



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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Co-Editors' Corner



We knew our theme, "Diving In", was a bit of a gamble but, though few, the theme-related pieces are choice, from metaphorical musings to a rural Maine pond to venipuncture. We thank all our contributors, on theme or off, and especially welcome a first-time contributor, Barbara Gibb, who tells of her journey to mastering the art of weaving.

Mariwood Ward (Woody), who died this June, was a resident artist whose paintings were often used for *Villager* covers. They were much beloved for their color and composition, but also for the warm and generous spirit they conveyed. We remember Woody with gratitude and affection.

Our fondly remembered Main Street brass rail gives its name to our new "bistro", The Brass Rail, where food is delectable and the view of patio, gardens, putting green and croquet court, perfectly lovely. And, nothing if not trendy, we even have a fire pit!

By the time you read this *Villager*, we'll be close to the opening of the Village Centre. Many yearn dreamily for the Artists' Studio, the Spa, the Exercise/Dance/Aerobics Studio. More pedestrian, your Editors can hardly wait to have the *Villager's* very own File Drawer in the Business Center, retiring, at last, the milk crate which has served us for years.

September often seems a month of new beginnings. We wish all our contributors, and our readers known and unknown, a challenging and rewarding autumn.

Alice Morrish *Peggy McKibben*

Co-Editors



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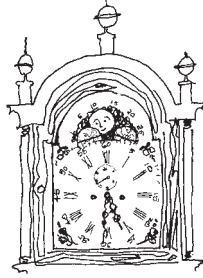
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From the Chief Executive Officer



“Leap and the net will appear.” – Zen proverb

I happened upon a poetry reading not long ago.

I assumed poetry readings were a thing of my long-past college days: late nights at the student union, endless cups of coffee (in my case, tea), overly sincere quatrains from earnest new writers. But there I was, by accident, in a bookstore in Cambridge. A young woman from Maine was reading from her just published book, and one line caught my ear.

“What question would you ask the Universe if you knew the answer could only be yes?”

That would be quite convenient, wouldn't it? Imagine a guarantee of success for something big, life-changing, a sure-thing!

The more I kicked the possibilities around in my head, though, the more I realized the folly of the idea. It's precisely the not-knowing, the risk, the unseen challenges and frustrations, the possibility of coming up short that makes anything worth having meaningful.

I only have to look at our Village Centre project as an example. From the start it was an incredibly ambitious undertaking ... to say it has “tested the resolve” of the project team and our Residents would be an understatement!

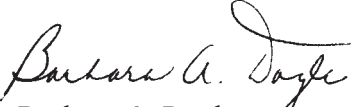
But now I see it all taking shape. The new Village Centre is an extension of Main Street, not only in bricks and mortar, but as an expression of what life is all about at the Village. There's the Art Studio, a truly state-of-the-art facility I've never seen duplicated anywhere, the Exercise Studio, the Computer Lab, and the Brass Rail Bistro with its amazing food. And let's not forget the Spa! Spectacular!

The architecture of the Village Centre is bright and airy, with sweeping curves and large open spaces. Everything flows naturally to the outdoor patios, the green of the croquet court, our beautiful gardens, and then beyond to the lush fields and pristine conservation land.

Most impressive is the light - filtering down from vaulted skylights . . . and dazzling, hypnotic, through stained glass windows.

Knowing the extraordinary effort and talents that went into making it all happen, I can't help but think: would this mean so much if I knew, from the beginning, it would be a success?

I'm no poet. But it's really about the journey, isn't it?


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Reflections on “Diving In”

The theme of this *Villager* issue, Diving In, is worth some reflection. We all think right away of diving into water. And we think also of the metaphorical meaning to occupy oneself suddenly and enthusiastically in an activity, i.e. diving into a good meal, diving into a pet project, or diving into a good book.

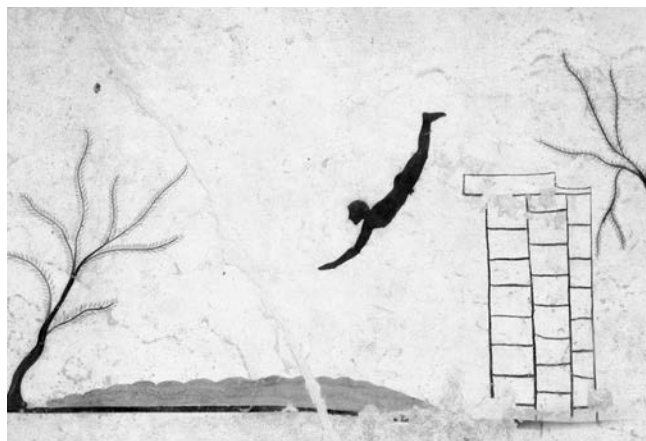
Diving requires a head-first plunge downward - a descent from some safe point into a place from which we need to ascend again. Heights may give us fears we must suppress. To leave the comfort zone, we willingly allow gravity to rule, we relinquish control, if only for moments. Diving is a risk/reward activity.

Why do we humans like to dive? Usually, diving into water is so pure, sweet and refreshing. Or graceful, as in competitive springboard or high diving. Or fascinating as in scuba diving. Such dives into water give us lots of satisfaction.

But others, daredevils, dive from cliffs and lofty towers or descend down as deep into the unlit oceans as their lungs can be trained to endure. Why engage in such scary behavior? These divers love the thrill of conquering their fears and of accomplishing what most of us don't dare to do. By achieving what seems risky beyond common sense, they heroically extend the limits of their capabilities and set high standards for others.

We all want to dive deep into something. Diving involves going head-first, not jumping. Once in my younger days I dove from on high into a shallow mountain pool. I was stupid, a fool. But it was only after suffering scrapes and a stiff neck that I knew I should have just jumped. We learn by doing, and often the hard way. The risk may end in reward or failure, but the experience is always instructive. We dive deep into ourselves, learning, if not accepting, both our limits and our capabilities.

As a species, the human race is not timid or fearful. In all kinds of ways, we “take the plunge” and “dive in”. When we commit ourselves to a desire or hope without being positive of success or gratification, we engage in the noblest ideals of human behavior. We wish we could just dive like



Diver's Tomb 475 B.C.

loons or hawks with natural power and grace, but our imagination leads us to try difficult things that are not easy and don't come naturally. We seek to conquer our doubts and inadequacies by at least giving new things a shot and persisting until we know more than when we began.

Finally, we are creatures of huge imagination and inventiveness. We have traveled farther and farther along the paths of our visions. We attempt anything our hearts desire. We dive in.

Sandy Wieland

Night Noises

I wake to the sound of a truck rattling down my dead end street. I wonder idly if it is an early trash pick-up or perhaps service for a neighbor's pool. The children do not stir.

On the other side of the world, another mother awakens to the sound of a truck. She gathers her children to her and shrinks into the darkest corner, bracing for a loud bang on the door or the thud of heavy boots.

Later, a jet descends overhead. It might be a local team returning triumphantly to our small airport.

Once more I think of that other mother. Is she trembling at the same sound, fearing a bomb? I hold her in my heart.

But in the morning, distracted by suburban routine and summer sunshine, I carelessly let her slip from my embrace.

Meredith McCulloch



Fly

In summertime
 when anyone came near
 zip! it was gone,
 quick as a fretful mind to flit away.
 but now cooler and later on,
 the dragonfly rests
 longer and longer
 between excursions.

Dead still,
 flattened against a rock,
 it lets itself be looked at,
 like costume jewelry on display
 a red enamel twig
 winged with some filigree
 and clamped in place
 by its six springwire legs .

As I lean close
 at first I think
 it must be staring back
 it sees me too but then the black
 divided eye huge
 in its disproportion to the body,
 swivels away
 in a different direction.

Having seen nothing
 it continues scanning a sky that must
 at last have gone meaningless
 empty of targets like a radar screen
 on a ship now abandoned and sinking
 that shows only scrawls of white static
 clear to the horizon and
 beyond.



Craig Hill

Awards Aplenty

“O oh, check out Reni’s gorgeous dress! And doesn’t Marbe look sensational?!” “Hey, Rav is even smarter looking than usual and that’s saying a lot! Remember his cousin and how excited we were when she went back to India for her wedding and came back to the dining room and worked for a couple of more years till she had a baby?” “Hooray, Jan’s husband looks like he is just as nice as she is.”

The setting is the auditorium turned banquet room and our great pals are being honored for their years of service at the annual Employee Awards banquet. We residents are just there as invited spectators after the dinner, cheering on the folks we see every day when they are wearing their blue fitness shirts, their colorful nursing assistant outfits, their brown uniforms or their waiters’ togs. Gary Sawin often does a bit of kidding as he calls each awardee to the podium to receive a CWV pin inscribed with years of service. Ten-year employees also receive a CWV chair, fifteen year staffers a Simon Pierce clock, and other gifts for each five years of service — and for everyone a hug and a kiss from Barbara Doyle.

Little wonder that I should be cheering for Reni and Marbe — a few weeks ago I was seeing them almost daily while they helped me recuperate from a fractured ankle. Both made me laugh as well as making me comfortable. Rav or one of his counterparts greets me, hosting in the dining room. When another host first arrived as a waiter, he looked like he might still be in junior high; later we saw him training new waiters; now he is a suave host. When I am in normal health, Jan and her fitness cohorts keep me laughing while we “sit and get fit”, work on balance or yell throughout a game of seated volleyball.

It is great to see our maintenance buddies out of those brown uniforms and spiffily attired, most escorting a wife or best girlfriend. Early on, when I first arrived at the village and complimented one of them who had helped get pictures hung and keys working, he looked out



my window at the Winthrop/Badger parking lot and commented, “You may not think we are so great when we are out there snow plowing at four a.m.” Wrong! I do hear them but each time I say a little prayer for their well-being and thanks for their fortitude before I pull the cover over my head and go back to sleep.

I nearly jumped to the ceiling the first time I saw Moli get his award. After all, I have known him for years and my husband taught him to drive when he came with other Cambodian refugees as invited residents of Lexington. Now he works somewhere inside the Dining Services empire and I only see him occasionally in the hallways. The last time I ran into him, he jubilantly pulled out his smartphone to show me the picture of his brand new twin granddaughters. How’s that for a happy encounter?

Everyone gets their award, whether they are in jobs where we see them every day or hidden somewhere in the far reaches of the Financial Department or Medical Records offices.

It is interesting to think of this relationship. The staff takes care of residents’ needs which provide them with needed jobs. We can only hope employees enjoy their jobs as much as we enjoy them. The fact that they stay with us so long and urge their family members to come aboard is encouraging.

This is just a light-hearted composite of memories of many Awards Dinners. Names are changed except for Barbara Doyle and Gary Sawin. But, like most things in life, there is a serious side to the event too. Long-time resident, Louis Pitt, retired Episcopal priest, put it best in his blessing at the most recent Awards dinner.

Peggy McKibben

Village Blessing

Great and loving God, creator and designer of everything that is, You have given us this life with all its possibilities; and You alone can show us the purpose of life — how true joy can be found.

We come tonight to celebrate the life of this community and the spirit that makes it work. It is a place of special caring and sharing. We give thanks for the founders of both Carleton and Willard homes over a hundred years ago and for the steady pursuit of goals that bring joy and well-being. Those who live here and those who work here equally give of themselves to the Village and gain in the process.

So, dear God, as You bless our food and fellowship, bless all that we do day by day. Help us find You in all of it. Bless those with skills of all kinds, serving full-time or part-time. Bless those who lead and those who do the smallest task. Bless our concern for one another. Bless those we honor for length of service and those who plan for the future. Give us a common vision, a sense that we are serving You.

Yours is the kingdom and the power and the glory.

Amen

(This prayer was offered by The Reverend Louis Pitt Jr. at the Employee Appreciation Dinner May 9, 2017)



Welcome New Residents

Mr. & Mrs Ryder (David and Melinda)
from Townsend, 4/18/17

Mrs. Pauline Eaton
from Acton, 4/22/17

Mr. & Mrs. Hathaway (David and Harriet)
from Lexington, 5/1/17

Mrs. Teresa Travaline
from Burlington, 6/23/17

Mrs. Malwina "Inka" Allen
from Wayland, 6/23/17

Jean Wood
from Southborough, 7/22/17

Jean (Montie) Fiske
from Weston, 7/21/17

Mastering the Art of Weaving

My interest in and love of fibers began at my grandmother's side as she knit gloves for soldiers in World War II. She presented me with a ball of red yarn, a pair of needles and taught me to knit when I was eight years old. My first significant project was a baby sweater as a requirement for my Girl Scout Child Care Badge. While in high school, we were planning a school shopping trip in Minneapolis. I was pleading for a cashmere sweater. My father offered a deal: if I knit him a sweater I could have my cashmere sweater. He was a large man, Big Ten Football. We reached a compromise: a sleeveless vest would do. I soon had my beautiful light blue cashmere sweater.



Over the next few years, I became aware of the interest in handweaving in New England. I admired the lovely combinations of fibers and patterns at local craft shows. I chatted with local weavers and decided that weaving would be my next pursuit.

About that time, my husband was drafted into the Army Medical Corps, to be stationed at Walter Reed Army Hospital. We would be moving to Washington for two years; our three children were in school; I would learn to weave!

Through contacts in the D.C. Weavers' Guild I found a teacher, "Master Weaver" Harriet Benson.

Thinking I was serious about my new endeavor, I proceeded to buy a twenty inch, four harness collapsible floor loom, a fairly significant purchase.

My first class day arrived. I packed up my loom in the back of our station wagon and drove



to Harriet's home. There were six of us eager to learn the mysteries of weaving. Harriet explained that we would spend the next few hours "Dressing the loom". We were each presented with a warping frame and a cone of thread to make our first warp. Basic weaving consists of a warp, the frame for the project, and weft threads, the fill.

Wait! Before we wind the threads, we have to plan the warp. How many threads to the inch depended on the weight or thickness of the yarn, how wide, how many yards long? Mathematics accomplished: sixteen threads to the inch, twelve inches wide and three yards long - 558 yards of thread. We wound our threads, followed by the intricate process of tying the threads, taking them off the frame and attaching them to the warp beam of the loom. It was already lunchtime!

The next several hours were spent pulling the threads individually through the eye of the heddles which hung on the harnesses, then through the dents of the reed which spaced the warp for the twelve inch span. Finally the threads were attached to the front beam, being careful to maintain a perfect tension of the treads. We were ready to weave. A quick lesson on how to wind the shuttle, the tool for weaving, and we were sent home. We were to return next week with a two yard sample of our weaving. I arrived home just as the children stepped off the school bus.

Alas, how could I tell Peter that this was the worst day of my life? I had my loom. My dream of becoming a weaver was shattered. I could never master this new skill. I dreaded going back next week to do this all over again. However, I sat down at the loom and started to "throw" the shuttle. One color followed another. I pulled threads from my large stash of yarns. The warp came alive! Oh, the possibilities! I was hooked!

Six of us returned the following week, showing off our totally different samples. The second "Dressing" of the loom was much easier. Our group stayed together for the next two years, learning simple patterns for luxurious mohairs, intricate patterns for exquisite silks and wools.

Most intriguing can be the color play as one color crosses the other. Your eyes will see purple when you cross red over blue; two blues may appear grey.

We moved back to Massachusetts with our fourth child in tow. I ordered a forty-eight inch, twelve harness, sixteen treadle loom which necessitated an addition on our home. As my husband said, "Yarn everywhere!" My final project was to weave *tallitot* for my granddaughters' Bat Mitzvahs: twenty-four threads to the inch, eight harnesses, twelve treadles, elegant silk and alpaca yarn. I am told they could be married and buried in these traditional prayer shawls.

Over the years I would look for new yarns wherever we traveled. There were always new techniques to learn through the Weavers' Guild of Boston and other workshops throughout New England. I will always be grateful to my teacher, Harriet, my own students and the many weaver friends who shared my love for the magic of the loom.

Barbara Gibb

Fried Chicken from Scratch

Having grown up on an Indiana farm, I had some idea of where our food came from. This was partly during World War II when some things were rationed — but people in war-torn countries had much less than we. Now my sons are grown, but I sometimes wonder how they would manage without supermarkets and neatly packaged food. They know a little about planting a garden, but that is only a part of the need.

Imagine being one of the hungry refugees making their way across empty fields, as one sees frequently pictured in the newspapers. This is a pretty depressing thought. What if you managed to snag a stray chicken but didn't know how to kill and dress and cook it to provide nourishment for the most hungry mouths. Another depressing thought.

Just writing about killing and dressing a chicken is rather inadequate — a demonstration is required if possible. However, I think it is one of those life skills which ought to be handed down — after saying grace, of course. Then we might realize how fortunate we are to have food on the table and might give some thought to where the abundance of food we take for granted comes from.

Donna Enz Argon











Home Visits in the West End — and Beyond

They began with my father. In the early thirties we lived on “the back of the Hill”, Beacon Hill, the slummy part. We were in spitting distance of the notorious Scollay Square in one direction and the bucolic Esplanade and Charles River in the other. Massachusetts General Hospital was across the street at the bottom of our alley. There my father, already a doctor, was becoming a cardiologist under the tutelage of Paul Dudley White. He also maintained a small practice, presumably to add to income.

These are memories before I was five, so snapshot-like and impressionistic rather than documentary. Beyond MGH lay the heavily populated alleys and tenements of the West End where many of my father’s patients lived. Not infrequently I would join him on his walk to make a house call. He would rehearse me in the melodic names of the families I might encounter: Nuccio, Minicello, Lanzarotto. I remember being volubly fussed over on arrival, then cautioned by my father to “sit quietly and behave”. Enormous multi-generational families, including large sibling groups, lived in small quarters, astonishing me, one of three persons in an entire house, albeit a modest one. The apartments were richly odiferous; the pungent smells of garlic and slow-simmering “red sauce” filled the air. At my house every effort was made to keep cooking odors from escaping the basement kitchen.

Being accustomed to a contained and mannerly atmosphere, I was amazed by the noisy conversations, unapologetic interruptions, and free-flowing emotions expressed in laughter or tears, hugs, kisses and



occasional whacks. While I would not have known to put it this way, I was aware of porous boundaries, a sense of community. Mothers were as likely to yell out the window to caution or reprimand a neighbor’s child as their own. No hint of “mind your own business”; children seemed to be everyone’s business.

I loved these visits. Decades later, applying to graduate school to become a social worker, I cited these visits as an early fascination with how people handle what life has dealt them, how they get along with others, and how they express thoughts and feelings.

In those Depression years, I think many West End families were struggling. Often they gave my father pastries or spaghetti sauce, possibly in lieu of payment. Back home these offerings were received with a sniff of disapproval by our Irish cook, Bessie. Occasionally, the women made for me beautifully hand-smocked frocks of raw silk in brilliant colors. I did love those dresses, exuberantly unlike my usual wardrobe.

I was a teenager in the 1940’s when we lived in Concord. For a time, my father’s office was in our home. On more than one occasion an entire West End family would insist on coming out to see “Doc”. Three or four generations would pile into a rattletrap car for a “home visit” in reverse, and my father would revert to his GP persona. It would be a noisy reunion and when I was at home I would be exclaimed over, rotated for inspection, quizzed and given all manner of advice.

Fast forward to the mid-fifties and my first professional job in Somerville. The West End tenements had been demolished to make way





for an upscale apartment complex. Many of their occupants had been relocated to the “projects” in Somerville. And a good number of families found their way, with multiple problems, to my agency. There were still the beautiful names and still the pervasive smell of garlic. But how different. These were displaced persons, grieving their lost neighborhood, casualties of progress. They hated the isolation of sterile apartments, separation from neighbors and family members, the loss of community. Home visits were certainly less chaotic than those I remembered in the West End, but less also were the energy and *joie de vivre* required to deal with altered circumstances. I could offer empathy, practical support, emotional band aids; I could encourage floor meetings, get-to-know-your-neighbors coffee hours. But the unforced solidarity and spontaneity of the West End was gone.

To end on a happier note, in the mid sixties I went to work in the Out-Patient Department at Mass General, where to my delight many of my patients were children of the West End, now living in East Boston, Chelsea, Revere, or even one of the Newtons. Most of them were doing well. They had early memories of life in the West End but had moved beyond it and did not grieve it. They lived in single homes or apartments. Though fondly attached to extended family, their daily lives centered around immediate family. They had survived the disruption so traumatic for their parents and were definitely “new world” citizens. They would have been puzzled (if not aghast) by the proposal of a home visit.

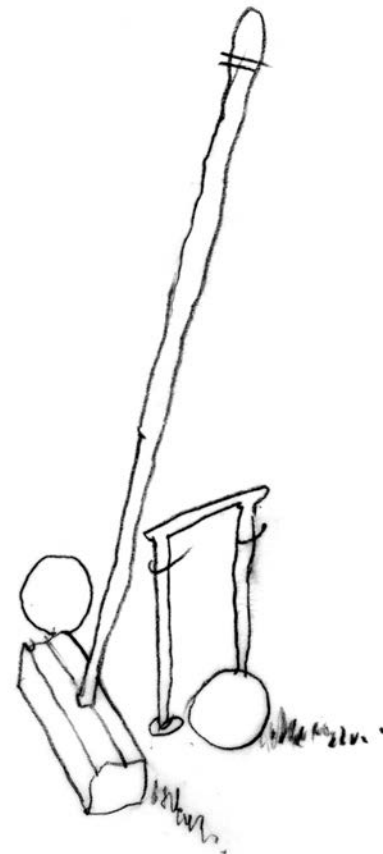
One “old world” tradition remained: gifts of food, the most problematic being oozing containers of lasagna. Back in my office these were, once again, greeted with a sniff of disapproval, this time by a wonderfully competent but slightly hidebound Boston Brahmin secretary.

Alice Morrish

Construction Site - Conclusion July 2017

The storm has passed. The wind has died.
Now the roaring will subside –
The giant wave that crashed ashore
Fortunately is no more.
In its place there can be seen
Flowers, grass and bushes green.
Soon the lovely sound will fall
Of croquet mallet hitting ball
While beyond, the sound of fun
Indicates a “hole in one”.
Lastly, there have come to be
New walls, a roof, a balcony!

Sue Hay





Village

Reflections on China

Jeffrey Williams, son of residents Bruce and Jane Williams, offered insights into the current U.S.-Chinese relations based on his thirty years of deep involvement in Chinese financial and educational activities. Jeffrey was the first foreigner to head a Chinese bank, and the inaugural Executive Director of the Harvard Center in Shanghai. He highlighted the many ways in which the two countries became closely related over a century of friendship, followed by recent decades as adversaries. Comparing the histories of the two nations, he stressed that we are very young compared to China, somewhat naïve and far less patient. Discussion centered on the trade and military issues that currently dominate the relationship.



Saugus Iron Works

Saugus is the site of the first successful plant for the integrated production of cast and wrought iron in the New World. A visit to the Saugus Iron Works gave us a close up look and understanding of this amazing National Historic Site, reconstructed to show how it looked and operated from 1646 to 1668. After viewing a film showing the entire process, our tour included the blast furnace and forge. The workers were indentured servants from England, who called their village Hammersmith. Appropriately, after our visit we enjoyed lunch at the Hammersmith Family Restaurant in Saugus.

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

1967 Red Sox: The Impossible Dream

2017 marks the 50th anniversary of the Red Sox “Impossible Dream” season, 1967, when they clinched the American League pennant on the final day, and lost the World Series to the St. Louis Cardinals in the seventh game. Herb Crehan, writer for the Red Sox, drew on his knowledge of baseball history to help fans in the Village relive the season’s highs and lows. Often called the “cardiac kids”, the team included Mike Andrews, Reggie Smith, Jim Lonberg, Rico Petrocelli, Tony Conigliaro and Captain Carl Yastrzemski (season salary \$50,000, highest on the team). Knowing them all, Crehan assured us they were of “high character”.

Ancestral Voices

The Village Thespians entertained residents with A. R. Gurney’s semi-autobiographical play “Ancestral Voices: A Family Story”. Set in Buffalo in the 1930’s and 1940’s, it is centered on a divorce, scandalous for the times. We learn the story as experienced by Eddie, the couple’s grandson, and his parents. Eddie (Kay Barney) loves his grandparents and is puzzled and sad about the events. His parents (Elizabeth Flemings and Bob Schmalz) are upset and embarrassed. Grandfather (Tom Larkin) is distraught as grandmother (Arlayne Peterson) leaves him to marry their best friend. As Eddie’s contemporaries, the audience was left to ponder how these events might be seen today.

A Brazilian and Latin Musical Bouquet

Flutist Wendy Rolfe returned to her welcoming Carleton-Willard audience with Brazilian pianist, Maria Jose Carrasqueira, to offer a wide-ranging program by nine Latin American composers. Beginning with Silva’s *Serata D’amore* and *Polka* the Duo deftly set the rhythmic tone of the evening by featuring the piece’s gentle melodic opening followed by a sprightly dance. Two *Brasilianas* (suites of songs and dances) showed a dazzling variety of Brazilian folk idioms culled from street vendors and farmers singing in the countryside. A samba, two tangos and three waltzes kept feet tapping. Both artists twice soloed while trading turns with helpful introductions to each selection.



Happenings

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

Boston City Hall

Opened in 1968, Boston City Hall, designed in the Brutalist style, has been both praised and condemned for its harsh, cold brick and concrete exterior and interior. Highlights of our tour were a meeting of the Boston City Council, and viewing a massive model of downtown Boston. Chairman Michelle Wu recognized our group as she opened the council meeting. The model, in the Planning and Development Agency, contains every building in the downtown area and aids in the study of proposed new construction. It fills a room about the size of our Red Room. The trip ended with a fine lunch at Ruth Chris' Steakhouse.

Exhibited Art by Hazel and Ed Sheldon

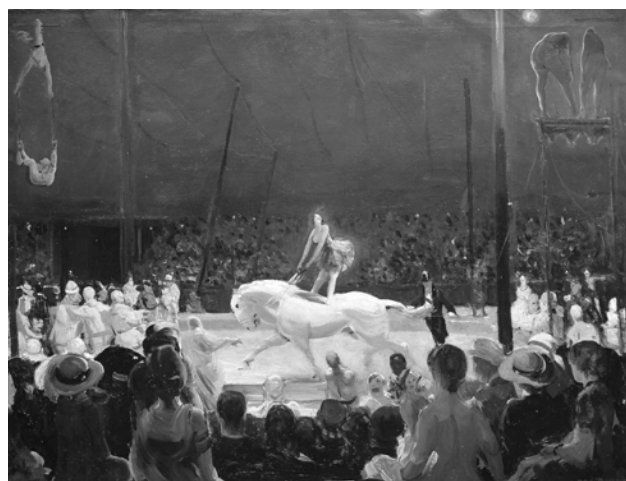
The Sheldons charmed us with bright, warm colors and designs in varied mediums as they shared our exhibit space. Hazel's watercolors represent two very different styles — earlier still lifes and landscapes and later abstracts using vibrant patterns to intrigue the viewer. The choosing of brushes and color palette is her enjoyment. Ed began doing needlepoint years ago when he was looking for a new hobby. He transfers images from scenes he loves, such as the First Church in Lexington, and paintings he admires. He worked a piano bench cushion in the pattern of a keyboard in black and white. We have benefited from their collaboration in our gallery.

Nashoba Valley Winery

Residents with an interest in the making of wine enjoyed a tour of the Nashoba Valley Winery, in Bolton. Starting with a gift engraved wine glass, we proceeded through the "production facility", led by an expert guide who explained the many steps in the making of wine, including the specialized equipment required. He touched on the various types of oak used to make barrels, and the pros and cons of cork, plastic and screw caps. Stops were accompanied by samples of a variety of wines. After some time to explore the shop at the end of the tour, the group moved on to Nancy's Air Field Café in Stow for an enjoyable lunch.

Circus History and Art

Dr. Matthew Wittmann, Curator of the Harvard Theater Collection, using art from the collection, told the story of the traditional circus in the U. S.. beginning with Ricketts Circus in Philadelphia in 1793, and ending with the final Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey "Greatest Show on Earth", the day before his talk. The circus in a massive tent, uniquely American, appeared in 1842, and disappeared in 1956. Since then, while still moving via train, the circus has performed in permanent arenas. An optimist, Dr. Wittmann believes the circus will evolve, e.g. *Cirque de Soleil*, and survive.



George Bellows, *The Circus* 1912

Classical Indian Dances

Tara Ahmed, Boston-based Classical Indian dancer, treated an appreciative audience to a lecture/demonstration of four traditional South Indian dances. Using elements of story-telling, rhythmic footwork and fluid gestures, as well as films of native dancers, Tara illustrated examples of the 700-year-old Kuchipudi drama/dance form replaying stories from Hindu mythology. Through symbolic foot-stamping, fluid arm-and-wrist-weaving and intricate body twists and turns, this fascinating dance relayed an elaborate tale of the Hindu god Krishna. Recorded accompaniment of drum, hand cymbals, lute and flute added spice to the dances. The audience eagerly participated in learning dance rhythms and hand gestures.

Edwin Cox



Portrait of a Wimp

I wonder whether the last decision I made all by myself was when I asked my girlfriend to marry me. She startled me by saying, “That’s a surprise, let me think about it.” She did, and finally said yes. But at the time it did make me wonder.

I’ll concede most of the big things like buying a house or a car I was consulted on and had a measure of input. However, it was the smaller things where there was a problem. For example, clothing, and what I might wear to an event. “Is that what you are going to wear?” (“*Of course it is what I am going to wear. If it wasn’t I wouldn’t have it on*” I imagined myself saying.) “Do you really think that tie goes with that shirt?” (“*No, just testing to see if you’d notice.*”) “I’d like to see you wear your pretty shirt/tie/jacket etc.” (*Fine, why don’t you wear it?*) I think I would have said as I obediently unbuttoned the shirt or undid the tie . . . Pathetic!) Now I did from time to time stand firm, but more often than not it was just not worth it.

We used to do a lot of ballroom dancing. I was always fairly active and wearing a jacket felt rather restrictive. One time I decided to take a stand. “I will not wear this jacket.” Big mistake.

A black cloud descended and for the better part of the next hour we danced in a freezing aura. Gradually, as the ice melted, I began to re-evaluate my decision. After that I did wear my jacket dancing (at least for a little while each time.)

I like to think that I was able to exact a certain measure of revenge. Quietly, solicitously, and without comment, I would zip up dresses, button up backs, pin things in hard-to-reach spots, help attach necklaces, one time even massaging feet in a public place. Now don’t get me wrong; I didn’t mind doing these things, but as Jackie Gleason used to say, “How sweet it is.”

Let me digress a moment. What is it with women’s clothing? Do designers have some hang-up about having buttons and fasteners in the front? One night I buttoned twelve, count ‘em, twelve buttons down the back. They were all

slippery and I had to really push them through the too-small button holes. Zippers can run from the neck down to the waist and are usually in the back. It would almost require a contortionist to run them up without assistance. And what about necklaces and other jewelry? Usually the latches, hooks or whatever are so tiny and delicate it is a major project to put them together. And of course each one is a little different.

Now I heard recently that a woman, on average, uses 7000 words a day. (*I know from experience that certain ones use even more.*) So let me be brief.

All you men out there. Stand up with me. Let it be known that our opinions and actions count, too. What *are* we, men or . . . squeak, squeak.

Wally Campbell

Remembering My Dad

My first actual memory of my father is the day my brother came into the world and back to our home in Bloomfield, New Jersey, where we lived until I was nine years old. My father and a friend carried my mother upstairs; I was three and a half years old. Don’t remember much else but as time progressed, my mother and I often yelled at each other. When my dad came home from work, I was ordered immediately upstairs to my room. NO ONE was ever allowed to yell at my mother. So of course then I was angry at both of them. After all, I was right. My anger never lasted long but it happened a lot.

When World War II came, my dad wasn’t called as he was working as an engineer in war work. I remember “black-outs” when we pulled completely solid coverings over all our windows until the “all clear” sounded. When the war ended, I was allowed to have a kitchen pot and a wooden spoon to bang the pot as everyone paraded.

Lots about that house I remember: the blue roses wallpaper in my parents’ bedroom, the new washing machine which my friends and I watched going around and around, and the dining room which was painted a rosy dark pink by



both my parents, then covered with small white x's to lessen the glare of the room. One small panel was left completely rose - perhaps, I suppose now, so that folks would realize the room was hand painted.

My dad got a week's vacation and we went to the Jersey shore. Dad rented an inflatable short mattress sort of thing and took it and me out beyond the breaking waves. Side by side we each grabbed it and my dad told me when to kick as hard as I could. We caught many waves. That was my very first ecstasy; we were both at the absolute top of our world, the two of us, my dad and I.

Later on, when I was twelve and we had moved to Upper Montclair, New Jersey, we went to East Quogue, New York for vacation, and rented a small cottage. My dad taught my brother and me how to sail. He rented a nineteen-foot catboat which lived up a creek. My brother and I always wanted to go out to the Shinnicock Bay under full sail but my dad mostly said "no way!"

When we finally did get to open water (by rowing part of the time) he proved to be correct again.

Aren't Dads always right?

One year, perhaps the same one, my brother and Dad caught a long black eel. My mother helped by cooking it up, and we took it to a friend's house in East Quogue where she was serving drinks. The eel spread on crackers was delicious but no one ever told her what was in it even though she asked. Finally she squeaked, "My God! don't tell me I'm eating eel!"

My parents belonged to the Cosmopolitan Club which had a monthly ball; when I was in high school I was allowed to attend. They also belonged to a learning-to-speak-Russian group and a folk dancing group. In my senior year I went to the folk dancing and learned to love it. Later, when he was my husband, we learned that Charlie, too, had attended as a guest. He and I must both have been there, though I had taken an entire square from my high school class, and certainly did not dance with him at all that night. When we first met at a folk dance in Cambridge, Massachusetts when I was in college, he said while we were dancing, "It's been a long time since I danced with you." My answer was, "Who the heck are you??" We finally worked it

out after we were married and attended an event with a caller we had both heard before. This is just another incident to show how much fun I had growing up.

By the time my dad died, he and my mother were living in Westerly, Rhode Island. He spent time there fishing with my son; history repeats itself, I guess. After Dad died, my mom told me the most wonderful story about my dad. I was born with a dislocated hip: that part I knew. My mother kept pulling on my leg, though our family doctor pooh-pooed that idea. When, before age one, I started to walk, it was with a very bad limp. My dad insisted on taking me to the very best bone specialist in Manhattan. I spent the next year in four different casts. When this was over, the doctor asked my father (the first time money had been mentioned) what Dad thought he, the doctor, should be paid. My dad thought a bit — and offered the doctor a full year's salary!!!

Holly Webster





Diving In in Vein

My story begins sixty-nine years ago. I was twenty-two, a third year medical student at Harvard Medical School, on an elective rotation in surgery at Massachusetts General Hospital. As is customary in the early morning, a small group of white-clad Residents were progressing through the surgical wards checking on patients and planning their treatment for the day. The Assistant Chief Resident had assigned me, the least significant member of the team, to start an IV on a very old man who was struggling to recover from a big operation. As part of our training we had learned the theory and practice of venipuncture - the art of inserting a needle into a vein - and had practiced it on fellow students. This was to be my first experience with a real patient. He had endured the procedure many times, but I still explained what it entailed in order to rehearse it in my mind.

I felt around for a good arm vein but could not find one that stayed put when I pushed on it - nothing like my young classmates' veins! "It might be easier once I get the needle through the skin," I thought. About a long half-hour later, the score was 6-0; I had stabbed and probed each arm three times without finding a useful vein. The poor patient never complained but he did a lot of grimacing.

Drenched in sweat, I excused myself and caught up with my team. I told the Assistant

Chief my story and asked if he could help me (and the patient). His reply was that if I gave up I would never learn - and besides he was too busy making decisions about many patients, so it was more important that he stay with the team. "Go back and keep trying until you get in" he said.

The old man and I were unhappy to see each other again - but I tried one more time and I struck blood! He got his necessary fluids and got rid of me, and I got my confidence so that in time I was pretty good at venipuncture.

Several months later, now an MD and a surgical intern at Boston City Hospital, I began a required three-month rotation in the anesthesia department. The chief anesthesiologist was

Dr. Sydney Wiggin (yes, our Paul's Dad), a cheerful and kind man who happened to be a Harvard Medical School classmate of my father-in-law. Patiently he taught me how to insert a needle between two vertebrae in order to administer a spinal anesthetic - a procedure much scarier to all



concerned than venipuncture. With practice I became adept at both.

Two years later, I began a Mayo Clinic fellowship in internal medicine which I had found to be more challenging than surgery. At Mayo only specially trained personnel placed IVs and only anesthesiologists gave spinal anesthesia. My needling days were over.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy



Life with Father, Redux

When I was six years old my father did not play a large part in my life. My mother was central to my daily activities. She drove me to school, took me for walks, read to me, and tucked me in at night.

In summer we usually went to my grandparents' house in Harwichport. The system was that my mother, brother and I went for the whole summer and my father, who was teaching at summer school, would come back and forth to South Yarmouth on weekends.

The summer I was six there was a new arrangement for the family expedition to Harwichport. Instead of going altogether in one car we went in two. Perhaps this was because it was the first year we had both a dog and a cat. Maybe it was because it was the first year that my parents had two cars. Whatever the reason, the arrangement was that my mother, brother and the dog went in one car and my father, the cat and I followed in the other.

The drive from Belmont to Harwichport was a major expedition in the 1930's. It involved stopping in Middleboro for lunch: sandwiches and ice cream cones. Everything on this trip had gone well as we parted company after lunch for the last half of the trip. But as Dad maneuvered our car up the bridge over the Cape Cod Canal there was a thump, thump, thump. I am sure my father said something like, "Oh God!" He explained that the car had a flat tire and we couldn't stop on the bridge.

So we thump, thumped off the bridge to a place where he could pull over. In those days the jack in the car was stored under the back seat. Getting it out was complicated for Dad by the fact that on the back seat of our car was his Army foot locker containing our summer clothes, and on top of that was the cat!

Dad's solution was to give me the cat to hold, pull out the foot locker, and rest it on the ground. Then he helped me out of the front seat with the cat and he settled me on the foot locker. My instruction was, "Don't let go of the cat."

Changing the tire was a long process. It was lucky for me that the cat was content to stay in my lap. Finally the spare was in place. Dad tossed the jack in, maneuvered the back seat in place and put the foot locker on it. The cat and I got in and we finally arrived at my grandparents' house hours late.

We were greeted by anxious family who worried about why we took so long. Dad told the whole story, and somehow it came out with me as a heroine who could sit patiently holding the cat while he changed the tire.

As I look back, it seems to me as if this was the beginning of a time when I didn't necessarily do everything with my mother. I joined my grandfather, father and brother at the Cape League baseball games and they started to explain the game to me. My father and I started a bond that was based on my ability to sit still holding a cat while he changed a tire by the Cape Cod Canal.

Barbara Anthony



Climate Conundrum

Coal, oil and gas, your time will surely pass.
We're now supporting wind and solar
As we bemoan the loss of polar.
Sea levels rise, great forests fall,
Meadows and fields become a mall.
We're learning dread and outright fear
As we watch islands disappear.
With dwindling brooks and acid rain,
We see our water down the drain.
We can't just stay "home on the range"
And WATCH oncoming climate change.

Lois Pulliam



Diving In

For many “diving in” is a life style. One simply begins a new endeavor and, on the way, invents how to do the job. It has been my fortune to embrace this style of living, first as a necessity and then as a choice.

My first life challenge appeared when family fortunes determined that there was no money for college. Having prepared to go, I was determined to find a way. At that time the government was sponsoring the Cadet Nurse Corps as a way to replace the many nurses who had enlisted in the military so were no longer employed in civilian hospitals where patient care was still needed.

There were many schools of nursing that embraced this program but I applied to a college that combined a liberal arts degree along with the courses necessary to enable a graduate to sit the exams that would qualify him or her to become a R.N. At that time those of us who enrolled in the United States Cadet Nurse Corps promised to stay in the field of nursing for two years. This I did, first working in New York City for Planned Parenthood, followed by a stint of several years as a psychiatric nurse on Long Island, New York, and then as a school nurse also on Long Island.

The next “diving in” occurred when, as a school nurse, I observed so many of my patients were the youngest of the students, with tummy aches, headaches and a need to take time off from their classrooms. On visiting the youngsters’ classrooms it was plain to see why these tensional symptoms were present. At a time of life when large muscles were needing to be exercised, teachers wanted quiet, sitting-still children. In addition, when speech was still developing, the children were required not to talk. For many children these unnatural conditions of living produced tensional symptoms, thus the array of youngsters in the health office.

It seemed logical to me to change the classroom setting so that good health and learning could coexist. So once again I jumped in by interviewing for a classroom assignment while at the same time returning part time to college to obtain certification in the field of Early Childhood Learning.

One of the first things to change was the activity level of these young charges. Many of the desks were removed to provide activity space. Art Easels were set up, along with a block corner and trucks and cars. Quiet study corners were created. Needing floor space, the teacher’s desk was removed in favor of a file cabinet as a substitute adult space.

Talking was allowed, in fact encouraged, as practicing language helped learning evolve. Many a time several students would be involved in an argument over which sound began a word they wanted to use in a composition!

We painted pictures at the Art Easels, built block structures, played in the doll corner and then wrote stories about what we had done, using our newly developed ability to print and sound out words. These children were directly involved in reading, writing and math, each in his own time and manner. My job was to know where each child was in the process and to encourage progress. It was a different learning environment and it worked.

Part of doing things differently in a community environment is finding ways to build a support network for the project. One way is to help others understand what the project is attempting, and to gain support through that understanding. So once again I dove in, this time by writing a newspaper column in which I talked about how young children learn, and how parents might help their children’s learning. The column was an every Friday event, and it did gain some understanding and support.

Another means of gaining support was to seek out others doing similar work, so, though teaching in a public school, I joined up with private school staff members and attended Association of Private Schools workshops. We all worked with each other in solving challenges.

My life has consisted of diving in and solving problems rather than waiting for others to rescue me or the situation. I still feel that individually as well as collectively problems are solvable, and often I am impatient when obstacles are put in the way.

For me Diving In has become a way of life!

Ara Tyler



The Tri-Colored Ribbon

It's too long ago to remember which three colors it was, but it was tri-colored and that's all that really matters.

The dock was H-shaped, the bottom section against the shore of the lake. Novices in the town swimming program started in the bottom enclosed section of the dock. It was only about three feet deep, with teenage lifeguards keeping an eye on all their charges. If I recall, you had to hold your breath and duck your head under water while standing still - a brave feat for tiny mermaids and mermen - also dog paddle for several feet to achieve your first ribbon, the yellow one. The ribbon was about two inches wide and one inch long and I wore it proudly on my bathing suit.

The next goal was a blue ribbon. To earn that, you had to swim from one side of the dock to the other, a distance of about fifteen feet and still inside the enclosure. You could use any swimming stroke, or even dog-paddle, as long as you didn't touch bottom until you reached the other side. I eagerly swapped my yellow ribbon for my new prize, displaying the blue ribbon on my bathing suit, proof that I had become a swimmer.

Next came the red ribbon, a giant step for the youthful swimmer. This required swimming underwater for several seconds without panicking or swallowing a mouthful of lake water, and then swimming at least one minute in water over your head. The reward, in addition to a red ribbon on your suit, was that you were allowed to swim in the top half of the H, in water open to the lake and well over your head.

Only one more ribbon to achieve - yes, the tri-color. And this required diving off the dock out into the open lake, swimming several strokes under water, then turning and swimming back. Cannon balls were not allowed and belly flops did not earn you the ribbon. The dive didn't have to be of Olympic quality, but it had to be clean and confident. Did I wear that tri-colored ribbon with great pride? You bet I did!

Madelyn E. Armstrong

Time to Dive In

For me, one of the greatest aspects of living in New England is having four seasons — well, maybe not as distinct as we had before climate change — but still we have sufficient seasonal changes to whet our moods. Summer, for me, is a time to read books I really WANT to read, a time for excursions, for loafing and eating watermelon and drinking iced tea. I love it. This past June I took out of the Library the 700-page tome we are going to discuss at the first autumn meeting of our long-time “Lexington Book Group”. Then I turned around, thinking to myself, “I am not going to read THAT this summer”, returned it and borrowed the 400 page novel, “A Gentleman in Moscow” by Amor Towles. Perfect summer reading.

Of course I still read the newspapers, signed petitions, gardened in my tiny Winthrop patio, recycled my papers and bottles, discussed world events with my buddies. But, mainly, I took it easy.

Come autumn, ever since I was a child with a new book bag and sharpened pencils, September has meant getting back to a more serious lifestyle, diving in and doing work that needs to be done, whatever that may mean: making plans with The Green Team for projects to help save what we can of our climate, taking a course in something new and stimulating, reading that 700-page volume for our October meeting. I'll be back to writing group which I love and missed over the summer. Perhaps I will talk with Cherie, our nutritionist about a better diet or I hope I will get letters written to far-away friends I have been out of touch with. I will go on a museum trip, take longer walks to enjoy the brisk air and the magnificent foliage.

Before I know it, winter will be coming, bringing the excitement and bustle of the holidays and then the long period of cold when I need to more thoughtfully ponder the rhythms of nature and its demand for quiet and cold while things rest and develop hidden under the snow and frozen earth. And then we will have the glories of spring. Oh, joy!

But right now, in September, we get to dive right into autumn, to enjoy new learning, better exercise, participation in whatever we deem most important. Hooray for September!

Peggy McKibben



Puzzlements

As I age, I wonder about some things going on around me.

Coming back from an errand recently, I drove down a congested two-lane residential road where the speed limit was 30 mph. I was recklessly traveling at a comfortable 35 mph. Almost immediately two, then three cars, and a truck bunched up behind me. When the road widened the late-model pick-up truck behind me raced by. The driver honked his horn and showed me his middle finger. I think he must have hurt it somehow and was showing me how well it had healed. But why?

In the warm weather older men especially will wear light colored shorts when shopping or wandering around town. They will often also wear black dress shoes and socks. The net effect is they look as if they have forgotten their trousers. Shouldn't someone be checking them before they leave home?

Bird watching has always baffled me. Here is an excerpt from the *Globe* from a few years ago. "There were sighted off Rockport forty-one red-throated loons, six black-legged kittiwakes, forty-eight razorbills, seventy-five *unidentified* (italics mine) large Alcids." How could they be so sure? Birds fly around, you know. Maybe there were only twenty red-throated loons and they flew around twice and then the reporter rounded it off. What do these bird counters do? Lie on the ground with binoculars trained on the sky? I don't know about the Alcids. If they are "unidentified" why are they even reporting them? Years ago I asked a bird watcher I passed if she had seen two wide blue-bottomed matrons. She seemed to nod in the affirmative. Does make you wonder though, doesn't it?

A former congressman is guilty of "sexting a minor". What could he have been thinking? No wonder he is "former".



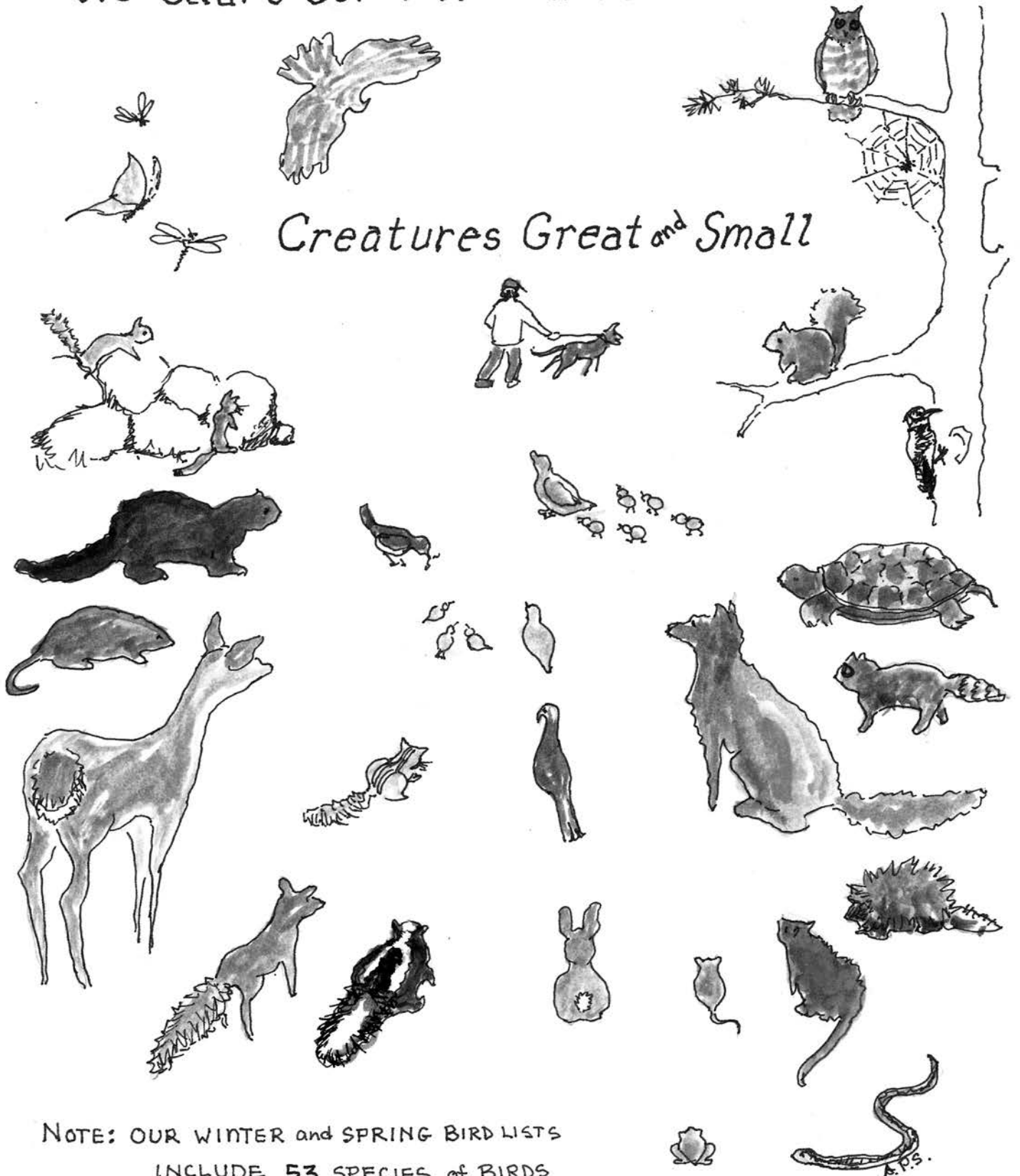
There is a medical remedy for almost anything that could happen to a human being. Television ads are always pushing some magical new drug or pill. The ads are glossy eye-catching marvels, "but" and it is a big "but" — then come all the possible side effects: swollen legs, arms and feet, constipation, nausea, liver disease, paralysis, blindness, etc., whether or not you ever had them. See your doctor immediately. They sound worse than the disease.

There now, doesn't this all make you feel better?

Wally Campbell



AT CARLETON-WILLARD
We share our world with ...



Creatures Great and Small

NOTE: OUR WINTER and SPRING BIRD LISTS
INCLUDE 53 SPECIES of BIRDS



Who's on First?

Professional baseball is a very popular spectator sport. The Boston Red Sox play 162 games each season, 81 of them at Fenway Park, many on cold New England spring or fall nights. Thirty thousand plus bundled up adults and children (who should be home in bed) sit through games that last anywhere from two and a half to four or five hours.

One night a while ago, at about 9:30 p.m., I decided to watch on TV a little of the game at Fenway Park between the Red Sox and the Los Angeles Angels. The score was 4-2, the Sox ahead. This was a little unusual as the Red Sox hadn't been playing well lately. If a team is successful, all the players want more money. If they don't get it, they leave for a team who will pay them what they want. This is what had happened here.

The "designated hitter" is a big part of the game today. This player's job is to come to bat four or five times a game, try to get a hit and then sit in the dugout and cheer the team on.

In this game, our "DH" had hit into a double play with the bases loaded and popped up to the catcher. Once in a while, if he is good, this designated person will actually get a hit. He is paid huge sums of money to do this.

Another important part of the game is spitting. Baseball players are famous for their spitting prowess. I have written the seminal work on this function. But wait, I digress. Maybe later . . .

I decided I would try to watch fifteen minutes, max, of this slow meandering game. The Sox were at bat. Each batter does a lot of rubbing

powder on his hands, scratching, twisting and swinging of bats, getting set in the batter's box. All players have tight-fitting pants that need a lot of adjusting of the crotch. Why can't management get them pants that fit? Finally the pitcher decided he was ready to throw the ball. After a dozen or so pitches, the Angels' pitcher seemed to twist his leg. This big, strapping young man was now hobbling around the pitcher's mound. An overweight, lumbering manager plods out to the mound followed by efficient looking trainers. It was decided to replace this poor guy. There was a hasty warm-up in the "bull-pen", (a misnomer as it never housed any bulls), an area some distance from the playing field. There, five or six pitchers sit, sometimes for a whole game, chatting, spitting, scratching until called upon to

replace a pitcher. In this instance, one of the fellows trotted to the mound. Though he'd thrown some hasty warm-up pitches in the bull-pen, he throws a few more before he is ready to face the batter. After a lot of strikes and balls, nothing was happening so I went to the kitchen for a glass of water and some crackers.

I was only gone a few minutes. When I returned the score was now 6-2. What happened?

Good grief! It was only a couple of minutes. Then I saw I had watched only twelve of my allotted fifteen minutes.

I gave up and went to bed. I guess I'm more of a football fan.

Wally Campbell





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

Our Fellow Residents

Moving to a community such as Carleton-Willard has so many advantages! A new resident quickly is able to give a huge sigh of relief, sensing the support and security offered here, and knowing that help of all kinds is only a quick phone call away. The extraordinary beauty of the grounds appeals to the senses, and the warmth of the staff brings peace to the soul. We are so fortunate to be here.

Most of all, there is no need for us to feel isolated or alone. We are surrounded by interesting and friendly people who make us feel welcome and encourage us to enjoy the programs and activities here.

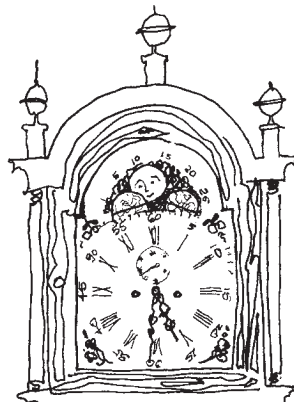
The Carleton-Willard library is a great source of information about our residents, who come from a wide variety of backgrounds and have many talents. On the table just inside the door

to the library there are two binders full of mini-biographies written for the *Villager*. These help us to get to know each other and to discover common interests.

The library also has a shelf of books written by current and former residents. Many of the books are in the form of memoirs and family histories, and these are taken out the most frequently. Other resident author titles include poetry, fiction, history, business and economics and religion.

We encourage you to visit the library often to find books to read, to learn about your fellow residents and to enhance your learning. The library is always open, and help is readily available.

*Katherine F. Graff
Library Committee Chair*





Among the Newest

The Stars Are Free by Anita Shreve

In 1947, an extraordinary woman in Maine is tested by a raging fire and its devastating aftermath.

The American Spirit by David McCullough

Timely speeches by this honored historian remind us of who we are and what we stand for.

Camino Island by John Grisham

A cat-and-mouse game begins as rare manuscripts by F. Scott Fitzgerald are stolen from the Princeton Library.

Easternisation by Gideon Rachman

A provocative analysis of Asia's rise and America's decline, the beginning of a new era of global instability.

Since We Fell by Dennis Lehane

A love story within a crime story, as a fragile shut-in becomes involved in a conspiracy and finds inner strength.

One More Warbler by Victor Emanuel

A charming narrative by a noted birder, reflecting on his life in nature and his passion for birds.

The Underground River by Martha Conway

Aboard a nineteenth century riverboat theater, a naïve seamstress gets involved in saving runaways on the Underground Railway.

A Dog's Way Home by W. Bruce Cameron

A lost pit bull finds her way home with many experiences with people and animals along the way.

Last Hope Island by Lynne Olson

Forgotten stories of the heroic souls from the continent who found refuge from Hitler in Churchill's London.

The Horse Dancer by Jojo Moyes

A novel about a lost girl and her horse, revealing the enduring strength of friendship and the importance of small choices.

Churchill and Orwell by Thomas E. Ricks

A dual biography of two men who preserved democracy from authoritarianism from the left and the right alike.

Defectors by Joseph Kanon

Set in 1961 Moscow, a suspenseful story of an American spy, writing a memoir about his mother, also a spy.

Astrophysics for People in a Hurry by Neil deGrasse Tyson

A humorous and accessible look at the nature of time and space, and how human beings fit into it all.

Grief Cottage by Gail Godwin

The haunting tale of a desolate cottage and the hair-thin junction between this life and the next.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Phaidon 30,000 Years of Art

Essays/Letters

Oliver, Mary Upstream

Autobiography/Memoir

Alda, Alan If I Understood You, Would I Have This Look on My Face?

Bauerschmidt, Tim Driving Miss Norma (*)

& Liddle, Ramie

Chamberlin, Lydia Tres Riches Heures

Douillard, Jeanne I Remember...Je Me Souviens

Franken, Al Al Franken, Giant of the Senate

Griffeth, Bill The Stranger in My Genes

Massie, Bob A Song in the Night

Biography

Lesser, Wendy You Say To Brick

Makos, Adam Devotion

Ricks, Thomas E. Churchill and Orwell

Current Affairs

Chambers, Veronica, Ed. The Meaning of Michelle (*)

McCullough, David The American Spirit

Rachman, Gideon Easternisation

Servon, Lisa The Unbanking of America

Snyder, Timothy On Tyranny

Stephens-Davidowitz, Seth Everybody Lies

Drama

Christie, Agatha The Mousetrap

Environment

Hawken, Paul Drawdown

Fiction

Albert, Susan Wittig The General's Women (*)

Atwood, Margaret The Handmaid's Tale (*)

Backman, Fredrik Beartown (*)

Baldacci, David The Fix

Barry, Sebastian Days Without End (*)

Beattie, Ann The Accomplished Guest

Black, Benjamin Wolf on a String (*)

Cameron, W. Bruce A Dog's Way Home

Carlisle, Kate Once Upon a Spine

Chaney, Joann What You Don't Know

Cleeves, Ann Cold Earth

Connelly, Michael The Late Show

Conway, Martha The Underground River

De Fombelle, Timothee Vango: Between Sky and Earth

Drabble, Margaret The Dark Flood Rises (*)

Ephron, Hallie You'll Never Know, Dear

Fitzgerald, F. Scott I'd Die For You

Godwin, Gail Grief Cottage

Grisham, John Camino Island

Hamid, Mohsin Exit West (*)

Hawkins, Paula Into The Water

Hillerman, Anne Song of the Lion

Hogan, Ruth The Keeper of Lost Things (*)

Imber, Gerard Wendell Black, M.D.

Kanon, Joseph Defectors

Kanon, Joseph Defectors (*)

Kellerman, Jonathan Motive

Kerr, Philip Prussian Blue

Khadiji, Laleh A Good Country

King, Lily Euphoria (*)

Lee, Min Jin Pachinko

Lehane, Dennis Since We Fell



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Leon, Donna	Earthly Remains (*)	History	
Lively, Penelope	The Purple Swamp Hen	Breen, T. H.	George Washington's Journey
Mackintosh, Clare	I Let You Go		
Moyes, Jojo	The Horse Dancer	Epstein, Daniel Mark	The Loyal Son
Murakami, Haruki	Men Without Women	Olson, Lynne	Last Hope Island
Nguyen, Viet Thanh	The Refugees (*)	Warren, Wendy	New England Bound
Paretsky, Sara	Fallout		
Parker, Robert B.	Sudden Mischief	Nature	
Pethick, Sue	Boomer's Bucket List	Emanuel, Victor	One More Warbler
Picoult, Jodi	House Rules	Katz, Jon	Talking to Animals (*)
Rooney, Kathleen	Lillian Boxfish Takes a Walk (*)	Poetry	
Sandford, John	Golden Prey	Eliot, T. S.	Collected Poems 1909-1962
Scottoline, Lisa	One Perfect Lie		
Scottoline, Lisa	One Perfect Lie (*)	Religion	
Shreve, Anita	The Stars Are Fire	Price, Robert M.	The Da Vinci Fraud
Spufford, Francis	Golden Hill		
Strout, Elizabeth	Abide With Me	Science	
Strout, Elizabeth	Anything Is Possible	Roach, Mary	Grunt (*)
Tey, Josephine	The Daughter of Time	Tyson, Neil deGrasse	Astrophysics for People in a Hurry
Thompson, Victoria	Murder in the Bowery		
Todd, Charles	The Confession	Yong, Ed	I Contain Multitudes
Towles, Amor	Rules of Civility		
Umansky, Ellen	The Fortunate Ones	Travel	
Wallace, Daniel	Extraordinary Adventures (*)	Kurlansky, Mark	Havana (*)
Woods, Stuart	Indecent Exposure (*)		
Health/Wellness			
Taubes, Gary	The Case Against Sugar (*)	(* indicates Large Print)	

Katherine F. Graff





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