



CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER



SEPTEMBER 2016 ❁ VOLUME 34 ❁ Number 3



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.

## CO-EDITORS

Alice Morrish and Peggy McKibben

## EDITORIAL BOARD

Edwin Cox • Henry Hoover  
Stephanie Rolfe • Anne Schmalz  
Nancy Smith • Mary Ellen Turner  
Cornelia (Neela) Zinsser

## PRODUCTION DESIGNER

Kathy Copeland, Allegra

## CIRCULATION

Janet Kennedy, Chair  
Edward Lowry • Dot Rand  
Mary Waters Shepley • Sheila Veidenheimer

## CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE ADMINISTRATION

Barbara A. Doyle  
*President/CEO*



# Co-Editors' Corner



In this issue you will notice some changes in our masthead. After ten years of service to the *Villager*, Mary Cowham has retired. For eight of those years she was Assistant Editor and right hand man to Editor, Jim Stockwell. Following his unexpected death in July of 2014, she took on the job of mentoring the present editors, for which our gratitude and affection are unbounded. Through the years, Mary's beautifully crafted stories have enlivened many a *Villager* issue. I am sure our readers will join us in looking forward to more of the same, and in thanking Mary for all she has contributed to the *Villager* and to our community.

We are pleased to welcome a new member to our Editorial Board. Recently arrived from Lexington, while on the waiting list Mary Ellen Turner was an enthusiastic reader of the *Villager* and not long after arriving she submitted a story which is published in this issue. Happily she has accepted the Board's invitation to join us.

This issue's theme, "The Road Not Taken", has elicited unexpected variations: a road mercifully avoided, a road leading to a surprising new life, even a road straight to Carleton-Willard. As always, many other topics, some light-hearted, others learned, (for the latter, see John Rheinstein's "Our Understanding of the Physical World"), find their way to us.

At this writing, we are in the middle of high summer. The campus is lush and colorful, though we all wish for rain. The on-going construction is a source of entertainment: who can resist gaping at the enormous cranes and earth-movers? And we had a few days of warning claxons and blasting for a touch of drama. Through it all, there has been no disruption of our daily activities; we continue to enjoy special programs and events, some of which you will find reported in Village Happenings. May we all have an equally rewarding autumn!

*Alice Morrish*      *Peggy McKibben*

Co-Editors



# Contents

**Cover** – “A Bend In the Road” – acrylic by D. Alexander Wieland

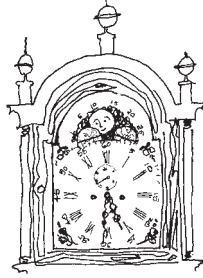
**Sketches** – Anne Schmalz, Stephanie Rolfe

**Inside Front Cover** Co-Editors’ Corner • Peggy McKibben, Alice Morrish

- 2 **From the Chief Executive Officer** • Barbara A. Doyle
- 3 **In the Footsteps of Royalty** • Kay Barney
- 4 **Sojourn in the Old House** • Donna Argon
- 5 **Fall** • Craig Hill
- 5 **Accessible – in a Good Way** • Alice Morrish
- 6 **An Undreamed Dream Come True** • Mary Ellen Turner
- 7 **Hospitalization 101** • Mary Waters Shepley
- 8 **Luckily – a Road Not Crossed** • Pat Eston
- 9 **The Radiator** • Wally Campbell
- 9 **In Memory**
- 10 **Profiles** • (profiles are not made available in this edition)
- 14 **Village Happenings** • Edwin Cox
- 16 **Next Time I’ll Take the Road** • Stephanie Rolfe
- 17 **Our Understanding of the Physical World** • John Rheinstein
- 18 **Caution! Road Under Destruction** • Nancy Smith
- 18 **The Road Not Taken Makes a Difference** • Ara Tyler
- 19 **Welcome New Residents**
- 19 **I Only Came Here For a Year** • Edith Diosy
- 21 **A Rant About Automobiles** • Robert Sawyer
- 22 **Walking Around Carleton-Willard** • Anne Schmalz
- 23 **Paths Around Carleton-Willard Village** • Anne Schmalz
- 24 **Facts from the Stacks** • Katherine F. Graff
- 25 **Among the Newest** • Louis W. Pitt, Jr.
- 26 **Recent Library Acquisitions** • Katherine F. Graff



## *From the Chief Executive Officer*



*“Never let yesterday and tomorrow use up too much of today.” – Will Rogers*

There’s no shortage of quotable quotes and magnificent musings on how what we do today defines who we will be, or where we will be tomorrow.

If you are like me, you started hearing these inspirational bits at a young age, but I was one of those children who “asked a lot of questions”. Teachers, who were so patient with me, could never quite articulate how one precisely gets from here, today, to there, tomorrow.

Then one day I read something from that visionary thinker and superb observer of life, Charles M. Schultz. Peanuts, a better fountain of wisdom there never was! In the comic strip, Lucy was delivering some of her “psychiatric help” to Charlie Brown, who, true-to-form, was more than a little distressed about what his future might bring.

“Don’t worry about the world coming to an end today,” Lucy advised matter-of-factly, “It’s already tomorrow in Australia. Five cents please.”

That’s when it hit me: tomorrow, yesterday, they’re only ideas ... what’s already been, what might be. Everything that’s really happening is happening right now.

This seemed a more compelling way to navigate through life. Do I still make plans? Absolutely. Do I lay the groundwork now for what I hope to accomplish in the future? Without fail. Do I measure progress by how far I have traveled from yesterday? Unquestionably.

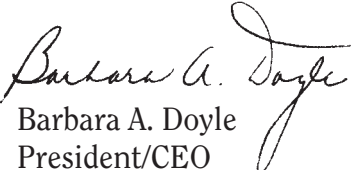
But most of the time, my todays have my full attention.

British scientist, mathematician and philosopher J. G. Bennett reasoned it was better to live life as a series of small accomplishments rather than chasing momentous, life-changing events. “Small incremental steps are transformative”, he wrote.

I’m not sure I’m deliberately following any doctrine or ideology. . . more often, it seems to be a function of, “Can’t worry about that now. I’m too busy!” But in all seriousness, being fully engaged with the people and events around me right now is infinitely more rewarding.

Another great philosopher, Theodor Geisel -- better known as Dr. Seuss -- may have summed it up best.

“ Today was good. Today was fun. Tomorrow is another one.”

  
Barbara A. Doyle  
President/CEO



## In the Footsteps of Royalty

If you really want to see some really great Flamenco dancing in Madrid, you go to the Café de Chinitas. Hey! There it is on Google, a few steps down from the corner of Calle Fomento and Torija, not far from the Royal Palacio and Teatro Lope de Vega. Now you know what Flamenco dancing is. It's a dance where the dancers become real tense and get damned mad at the floor. The concierge said that Chinitas is small, but we should have dinner there before the performance in order to get good seats up close to the front to see everything.

We took his advice and headed off, down a somewhat darkened street, being thankful for the extraordinary number of police that seemed to be around. Upon entering the café we found ourselves in a rather small room, about the size of three living rooms, filled with tables, with a small stage at the far end. Just in front of the stage was a table set for a large party, with a spectacular flower arrangement on it. "Someone must be having a birthday!" we chorused in unison, and took our places, one table away. Almost immediately a big group of boisterous people entered and took the front table. To our surprise and delight we identified Prince Charles and Lady Diana along with Juan Carlos, King of Spain, and his wife Queen Sofia, accompanied by various courtiers. Their presence surely accounted for the number of police outside.

The royal families took their seats. Just then all the lights went out. Would this be an assassination attempt? Should we be expecting a hand grenade to be tossed into the dark room?

My first reaction was: we should all dive under the table for protection. After what seemed like an hour of stunned silence, a light appeared. It was Juan Carlos raising on high his lighted cigarette lighter, a welcome display of bravery in the face of an unknown threat. This fearless act restored our courage and shortly afterward the restaurant lights came on again. The rest of the tables were quickly filled.

The dinner was exceptionally good and was consumed with obvious joy by the royal fami-



lies and us. There were no further threatening events, although the official looking señor sitting between us and the royal table (obviously a secret service type) got real nervous whenever Marian reached down to get something from her pocketbook. After dinner an energetic cast danced the Flamenco with machine gun accuracy and flair. (The floor miraculously survived.)

Then, the small stage was taken over by a swarm of photographers generating a storm of flashes recording the royal group (and audience) for the press. The royal party stood up, acknowledged the standing applause of us civilians and promptly trooped out.

We had decided to head south the next day, and to spend the first night in Toledo to see the great cathedral there, Iglesia de Santo Tomé, and El Greco's house. The highway was well controlled with police at virtually every intersection. After checking in at the hotel, we headed toward the cathedral, but found we could not get in. At the front was a huge crowd milling around. Someone told us that the King and Queen were inside with Prince Charles and Lady Diana! A path was suddenly cleared by a squad of *policia* right in front of where we were standing, and out came the royal party as close as an outstretched arm from us -- great for close-up photos. They



proceeded down the Plaza Conde and up a short alley off the Paseo Tránsito to a souvenir shop and entered. The public was barred. So, armed with my camera and its impressive telephoto lens, I attempted to look professional, passed myself off as a member of the press and went in with them. After some discussion, King Juan Carlos presented Prince Charles with a small gift. Not to be outdone, Prince Charles bought a small souvenir for Juan Carlos. But after fumbling around in his pockets, he found he did not have a wallet and had to borrow some cash from his bodyguard to pay for it. Everyone was happy with the exchange. We parted company at that point since we were heading to El Greco's "house" down the Paseo Tránsito.

Now this is not really El Greco's house, but a re-creation of some of the rooms of his house which probably stood on that site originally. Our time passed in absorbing the museum's contents was well spent. Upon emerging, we spotted a station wagon at the corner of the Calle de los Reyes Católicos with Lady Diana already sitting alone in the back seat and looking rather bored. Suddenly the rest of the party appeared and climbed in. King Juan Carlos jumped into the driver's seat, waved to the crowd, and the car surged forward as everyone cheered. Several minutes later the royal helicopter flew by, Juan Carlos at the controls presumably, and we drew a breath of relief.

We didn't bump into royalty again on our drive south to the Rock of Gibraltar, Tarifa, Málaga and ultimately to visit friends in Coín, a small town in the mountains above Málaga where Romans went in the summer to escape the heat on the coast. Upon hearing our story, our friends suggested we rush out and buy "*Hola*", Madrid's weekly society magazine, to see if our pictures appeared. We did and there we were with royalty, that is most of us were there. You see, the photographers aimed a bit low so that only Marian and my business associate, Bill, are shown entirely. My head is cut off at the shoulders.

Ah, well. As Marian says, we all do the best we can.

*Kay Barney*

## Sojourn in the Old House

If it was October 1952 that I sailed to Istanbul to meet my fiancé's family. In a few weeks we would be married in the Dutch Legation Chapel and then take the train to Ankara where my husband had an engineering job.

Actually, living with one's in-laws-to-be before marrying into the family has a lot to recommend it. I am sure they were studying me, as I was studying them -- and not only did I respect them, but I liked them. In fact, in time I loved them and always will.

Family aside, one of the interesting aspects of that time was living in an old pasha's mansion -- a traditional three-story large wooden home set close to the street with a lovely rose garden behind it. It was laid out in the old way with large rooms -- the kitchen, dining room and reception on the first floor, broad stairs to the second floor where there were family bedrooms and a large reception room. The third floor had more bedrooms and servants' quarters.

Windows, ceilings and doors were tall. The shutters opened out-or-up. The tall doors to rooms had door handles and the keyholes had little covers -- which I found amusing.

The old house was originally the summer home of a wealthy pasha and his extended family (and servants). It was heated by stoves but later electricity and modern plumbing were added. Shopping and transport were nearby; ferries to Istanbul on the other side of the Bosphorus were comfortable and busy.

The area is now much changed but I remember looking out an upstairs window in the old house one morning and seeing a shepherd in his felt hooded cloak, and with traditional crook, herding a flock of sheep over a large grassy area. It was a peek into the past.

We visited the grandparents in 1970 and stayed in their lovely "new" home. The area had changed with more urban growth. But I wonder if my parents-in-law realized how much I enjoyed the air of history in that old house. It was a gift.

*Donna Enz Argon*



## Fall

Obsessed with territory  
the wasps these last warm days  
now more than ever  
guard their borders

I have been stung once through my trouser leg  
and threatened often when  
in all innocence I have strayed  
across trip wires seemingly set around

the homeland evidently mapped  
in their collective will sometimes  
they have even chased our dog  
that sweet orange-furred simpleton

back into the house snapping at them  
as they dive at her her jaws set  
in a frightful threatening grin but  
her tail drooped in obvious surrender

and yet that patch of ground they defend  
with such a seeming of anger  
such a show of fanaticism  
looks barren now not worth the effort

just a mess of keeled-over stems  
the flowers that grew there in the summer  
gone by now their season over  
still being as they are they will go on

cruising their inch of stubble  
full of annoyance girding themselves  
stable as gyroscopes as they  
continue attacking all comers

until the cold simply becomes too much  
and early some morning  
the first frost whitening the stems  
I will find several on the walk

like toys run down but still weakly crawling  
trying to make themselves get going again  
but now only a little to be feared  
and soon to be swept up

*Craig Hill*

## Accessible — in a Good Way

This issue's theme has led me to refresh my acquaintance with a very old friend, a book which has endured much and shows it. Its binding is discolored, corners frayed and spine sprung. The pages inside are swollen and a few are coming adrift. Nevertheless, that book has stayed with me over many decades; it has crossed the ocean twice and it survived the severe culling I forced on my library before moving to Carleton-Willard.

In the autumn of 1942 I went off to a boarding school in Maine. Its setting was glorious, high on a hill with a river below, over which mists rose and fell each early morning. We wore uniforms, shapeless dresses of shoddy material in a bilious shade of green. Most girls hated them, but I liked that they allowed one to be inconspicuous. Every Friday evening, we dressed for dinner -- I mean *dressed*: formal evening gowns. It was the headmistress's stated goal that each of us should "drift down stairs like a rose petal". Unfortunately, clomping was more my style than drifting.

I don't think overall it was a great school. In fact, the following year, admitted to a school of recognized excellence, I was found deficient in Latin, French and Math and required to repeat a grade. However, the school's English teacher, teaching American literature, had opened my mind to the wonders of language. Introduced in her class to the Transcendentalists, Melville, Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, it was a magical experience.

Frost especially spoke directly to me, not only through the lyrical poems but the narratives: "Wild Grapes", "The Death of the Hired Man", "In the Home Stretch". As a youngster I had lived for some years with a farmer and his wife in rural New Hampshire and the voices in the story poems sounded as Charlie and Mary might have spoken in similar circumstances.

The summer between that academic year and the next I had my fifteenth birthday and my father's gift was The Collected Poems of Robert Frost. Some time in the school year that fol-



lowed, the poet came to lecture at school. In addition, he joined a small, less formal gathering of students interested in poetry. I was lucky to be included. I remember not a word he said, but have vivid memories of his voice, manner and appearance. Rather timidly, I asked if he would sign my prized book. I had written my full name, date and “from Jimmy” (my father), to which he added “and Robert Frost”.

It was a year later that our house burned down. Most of my books were lost but Frost survived, though smoke and water damaged. My inscription is virtually illegible as, mercifully, are most of my adolescent marginal observations. I think the poet must have favored Waterman’s Permanent Blue-Black; his signature is as clear and strong as when written. Somehow the book became a kind of talisman. A constant companion over the decades, different poems have appealed at different stages of life. “Fire and Ice” nudged aside by “Desert Places” for instance; early on I would have skipped over some (“A Considerable Speck” for example) which I now cherish.

Robert Frost died in 1963 and, as seems the pattern with notables in any field, after the initial praise and veneration came the pendulum swing to reassessment and criticism: “traditional”, “facile” and worst of all “accessible”, said with a slight curl of the lip. Recently I heard a commentator on the radio refer to a contemporary poet as accessible. Hastily, as if fearing a dreadful misunderstanding, she added, “I mean: accessible in a *good* way.” My battered book and the poetry it holds are always within reach, reminders of personal history and of the poet’s “lover’s quarrel with the world”.

*Alice Morrish*

## An (Undreamed) Dream Come True

In the summer of 1996 we made our traditional Fourth of July trek to Boothbay Harbor, Maine - a region Bard introduced me to in 1962, after having vacationed there himself since 1958 - and where we subsequently enjoyed many years of cottage vacations. We’d abandoned our traditional digs at the Bay Street Studio at the bottom of the hill in 1995 when they stopped serving meals, opting instead to stay up the hill at Green Shutters Inn. Our first year there, we’d noticed a lot of small cottages in the neighborhood and Bard had wondered “What might they go for?”

This year, with both of us approaching retirement, and soon able for the first time to spend whole summers rather than our usual two weeks in Maine, we determined to find out. So after first popping into a Green Shutters cottage that, surprisingly, was for sale (and deciding it wasn’t what we’d want), we took ourselves to a local realty office and asked what they might have that was small and not too expensive. (Needless to say, this approach does not gain one an in-person property tour with a top agent; instead we were directed to a wall of flyers offering for-sale cottages along with directions on how to reach each for a do-it-yourself tour.) While it was interesting to see what was on offer, it didn’t take us long to see that none of them, either, was “the one” for us.

At checkout time, we mentioned to Clayton, the Green Shutters owner, how we had used some of our time while there. He immediately directed us to his for-sale cottage but we told him we had already seen and vetoed that. He then indicated he had one other cottage he might be willing to sell. He couldn’t show it to us at present because it was rented, but we could go and look at it if we’d like. We did go and the renter (though dismayed Clayton might be selling the cottage they’d spent their two-week vacations in for years) offered to let us walk through the cottage, and we thought it was something that really might do! We told Clayton we liked it. He said he and his wife would decide if they were really willing to sell, and we could call in a week





to find out. You can imagine the excited conversation we had as we drove home to Massachusetts — a possible place of our own in Boothbay Harbor — something we’d never dreamed of in all our years of vacationing there!

When we called a week later, they’d decided to sell (!) and Clayton mentioned a price lower than we’d dared hope for, plus he had two days between renters in early September when we could come and “try it out”. Of course we said yes. We tried everything in the cottage while we were there; it all worked, plus the cottage would come furnished, a big value in itself. Before we left, Bard and Clayton measured off the land that would come with the cottage and we signed a Purchase and Sale agreement at a price even lower than the one he had mentioned on the phone! SO exciting! We could hardly believe our good fortune.

The next year we entered into our new role as summer residents in Boothbay Harbor (part-time in 1997 while I was still working and full-time in 1998 with both of us fully retired). Now, almost twenty years later, we continue to cherish our small summer cottage and the wonderful summers it has provided. We regard the unanticipated series of circumstances that brought it into our lives as an absolute gift.

*Mary Ellen Turner*

## Hospitalization 101

### PURPOSE

If you have not been a patient recently, things are very different from years past and it may be helpful to focus upon the general scene so that you can be better prepared in case you find yourself needing hospital care. Hospitalization is a pretty big deal and it seems wise to review some of the realities of hospitalization in this day and age.



### TO DO AHEAD

Be prepared by making a list of items you know you would want to have with you during a hospital stay. Keep it in a super-safe place where you can easily find it in order to add items as they occur to you. Bring it with you if headed to the hospital. Typical items might include:

- Toilet articles - bring too many rather than too few
- Bathrobe
- Slippers
- Hearing aids and batteries
- Any routinely used braces, bandages, etc.
- Reading material, iPad, Kindle if you use them
- Pad of paper and pencils
- Your engagement calendar -  
you may need to cancel activities
- Phone numbers you may need
- Some cash - if you want television which must be paid for in cash
- Most recent Carleton-Willard “Vial of Life” which gives medical history and current medications. You will be asked for this information countless times.
- Other items . . . .

### GETTING TO THE HOSPITAL OR EMERGENCY ROOM

If 911 has been called you simply comply with instructions from the EMT’s and you are taken to the Emergency Room by ambulance.

If you are driven to the Emergency Room by a family member or friend, you are likely to have to wait a fair amount of time before being shown to a cubicle where you will be examined. The Emergency Room can be so crowded that you may wonder how the staff members can possibly function, but they are used to the stress level and you can marvel at their performance. The Emergency Room doctors will eventually decide whether you are to be discharged or admitted to the hospital itself.

All this generally takes a great deal of time and there may be no hospital beds free until other patients are discharged. You will need to practice patience!



## HOSPITAL ADMISSION

If you are to be admitted, eventually you will be transported to your assigned room. Once in your room, you will be welcomed by nurses and aides, and ultimately a team of doctors known as “hospitalists” takes over your case. It is they who call the shots while you are hospitalized and they consult with any specialists you may have at that hospital. The hospitalists are your bosses until your discharge. They visit you periodically and collaborate to make decisions on your case.

## THE PATIENT EXPERIENCE

Hospital life has totally changed in recent years. No longer is the nursing staff chiefly comprised of middle-aged nurses in caps and starched white uniforms. These days there are masses of male and female younger nurses dressed in “scrubs” and “clogs”, all of whom work from a computer desk on wheels, which can be pushed in and out of your room. The hallways are filled with state-of-the-art equipment which is now vital to hospital care. Patients are now very often hitched up to monitoring devices so that nurses manning the Nurses’ Station can keep track of each patient’s status. You may be alone in your room, but you can be, and are, monitored regularly.

## IN CONCLUSION

Several recent hospitalizations have led me to believe that it is vital to realize that it helps a great deal to cultivate what I will call a “Zen” attitude. Your case is a puzzle which is being solved. The cast of characters involved is huge and sooner or later the information about your case will get sorted out and a solution found. This takes time! Remind yourself that everyone is working toward the same goal - that of improving your health. It also helps to practice deep breathing and to be hugely grateful for the motivation of health care workers and for the miracles of modern medicine.

Santé!!!

*Mary Waters Shepley*

## Luckily – A Road Not Crossed

Years ago in the early fifties, I was recently married and living in Wichita, Kansas. My husband, Norm, and I had a car, but he did most of the driving and I was not an entirely confident driver.

We both worked downtown, as did the friends who one day invited us to their home for an evening of bridge. It was agreed that we would make our way there separately, Norm with our friends, while I drove our car so we would have transport home.

The friends lived in West Wichita. Though I had lifeguarded there, I knew the area only slightly. However, I had their address and felt certain I could find my way. Retrieving the car from the parking garage, I set forth along the quiet roads.

Coming down a residential street, I saw ahead of me something strange and inexplicable. In a straight line, close to the ground, was a row of dancing, flickering lights with darkness all around and above. It was eerie, and I thought to myself, “Something is not right.” I stopped the car.

In the quiet, I then saw and heard a very long train speeding across the road ahead of me. Its wheels struck sparks from the rails, creating the flashes of light I had seen. The train itself was unlit, doubtless a freight rather than passenger train. Nowhere were there crossing gates, nor any warning sign or signal.

I do not recall hearing a voice telling me to stop the car, but have always imagined that someone or something was looking after me. I know for sure that had I not stopped, you would not be reading my story now!

*Pat Eston*



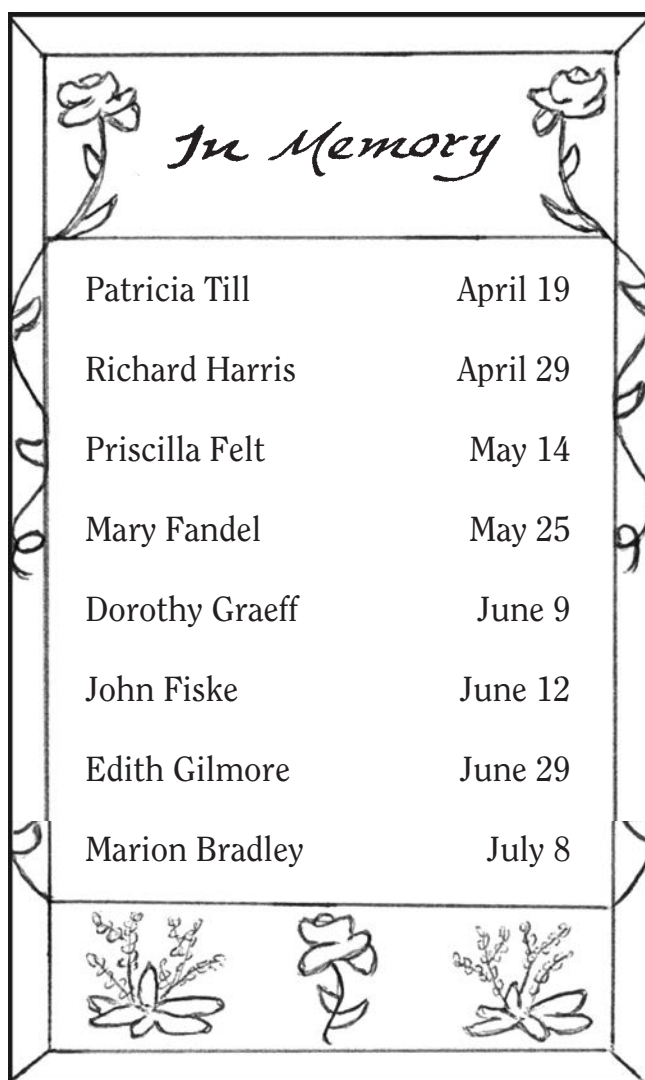
## The Radiator

It's just a radiator. Made of cast iron and very old, it was probably installed in 1942 when the house was built. For many years it was an integral part of the steam heating system that inefficiently and valiantly tried to heat the whole house. It hissed and puffed and at times gurgled trying to warm the kitchen on cold winter days and sometimes on days that weren't so cold. It sat under the kitchen window. A number of years ago the house was modernized with a hot water setup, which heats the whole house quietly and efficiently with unobtrusive, characterless base-board heaters. Anachronistically, the radiator is still there.

Today it's almost pretty -- well, perhaps not pretty, but functionally attractive. Its intrinsic ugliness has been covered with a cream-colored, decorative metal casing topped with an enamel bench which has had many uses. When remodeling started, the lady of the house begged to save the chipped, scarred old radiator. The heating engineers reluctantly but dutifully complied and were able to convert it to forced hot water. After forty years with this one family it had become the family conference center, an instrument of great warmth, and it has borne witness to the life of a family.

In 1965 the family had moved in. Father, mother great with child, and two boys, one five and the other almost three. That very evening the call came and a third son was born at 5:00 a.m. the next day. The earliest conferences on the shabby radiator concerned decisions on wallpaper and paint and fixing the antiquated plumbing. With the advent of winter came the need for snowsuit and mitten drying. Spring brought rain-soaked socks and shoes to be dried. Skinned knees and punctured fingers were repaired there. School books and papers were haphazardly thrown in its direction and sometimes lost behind its ample girth.

As the years went by the boys grew and a fourth son was added to the joyful mix. More conferences on school and discipline matters were discussed and more or less resolved. As the



teenagers came and went both physically and mentally, topics became more adult and long-term life affecting. Thundering tantrums, laughter, tears. Higher education decisions, despondency, happiness over marriage prospects and vocational selections.

At the end, the boys and their partners, only occasionally "touching base", used the august Radiator as a discussion and pontificating platform. Grandsons were bounced up and down to "this is the way the ladies ride" by their fathers just as their father had done with them.

Now here we are, grey and aging after all the vicissitudes of life, leaving behind the august radiator in our former home, still a willing, inarticulate, passive observer.

*Wally Campbell*











# Village

## Main Street Art Show

As work began on the new Bistro and Village Center, residents were invited to display their artistic talents on the temporary white construction boards lining Main Street. Creative artists were assigned panels, which they slowly filled with a variety of works, some amusing (dogs heading to the Bistro, cats eyeing birds through a window), some awesome (small people on a massive glacier), some historical (1982 Carleton-Willard Trustees), and some simply beautiful (flowers, animals and natural scenes) - all highly original. Everyone was invited to contribute to the magnificent wall of colorful mandalas, symbols of the universe, and to sign the signature panel.



## Antiques Roadshow

Grogan and Company, represented by Michael Grogan, his daughter, Lucy, and an associate hosted an evening blending education and entertainment, patterned on the popular television show. After explaining the meaning of “fair market value” and the movement of auction prices as they reflect the rise and fall of interest in categories of items, the experts described and appraised thirty articles brought by residents.

The most valuable item was a sculpture by Chana Orloff, an Israeli sculptress. A magnificent English tabletop clock in a handsome carved case drew high praise. But a large, loveable, century-old Steiff bear was the most popular item seen during the evening. Jewelry, china, dolls and framed art rounded out the variety of items evaluated.

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

## USS Constitution Museum Talk

Residents were privileged to meet Anne Grimes Rand, president of the USS Constitution Museum, who presented an illustrated history of the 219 year old ship, familiarly known as “Old Ironsides”. Currently in dry dock for restoration, the ship is the focus of a variety of remarkable interactive displays in the museum located near the ship in the Charlestown Navy Yard. Ms. Rand not only showed views of the restoration in progress, but shared portions of the live oak and copper sheets removed from the ship, which was last in dry dock twenty-three years ago.

## Atwater-Donnelly in Concert

Award-winning Aubrey Atwater and Elwood Donnelly treated an enthusiastic foot-tapping, hand-clapping audience to an intoxicating evening of traditional American and Celtic folk music and percussive dance. Opening with a wistful Kentucky ballad with Aubrey on Appalachian dulcimer, and Elwood harmonizing on guitar, the duo bowed, plucked, piped and danced their way through ten additional numbers and seven instruments, pausing midway for Aubrey to read from several of her poems. Elwood played limberjacks, dancing wooden puppets imitating chickens, dolls and horse riders to Aubrey’s rollicking banjo. The staccato report of some twenty-five clog and tap dancing steps wrapped up a memorable evening.

## Reporting from China

David Barboza, a Pulitzer Prize winning reporter for the New York Times, offered residents an insider’s view of challenges faced when investigating and reporting on corruption at the highest levels of business and government in China. A New Bedford native and graduate of Boston University, David is a friend of Jeff Williams, son of residents Jane and Bruce Williams. He described the detailed search for evidence that proved the family of Prime Minister Wen Jiabao was deeply involved in corrupt business practices, and that Wen and his family amassed huge fortunes through their efforts. David’s eleven year tour with the Times in China ended in 2015.





# Happenings

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

## **Bhutan: Land of the Thunder Dragon**

Residents John and Eve Rheinstein visited the remote country of Bhutan, and held us enthralled with their illustrated report. A constitutional monarchy, landlocked Bhutan takes pride in its Gross National Happiness. There are no billboards or stoplights, and no smoking. While marijuana grows wild, there is no drug problem. Located on the southern slopes of the Himalayas, hydroelectric power is Bhutan's major export. The country is closely aligned with India, politically and economically. The population of 700,000 is two-thirds Buddhist, and largely focused on agriculture, with professional and technical expertise provided primarily by foreigners. Isolated, unworldly and happy people - a rarity in the modern era.

## **Wieland Art Show**

This spring visitors to our art gallery enjoyed a feast for the eye. Sandy Wieland's show was a mix of media and subjects depicting favorite New England scenes, rendered with imagination and skills acquired through a lifetime of study in a range of artistic endeavors. Works in watercolor, graphite, acrylics, pen, ink, scratchboard, many of them bordering on the abstract, offered a new impression of familiar scenes and natural objects. A highlight of the show was an intriguing collection of pictorial impressions of the mysterious poem, "The Listeners" by Walter de la Mare. At hand were the original poem and notes explaining the artist's fascination with the work and how he came to paint it.

## **Visit to Elm Bank Gardens**

On a beautiful day, residents visited the gardens at Elm Bank, home of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in Wellesley. Guided by Holly Perry, Master Gardener and MHS Trustee, we saw the New England Trial Garden, where new plant varieties are tested, Weezie's Children's Garden, a whimsical collection of "rooms" interspersed with fantasy sculpture and furniture, the Bressingham English Garden designed by Adrian Bloom, the Chef's "seeds to table" Garden, an Italianate Garden, and the Jim Crockett Memorial Garden. The trip concluded with a delicious buffet lunch at the Wellesley College Club.

## **Bird Banding on Plum Island**

On a bright spring day residents arrived at the Audubon Society's Joppa Flats Nature Center where naturalist Bill Gette joined us to visit the Society's bird banding station on Plum Island. Carefully removing birds caught in netting in nearby trees, volunteers brought them to the station, where we watched as each was weighed, measured and recorded. Unbanded birds were fitted with bands. In a ninety minute period, we saw a Baltimore oriole, gray catbird, ovenbird, common yellowthroat, Swainson's thrush, and three types of warblers. Each bird was photographed by many residents, while the Audubon staff shared their expertise in response to questions.



## **Meiningen Trio**

An enthusiastic audience welcomed the Meiningen Trio at their inaugural concert as Carleton-Willard's Ensemble in Residence. Comprising internationally recognized artists, clarinetist Jonathan Cohler, cellist Sebastian Haverstam, and pianist Rasa Vithauskaite, the Trio presented an ambitious program of rarely heard romantic pieces from three countries, Trios by Russian Mikhail Glinka and German Max Bruch prefaced the evening's masterpiece, the rarely performed Phantasie in C Minor by British composer, Frank Bridge. The performers further engaged the audience by introducing each work. Offering music appreciation and master classes in addition to such quality music-making, the Meiningen Trio promises to greatly enrich the Carleton-Willard experience.

*Edwin Cox*



## Next Time I'll Take the Road

Towards the end of World War II I was a low level WREN working in the Captain's office of a large Naval Air Station in Scotland. After work I had plenty of hours to fill and joined a very productive Amateur Dramatic and Operatic Society on base. My choice ran to the Drama Group. The singers had their own program, led by a young Naval officer, George (Pincher) Martin who later became famous as the producer of the Beatles.

The drama group produced complete plays on base. They then took their show by trucks to other naval stations over a series of weekend sleep-over trips. Sounds wonderful? Well, in my case this didn't suit the Captain who insisted that I make the journey back to home base immediately after the show's end. For this he ordered a plane to make my journey. Sure enough, for my first off-base show a Jeep sat ready after our final curtain to drive me to the airfield. However, by now it was foggy, windy and raining. All flights were suspended. At the Control Tower the staff told me, "It's NO FLYING". Then they quietly added, "but Tiger B is waiting for you out there in a plane, despite this foul weather."

I was driven to a small plane on the runway where I clambered up to be admitted by the pilot. I felt intimidated but was too unsure of myself to protest. Looking further towards my new companion, I immediately recognized him as the notorious Tiger B, an ace stunt pilot now on Naval Service after working for a film company. He strapped me into the co-pilot's seat, first removing a bundle, tossing it aside, saying, "Oh, a parachute; you're too small for that". He then strapped himself into Seat No. 1, juggled various knobs and we ran through a windy take-off routine and were airborne.

I had never flown before. I was on edge. As I watched Tiger I could discern a gleam in his eye as he looked over an unfamiliar dashboard. When he spotted something new to push or pull he might discover a manoeuvre that this little fighter plane could perform. Icy fingers began to claw up my spine. He was having fun. I was not. I wished I was back in a Navy truck plodding home with my friends.

I looked through the window. There was nothing to see but rain and fog. Although the journey back to my station was fairly brief, and followed, in a southerly direction, the coast of Scotland, in this terrible weather I could see no identifying landscape.

It seemed to be a long time before Tiger called out, "Hang on tight. We are coming in." Surely now a landing was meant to be a gentle descent along a smooth runway? Not this one! Our entrée to *terra firma* was by means of a terrifying series of explosive skids and bumps with a sudden halt as we dug into a Scottish bog. I was now crouched into a sprawled position that found my feet and legs impaled by various bits of shattered fuselage. My shoulders and head had bounced into the aircraft's territory. Somewhere above me I heard Tiger saying, "Now sit tight. We'll get you free in a few minutes."

At some point we had made contact with the runway which only served as the launching point for the final slide into our resting place in an unyielding Scottish swamp.

Notice of our impending arrival had alarmed the top brass at the station. By the time we were disentangled and ready to be rescued, the whole operation was being conducted under the gimlet eyes of the station Commander.

"As for you" he thundered towards Tiger, "I'll see you in my office tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock." (That was the last time I ever saw Tiger because he was moved to another squadron.) Then, pointing in my direction, he ordered my rescuers, "Get that WREN into bed!" Within a few days, this order was incorporated into a wildly exaggerated story and circulated among local Air Stations.

Sick Bay staff patched me up, ending with a hearty shot of Navy Grog (rum). Then I was restored to my cabin bunk where I shivered and shook the night away. That was very embarrassing. Next morning my friends came to help me to arrive at my work desk at 9 a.m., per Captain's Orders. But he never came in that day!

World War II was successfully concluded soon after this event, and I declared, "Bother the Captain! In future, I shall choose to travel home by road." No one seemed to be upset about that.

*Stephanie Rolfe*



## Our Understanding of the Physical World

*“The more important fundamental laws and facts of physical science have all been discovered, and these are so firmly established that the possibility of their ever being supplanted in consequence of new discoveries is exceedingly remote.”* Albert A. Michelson (1884)  
(In 1907 he received the Nobel Prize in Physics.)

At the end of the 19th century Physics was believed to be known and understood. There were a few unimportant questions still being investigated. One of these involved the light emitted from a heated “black body”. The intensity of the light as a function of narrow bands in the visible spectrum had been accurately measured, but the output of theoretical models did not agree with the measurements. No one was particularly concerned.

Max Planck and his wife had an afternoon tea party during which the problem was discussed. Afterwards Planck sat down and developed an improved radiation formula which was right on. He had used an artifact which seemed to work. Some time after this he said: “I began to devote myself to the task of investing it with a true physical meaning.” He concluded that his modified equation implied that emission and absorption of light is not a continuous process but occurs in discrete portions, now called quanta. Neither he nor anyone else at the time actually believed that.

In 1887 Heinrich Hertz discovered that if a suitable material is illuminated by electromagnetic radiation, electrons may be emitted. Further experiments indicated that if the frequency of the light is below a cutoff value (towards the red) no electrons are emitted regardless of the intensity of the light. If electrons are emitted then increasing the intensity of the light increases the number of electrons, but does not increase their energy.

This puzzle was solved in 1905 by Albert Einstein. He said a certain amount of energy, called the “work function”, is required to release

an electron from the surface of a metal. If the frequency of the oncoming radiation is such that each light quantum has energy greater than the required work function, an electron is released. If the frequency is too low, each light quantum will not have the required energy; no matter how many light quanta impose on the surface or no matter how intense the light, no electrons will be released. This verified the concept of light quanta. Quantum mechanics was born. Einstein won a Nobel Prize in 1921 for explaining this photoelectric effect. It was his only Nobel.

Quantum mechanics, including quantum electrodynamics and the “Standard Model” of particles, explains the microscopic world. It explains three of the four fundamental forces: the electrodynamic force, the strong nuclear force and the weak nuclear force, leaving only the force of gravity. Quantum mechanics has had unprecedented success in explaining what has been observed and in predictions which were later verified experimentally. A recent example is the observation of the “God particle”, the Higgs boson. Einstein was never at ease with quantum mechanics and its probabilistic formalism. “God doesn’t play dice”, he said.

In spite of the fantastic success of quantum mechanics, there is unease among its proponents. In its mathematical development a serious obstacle was encountered. Infinities, first pointed out by Robert Oppenheimer, arose in the equations. Hans Bethe suggested a “work-around”, called “renormalization”. Richard Feynman was never happy with renormalization, calling it a “dippy process”.

Quantum mechanics explains three of the four forces, leaving gravity. In 1915 Einstein unveiled his “General Theory of Relativity” which explains the force of gravity and accounts for space-time. He showed that space and time are not independent. The basic equation looks simple, but is very difficult to solve. Only a few complete solutions have been found. Most solutions are approximations. General relativity has also had great success in explaining existing observations and making predictions. Recently the predicted gravity waves were observed.



Together quantum mechanics and relativity have been the basis for the tremendous advances in science and technology of the past century. Yet physicists are not sanguine. There is Feynman's "dippy process" to worry about. What is of greater concern is that quantum mechanics and relativity have a basic inconsistency: relativity theory uses a space-time *continuum*, while quantum theory uses *discrete* states. They are not compatible.

Einstein spent most of his life on this problem, with no success. For over fifty years many have been working on a "Theory of Everything" (ToE); the eight-fold way, string theory, super symmetry and quantum loop theory are among the candidates. It is not yet known whether any of these will eventually solve the problem.

*John Rheinstein*

## Caution! Road Under Destruction

At my age I don't worry about might-have-beens or "The Road Not Taken". I worry about the potholes ahead and how to avoid them. I was reminded of the many hazards ahead at a recent residents' meeting where the future activities pavilion was being described. One resident, presumably under seventy-five, was reassured to learn that the walls of the dance studio would be lined with mirrors.

Mirrors! Ugh! The last thing I need. Even mirrors in a shop dressing room leave me in a deep depression. A bathing suit for the belle of 1915 is my style, complete with knee length bloomers and a sailor's middy blouse.

Then a kaleidoscope of pitfalls comes to mind. Take driving. I drive my car now in fear that some state trooper might pull me over. "Lady, your left brake light is out. May I see your license? 1921?? And you're still driving?" In a flash my license is whisked away.

Pills. If analyzed, I am not 90% water or whatever the percentage; I am 95% chemicals. A pill to lower fluids, another to cut down trips to

the john, one to lower blood pressure, another that has the opposite effect. No bathroom has space enough for all these pills.

Computers, laptops, iPads, iPhones are rife with potholes and add confusion and frustration to my life. When asked by a techie for my password or pin number, I panic. Which one? I have been given six or seven for various appliances, iPhone, iPad, bank account, credit card, even the automatic pay gas pump.

My son put me on Facebook. I don't want to be on Facebook. I'd rather talk to family and friends on the phone. Why would anyone be interested in my daily routine, complete with photos?

Speaking of photographs, if it weren't for the residents' photographs in the back of the Carleton-Willard "Green Book", I wouldn't have learned anyone's name. It is a godsend. Why is it that when asked point blank the name of the gray-haired lady in the lavender turtle neck, someone I've known for years, the name vanishes? When telling a story, advertised by me to be gripping, I forget the name of the main character or the setting and my story dwindles away into oblivion. The good thing is that no one can remember what I promised.

Of course, there are smooth stretches on the road ahead; not all is negative. Unfortunately, space prohibits my listing the four or five positive things here.

*Nancy Smith*

## The Road Not Taken Makes a Difference

About six years ago I was living in Lancaster, Massachusetts, a semi-rural community, adjacent to where my daughter and family lived in Bolton, when, after a short illness, my husband died.

As many of us have experienced, becoming a widow changes every aspect of life. At a time when support is needed, couples withdraw, as if one had somehow contracted a communicable disease. While it is possible to begin a new life



within the same community, and many widows choose to do so, I chose to take a new road and enter a supportive community of elders, many of whom had experienced similar situations.

There have been times when I have wondered how life would have played out had I stayed in Lancaster. However, attempting to establish a new single life within a community devoted to couples and young families was pretty daunting. In fact, being put aside was so incredible to me that I actually wrote a letter to former welcoming “friends” to ask what I had done and how I might make amends if somehow I was at fault. There were no replies to that letter! Widows were simply phased out of couple activities.

Choosing to enter Carleton-Willard and begin a new life style was a good choice. Here many other widows and widowers have started new lives consisting of activities, hobbies and new friendships where we support each other in life happenings. Our staff members add a supportive dimension. And the estate-like gardens lend a visual beauty that surrounds us each day. Currently, with a new building under construction it is exciting to contemplate extended activities being offered in space specifically designed to accommodate each activity. Among those being built are an art studio, a dance studio, and a music practice area is being considered -- all in the service of allowing individual talents to be expressed.

Bedford as a community offers affiliation with nearby churches, a new shopping center, senior center, and, as the town is sandwiched between Concord and Lexington, historical features abound. The point being made is that while one choice became a dead end, another opportunity opened, and I am delighted to have made the choice of living in a community where sharing life solutions is so predominate. The road taken opened new avenues of living and I am happy for having made the decision to take the new road and to explore new possibilities of living.

*Ara Tyler*



## *Welcome New Residents*

**Mrs. Margaret (Peg) Rendl**  
from Fairfield, CT 6/20/16

**Dr. and Mrs. Pullen (David and Heather)**  
from Bedford, 7/18/16

## **I Only Came Here For A Year**

I was ready to be a teacher, having received my certificate of teaching from the School of the Nuns of Notre Dame in my native city, Pecs, Hungary. But my mother’s oldest sister, who was also my godmother, sent me a ticket for a ship passage to America and invited me to live with her and her husband for a year. It was my graduation present and I was thrilled and determined to go. I had a loving family and had had a most happy childhood, but I wanted some adventure. And anyway, the Ministry of Education had told new graduates that they might have to wait for a year for a teaching appointment.

It was 1939. There was some talk of war but my parents and their friends didn’t think it could happen so soon after World War I. So in July of 1939, when I was nineteen, I arrived to stay for one year with Aunt Maria and Uncle Geza Hauck, who lived in Lexington. The first thing I needed to do was to learn English. I started taking English language classes two nights a week but it wasn’t enough, so my aunt’s friends suggested we



talk to Mr. Warren who was Principal of Muzzey High School. He enrolled me as a “postgraduate” student and allowed me to take English and U. S. Government classes every day with the high school students. That was a great help and I loved going to school with students just a little younger and they welcomed me there.

A friend of my uncle, Mr. Whipple, offered to help me get work at the Parke Snow Department Store, one of a chain of stores then in this area. But we had to go through federal and state offices to get me a permit to work. The permits finally came through. Since I was not yet proficient in English, I was hired at Parke Snow to ticket merchandise which was terribly boring - but I had a job. I remember giving my aunt five dollars a week for food from my \$14.00 per week salary. She, of course, took the money and bought clothes for me. She was so kind.

And then the war broke out and I could not go home. By this time I loved the US, but not being able to communicate regularly with my family, who I loved dearly, was terrible. I could only send a twenty-five word message every six months through the Red Cross. It was a time of great worry both for my parents and for me.

My aunt’s best friend invited us to dinner and there I met her children, Emri and Margaret Diosy. Emri was then a student at Boston University completing his Master of Music degree.

Meanwhile, as my English was improving, Parke Snow moved me to the “cash office”. Eventually they would send me from one store to another to work in the cash offices.

Emri, who had become my boyfriend, enrolled in the Navy and did his training in Newport. We

were married in 1943 and he soon left on his assignment -- to Bermuda. There he worked in communications, coding and decoding.

When he was released from the Navy, we continued to live for a short while with my aunt and uncle, then moved to an apartment in Emri’s grandfather’s house near the Tufts University campus. When I became pregnant, my employers at Parke Snow wanted me to work as long as I possibly could so I worked on a Friday and our first baby was born on Saturday. I was able to send a picture of their new granddaughter to my parents and happily it got through.

Emri loved music but could not find a job in that field. His Navy work paid off and he got into the growing field of computers through Mr. Mann

who lived in Lincoln. Emri started as his secretary but soon was involved in customer relations when it became the David W. Mann Company in Burlington.

We eventually had three children, two daughters, Maria and Mar-

tha, and a son, Thomas. I stayed at home while the children were in school. When the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 was squelched I did a lot of interpreting for refugees who came and settled in this area.

We returned to Hungary many times and were eventually able to bring my mother and father to this country. My father was a skilled tool and die maker. We looked at employment ads and I took him to Polaroid which was hiring. I knew if he got on the workforce the supervisors would realize what a good workman he was, so when they offered him \$1.50 an hour, I said, “Take it!”

My father was horrified at the wage but, sure enough, he was appreciated and advanced rapidly,





and he very quickly learned English from his fellow workmen. Within three years he had bought a house for them in Lexington. My mother stayed home and sewed and did alterations for others.

Learning English was much harder for her and she did not pass her first citizenship test, but I worked very hard with her that winter and then she too became a proud citizen like my father.

Both of them loved being American just as I always have. So, because of the kindness of my aunt and uncle, and their graduation gift, I have lived in the United States for seventy-seven years, and now have three children, four grandchildren, and four great grandchildren, all happily living in America. It seems hard to believe I was all set to become a school teacher in Hungary and only intended to be here for a year.

*Edith Diosy*

## A Rant about Automobiles

Why is it that airplanes are safer to fly than automobiles are to drive? I worked in the aviation industry for several years and also always did my own automobile repairs. Doing so, I learned something about my subject. The aviation industry promotes safety first. The automobile industry promotes convenience before safety. A simple example is the exhaust system. Until recently we had to replace the system every couple of years, and even the original owner had this inconvenience. Now they are long-lasting, made of stainless steel and last the life of the car so the driver is not inconvenienced. But this does not apply to brakes which are far more important than the muffler system. Brake lines are not made of stainless steel. They last longer than the first owner usually has the car, so the automobile companies let them rust out for the second or third owner. The company does not want to inconvenience the original owner, but doesn't worry about the second or third owner who is left with an unsafe car. This is a case of putting convenience before safety. This can lead to disaster. The educated driver realizes he has a secondary brake system that used to be called the emergency brake. Because the auto

industry doesn't want customers to think about emergencies, it is now called the parking brake and drivers forget it can be used to stop the car.

My next illustration drives deeper into driver education. Pilots are taught to compensate for emergencies in a flight simulator. It was originally called a Link Trainer after its inventor, Ed Link. Pilots are also periodically retested. The government has decided that this could not be applied to the millions of automobile drivers because it would be inconvenient and expensive.

Next, I would like to investigate the myth of sudden acceleration. Millions of dollars were spent trying to prove that it is the fault of the automobile, but I think it is driver error and driver education. Driving school instructors still teach students to drive as if they had a manual transmission. The right foot has two tasks: acceleration and braking. You have to remember which you are doing. Your left foot dangles uselessly on the left side of the car. It used to be used on the clutch which is no longer with us. Race drivers are taught the heel and toe method: heels on the floor, right toe on the accelerator, left toe on the brake. No mix-ups here.

The third safety issue involves seat belts. Drivers are taught to use a two-point lap and shoulder seat belt. We have now added air bags which must be used in conjunction with the seat belts to work safely. Race car drivers hit the wall at 200 mph and usually drive away from the crash uninjured and they don't have air bags. They have a three-point safety harness which would be inconvenient for public use so the manufacturers don't want to install those. However, some drivers still consider the regular belts inconvenient and don't use them. In that case, the expensive air bags don't keep the car occupants from being expelled from the car in an accident.

The FAA and the airplane manufacturers have long investigated every crash and have used so-called "black boxes" to determine what happened. But the automobile industry has long fought government crash investigations. Only recently have they started to install black boxes in automobiles which should be a huge advance in investigating automobile crashes.

*Robert Sawyer*



## Walking Around Carleton-Willard

The campus of Carleton Willard offers many possibilities for those who want to get out and about. There are options for using wheelchairs and walkers, for those who want a pleasant stroll and for those who want a serious hike. By choosing any of these many “roads” you can expand your world to include lovely gardens and woodland trails and every kind of environment in between.

Mother Nature has provided so much to see, to hear, to smell and feel that our senses are well rewarded. In this month's *Villager* is a map that shows many of these walks. You will note that benches are conveniently located along the way to encourage people to stop and rest and enjoy the scene.

Those who live in the cluster homes are familiar with various routes up to the “big house”. The Pine Path, whose white pines, like the columns of a cathedral, shelter wild flowers and ferns along a gentle ascent, is preferred by many, but some seek the more strenuous Fire Road for a cardio-vascular workout.

The glorious gardens created by Philip Kenney make the Higgins House courtyard an oasis within the village center, but he has other gardens outside the front door and down the Primrose Path between Llewysac and Winthrop, through an exit off the corridor from the art gallery. With the completion of the Village Center construction, the rock garden along the Fire Road and the new herb garden will be added treats.

By making a circuit of any of these routes and the new Fire Road, when completed, we will once again have a way to go around the campus on a paved surface - something many residents have long enjoyed.

By combining various paths, and repeating some, one can accomplish a walk of any desired distance. It is important, and common sense, to be sure you are wearing your lifeline device as you circle the campus.

Further afield are paths beyond Lifeline's range, and it is strongly advised you carry your cell phone, especially when walking alone. One of these is the wilderness path that takes one from Old Billerica Road, with connections at various points, to the cluster homes, through the enchanting woodlands bordering Spring Brook Conservation Area - over an arched bridge, across boardwalks through stands of fantastic ferns, and passing giant white pines, some many feet in diameter. Underfoot is a thick carpet of pine needles with wild flowers and shrubs on either side. Occasional benches offer a tempting respite.

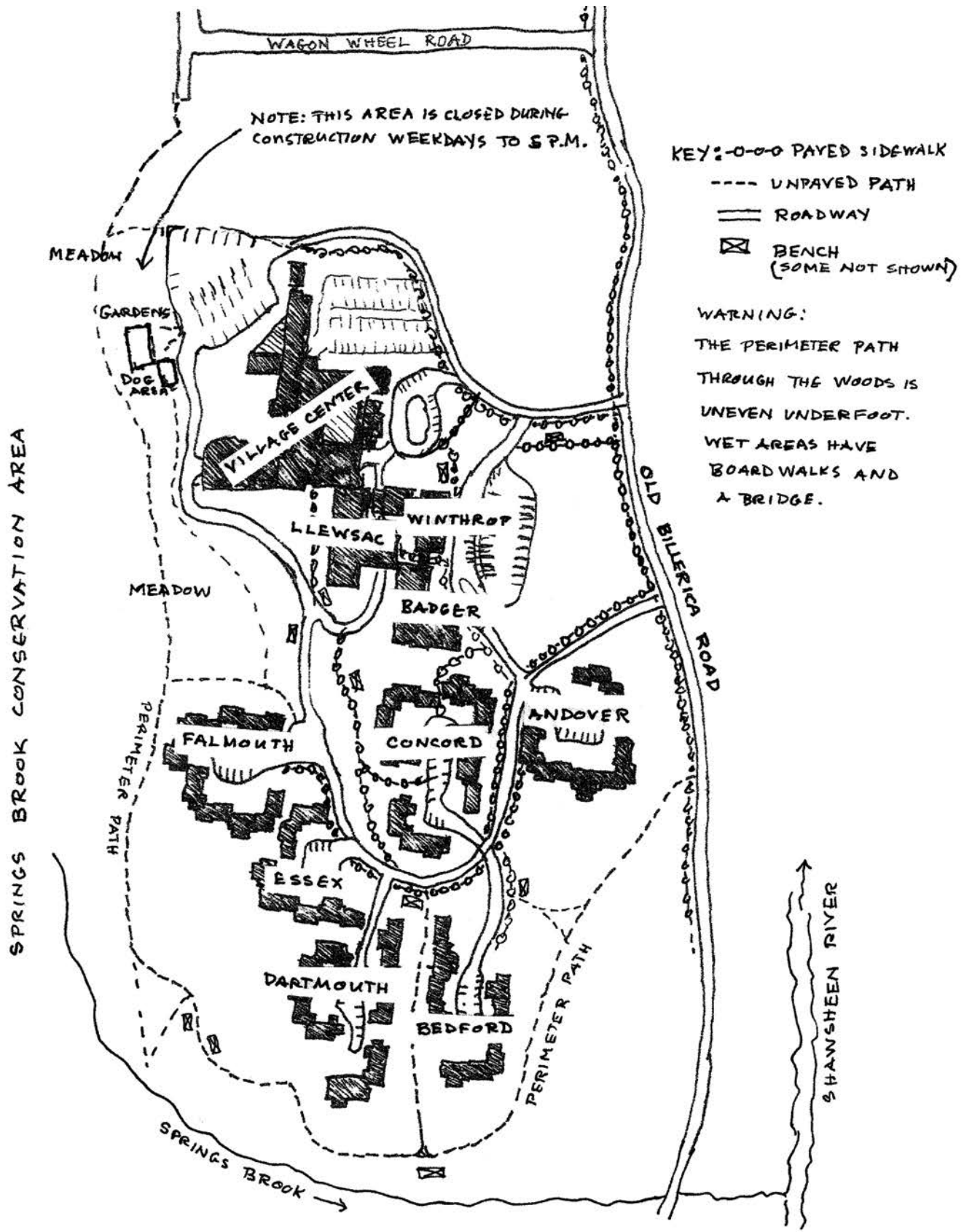
Emerging through a break in an old stone wall, one is out in the West Meadow where meadow flowers bloom and along the edge of which is a border of red and black raspberries, treasured by residents when they ripen in summer. Following along, one comes through a break in another wall into the East Meadow where the garden plots and dog run are located. This area is open on weekends and after five during construction but when that is finished, the walker will be able to enter the employee parking area and complete the circuit to the front of the buildings.

The Perimeter Path, as the woodland route is called, can be enjoyed if one takes the precautions necessary when walking on uneven, rooted surfaces, and by using a Deet insecticide to guard against the deer ticks which are a concern with any walk in the woods. Here again, it is essential to have your cell phone. Taking these measures allows one to enjoy this less paved part of our campus which gives one a feeling of wilderness that is truly rewarding for those who can do it.

So whatever one's inclinations or abilities, there is much to see and enjoy here at Carleton-Willard Village, whichever “road” one takes. Let's go!

*Anne Schmalz*





PATHS AROUND CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

A. Schmalz '16



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

## Fabulous Fiction

Ahh! The wonderful feeling when it is time to settle into bed or into a comfortable chair and open up a new book. The anticipation of a good story, beautifully written and full of well-developed characters, is one of life’s greatest pleasures.

Here at Carleton-Willard Village, our library is full of good fiction titles, and the new fiction that is added to the collection every month is eagerly awaited. When we ran our annual three-year circulation report in May, to use for weeding the collection, we made a note of the most popular fiction authors, most of them prolific writers.

Here is our list of top ten fiction authors:

- #1 Donna Leon – novels based in Venice featuring Commissario Guido Brunetti
- #2 Anne Perry – two series set in Victorian England, one featuring Charlotte and Thomas Pitt and one featuring William Monk
- #3 Alexander McCall Smith - four series, most notably the No. 1 Ladies’ Detective Agency series.
- #4 John Grisham – legal themed novels
- #5 James Patterson – Alex Cross Novels and the Women’s Murder Club novels
- #6 Harlan Coben – twenty different mystery novels
- #7 Louise Penny – Chief Inspector Armand Gamache novels based in Canada
- #8 Robert B. Parker – the Jesse Stone novels and the Spenser detective series
- #9 Jacqueline Winspear – the Maisie Dobbs novels
- #10 Michael Connelly – the Harry Bosch series and the Lincoln Lawyer series

In addition, the thirteen members of the Library Committee were asked to identify one or two works of moderately recent fiction that they consider outstanding and well worth recommending.

Library Committee Recommendations:

- The Nightingale by Kristen Hannah
- Our Souls at Night by Kent Haruf
- God’s Kingdom by Howard Frank Mosher
- The Art of Hearing Heartbeats by Jan Philipp Sendker
- The Improbability of Love by Hannah Rothschild
- Life after Life by Kate Atkinson
- Flight of Dreams by Ariel Lawhon
- All the Light We Can Not See by Anthony Doerr
- Pax by Sarah Pennypacker
- Mothering Sunday by Graham Swift
- A Map of Betrayal by Ha Jin
- Nobody’s Fool by Richard Russo
- Once We Were Brothers by Ronald H. Balson
- Ordinary Grace by William Kent Krueger
- Dark Amelia by Sally O’Reilly
- LaRose by Louise Erdrich

The Library Committee hopes that these two lists will help fiction readers in their constant quest for great stories. Our next Facts from the Stacks article will explore great non-fiction titles.

Happy reading!

*Katherine F. Graff  
Library Committee Chair*



## Among the Newest

*Flight of Dreams* by Ariel Lawhon

A compelling novel based on the 1937 Hindenburg disaster and the passengers on board.

*Putin Country* by Anne Garrels

A complex and nuanced portrait of post-USSR society, based on scores of personal interviews.

*Heat and Light* by Jennifer Haight

Ethical issues fill this story of a Pennsylvania coal town, its ruthless entrepreneurs and tragic human consequences.

*First Women* by Kate Anderson Brower

An analysis of how modern first ladies, Mmes. Kennedy to Obama, have navigated the expectations of the role of women in our society.

*The Improbability of Love* by Hannah Rothschild

A missing art piece appears in a second-hand shop, and many people are determined to acquire it.

*Pax* by Sara Pennypacker

The bonding of a boy and a fox, a tale of loyalty, love and conflict set in a time of war.

*Tribe* by Sebastian Junger

War veterans, united by service to their country, come home to an angry and divisive society at war with itself.

*The Body in the Wardrobe* by Katherine Hall Page

A mystery set in Savannah, Georgia, filled with rich detail of that city's life and cuisine.

*First Dads* by Joshua Kendall

All of our presidents, from George Washington to Barack Obama, have been fathers, fulfilling that role in very different ways.

*LaRose* by Louise Erdrich

A native American shoots his neighbor's son by accident, and gives a son of his own to the neighbor as reparation.

*Riding Home* by Tim Hayes

Horses can be great teachers because they have no egos; personal experiences of equine therapy.

*Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Gray* by Dorothy Love

Based on history, the awkward friendship of Mrs. Robert E. Lee and one of her slaves, revealed in excerpts from actual letters.

*Before the Fall* by Noah Hawley

The gripping tale of a plane crash off Martha's Vineyard and the mysterious circumstances behind it.

*The Rise of the Rocket Girls* by Nathalia Holt

The U. S. Jet Propulsion Laboratory was unique in its high proportion of female employees and their accomplishments.

*Louis W. Pitt, Jr.*



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Autobiography/Memoir

Clinton, Hillary Rodham Living History  
 Cumming, Alan Not My Father's Son  
 Grey, Joel Master of Ceremonies (\*)  
 Kinsley, Michael Old Age: A Beginner's Guide  
 Simon, Scott Unforgettable (\*)  
 Stahl, Lesley Becoming Grandma  
 Stahl, Lesley Becoming Grandma (\*)  
 Sterba, Jim Frankie's Place  
 Thomas, Elizabeth Dreaming of Lions  
 Marshall  
 Vincent, Isabel Dinner with Edward (\*)  
 Wouk, Herman Sailor and Fiddler (\*)

### Biography

Burns, Eric The Golden Lad (\*)  
 Jahren, Hope Lab Girl  
 Purnell, Sonia Clementine

### Current Affairs

Brower, Kate Andersen First Women  
 Garrels, Anne Putin Country  
 Junger, Sebastian Tribe  
 Rawlence, Ben City of Thorns (\*)

### Fiction

Albom, Mitch for one more day  
 Atkins, Ace Robert B. Parker's Slow Burn (\*)  
 Barnes, Julian The Noise of Time  
 Barnes, Julian The Noise of Time (\*)  
 Barton, Fiona The Widow  
 Carlisle, Kate A Cookbook Conspiracy  
 Christie, Alix Gutenberg's Apprentice  
 Cleave, Chris Everyone Brave is Forgiven  
 Cleave, Chris Everyone Brave is Forgiven (\*)

Deon, Natashia Grace  
 Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle The Sign of Four; The Valley of Fear  
 Erdrich, Louise LaRose  
 Fellowes, Julian Belgravia  
 Fesperman, Dan The Letter Writer  
 Furst, Alan A Hero of France  
 Gardner, Lisa Find Her  
 Genova, Lisa Inside the O'Briens  
 Grissom, Kathleen Glory Over Everything (\*)  
 Gyasi, Yaa Homegoing  
 Haigh, Jennifer Heat and Light  
 Hamilton, Jane The Excellent Lombards  
 Hamilton, Steve The Second Life of Steve Mason  
 Hannah, Kristen Home Again  
 Hart, John Redemption Road  
 Hawley, Noah Before the Fall  
 King, Laurie R. The Murder of Mary Russell  
 Lawhon, Ariel Flight of Dreams  
 Les Becquets, Diane Breaking Wild (\*)  
 Longworth, M. L. The Mystery of the Lost Cezanne (\*)  
 Love, Dorothy Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Gray  
 Lynch, Jim Before the Wind  
 Maron, Margaret Rituals of the Season  
 McLain, Paula Circling the Sun  
 Morgan, Robert Chasing the North Star (\*)  
 Nguyen, Viet Thanh The Sympathizer  
 Oates, Joyce Carol The Man Without a Shadow  
 O'Brian, Patrick The Hundred Days  
 Page, Katherine Hall The Body in the Wardrobe  
 Perry, Anne A Christmas Garland  
 Price, Richard The Whites  
 Rankin, Ian Even Dogs in the Wild  
 Roberts, Nora The Obsession  
 Robinson, Marilynne Gilead



## Recent Library Acquisitions

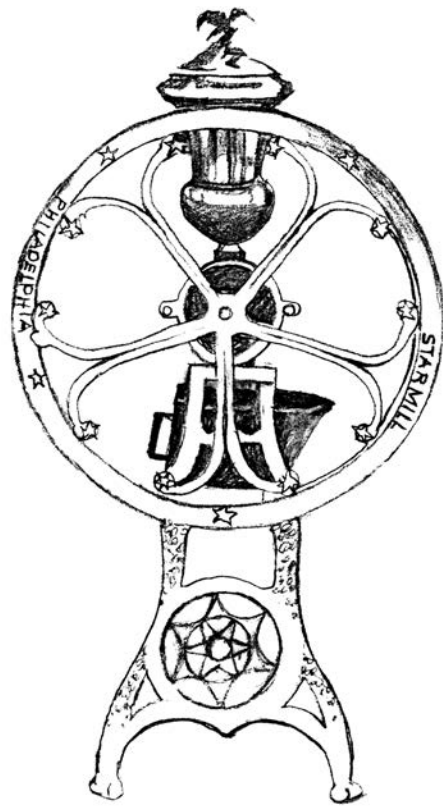
(\* indicates Large Print)

Rothschild, Hannah	The Improbability of Love	<b>Music</b>	
Rowley, Steven	Lily and the Octopus (*)	Miranda, Lin-Manuel	Hamilton: The Revolution
Russo, Richard	Everybody's Fool	<b>Nature</b>	
Sandford, John	Extreme Prey	Horvath, Brent	The Plant Lover's Guide to Sedums
Schine, Cathleen	They May Not Mean To, But They Do (*)	National Audubon Society	Field Guide to Reptiles and Amphibians
Scottoline, Lisa	Most Wanted	Pennypacker, Sarah	Pax
Simonson, Helen	The Summer Before the War (*)	<b>Poetry</b>	
Sittenfeld, Curtis	Eligible	McGinley, Phyllis	The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley
Smith, Alexander McCall	Chance Developments	<b>Reference</b>	
Smith, Dominic	The Last Painting of Sara De Vos	Drabble, Margaret, Editor	The Oxford Companion to English Literature
Sweeney, Cynthia D'Aprix	The Nest	Sadie, Stanley, Ed.	The Norton/Grove Concise Encyclopedia of Music
Swift, Graham	Mothering Sunday	<b>Religion</b>	
Tyler, Anne	Vinegar Girl	Marty, Martin E.	October 31, 1517: Martin Luther and the Day that Changed the World
Wechsler, Pamela	Mission Hill	<b>Resident Authors</b>	
<b>Health and Wellness</b>		Pitt, Louis	Post-Colonial Healing in Central Africa
Berger, Jonah	Invisible Influence	<b>Science</b>	
Hayes, Tim	Riding Home	Mukherjee, Siddhartha	The Gene (*)
<b>History</b>		<b>Travel</b>	
Concord Museum	N. C. Wyeth's Men of Concord	Fodor	Caribbean 2016
Egan, Timothy	The Immortal Irishman	Wood, Levison	Walking the Nile
Gardner, Mark Lee	Rough Riders (*)		
Geroux, William	The Mathews Men (*)		
Hammer, Joshua	The Bad-Ass Librarians of Timbuktu (*)		
Holt, Nathalia	Rise of the Rocket Girls		
Kendall, Joshua	First Dads		
Philbrick, Nathaniel	Valiant Ambition		

(\* indicates Large Print)

*Katherine F. Graff*







**CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE**

100 OLD BILLERICA ROAD • BEDFORD, MA 01730

781.275.8700 • FAX 781.275.5787