yes, the midlife crisis) I began to think of borrowing his bike to see what it was like. Well, that is where the love gets stronger. Yes, the feeling of movement, the rushing of air, the smell of everything. The thrill is much like those horseback riders love -- the galloping gait, more than trotting along, bouncing up and down on the seat

I was working in Medford, Massachusetts then and a surgeon I knew had a ten year old 1973 750cc BMW. I pressured him for three months to sell it to me and finally he did. In my twenty years with that bike, I had my only accident, all by myself on a dirt mountain road in New Hampshire, and learned the motorcycle mantra -- ATGATT -- all the gear all the time -- that is, protective gear, helmet, gloves, jacket, motorcycle shoes. Well, I at least had on helmet and gloves if not my jacket and motorcycle shoes. But I was NOT hurt in this incident, just hit a rock, flew over the windshield and rolled in the road. I did blow both shock absorbers and bent the frame which ultimately required me to replace the entire frame. I had just a little trouble getting home to Lexington, about 100 miles, going only about 25 mph on side roads rather than the interstates.

Concerned that my first accident with the bike might cause me to retire from that love, I decided that I would not give up motorcycling but I would give up SOMETHING.

I decided that going just a little too fast had been the major problem, and I had done that while hyper on several cups of coffee I had at an earlier rain stop. My decision was to give up coffee (a much lesser love) and start drinking hot water. It only took a few days before I had a new

love -- HOT WATER. Very soon I felt great and knew it and now, forty years later, I am grateful for that accident.



I have had only two breakdowns while riding on trips. Once I was in Mackinaw City, Michigan, on my way to a rally in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. My transmission failed shortly after having been overhauled. I found a BMW volunteer with trailer to take me to a BMW facility in Grand Rapids to ship my bike back to Lexington. Rather than take a bus back, I purchased a newer used bike for the return. I loved that bike ride so much that I rode all day from the eastern border of Michigan to Lexington (600 miles) in one day. The highlight of the trip was in the evening with the horizontal rays of the sunset going around me as I rode through the Berkshires.

When I had the transmission repaired on the older bike, that gave me a second bike for my son to use in riding with me. The two of us have happily ridden together on annual long trips for the past six years.

The love of motorcycling has taken me to many large rallies, the largest being 10,000 bikers in Burlington, Vermont.

The camaraderie of fellow bikers is astounding and I have made many new friends on bike trips -- new friends who are going to be friends for life, just as the many people in my Lexington High School class of 1949 whom I treasure as best friends and hope to keep until I pass away.

The love of good friends takes top place now as I near the loss of my first love, motorcycling.

David Hathaway



Baby Grand Adventure

I had been staying in Northampton, England, with a friend, and when I returned to celebrate my twelfth birthday my Mum and Dad greeted me with a big hug. Before I could say anything they told me to “close your eyes and follow us!” They led me into the drawing room, calling out “Happy Birthday”, and there it was! Sitting in the corner by the window was a magnificent surprise - a shiny black Bluthner baby grand piano. A huge card sat on the music stand with my name on it!

From that moment on, the demands of my educational life took a back seat. For sure I scrambled through school and college, but it wasn't until I completed my war service that I began to notice that my life was being reborn through a happy marriage, motherhood and a life that did not depend on conquering the sharps and flats of a musical score. Then we emigrated to the States.

However the time came when we settled into life in New England, and back in Britain our lovely family home was sold. I was asked to dispose of all of the contents. My piano had provided much joy to parents and relatives, and now we had a house in the USA where we could place the lovely instrument and enjoy some music. Ed, my engineer husband, was an intrepid amateur violinist and our daughter showed interest in a musical career. But how to transport the Bluthner safely to Massachusetts? “No worry”, said my husband for whom everything was possible. First of all we had to find a very reputable moving company who, for a staggering price, undertook the job. I went over, nominally to supervise on moving day, but the lead mover seemed more inclined to move royalty than the Rolfes. He told me that on his truck he already had that morning picked up a huge concert grand from the Earl of Warwick! I felt a little bit humble about my Bluthner baby. After this he casually played me a couple of technically difficult solos on my piano before starting his job to pack it up!

I returned to the States to await notice of the safe arrival of my piano. And wait I did. For many weeks my anxiety troubled me. Finally I was surprised by a visit from the shipping company's agent who arrived, unbidden, to inform me that

unfortunately the ship on which my piano was loaded had sunk, and any recovery of the piano would not be successful. I was heartbroken. He said that their insurance would cover part of the cost of such an instrument which, by now, of course, would not be too great due to its age.

I did not hear any more for several weeks, until one day the same gentleman arrived to say he had made “a small mistake”. My piano had not been on that sunken craft, but on another ship, that would arrive in Boston shortly. I watched the shipping news day to day, until one morning I was thrilled to see a notice that this second ship had docked. However, my shipping friend then informed me that the shipment would encounter a problem since the longshoremen in Boston had instituted a strike, and nothing was moving on or off the docks. We offered to go down there and see what we could do, but were warned that it was much too dangerous at the docks since tempers were at boiling point, and we might get into difficulties with furious laborers who were patrolling the quays.

I now was horrified that my precious cargo was in a crate sitting out on the shore, along with many others, and subject to the hazard of a damp climate, all for several weeks after arrival. The press were vigilant in describing the anger of the union crews as they circled the exposed cargo dumped there in such a dangerous situation. I had a job dissuading Ed from going down to the shore and getting mixed up in the fray. And in what condition would we find my baby grand after several weeks in this unprotected isolation?

Eventually, several weeks later, we were told that our cargo item was to be freed and moved to a warehouse in Dedham for uncrating, and later for delivery to our house in Lincoln (at a further staggering cost to me, of course). I was on edge. Eventually a large truck arrived, four men delivered to our music room the prized Bluthner piano. I sat down with shaky fingers to explore its condition. I couldn't believe that in every aspect it looked quite unblemished and ready to play. And I listened to each beautiful note played - each still perfectly in tune. Amazing.

So there it was. Another miracle?

Stephanie Rolfe



Magic on the Back Porch

How is it that one's high school physics teacher becomes an unsuspecting match maker? This is how it happened. You see, I was thirty-three, was looking for a job and I thought Mr. Holcombe, who had left teaching and become a sales engineer for an electrical components company, might be able to help. It was early fall and I was invited to supper on the back porch of their Milton home. Instead of finding a job, I found their daughter Lee, and was immediately infatuated. I had not come a-courting, but I was determined to see Lee again.

Here was the strategy I thought might prompt Waldo Holcombe to give me Lee's Cambridge phone number. My friends Mike and Leslie had a house on Buzzards Bay and had not yet returned to their teaching jobs in Connecticut. I called them to see if they would invite me down for the weekend, and told them I wanted to bring a date. I hoped that they would go along with the idea that their invitation to me was conditional on my bringing a date. Since the Holcombes knew Mike and Leslie's parents, I figured it would be a safe and credible story, and it did persuade Waldo Holcombe to pass along Lee's phone number. And thankfully Lee accepted both the story and the invitation - and so our time together began.



We spent many weekends together during the fall of 1963 in Cambridge where she lived (if only the saggy leather couch in her Broadway shared apartment could tell tales!) and in

Waterbury, Connecticut where I lived. I think the family began to get suspicious when I gave Lee a season pass to the Killington Ski Area, which I had received as an early investor.

In March of 1964 we borrowed a house in Lincoln, Massachusetts for the weekend. On a Sunday afternoon we visited Walden Pond which was frozen solid, and we walked on the crunchy snow-covered ice. I proposed and she accepted. In a daze we walked across the street and through the Concord dump; it did not make any difference - we could have walked hand in hand anywhere.

We were married in June.

Arthur N. Milliken

Recollection?

Is it just because I'm older
 Or are the winters getting colder?
 Are the fashions too revealing
 Or have I tried for more concealing?
 Maybe years are not the answer.
 Or perhaps they're an enhancer.
 So keep looking at the past
 Since it has a larger cast.
 And if memory should fail us,
 Our best friends will not unveil us.
 Still it seems, you don't recall?
 Well, it matters not at all.
 Either my head is filled with cotton
 Or all the stuff that I've forgotten.

Lois F. Pulliam







Love at First Visit

Ellie was probably three and a half the first time we took her to deCordova Sculpture Park and Museum in Lincoln. We let the curly-haired sprite loose in those thirty acres of grass and interesting objects, and it was love at first visit. Each of us, her Mom, Dad, Grandmother and Ellie herself had stopped at Paul Matisse's Musical Fence, a vertical set of pipes which, when struck with an accompanying stick, plays a lovely tune, almost the only sculpture one is supposed to touch. Ellie enjoyed that but ahead was all that green and little feet were quickly on to other wonders. She stopped dutifully at each sculpture, looking on with attention till her Dad told her it was all right to look at modern art quickly and move on which she did. But as we walked towards the southwestern corner of the park there was something quite different -- a pair of weeping beech trees, branches hanging all the way to the ground with little entrances where children could – and did – crawl under to see their adults sitting in a handy gazebo with benches.

This took time but gave everyone a rest before we were off again to climb the hill, and see the many more modern sculptures – “The Listening Head”, the massive boulder with a carved head and ear literally to the ground; “Mass. Art Vehicle”, a triangular steel conveyance on its own little track; the sculptures high on the hill overlooking Flint’s Pond, including a piece called “No More Milk and Cookies” which Ellie liked especially, probably because its title was so intriguing. Finally we walked to a distant corner where Jim Dine’s “Two Black Hearts” stretched above us. Most three year olds, having been exposed to Valentine’s Day, know that hearts represent love and happiness, a great commentary on the afternoon.

When we were all totally exhausted there was yet one more great treat -- the deCordova shop, filled with wonderful “wants” for everyone

but especially imaginative treats for children: unusual tops, funny fake glasses and audacious books. After scouring the selection, Ellie sat down on one of the little chairs and was ready to stay. We had finally to pry her out, clutching a favorite new amusement. Wow! did she sleep that night!

The sculpture garden became a favorite place to visit when they drove from Maine to Lexington to visit me.

When Ellie was five or six, I had knee surgery and was “mobility challenged”. On their first visit after I got home, Ellie appeared at her Dad’s knee, “Could we go to deCordova now?” “No,

GranPeggy has a sore leg and can’t walk there right now.” Quiet for a little while, she soon reappeared. “Plan B: could we go to deCordova and GranPeggy could sit on a bench while we look at the sculptures?” “No, we can’t do that; it would be too hard for her to walk even that far.”

Soon she was back. “Plan C: Could GranPeggy stay home while we went to deCordova?” By then I did not know whether to laugh or cry, feeling like an ogre keeping them home, but greatly enjoying hearing Ellie’s options.

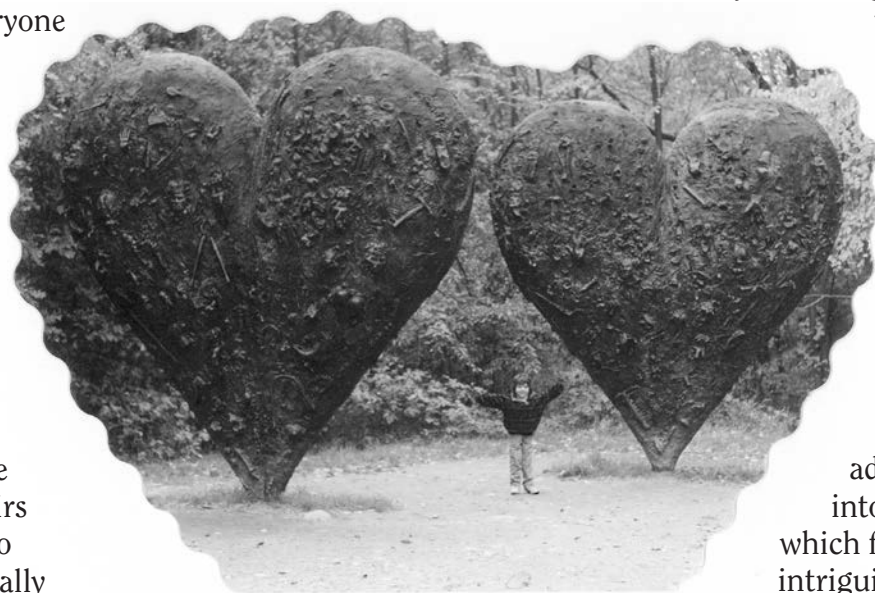
Well, there were many more visits as we witnessed new additions, especially the Rain Gate installation that took advantage of a natural drop where a small creek came tumbling down through rocks to form a several-layered natural sculpture, and Nam June Paik’s “Requiem for the 20th Century”, a 1936 Chrysler painted totally white with a variety of messages including a

tape playing Mozart’s unfinished Requiem, a mystifying but compelling installation that certainly captured the imagination of Ellie’s elders.

As she grew older, we continued to visit deCordova, advancing eventually into the Museum which featured art just as intriguing and often just as baffling. Come summer, I

think it is time to take our twenty-year old Ellie back to deCordova. I am missing some of my favorite sculptures and the fun of jointly trying to interpret them.

Peggy McKibben

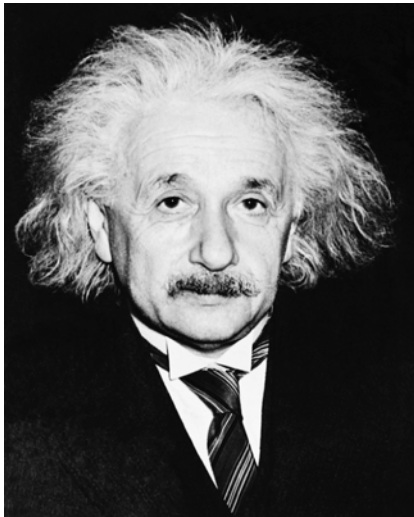




Village

Professor Einstein's Visit

In "Albert Einstein: Relatively Speaking", the actor George Cappacio brought Albert Einstein to life in an utterly convincing performance. Mrs. Dukas, his gracious secretary (portrayed by resident Elizabeth Flemings) welcomed us into his home, assuring us that the professor was looking forward to our visit. After a warm greeting, accompanied by the demonstration of his skill with a yo-yo, Einstein captivated us with a lengthy recounting of his personal and professional lives, including a detailed discussion of his 1905 paper on "The Theory of Special Relativity", and the subsequent "Theory of General Relativity". Happily, he gave no final exam.



Green City Growers

Jessie Banhazl, founder and Chief Executive Officer of Green City Growers, shared the story of her company with members and guests of the Garden Club. Based in Somerville, GCG builds, installs and maintains vegetable gardens on rooftops and small plots of land. Clients include Ester restaurant in Boston, Fenway Park, Whole Foods, Seaport Hotel, Harvard Pilgrim Health, schools in Beverly and Boston, retirement communities, and many more public and private organizations. Entering its tenth year, GCG has produced 175,000 pounds of food and engaged 7500 people in its activities, while using less than two acres of space. GCG has earned the designation as a "Benefit Corporation". Following an informative Q and A, attendees adjourned to enjoy tea and pastries.

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

Saturday Night at the Opera

Diana McVey (soprano), Ana Ugarte (contralto), Brian Landry (tenor), and Bonnie Anderson (piano) honored the birthday of longtime CWV board member, Judy Hood, sister of resident, Mary Lou Wildasin, with a concert of arias and duets from Italian, French and Czech operas. Highlights were Ana's "Habanera" from Bizet's "Carmen", Brian's "Nessun dorma" from Puccini's "Turandot" and Diana's "Song to the Moon" from Dvorak's "Rusalka". Ana also sang "Over the Rainbow", while Diana joined Brian for an impassioned duet from "Lucia di Lammermoor". The audience then joined the soloists for a rousing "Happy Birthday" to Judy.

Old Time Radio Shows

The Village Thespians brought back memories of radio in the 1940s, offering excerpts from "The Lone Ranger" and "The Romance of Helen Trent", punctuated by commercials sung by the Village Voices. The Lone Ranger (Spike Thorne) and Tonto (Harry Hoover) discovered that Monk (Sonja Strong) and his henchman Trig (Elizabeth Flemings) killed the sheriff (Sonja Strong!). Subsequently, Brett (Spike Thorne) and Fay (Peg Rendl) plotted to break up the romance of Gil (Paul Drouilhet) and Helen Trent (Sally Rabinowitz). The radio sound effects crew (Bob Schmalz and Tom and Anne Larkin) offered "Three Turkeys Waiting for Corncobs" as an encore.

Cape Ann Museum

The visit to the Museum began with a tour of the Elias Davis House, where the captain, his wife, Lucy and their eleven children lived in the early 1850's. Our tour of the Museum featured the work of Fitz Henry Lane, the preeminent painter of marine art in the 1800's. The Museum has the largest collection of his paintings in the world. He went on to perfect his skill in lithography with great success, as evidenced in an outstanding exhibit. Other highlights included the small gallery devoted to Folly Cove Designers, and Jim Hooper's poignant exhibit "Portraits of a Working Waterfront", a tribute to local fishermen. The tour ended with a delicious lunch at Lobstaland.



Happenings

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

Climate Talk

Dr. Paul Carr visited to discuss “What are we doing to our climate? What is it doing to us and for us?” Through the use of fossil fuels, we have raised carbon dioxide levels in recent decades, leading to the Greenhouse effect, and consequent global warming. Dry regions are dryer, wet regions wetter, storms, wildfires and floods are more frequent and severe. Desertification leads to mass migrations. A lively discussion focused on how we can respond positively through conservation, use of alternative energy sources, and policy actions such as a tax on carbon emissions.

Fall Art Exhibit

Arlayne Peterson and Hildegard Fritze shared the gallery space, showing works in contrasting but equally enjoyable styles. Arlayne’s large panels in oil are expressive of her love of a meadow in nearby Lexington, and of the far-off Serengeti -- both portrayed with wide bands of muted color that evoke grasslands. Small photographs or detailed small drawings in the center of several enable the viewer to compare interpretation with reality. Hildegard’s water colors are representational and show her love of nature in landscapes and in individual flora. These two artists, recently arrived at Carleton-Willard, are fine additions to our creative community.

CWV Singers

On an evening in late fall, twenty-one Carleton-Willard singers opened their wide-ranging program with an American folk song suite, creating a spirit of patriotism, nostalgia and comedy. Choral highlights included former Director Sandi Peasley’s passionate “Walk With Me” and selections from “West Side Story”. Solo standouts were Ara Tyler’s powerful spiritual, “My Lord, What a Morning”, and Stefan Schatzki’s poignant “This Nearly Was Mine” from “South Pacific”. Director/pianist Robert Lague introduced and accompanied every piece. Finally, the enthusiastic audience joined in full-throated renditions of “You’re a Grand Old Flag” and “What a Wonderful World”.

Photo History of Mt. Washington

Ed Webster, son of resident Dorothea Webster, illustrated his own oral history of New England’s highest mountain with a remarkable collection of photographs. Starting in the 1850s, photographers recorded scenes of natural features and man-made structures on and near the mountain. The Summit House, first hotel on the peak, is in an 1852 photo, while an 1861 photo shows a team of horses that first used the road to the top. The cog railway opened in 1869, and quickly became a favorite subject. The speaker personalized his talk through photos of climbers he knew, and perilous routes he and they have used.



Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum

A large group enjoyed a visit to the Gardner Museum in the Fenway, where the Palace courtyard was in full splendor, highlighted by Christmas plants and flowers. A stroll through the rooms and corridors led to artistic treasures by Fra Angelico, Botticelli, Titian, van Dyck, Rembrandt, Sargent and Whistler. In the new building a temporary exhibit “Henry James and American Painting” featured portraits, interiors and scenes of Venice by Sargent, Whistler and La Farge, along with correspondence and manuscripts authored by these artists, Henry James, and Mrs. Gardner. Our appetite for art satisfied, we moved on to Eastern Standard in Kenmore Square, where an outstanding lunch completed an enjoyable outing.

Edwin Cox



Love At First Sight

That Sunday morning in early June dawned grey and cool and early. My husband, David, the new assistant clergy, was dressing to preside at both the nine and eleven o'clock summer services in church. I was feeling the first insistent pains of childbirth. With high anxiety, he readied himself and me for a short side trip to the hospital before his destination, church. My 'alone' experience began on the steps to the hospital door. Dave sped on to church.

I had volunteered as a "candy striper" at this hospital during the war years when I was in my teens so I knew the procedure, but this was a Sunday so someone from staff had to be called to wheel me up. Now I experienced the ride as a patient. Bumping over the wooden floors and then the metal sill in the elevator was no joy ride! Arriving at the maternity floor, memory fails on the particulars, but it wasn't long before I was wheeled into the Delivery Room. The lights were low and my obstetrician ready. (Ted Loizeaux was a second cousin; we shared a name but not a social connection -- his family was in "fuel oil" and mine in "building supplies"!)

There was no sound of others in anxiety or pain, only dimmed light and small talk. After not much time and a lot of "push and sweat" there was a blessed relax. "It's a boy", said Ted, then put the silent, slippery infant on my belly. Dark, unfocused eyes open, a wobbly head held up momentarily facing me.

I looked in wonder. It was a holy moment, wonder and love -- at first sight.

Peggy Engel

Loved at First Sight

If my dog Katie could talk or write, she would be able to describe numerous instances of love at first sight featuring herself as the recipient. Since she has not yet developed those talents, I will describe a couple of such incidents.

A few years ago, as a Designated Friendly Visitor, Katie took on the job of a people-walker for Cynthia one of the residents in our memory unit. Cynthia enjoyed our regular visits walking

up and down the corridors holding Katie's leash, and beaming with pride when anyone complimented her dog.



One day we passed a woman sitting in a chair by a table, all hunched over and seemingly uninterested in her surroundings. As we went by I heard her utter one word, "Dog!"

When we were through walking with Cynthia, I took Katie back to where I had heard that word. The woman, Thelma, ruffled Katie's hair but did not engage in conversation. When we returned a week later, her daughter, who was visiting her, said, "She has spoken of nothing but the dog all week!" The third week I noticed some crumbled remains of a muffin on the table next to Thelma. Katie noticed them also. Thelma took in the situation and rather slyly reached up and pushed the crumbs onto the floor for Katie's enjoyment. The fourth week Thelma saw us coming in the door and started singing "How much is that doggie in the window?"

The start of a love affair . . .

Janet Kennedy

Co-editors' note: Names of residents have been changed.



Worth the Wait

Love at first sight makes me think about the first time I saw my first-born child and the over-whelming feelings that coursed through my being to realize that, after carrying her for nine months, she had finally arrived.

Many couples have no trouble becoming parents. It simply happens at the start of their marriage, or whenever they decide they want to start a family. Then there are those of us who have a more challenging time of it. The latter was my experience. As a couple, after years of no success, we were about to adopt when at last I became pregnant with this little one.

After the mechanics of the birthing were over, I was handed this squirming little girl baby and, as many new parents will attest, immediately fell in love with her.

I think that this love affair between mother and child serves as a protective mechanism for the child. As many parents will agree, there are moments when the child's behavior will severely test the parents' sanity, and having the bond of love will be what saves the little one from disaster at the hands of a parent.

When you have had ten years of married life unencumbered by children, you have established a pretty adult pattern of life. Community service, travel, social activities, all without having to do excessive planning of time management around feeding schedules and Baby's daily and nighttime routines. As a problem solver, I was sure that life could still proceed as in past years!!

Saks Fifth Avenue and Lord and Taylor each had many devices that encouraged including your baby in your pre-baby adult lifestyle. Carry beds, shaded swings, baby slings. If they sold it, we owned it. For a while this worked. Then came the first independent steps, the baby learned to walk! Parenthood completely changed. When a second baby arrived, parenting changed again and family life took over.

That first love affair has morphed into many different stages of parenthood and in retrospect I can honestly say that each stage has been both challenging and enjoyable.

And, as many of us will agree, when your own children become parents, that's the start of further love affairs, as well!

Ara Tyler

<i>In Memory</i>	
Ira Baird	October 22
Robert Wheeler	25
Mary De Moss	November 8
Rose Muggeridge	19
Alice Franceschi	22
David Harvey	December 4
Sarah (Sally) Chapin	6
Peggy Gill	17
James Hitzrot	20
Mary Cowham	27
2018	
Beverly Floe	January 1
Gloria Pass	1
Juanita Freeman	12
Paul Drouilhet	12



The World Is My Oyster

Six years ago I learned that the expression “happy as a clam”, the ubiquitous phrase meaning contentedly happy, was in fact “happy as a clam at high tide”, i.e. when clambers weren’t digging for them.

But now I’m curious about the quote “The world is my oyster”. Because this little essay is about oysters after all, not clams. The quote is, of course, Shakespeare. In “The Merry Wives of Windsor” Falstaff says to Pistol: “I will not lend thee a penny.” And Pistol replies, “Why then, the world’s my oyster, which I with sword will open.” In modern day terms, it has come to mean you can do anything or go anywhere you want.

Having grown up in Maine I was practically weaned on lobsters and steamed or fried clams. Later I added steamed mussels, picked right off the rocks on the shore in front of my brother Dick’s camp in Lamoine (near Bar Harbor), and rushed to the steamer in the kitchen while they were still fresh.

But nary an oyster, except smothered in pints of cream and butter in an oyster stew, or hidden in some casserole perhaps.

I was in my late twenties before I had my first raw oyster. It was in that hotbed of oyster central, Detroit, MI. Who knows how many miles that oyster had traveled, how many strange beds it had slept in to get there. All I know is that it was definitely LOVE at first bite. I will actually take fresh oysters over clams or lobster any day, and as often as I can.

A tradition for many years was that I would take the “T” into Boston on July 4th, go to the Old State House for the reading of the Declaration of Independence, head over to Faneuil Hall, arriving in time to grab the aisle seat in the second row (the first row was reserved for the Mayor’s family and grandchildren), and then head to the Oyster Bar at the Union Oyster House for a dozen oysters and a half pint, followed by warm Indian Pudding with ice cream. Heaven on earth.

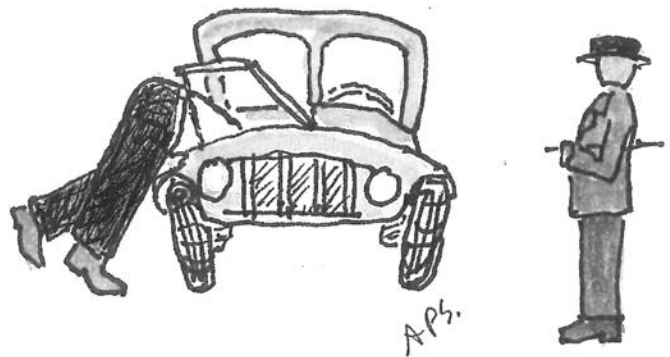
Madelyn Armstrong

Grand Theft Auto

I graduated from an aircraft technical school just before World War II and went to work one week before Pearl Harbor for the Vought Sikorsky Division of United Aircraft Corporation. I received exemption from the draft for two years and then was drafted into the Navy. After my years of freedom, I did not take too kindly to the restrictions of the military service.

My first duty was in a Carrier Aircraft Service unit in Norfolk, Virginia. Each sailor was teamed up with a civilian mechanic. During this period advancements were canceled and one could not advance beyond Seaman First Class. I was performing work three grades above my rate but was loving it. When the war was over I was transferred into a Seaman Guard unit. There were some rough characters in this unit. At one time the whole unit was restricted to the base because of one minor infraction.

My uncle who lived in New York City and worked for the government, got a new job in Norfolk. He was now Assistant to the President of the Virginian Railroad. He had a pre-war Pontiac which had problems with the gasoline pump. I had volunteered to fix it, and the date we decided on was during the restricted period for my unit. I decided to ignore the restriction and to go downtown to pick up the car.



I parked it behind my barracks while I was working on it. The Naval Base Civilian Guard squad came by and asked if that was my car. I said no, it belonged to my uncle. They next asked, “Where does your uncle live?” So then I said he had recently moved to downtown Norfolk. “A likely story!” was clear on their faces.



The Guard then called ahead to Guard Headquarters. Then he asked when I picked up the car and I said, "About 11 a.m." Next question: "When did you go off duty?" "12 noon." "So you were AWOL for an hour?"

I suggested they call my uncle to confirm my story which they did and he confirmed it. Next, the Guard Unit turned me over to my Captain's Office for my transgression.

The Captain sentenced me to four hours of marching back and forth carrying a rifle in front of his office. Because I was found guilty, my increase to First Class Seaman was held up for three months. I was discharged several months later with an Honorable Discharge but did not apply for service in the Naval Auxiliary.

Bob Sawyer

Aidan

If you have been fortunate to become a grandparent like me, you will understand what I am about to write. Seven times we have welcomed grandchildren into the world, one after another. I fell in love with each little squirming bundle. Holding them in my arms ever so carefully, I would marvel at their unique features. For example, their noses. My Mother used to assure us not to worry, their little noses would change over the years. (She had a thing about noses and did not like hers.) My favorite pastime would be cupping my thumb, forefinger and middle finger around their tiny heels -- I would get ecstatic.

Aidan was the first grandchild of three born in the United Kingdom. We have seen him at least once every year. I remember sitting on the sofa with him, cuddled up together, when he was two years old in our Tiverton, Rhode Island home with a view of the Sakonnet River. Each time a sailboat came in sight we would start giggling; with each boat it got "gigglier" until we were exhausted and gave up with a deep sigh.

There have been other "sofa scenes" now that I think of it. One was with his Mum, our daughter in England. It is lodged in my mind as if I had been right there. It was September 11, 2001 and

she was watching the horrible event on television. When Aidan, then three, asked about it she tried to explain while tears washed her face. Very gently Aidan placed his little blue chair, where he used to watch "Pingu" or "Teletubbies" right next to her and hugged her knees. A little later when tears still rolled, he asked, "Mummy, can I bring you a glass of water?" Then she really cried.

During one of our visits to England when Aidan must have been about thirteen, we found ourselves again on a sofa in their cozy home in Buckinghamshire. A relaxed moment when the rest of the family was busy elsewhere in the house. My chance to have Aidan to myself, uninterrupted! Maybe we would talk about sports, especially soccer, friends or anything else that was on his mind at the moment. But alas! Here was Aidan watching TV, switching channels for the best game available, fingering his phone and talking/answering with a quick "yes" or "no".

I asked if he realized he was doing three things at the same time. He beamed and replied, "Yes, isn't it great? I can do it all!"

A grandmother moment! Shall I try? Take heart! It came something like this: I loved to sit with him and talk, but please could I see his face, faces speak, and oh! I love to see his beautiful blue eyes, and really, I'd just like his attention, and anyway I didn't want to share this moment with TV or phone. I must have gone on and on. Without a word and very calmly Aidan switched off the TV, then the phone. He turned body and face to me with a smile and said, "I am ready."

And I fell in love again with my wonderful Aidan!

Hildegard Fritze

Trapped on the Pulaski Skyway

I grew up in Princeton, New Jersey, about an hour and a half from New York City. We had very nice relatives who visited in the summer and my mother set her sights on my distant cousin, Leigh Lydecker, as a candidate for son-in-law.

When I was about nineteen and a pretty new driver, Leigh invited me to a formal dance at his



all men's college, the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey on the harbor! I really did NOT want to go. I did NOT feel confident about driving on highways or finding my way in the city. And Leigh was very nice, but NOT my White Knight.

However, Mother insisted that I drive to Hoboken . . .in winter. . .in snow. Amazing! Keep in mind that my dear mother never drove a car at all. Otherwise so overprotective in every way, Mother threw all caution to the winds and sent me off.

Fortunately once I got off the highway, there were very few turns before I got to the school. The ballroom overlooked the snowy harbor. I danced with Leigh and several other young men. Leigh was a gentleman, but I was not interested in any romantic relationship with him. It started to snow heavily so we both agreed I should head home early.

Driving along slowly in blinding snow I reached the Pulaski Skyway, a huge four lane bridge/causeway over the Hackensack River heading into Jersey City. Right in the middle of



the highest section of the bridge, my car stopped dead and I had no luck getting it started again.

Wearing dancing slippers and a long ball gown, I pictured I might spend the night in the car, but after an hour the police arrived and miraculously started my car. I made it home, cold but safe.

The Pulaski Skyway still stands and I have never driven it again. But Leigh Lydecker is still a favorite cousin -- with a lovely wife.

Emily Holt

Jitney Joy

When I moved to Carleton-Willard Village I was intent on maximum independence. Jitney? No thank you, I CAN still drive, I insisted.

But after taking the jitney up for dinner, it only took two or three trips to get hooked, not on the ride, but on what I call the "Jitney Culture".



On the 5:15 trip to Main Street the driver is the first greeter as he says hello and makes sure that each passenger is safely on board. Neighbors board in twos or threes, wine bags in hand, as the bus moves from court to court. The friendly fifteen minute ride has the air of a brief intense family reunion, except, magically, everyone seems to know my name.

With each new rider, greetings are exchanged along with the requisite weather comments. Talk of bird sightings, new books or neighborhood news catches everyone up to date. Anyone returning after an absence, whether from California or the nursing unit, is met with an especially warm greeting.

At a time of sadness the ride is meditative, quietened by spoken and unspoken support.

The jitney culture is often an example of what I think of as "instant community", an unplanned moment of special connection among people. Some might call it grace. It is fueled by kindness and respect. It can happen anywhere. But wherever it is found, I say, embrace it and be grateful. So I am taking the jitney.

Meredith McCulloch



the AMERICAN CROW

Corvus corax

the CORVID family also includes
JAYS, RAVENS & MAGPIES



a 'murder' of crows
mobbing an owl



steady
rowing
wingbeats

broad wings



long
strong
beak

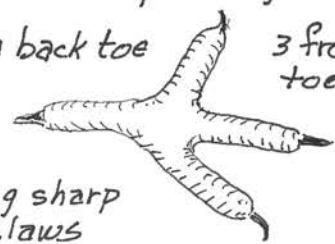
nostril
hairs

all black
plumage

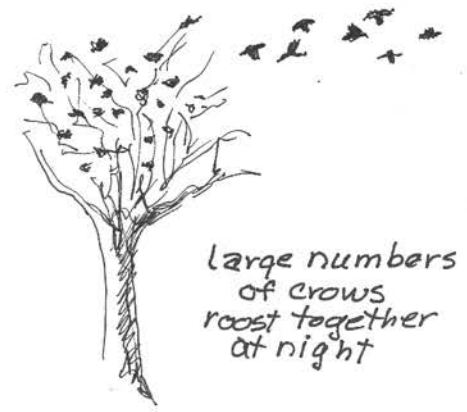


claws built
for perching

1 back toe 3 front
toes



strong sharp
claws



large numbers
of crows
roost together
at night

A. Schuchz '18

Comparing	Crows	;	Ravens
length	17"-19"		24"
wingspan	39"		53"
weight	1 pound		2.6 pounds
wing shape	broad		narrower
flight pattern	rowingbeats		maysoar
familiar call	"Caaw"		"brronk"
'nature'	gregarious		more solitary



Snowman

In the morning there were tracks,
or possible tracks, dotted across the snow,
impressions so shallow they were hard to see
except in the earliest raking sun, blue shadows
that were ephemeral as evidence,
a continuous curve of them that dipped
from the mountain's shoulder into the saddle
and formed a line, descending to our tents
and circling them once, made while we slept
safely tucked in and blind,
the wind pouring and howling around our camp.
And then the line continued, up the other side.
When we unzipped our bags, emerged from our tents
and crawled into the cold, we were hurt by the light,
pierced with the clarity of that white, clean place.
When we slapped ourselves for warmth, the touch
was magnified, our hands stung us like the hands
of someone else, a giant slapping us awake,
too late to see whatever we had missed,
perhaps a visit, not to say a visitation.
In its inspection, its brief change of course,
had it heard - whatever it might have been -
the sounds of our breathing, above the wind,
or words we might have spoken in our sleep?
Now wide awake, we knew we saw what we saw,

a trail of shadows. In that silence and dazzle,
nothing marked the snowfield but their line,
both ends vanishing, which may have signified
perhaps a momentary curiosity,
or even a loneliness our presence there
would never have been the means to cure.
The weather that year turned a good month early,
the snow became soft, the place too treacherous.
Retreating towards treeline through the clouds
that coiled around us from the humid valleys,
we wondered what we knew from such small evidence,
the pictures taken, the measurements recorded.
Photographs are one sort of proof, but of course
they always need interpretation. What had we seen?
Did something live up here? And, if so,
what did it think of our expedition, if it thought?
We needed more time than we were given.
In fog the second day down, as we began
leaving the snow for mud, for reeking villages,
at last we heard a roar from the cloud above -
the sound of an avalanche, we said. But it was not.
If it had tried to call, we told each other it would
have sounded that way, a giant syllable, but whether
telling us to go or stay we did not try to guess.

Craig Hill



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

2017 Year in Review

As I write this article, I am sitting at my computer, looking out at the snow and ice. The temperature is in the single digits and birds are busy at the bird feeders and the heated birdbath. I like to think that when this issue of the *Villager* is distributed it will be almost spring.

2017 was a good year for the Carleton-Willard library. Open around the clock, it has provided a hospitable and comfortable environment for our residents, and our collection of approximately 3250 books serves a wide variety of reading tastes. Each month, average circulation is 250 titles, both regular print and large print.

Our annual budget of \$5400, generously contributed from the proceeds of the General Store, has allowed us to add 397 books to our collection, an average of 33 books each month, thoughtfully chosen by the library committee and several volunteers. During the summer we performed our usual task of weeding the collection, removing 379 titles and donating them to the CWV staff, the Health Center and the Bedford Public Library.

In addition to our annual budget, we have been fortunate to receive a number of gifts and bequests, and we are using these funds for special projects. This year's project was the improvement of our classic fiction collection.

Over the course of the year we received a variety of questions, three with regularity:

#1 I want to return a book, how do I find where and when I signed it out? Next to the sign out book there is a binder with a listing of the books taken out over the past six months. The books are listed alphabetically by author and give the date each was taken out.

#2 How do I go about donating books to the library? Residents are welcome to leave donations on the desk in the library. We accept a few books each month, mainly recent publications in good condition.

#3 Does the library have a system for setting up waiting lists or reserving books for residents? The library committee has decided not to do this, as it is very work intensive and time consuming.

The thirteen members of the library committee, along with eighteen additional volunteers, work diligently to provide the best in library services. We are proud of our library and we are grateful for the support of our residents and the Resident Association.

Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee



Among the Newest

An American Family by Khizr Khan
Immigrant Muslim parents from Pakistan and their three sons have become exemplary citizens in the U. S. judiciary and military. A memoir of hope and sacrifice.

The Tea Girl of Hummingbird Lane by Lisa See
Cultures conflict as a Chinese girl from a tea-growing society is adopted by a white family in California.

Tamed and Untamed by Sy Montgomery and Elizabeth Marshall Thomas
Two top naturalist authors share extraordinary insights into the minds and lives of our fellow creatures.

The Story of Arthur Truluv by Elizabeth Berg
A gentle and heartwarming story of a widower in his eighties and an unlikely teenager.

America the Anxious by Ruth Whippman
How our search for happiness is driving us crazy, and how to find happiness for real.

The Music Shop by Rachel Joyce
The owner of a London music shop uses music to win the heart of a woman engaged to someone else.

Where the Wild Coffee Grows by Jeff Koehler
The untold story of coffee, from the cloud forests of Ethiopia to your cup.

The Midnight Line by Lee Child
Jack Reacher tracks down a pawned West Point class ring and stumbles onto a criminal enterprise.

For Everything a Season by Joan Chittister
According to scripture there is a season for everything – to love and to hate, to laugh and to cry – and, yes, to die.

Beautiful Animals by Lawrence Osborne
Absorbing, sophisticated story of mindless affluence on a Greek island, and an equally mindless crime.

I See You by Clare Mackintosh
A woman sees her picture in a classified dating ad and then finds that many women so pictured have been found murdered.

Friends Divided by Gordon S. Wood
A fine historian of the Revolution offers acute and unvarnished insights into Thomas Jefferson's optimism and John Adams' dark musings.

Stay With Me by Ayobami Adebayo
Loyalties clash when a Nigerian couple faces a fertility problem and his parents suggest that he take a second wife.

One Nation After Trump by E. J. Dionne, Jr., Norman J. Ornstein and Thomas E. Mann
A guide for the perplexed, the disillusioned, the desperate, and the not-yet deported by three noted scholars and journalists who offer a word of sanity to our world.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Tyler, Parker

Cezanne, Gauguin

Tur, Katy

Whippman, Ruth

Unbelievable

America the Anxious

Autobiography/Memoir

Biden, Joe

Promise Me, Dad

Biden, Joe

Promise Me, Dad (*)

Cicero, Marcus

How to Grow Old

De Jong, Pia

Saving Charlotte

Eger, Dr. Edith Eva

The Choice

Johnson, Diane

Flyover Lives

Kelly, Scott

Endurance

Khan, Khizr

An American Family

Mendelsohn, Daniel

An Odyssey

Motley, Eric

Madison Park

Park, Yeonmi

In Order to Live

Tan, Amy

Where the Past Begins

Fiction

Adebayo, Ayobami

Stay With Me

Allende, Isabel

In the Midst of Winter (*)

Archer, Jeffrey

Tell Tale (*)

Backman, Fredrik

Beartown

Backman, Fredrik

The Deal of a Lifetime

Baldacci, David

End Game

Berg, Elizabeth

The Story of Arthur Truluv

Berry, Wendell

Fidelity

Camilleri, Andrea

The Pyramid of Mud

Cantor, Jillian

The Lost Letter (*)

Chiaverini, Jennifer

Enchantress of Numbers

Child, Lee

The Midnight Line

Clark, Mary Higgins

All Through the Night

Clark, Mary Higgins

He Sees You When You're

& Clark, Carol

Sleeping

Higgins

Clark, Mary Higgins

The Christmas Thief

& Clark, Carol

Higgins

Biography

Isaacson, Walter

Leonardo da Vinci

Matthews, Chris

Bobby Kennedy

Matthews, Chris

Bobby Kennedy (*)

Computers

Grove, Chris

Office 2011 for Macintosh

Current Affairs

Alabed, Bana

Dear World (*)

Bacevich, Andrew

America's War for the
Greater Middle East

Carlstrom, Gregg

How Long Will Israel
Survive?

Clinton, Hillary

What Happened

Rodham

Clinton, Hillary

What Happened (*)

Rodham

Dionne, E. J., Jr.

One Nation after Trump

Hansen, Suzy

Notes on a Foreign Country

Coben, Harlan

Don't Let Go

Connelly, Michael

Two Kinds of Truth

Connelly, Michael

The Drop (*)

Crais, Robert

The Wanted

Egan, Jennifer

Manhattan Beach

Ford, Jamie

Love and Other Consolation
Prizes

Francis, Felix

Pulse

Gleason, C. M.

Murder in the Lincoln

White House (*)

Grisham, John

The Rooster Bar

Groen, Hendrik

The Secret Diary of Hendrik

Groen (*)

Hanks, Tom

Uncommon Type



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Hay, Ashley	A Hundred Small Lessons (*)	Silva, Samantha	Mr. Dickens and His Carol (*)
Heiny, Katherine	Standard Deviation (*)		
Indridason, Arnaldur	The Shadow District	St. Aubyn, Edward	Dunbar
James, P. D.	Sleep No More	Steel, Danielle	Answered Prayers (*)
Jewell, Lisa	I Found You	Steel, Danielle	Property of a Noblewoman
Joyce, Rachel	The Music Shop	Steel, Danielle	Safe Harbor (*)
Karon, Jan	To Be Where You Are	Steel, Danielle	Winners
Karon, Jan	To Be Where You Are (*)	Stewart, Amy	Girl Waits With Gun
Kiernan, Stephen	The Baker's Secret	Van der Kwast, Ernest	The Ice-Cream Makers (*)
Lagercrantz, David	The Girl Who Takes an Eye for an Eye	Wingate, Lisa	Before We Were Yours
Leary, Ann	The Children		
Lehane, Con	Murder in the Manuscript Room	Health/Wellness	
Leon, Donna	Death and Judgment	Andre, Christopher	Looking at Mindfulness
Lock, Norman	A Fugitive in Walden Woods (*)	Hoblitzelle, Olivia Ames	Aging With Wisdom
		Sacks, Oliver	The River of Consciousness
Mackintosh, Clare	I See You		
McCall Smith, Alexander	The House of Unexpected Sisters	History	
McKibben, Bill	Radio Free Vermont	Greenblatt, Stephen	The Rise and Fall of Adam and Eve
McMillan, Clare	The Necklace (*)	Kiernan, Denise	The Last Castle
Moore, Meg Mitchell	The Captain's Daughter	Vowell, Sarah	Lafayette in the Somewhat United States
Osborne, Lawrence	Beautiful Animals		Friends Divided
Page, Katherine Hall	The Body in the Casket	Wood, Gordon S.	
Papantonio, Mike	Law and Vengeance		
Paris, B. A.	The Breakdown	Nature	
Patterson, James	The People vs. Alex Cross	Dillard, Annie	Pilgrim at Tinker Creek
Perry, Anne	A Christmas Return	Montgomery, Sy	Tamed and Untamed
Perry, Anne	An Echo of Murder (*)		
Redel, Victoria	Before Everything (*)	Religion	
Sandford, John	Deep Freeze	Lamott, Anne	Hallelujah Anyway
Scott, Susan	I, Eliza Hamilton (*)		
Holloway			
See, Lisa	The Tea Girl of Hummingbird Lane	(* indicates Large Print)	

Katherine F. Graff





CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

100 OLD BILLERICA ROAD · BEDFORD, MA 01730

781.275.8700 · FAX 781.275.5787