



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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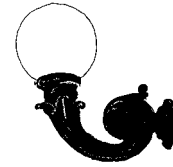
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Editor's Corner



When are we going? Do I have to buy tickets? I don't have any suitable clothes, and all this on such short notice. A fever pitch ran through the hallways when the residents received invitations in June to a cruise to Nassau, Paris, and Florence to celebrate Carleton-Willard's thirtieth anniversary. It didn't take long for those in the know to spread the word that we would not be ship borne. This would be a land cruise within the main building where decorations would celebrate the location of featured cities and the dinner menu would include foods indigenous to the targeted locations.

The wait until the celebration dinners on August 1, 2, and 3 was well rewarded. Our dinner choices included Caribbean Fish Stew, Tournedos of Beef Béarnaise, and Three Cheese Lasagna, and we took a few moments out to congratulate our CEO on her thirty years here, providing outstanding care, leading us to new horizons, with unfailing sensitivity to the needs of residents, some newly arrived and two here for all of her thirty years.

The rapid changes in lifestyles and impact of technology have not taken the place of the camaraderie which binds together the three hundred resident population. We are so fortunate to be under the care of an outstanding board of trustees, with health care services immediately available when needed, an always helpful administrative staff, and the thirty resident committees and interest groups that offer opportunities to find new friends and outlets for our creative needs. We celebrate these treasures and wish Carleton-Willard many more years of loving care and growth.



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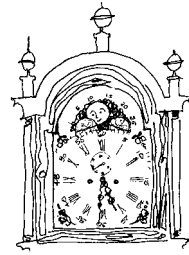
Cover – photo of Mumtaz Mahal by Stuart Grover (see Village Happenings, page 14)

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From the Chief Executive Officer



Some music just takes you right back, doesn't it? Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Old Blue Eyes ...

For me, it's the sound of "The Stars & Stripes Forever" and the roar of "The 1812 Overture." Those pieces evoke July 4th memories for many people, I suppose. But for me, it's much more special.

I am taken back to 1976 and the Bicentennial Celebration on Boston's Esplanade. It was an enchanting, picture-perfect evening on the Charles River. We were among four hundred thousand, which is to this day, according to the Guinness Book of World Records, the largest audience ever to attend a classical concert. There was an unmistakable sense of pride and exhilaration in the air, and sincere congeniality as well—a world away, it seems, from the troubles and discord of today.

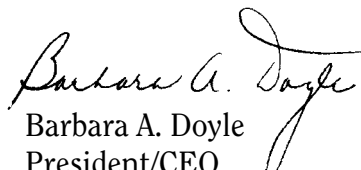
And there, on the stage, The Boston Pops Orchestra, and at the helm, the one-and-only Arthur Fiedler.

After the last of the cannon fire had given way to the splendid display of light, color, and thunder above the city, I pressed my way through the revelers to get to the front of the Hatch Shell. I simply had to speak to Maestro Fiedler. But would he remember me, a high school senior from Regina Dominican High School in Wilmette, Illinois? Would he remember a concert by the Boston Pops Orchestra to a group of prep school girls years ago? Yes, it was an inspirational performance for all two hundred and fifty of us squeezed into our new auditorium, but compared to this evening's events, surely, no.

But, remember he did! Arthur Fiedler recalled that performance vividly—even the detail of a slightly nervous introduction by a young woman testing her budding public speaking skills. He shared with me that never before—and never again since—had the Boston Pops played in a high school auditorium. Apparently, that day was very special for both of us!

I think of both of those days every Fourth of July, especially when I hear the familiar strains of Sousa and Tchaikovsky. And those events would reconnect again years later with the Boston Pops and conductor Harry Ellis Dickson.

But that's another story.


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO

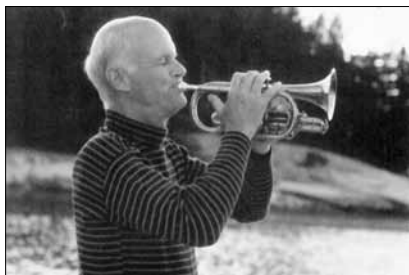


Maritime Evensong

Hugh and I spent thirty-odd years cruising the fascinating coast of Maine, and during that time Hugh started bringing his trumpet aboard. Few things can top listening to the dulcet tones of a good horn player sounding across the water. As time wore on, wherever we anchored, it became his custom to bring out his cornet (similar to but mellower than the trumpet), and every evening at sunset he played the sun to bed.

This ritual involved a good deal of organization as the summer progressed and the time of sunset got earlier every day. We had to arrive at our destination in good time to accomplish the business of anchoring, furling the sails, organizing supper, getting the screens on the portholes to guard against sunset's fierce mosquitoes, keeping track of the precise time of sunset, lighting the grill and figuring out the timing so that the pork chops would be done at the end of the whole procedure. We had to be completely ready to dive below after putting the last screen in the companionway so that we could keep most of the mosquitoes out of the cabin. Finally, after all of these preparations were complete, we relished the serenity of relaxing with a drink while watching all of the harbor activity around us and enjoying the raking light of evening falling on the incomparable scenery.

A minute before official sunset time Hugh would get out his cornet and start by playing his poignant version of "When Day is Done and Shadows Fall..." Then he would modulate into Taps. All other activity in the harbor seemed to stop as he played those familiar and moving notes. As he started Taps, I would fan the first mosquitoes off of his bald pate and fetch the ensign from the stern to slowly furl it, ending the



furl as he began his final amazingly sustained note. Not a dry eye in the harbor!

If you should happen to yearn for a dose of nostalgia, you could try singing the words of Taps to yourself:

Day is done
Gone the sun
From the lakes
From the hills
From the sky
All is well
Safely rest
God is nigh

Mary Waters Shepley

Three Music Memories

We had a superb high school band. I played trumpet. One day as we prepared for a parade I was handed a trombone and asked to march in the front row, as we were short a trombone player. I said, "OK, but I have never played the trombone" and was told, "Just fake it." So I did, and by the time the parade was over I had learned to play the trombone.

Our high school put on a musical stage show and I played trumpet in the little orchestra assembled below the front of the stage. Shortly before showtime an usher brought a chair, placed it next to me, sat a gentleman in the chair, and explained to me that the gentleman's ticket had printed on it *Orchestra* and he insisted on sitting in the orchestra, which he did for the whole show!

I played trumpet in the MIT ROTC band and we played marches for the cadets during their marching drills and parades. In rehearsals everyone played whatever they wanted, ignoring the march music they were supposed to be playing. This included playing when the march music called for them to be silent. Finally the bandmaster, an Army Warrant Officer, called for attention and said, "Gentlemen, I want to hear them tacits."

Bill Stern



Good Vibes

Bob, our son, was ten years old when he discovered drums. Getting a drum set was his goal, his must have, his greatest need. He talked of nothing else for days, and he wheedled (and Bob knew how to wheedle). His first drum set was an early Christmas gift. He started taking lessons, joined music groups at school, and spent his free time playing those loud drums.

His idol was jazz drummer Buddy Rich, and his next set of drums was as nearly like Buddy's as Bob could afford. He collected every Buddy Rich record as well as those of Gene Krupa and Louis Belson. When Buddy Rich put on a show anywhere in the bi-state area, Bob hoped and expected that we would take him to see it, because Bob was too young to drive. At one show, he slipped a note to Buddy and invited him to dinner at our house the next night (unbeknownst to us). Although Buddy didn't respond, Bob held out hope until dinner, when he told us about his invitation.

Bob also learned to play the marimba and other percussion instruments, so he wanted to see Lionel Hampton play his vibraphone when he came to town. Later that year, Lionel was booked at the Ramada Inn, and Bob and I made our way



there. We were early, and as we arrived, Hampton's group was just getting there. We exchanged greetings, and Bob was so pleased just to say hello to Lionel.

We soon found out, however, that both of the shows were sold out. Bob was crestfallen. While I was figuring out what to do, the clerk came over to say that they had just had a cancellation for the afternoon show. Our table for the show was right in front of the band. Bob was obviously the youngest attendee and the most excited. The music was wonderful.

When the show was over, Lionel signed autographs. He had certainly been aware of the boy who was extremely interested in the show, and so when Bob asked for an autograph, Lionel asked if he would be back for the next show. Bob said, "No, my Mom didn't get tickets." Lionel thought for a minute and then asked if we would be his guests for the evening and sit at a table alongside the band. Bob could not believe his good fortune. During dinner, Lionel introduced Bob to Candido, a well-known bongo drummer who was touring with the band for only two weeks. At the end of the evening, Lionel gave Bob a special record he had made.

Bob was fifteen at the time, and I suspect that he still remembers every detail of that day.

Nell Johnson

A Memorable Music Experience

Long before the current Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center there was what New Yorkers call the "Old Met." I grew up in New York City and loved it. At age twelve my cousin asked me to go to the Old Met to hear *Aida* by Verdi, my first opera experience. My cousin's father, Theodore Steinway, could get the best seats to anything musical in New York City. It was wartime, 1942. My cousin Lydia Steinway and I went on our own to a matinee performance: a magnificent grand opera performance in a beautiful opera house with awesome music and staging and costumes—indeed a memorable musical experience.

Nina Jackson



Judy at the Roxy

The old Roxy Theater in New York City held nearly six thousand seats, about the same as the Radio City Music Hall. I was home in northern New Jersey on a college vacation during the early 1950s when a high school friend called and suggested we take a bus into the city and catch a movie and floor show at the Roxy. I have long since forgotten what the movie was, and I believe there were three or four well known live performers in the floor show. All these, except one, have also been forgotten.

Judy Garland was the most familiar to many because of her role in “The Wizard of Oz” when we were younger. She closed the show with, I believe, five or six numbers. I remember only the last two. For the next-to-last number she was joined by a man, to do a cute little song and dance number called “We’re a Couple of Bums.” They were dressed in “rags” and their faces were smudged. The man then left the scene and Judy walked slowly to the front of the stage and sat down on the floor with her legs dangling over, alone in the spotlight. She proceeded to sing “Over the Rainbow.” This of course was exactly what we were all hoping for, and the six thousand of us fell in love with Judy all over again.

Bard Crawford



Lullaby and Good Night

Music has many charms, one being its calming effect when tucking small children into bed at the end of a very busy day. When my grandsons were small and visited on a regular basis, we had a special bedtime routine. After a prolonged soak in the bathtub filled with soap-suds, with permission to paint the tile walls with colored suds, there would be a rinse and dry down time followed by a story and then tuck into “the special comfy bed” with Grammy singing lullabies.

The twins visited one at a time which made it quite special to each of them. I must confess that whatever was done for one was also done for the other: same routine, same songs, the same permissions for whatever was requested.

At each visit we had a great time, and each boy relished the late stay-up, the special food, and the nighttime routine. Some time passed, and my daughter needed a sitter for a special occasion. I volunteered and visited their home in Bolton to sit the boys as adult time was on the parents’ agenda. When bedtime arrived and the boys who shared a room had bathed and were in bed waiting to be tucked in, I asked who was to be first. John got the honor, so I started singing the array of songs usually sung at tuck-in time when the boys visited our home.

From the most distal bed came a wail, “You can’t sing him *my* songs, Grammy! They are mine not his!” I was caught; how to explain that each child was special but that Grammy’s limited lullaby collection was a shared experience. Somehow we managed, and the boys slept well that evening. I was grateful that all ended well and that we remained friends. Such is life with small children, fun and testing at each turn. Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast—well, sometimes!

Ara Tyler



Lo-Down Jazz

The following singular experience deserves a video recording to re-live. I will do my utmost to share it with you in words only. Try to be there as I paint the picture.

See a private party at an ordinary house in the suburbs where my little jazz band had been engaged to entertain the guests. But don't see us in the party itself; look in the screened porch attached to the house, the host's idea of smart space management for his guests. A single open doorway let us catch a glimpse of people drinking and talking happily inside, hardly aware that seven musicians were outside trying sincerely to create a jolly mood for them.

I must say that as we became aware of our status as an obscure appendix to the occasion, our attitude gradually became: if that's the way he wants it, what the heck, let's just play for ourselves and enjoy the privacy, which we proceeded to do. We did things like imitating each others' playing and inserting phrases that had nothing to do with the selected piece. I took drum breaks *ad libitum*. It became kind of a contest of naughty creativity.

I forgot one thing: we did have access to the punch bowl, and that generosity on the part of the host can go a long way toward explaining what happened next. As the piece neared the end, our lead player, the trumpeter, no doubt feeling a surge of artistic inspiration, gave us a body language signal to play softer. This he did by slightly lowering his head and shoulders and playing softer while staring meaningfully at the clarinet player, who understood right away what was meant and began playing softer too, also lowering his head and shoulders—perhaps a little lower than the trumpeter's. The tuba player, noticing these developments, without further instruction lowered his head and shoulders—lower than either the trumpeter's or the clarinetist's, playing softer all the while and bending at the knees to get even lower.

At that moment the trumpeter saw a truly creative opportunity. He, too, flexed his knees and lowered his body to a crouch, playing even softer, as was the original intent. That left the clarinetist and tuba player to follow his inspiration down

to a kneeling position and beyond. The scene, then, as the piece reached its final measures, saw three grown musicians lying on the porch floor, still playing their instruments softly, their facial expressions revealing nothing more than, "This is how the piece ends."

And nobody at the party ever noticed it.

Stuart Grover

Listen to the Wind

Several years ago Helen and I enjoyed a two-week Elderhostel program in Hawaii, on O'ahu, Kau'i, and Maui, studying the music, history, culture, and cherished places of the islands. We instantly fell in love with the beaches, shores, and beautiful parks along the ocean, and we arose every morning long before sunrise, and watched the glorious sunrise over the sea as we strolled (and I jogged). And we visited some of the ruins of the ancient Hawaiian temples near the shores and learned how (long ago) the Hawaiians chanted joyously, welcoming the sunrise. Wow, I could feel it! Here is an Hawaiian song I wrote about it. Maybe with a lot of imagination you can think hula as you sing it.

Listen to the wind
From the sunrise o'er the sea,
Palm trees gently swaying,
Alive and free.

Listen to the wind
Blowing clouds across the sea,
Listen to the wind
Blowing peace and joy to me.

See the lovely wahini
Dance their hula poems,
Feel the mana of the islanders
Rejoicing in their island homes.

Go high into the mountains
And look down upon the sea.
Feel the mana of the islanders
Sharing happiness with you and me.

Bill Stern



Satchmo

Louis Armstrong was featured in a 1950 summer night concert at Castle Hill on the Crane estate in Ipswich, Massachusetts and the concert was on my “must see” list. At the time I was enamored of a teenager named Elsie and I invited her and two of her friends to come to share my joy in hearing Louis and His All Stars. We sat on the lawn, close enough to be swept up in the rhythm, but not so close that we were targets for the beads of sweat rolling off Satchmo’s forehead.



After several songs in the first set, Elsie began talking to her friends with almost complete disregard for the wonderful (to me) sounds floating above our heads. In fact, they never stopped talking during the rest of the performance and I went home wondering whether or not Elsie and I were candidates for a continuing relationship.

A year went by and while I was at MIT and Elsie at Radcliffe, our relationship had matured and I encouraged her to join me and two fraternity brothers to go to a challenging location on Massachusetts Avenue in Boston to hear Bob Wilber and his jazz band. We pushed our way into a tightly packed crowd and finally found seats under a haze of alcohol fumes and cigarette smoke. The music was wonderful and fortunately conversation was not an option. On our way home I got the clear message that jazz was not high on her list. Nevertheless our relationship

survived and grew into a fifty-two year marriage, and we became regulars at the Tuesday night performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

I was lucky enough to sample several jazz bands on Bourbon Street in New Orleans in 1951 and in my modest collection of CDs, jazz competes with Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms. The Bose volume is also turned up high for some contemporary music like songs recorded by the Sybarite5 who performed here in April, but when any jazz is played my mind always drifts back to that beautiful night at Castle Hill, overlooking the moonlit ocean, being blown away by Satchmo.

Jim Stockwell

Castle Hill

It was known as the Crane Estate when I was growing up, as our family summered nearby. Richard T. Crane inherited Crane’s Plumbing Company, a manufacturer of high-end bathroom fixtures in Chicago. The estate featured a large English style mansion located on a promontory overlooking the Atlantic Ocean and a beautiful beach on the North Shore, in Ipswich, Massachusetts. From the front terrace, which was flanked by two griffin statues, a long, green *allée* rolled down the cliff ending in a beautiful view of the water. On either side of the *allée* were about a dozen marble statues backed by hedges of *arbor vitae*—truly a magnificent setting.





The Cranes invited the neighbors' children to use their private beach, which necessitated entering the property by the gates, where we had to say "Hi, Jack" to their gatekeeper when he let us in. In 1950, after the deaths of Richard Crane and his wife, the estate and the entire beach were taken over by the Trustees of Reservation.

One day each summer the Cranes had an open house. I remember getting lost in the maze in the garden, and also wandering through the house with my friends and being awed by the variety and splendor of all the bathrooms—some with mirrors, one with a sunken tub, one with silver fittings!

The Trustees of Reservations now run a spectacular beach, one of the longest and best kept stretches of sand and dunes. As manager of the great house and grounds, this conservation organization has opened up the facility to conferences, weddings, and concerts. The concerts particularly have been outstanding. It was the custom to bring a picnic supper, spread a cloth

on the grass, open a bottle of wine—and if the musicians were set up on the terrace, remain there, relaxed, listening to the program. Yes, that was such an occasion when we heard none other than Louis Armstrong!

Opera concerts were performed in The Italian Garden; string quartets found the venue of an adjacent barn more intimate. But the concert I remember the most was the one when Woody Guthrie could not perform because of illness. Instead it was announced that "a young girl, then in Portland, Maine, would be substituting, and we would be sure to like her!" She was Joan Baez! Her sweet voice and lovely interpretation charmed us! She was invited back the next year. At that time she stunned us by introducing a "good friend, Bob Dylan!" And when Bob Dylan was on the program the following year, they had a real problem with people climbing over the walls, and swarming up from the beach to hear him!

Sue Hay



Billiards Best Friend

Len Warriner quickly became one of my best friends when I moved into Carleton-Willard in October 2002. Playing billiards for the first time of my life on October 12, I saw right away that Len was an expert. Not only was he an expert but also an ardent/delightful teacher. I became one of his students. All that was needed was to mention my interest in getting a little help, and an hour at the pool table—just the two of us—became an immediate commitment.

In the game of billiards there are only three balls: the cue ball and two others. You win a

point if you send the cue ball to hit the second one, then the cue ball continues on to the third. Sounds simple, but Len pointed out the tremendous number of variables there are in executing a successful stroke.

First the cue stick: you have to know where to hold it, how firmly to hold it, at what angle to hold it, and how to sight along it. Then the cue ball: you learn where to hit it with the cue stick to give it the right spin ("English"), how to stroke it (follow through or short jab) where to aim it, and how hard to hit it to increase your chances of making a second billiard. Len said that there are at least twenty-five systems that suggest which of the above to use.



When Ruth and Len Warriner came to Carleton-Willard in 1998 the pool table was being used by only three residents. His presence right away started to increase interest in the game, and by the time I arrived in 2002 there were frequently many more than seven players every day of the week except Sundays. How much he is missed is in evidence by what has happened to billiards at Carleton-Willard since his death on February 10, 2006. At the time of his departure there were nineteen players. Now there are only four or five regular players and about four occasional players.

Len, you provided a legacy that's hard to replace. Miss ya!!

Shea Smith III

A Walk in the Woods

This spring fifteen Carleton-Willard residents embarked on a two mile walk on a trail near Fawn Lake in Bedford. Some of us were experienced hikers, some had minimal experience, and some were tyros.

We left the main entrance at 9:15 a.m. and returned at 11:30, tired but proud of our accomplishment. Parts of the terrain were rough and some of us needed help maneuvering over fallen trees, large rocks, and roots. Fortunately there was a guide waiting to lead us on our way, as there were paths veering off in different directions.

When we looked up from our constant search for hazards that might trip us up, the scenery was superb. To begin with it was a warm, sunny, perfect day in May. There were emerging Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the valley with their enchanting aromas, as well as ponds and creeks and trees of many varieties.

While the walk seemed to be far away from civilization, it was only a ten minute drive from home base. A warning though: this isn't advised for any but the hardiest of Villagers. Any ideas for other walks we might take? It's a wonderful way to stretch one's legs.

Madeline Marina

Godfather Louis

At the age of eight I was very intrigued when Amy six foot five Godfather Louis and his five foot one bride, an Australian nurse whom he had met while working with the Aborigines, came to visit us in Darjeeling. I also remember, some four years later, when Louis arrived unannounced at my aunt's house in London. In the space of fifteen minutes he told me how happy he was to have heard from his dear friend, my father, that I was about to be confirmed. He then gave me his blessing and a handsome Bible, but to my disappointment he did not attend the service. Shortly thereafter I was told he had recently "defected to Rome" and that triggered all kinds of questions that no one in the family either would or could answer to my satisfaction.

Sadly, I never saw him again but when I was older I loved to hear my father speak very fondly of their early years together: during World War I, at Cambridge University and Ely Theological College, and especially when they were fellow curates in a parish in a Lancashire coal mining town, and trying so hard to help the miners and their families during the General Strike and dreadful Coal Lockout of 1926.

Louis de Ridder de Mont Didier was a descendent of French émigrés who had escaped to England soon after the French Revolution in 1789. His father had been three times Mayor of Bristol, and his mother was a Colman of Colman's mustard fame, whereas my father was the son of an impoverished school teacher in London who'd been widowed when he was two years old. Despite their disparate backgrounds these two loners quickly became friends during World War I.

They first met on the Western Front on a night when my father was groping in the dark from one trench to another and accidentally bumped into Louis, who was trying to read under a dim light. Their long-lasting friendship was promptly cemented in those adverse surroundings as, in striving to rescue the book from the mud-filled trench, my father was delighted to discover that Louis was reading the New Testament – in Greek!



As their friendship grew my father learned that, despite his wealth, Louis had a lonely and difficult childhood. When a doctor had been summoned to examine his 49-year-old mother who allegedly had an acute attack of gastritis, the doctor broke the news that her firstborn child was about to arrive. In short order the 61-year-old father-to-be fainted with astonishment and delight. Louis was very aware of his parents' intense love of their "gift from God" that at times made them almost rivals as they vied for Louis' attention, and some of his earliest memories were of learning how to ration the time he spent, first with his mother in the drawing room, and then with his father in his study.

Mary Cowham

Carleton-Willard Sustainable Tomato Patch

Carleton-Willard was one of thousands of groups around the world who scheduled events on May 5 marking concern for climate change effects on the earth. Jeanne Paradise, spokesperson for the residents and staff who planned this event, spoke at the ground-breaking celebration. Her remarks follow:

Welcome. Thank you for coming. A year and a half ago, when we participated in a *350.org* action it was a glorious sunny autumn day. Today it is spring, and the land needs rain, so here we are, undaunted by wet feet and threatening rain.

Today, we are joining with groups of people around the globe to draw attention to what is happening because of changes to our climate. Some are highlighting the effects of extreme weather events on their communities. Some, like our group, are drawing attention to sustainable practices that reduce the release of carbon emissions into the atmosphere.

We're here to celebrate breaking ground for a C-W tomato patch; to share the joy of building up the soil with our own village-made compost, sowing and tending plants, providing adequate water, and harvesting in a timely way. With these

sustainable practices we will be sequestering carbon in the soil rather than releasing carbon dioxide into the air. We hope these organically grown tomatoes will nourish the community that now lives and works on this land.

Sustainable farming has been the history of this land. Cows and sheep were pastured here, vegetables grown and "put up" to feed the people who lived in community on this land before us.

It was the land and the community that drew me, and perhaps many of you, to Carleton-Willard. The beautiful gardens around the cottages, the primrose path and flowering trees, the open meadows, the piney woods and marshy wetlands—all make up this richly diverse habitat. We not only enjoy the beauty, we can participate in the joy of growing things, many of us hands-on. And we need the enlivening energy of living close to the cycle of the seasons—of planting, growing, harvesting, and dying—to vitalize us, we who live in a community where mortality is close.

We want to thank the staff, especially Stephanie Smith, who arranged for the Boston Globe photo and article that will appear in the May 13th edition. Our thanks go to Paul Lund, who provided so many things to help us make this happen; to Tim Martin for the Banner; and to you who will participate in many ways to bring the tomatoes from seed to plate. Come visit the tomato patch this summer, talk to the plants, encourage them and say thank you!

Jeanne Paradise

In Memory of Music

We must have been in third or fourth grade when the Toronto Symphony Orchestra planned a special afternoon concert for children. In order to introduce us to the kind of music we would hear, a man came with a gramophone and a record to which we listened.

Then, "Tell me what was in your mind while the music was playing." Eagerly, many hands went up and what thrilling adventures were reported. Feeling rather foolish, all I could add was "a big storm in the night and then it was



morning and the sun came out.” The day of the concert I was in bed with a cold. My sister was able to attend with friends and afterwards came rushing into my room in great excitement. “They wanted you to stand up. You gave the best answer!”

Margaret Mendelsohn

Handel’s Messiah and All That

Ever since it was written in 1741, Handel’s oratorio, *Messiah*, has been a universal icon for many as it attracted a wide spectrum of musical tastes, fascinated many sorts of audiences, while providing musical thrills to participants as well as reverence for the religiously hungry. It played a significant role in producing many music memories for me as well as consistent musical “thrill rides” for me as a trumpet player.

Historically it has spawned an unusual form of presentation by being often performed in the “sing-along” mode by a wide range in size of audiences (or participants or choristers). Sing-along efforts are perhaps trumped by the “*Messiah from Scratch*” put on annually at London’s Royal Albert Hall by the Really Big Chorus, *Concerts from Scratch*, as over three thousand singers are attracted each year to the occasion. On the other end of the size spectrum, throughout its lifetime the choral work has triggered attempts at resurrecting the original baroque performances using modest-sized choruses and period instruments.

The fifty-first annual *Messiah* sing-alongs in nearby Lexington, scheduled for December, 2012, will be historically one of the first such in the US. The series seems to have consistently produced singular music memories for many of us in the Boston area. The tradition has been to invite a carefully selected but unpaid orchestra of about thirty-five musicians and the needed vocal soloists who sit on the stage. The personnel chosen are a mixture of professional-grade and demonstrated competent amateurs from the surrounding communities. Typically, not every one of the sections of the oratorio is addressed; the selections are limited to produce a workable

length of performance to match the attention span of those tackling the job of reading the music. Most of the oratorio can thus be undertaken in the one and a half hours of sing-along.

The hall has a capacity to seat over seven hundred sing-along choristers on the floor and the balcony. A modest charge for admission has provided the Lexington Choral Society with some much-needed financial backing. Vocal music scores are available for everybody to rent on entering the hall and the attendees are encouraged to sing-along, although there are inevitably a few attendees present just to watch and hear, mostly younger children whose parents sing. It is popular enough that it is now done twice, several days before Christmas.

I list as a true musical thrill the privilege of having performed the challenging role of trumpet player in ten to fifteen of the annual sings. A large sing-along is no longer a performance, but it makes a player a true participant. For the trumpet player, one gets the feeling that the singing group is being happily carried on one’s back, and hence participating becomes a true thrill and a fond musical memory.

Examining Handel’s oratorio in more detail, the famous Hallelujah chorus is, of course, known to all of us. It seems to have become sort of Christendom’s Christmas theme song. There are many melodic and tuneful parts of the *Messiah* that are hauntingly familiar because they appear to all of us frequently in choral events. From my trumpet player’s perspective, there are several choruses that use the trumpets well to add brilliance and there is that ever-challenging solo accompaniment to the singer in *The Trumpet Shall Sound*.

Frankly, I find the final Amen chorus very moving and quite demanding for the trumpet player because of the sustained high-register notes required. This particular section of the oratorio is among the most thrilling of my musical memories due to the beauty of the support I was allowed to give the large sing-along chorus.

Amusingly, in a completely different vein, our choir of the Hancock Church in Lexington was scheduled to sing the Hallelujah chorus standing single-file around the seated congregation on the floor of the sanctuary. As we filed out of the



choir loft door into the sanctuary, our conductor grabbed our music scores out of each of our hands as we passed by her, saying that we should know it well enough and would sing it better if not encumbered by the music scores. I think that she had it right since we never sounded better. Action such as that left a significant musical memory with me.

Caleb Warner

My Musical Life

I suspect that close to the very first sounds I heard as an infant were those of a Chopin prelude wafting up the stairs and into the nursery. Playing the piano was my mother's first love. She played not only for relaxation and pleasure, but also as a favor to accompany friends who were singers or instrumentalists. Although I inherited her love of music, my greatest frustration was never being able to play the way she did, hard as I tried.

It was impossible not to be a music lover in our house. All three of my much older brothers played string instruments, and two of the three were also accomplished pianists. Many evenings I fell asleep to the delightful sounds of a trio or quartet or quintet being played in various combinations by Mother and the boys and neighbors who were equally musical. To this day, chamber music has a special appeal for me.

Mother had a unique talent which always amazed me. When we would return from a concert she would sit down at the piano and do a reprise, all from memory and with no piano music. This talent extended to music she had never heard before that performance, including new musicals. I recall returning from the Boston opening of *Green Grow the Lilacs*—soon to be known as *Oklahoma!*—and listening to her play it all over again!

We all loved Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. I have vivid memories of the family singing around the piano as Mother or one of my brothers played. The songs were probably the first ones I learned after nursery rhymes. I am not sure which G&S operetta was my first to see, but I suspect it was *Iolanthe*.

In addition to being enveloped in music at home, I also went to concerts with my mother. I started going to Girls' Latin School, which was in the Fenway when I was twelve. Fridays when school was out I used to take the Huntington Avenue street car and travel about two stops to Symphony Hall. My mother would be waiting for me in the second row center of the second balcony. We would discuss what we liked or did not like, and, of course, I heard it again at home.

Once a year, the Metropolitan Opera would come to Boston for a week or ten days. They performed in the Opera House, a grand structure on Huntington Avenue, now occupied by Northeastern University. It seems to me that Mother and I went every day while they were here, but I doubt that I went quite that often. I do remember the Wagner operas, especially *Lohengrin*, in which Lauritz Melchior and Kirsten Flagstad sang the lead roles. It was gorgeous to hear, but amusing to watch the love scenes, because the stars were built the way opera stars used to look. Embraces were a challenge.

Mother was not my piano teacher. She believed that someone else should do that, although she did offer comments when I practiced. My first teacher came to our house once a week. I was in the middle of a lesson on the afternoon of the 1938 hurricane. It was getting windy out, but that did not concern either my teacher or me, until we began to see branches of trees coming down, and then the lights went out. Nothing was going to interfere with my lesson, however. My mother lit a whole bunch of candles, and we continued. At the end of the lesson, the teacher left, only to return within minutes. The road was blocked in both directions by fallen trees. There were power lines down as well. Without any way of finding out what on earth was happening, we just sat huddled together drinking tea and watching a tree in front of the house bend wildly back and forth.

My father had no musical background at all. I understand he tried to play the cello when my parents were first married, but that did not last long. He did take lessons on the clarinet when I was a teenager and stayed with it for a few years. He was not very good, and it was not easy to hear him struggling. Anyone who has lived with a



beginner clarinetist will, I am sure, sympathize. He did become involved with musicians, however. He was counsel for the Boston Symphony Orchestra when the Tanglewood concerts began in 1937. I recall vividly my first time seeing that beautiful estate in the Berkshires. It was magical. The first concerts were held under a tent. Over the years, my parents became friendly with many of the players. We usually spent at least a week at Tanglewood each summer. My father worked while Mother and I enjoyed watching rehearsals.

I continued to study piano right through my freshman year at college. Mother never gave up hoping, and I was willing to try. I did want to play as well as she did, but we finally admitted that was not going to happen. That special spark was not there. I figure the genes ran out by the time I was born! They have regenerated in my grandson, a very talented professional cellist. How I wish Mother could have lived to enjoy that.

Esther K. Braun

An Inspirational Voice

My wife and I had purchased tickets to hear Thomas Quasthoff, a well known German bass-baritone. We knew that he was short as the result of his mother having taken thalidomide during pregnancy. As we sat down in our seats



in Jordan Hall, we were surprised to see that the theater was full. We soon understood why. To huge applause, a tiny man (four feet four inches tall) with short legs, diminutive arms with deformed hands, and a large head bearing

a huge smile waddled across the stage, climbing on a platform so that his head would be above the piano. Then he began to sing, and from this small man came the most glorious sound. I began to shiver and had a hard time not crying as Quasthoff magnificently sang Schubert lieder.

The same emotions have been felt at subsequent concerts. Before singing a few encores, he gave a wonderful short talk, sprinkled with humor, in which he implored the audience not to forget those that are less fortunate.

We were hearing for the first time a singer well known to others. Born with severe congenital anomalies, Quasthoff spent his first years in a hospital among cerebral palsy victims and was denied admission to the music conservatory in Hanover, Germany, because he would not be able to play the piano. He thus studied voice privately as well as attending law school. He made his debut at twenty-nine at a music competition where he earned praise from the renowned baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. Soon thereafter, this remarkable artist began to be heard worldwide. However, as a full time voice professor, he performed only about fifty times a year.

This May, we looked forward to hearing Quasthoff again in Jordan Hall. However in January, at the age of fifty-two, Quasthoff announced that he had decided to stop performing for health reasons. For us the news was devastating as his performances not only thrilled us but reminded us of how one can overcome terrible disabilities.

“A major loss. I hope Thomas knows the gift he has given humanity with his towering voice and even more towering wisdom”; “I am so grateful to have heard him live several times, though every time has left me blubbering, makeup running, moved and consoled”; “Such a sad day. How wonderful and totally amazing it is to once again understand that the great artistry of Quasthoff stems from the man himself.” These are some comments of others at the news of his retirement.

Quasthoff, with a huge grin across his face, says, “I’m a normal person, only shorter.” He clearly is not a normal person and his music and persona have dramatically touched the classical musical world. Even though we will no longer hear his live vibrant voice, it will not remain silent because of the legacy of extensive recordings that he has made, three of which have won Grammy Awards for the Best Classical Vocal Performances in 2000, 2004, and 2006.

Stefan Schatzki



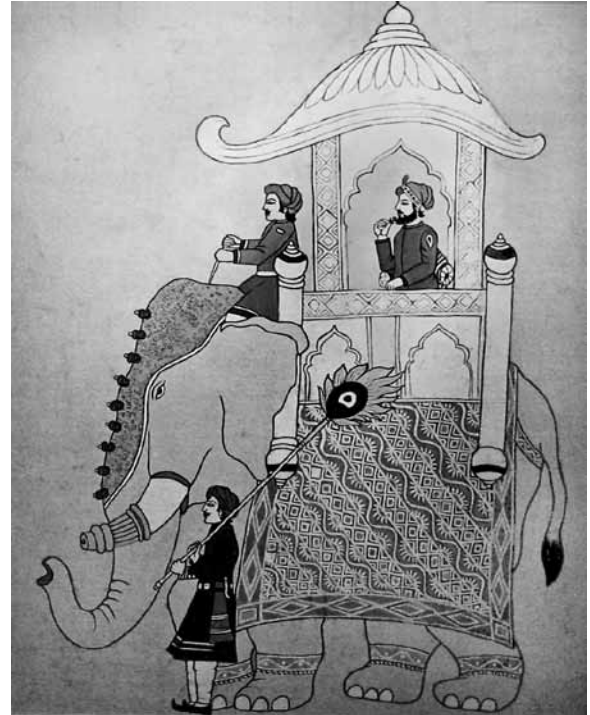
Village

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

To Asia In Our Gallery

The paintings reproduced here, and the painting on the cover, are examples of the astonishing variety of Asian art from residents' personal collections displayed recently in our art gallery. The cover of this issue displays a framed painting of Mumtaz Mahal, wife of Emperor Shah Jahan, whose love for her inspired his creation of the world famous mausoleum known as the Taj Mahal.

To the right is an Indian image entitled "Paying Homage to the Emperor."



"Grand Canal" is a Chinese work. Looking closely you can see three ducks beside the barge, a flowering tree on the right, and, in the center, a figure at the water's edge.



The poster of a camel was acquired from a museum in Lanzhou on the Silk Road in China. In the upper left is the camel's dream of resting from his toil.





Happenings

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

Perkins School for the Blind

It's a place most of us have heard of but never seen. In May seventeen of us went to its handsome, thirty-eight-acre campus on the Charles River in Watertown and learned the extraordinary variety of experiences that it offers to blind and deaf-blind persons.

Our "docent" told us that Perkins was founded in 1829, the first school of its kind in America. She explained details of Perkins' widely acclaimed "talking book" library, where more than fifty thousand recorded books and magazines are made available for mailing to subscribers who have electronic players on loan, all free of any cost to them. We visited their greenhouse where students can explore horticulture, heard that they can perform simple experiments in a science lab, and that they even play baseball (the ball beeps).

Piano Concerto

Frederick Moyer, international pianist, was back, and this time he brought a symphony orchestra with him. The orchestra was pre-recorded; Mr. Moyer, showing extraordinary skill, synchronized his playing with it, and we were treated to the last movement of Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto. It seems that the artist's mastery is not limited to piano but extends to the computer programming and electronic wizardry that this matching of performances required. It was a bravura show of artistry.

Tower Hill Botanic Gardens

This thirty-two acre gem of gardens, meadows, orchards, and woodland trails owned and operated by the Worcester Horticultural Society was bursting with color on our visit in June. We were introduced to the site with a short video and sauntered among its rich colors and scents, enjoying a view of the big Wachusett Reservoir.

July 4 Was Big

The national holiday at C-WV had something for everybody. The day before saw a visit by a fleet of Model A Fords in top condition from the Minuteman Antique Cars Club, whose proud owners provided rides to residents as long as they asked. For mere observers seated in the shade there was ice cream and toppings in sinful variety.

The great day itself brought a real observance of the historic event, as an assembly of residents gathered to read passages of the entire document and sign a facsimile Declaration using an authentic quill pen (with ball-point convenience). The identity of the original signers was announced as they signed. It was a satisfying reminder of our origins and the men who committed their "sacred honor" to them.

Stuart Grover



Vibrations

To isolate a memory of music I find nearly as impossible a task as to identify a favorite pet. For me music both sparks and anchors memory, so weaves a twisty path through all my years.

Not exactly music, but I recall the rhythms of childhood: the choosing ritual, “One potato, two potato, three potato four ...” and the jumping rope chants, “Teddy bear, teddy bear turn around; teddy bear, teddy bear touch the ground....”

My father had a lovely tenor voice. He sang in the Church of the Advent choir, disdainful though he was of all religious observance. Driving in the car, we sang. He favored things like *Now the Day Is Over*, *Abide With Me*, and *Turn Back, O Man*. I would quaver the melody, his harmonies soaring above.

When I was about twelve, peers introduced me to “pop” music, unheard (and unacceptable) in my house. Inventing a pressing need for some item from Woolworth’s, I would make a show of browsing, hoping the record department might play *Moonlight Cocktail* or *Skylark*.

In secondary school a superb music teacher, herself blessed with a resonant contralto, directed our glee club. Her standards were high: we sang Bach, Handel, Beethoven, and Pergolesi as well as madrigals and folk songs of all nations. Miss Loring literally beat the music both into and out of us. A large lady, she stamped her foot furiously in dismay and in approval. “You’re flat. Don’t reach for the note; drop down on it from above,” and “That’s three hundred and sixty degrees better.” All by herself she was a music appreciation course.

During my high school years, I attended the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts every Saturday night with my mother. That is not quite accurate. My mother thought music after the Baroque hardly worth her attention. She might tolerate Beethoven, Schubert or, with eye-rolling not unlike today’s adolescents, Schumann, but if such as Tchaikovsky or Rachmaninov were scheduled, my lower-brow father was deployed in her stead. I absorbed it all and am thankful for

“Koussy” who, along with the standard repertoire, introduced brave new works of the time.

My years in England brought me to a greater appreciation and love of chamber music, often played in dim and drafty country churches. My husband also taught me not just to listen to but to *hear* unaccompanied cello; with equal enthusiasm, he introduced me to the Moody Blues and Pink Floyd.

Taken together, such riches.

“Music, when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory”

Alice Morrish

Where?

If you arrived in Boston from abroad without your passport, and the inspector, to verify your claim to be a resident, gave this list of nearby place-names to read back to him, do you think he would let you in?

The Places	What the Inspector Listened for
Woburn	<i>Woo-burn</i>
Leominster	<i>Lum-inster</i>
Scituate	<i>Sich-uate</i>
Waban	<i>Wah-bn</i>
Stoneham	<i>Stone-um</i>
Waltham	<i>Wal-tham</i>
Cochituate	<i>Co-chich-uat</i>
Quincy	<i>Quin-zy</i>
Tremont	<i>Treh-mont</i>
Andover	<i>An-do-vr</i>
Dracut	<i>Dray-cut</i>
Haverhill	<i>Hay-verl</i>
Faneuil	<i>Fan-yul</i>

Stuart Grover



Anchors Aweigh

Is there really a plan
To paint the town red?
“Conceptual art,”
Somebody said.
By mid-afternoon
The rumor had spread,
So we took a quick look
At what lay ahead.

And here’s what we found:
With help from a mouse,
Some virtual friends,
And a round microchip.
We can Google a trip
From here to Firenze,
And convert Higgins House
Into a ship.

Welcome aboard!
Meet your certified guide.
Nothing has changed
Except the décor.
The chairs do not glide,
They are screwed to the floor.
What you see is the coast,
We’re no longer ashore.

Can everyone hear?
We’ve a barrel of beer
So let’s drink a toast
To our far-sighted host
And to thirty more years
Of continuing care
And esprit de corps.
Next stop is Nassau.

After a night on the town
And breakfast at sea
We can now telephone
The new Eurozone
Where strange goings-on
Reach as far as Capri.
Bonjours, tout le monde!
Come sta, Italie!

Shop till you drop
On the Champs Elysées
Dine at the top
Of the Appian Way.
Some Asti Spumante
Or Pinot Chardonnay?
Everything’s free.
Mon Dieu! C’est la vie!

However, please note:
It is ‘Steady She Goes’,
Ashore or afloat
On a cruise of this sort.
So if there are still one or two
Who disapprove of the view,
Whatever you do
Please don’t rock the boat.
It upsets the crew.

J.P. Lemon





Sacred Olympia at Rest

“We have arranged that tomorrow you will leave by train for Olympia,” said the director of the American School at Athens. I hesitated. It was February, 1948, and although the Greek civil war was less dangerous, there were still pockets of Andartes, the ferocious communist-led rebels living in the hills. I had missed the fall trip to the famous site which was mandatory for classical archeologists, and since a visiting woman wanted to see some of the great ruins, I had to agree that it made sense for the two of us to make the trip. The train: one bright blue car, and on either end a flat car, each carrying a very military tank.

At Olympia we were directed to the “hotel.” There, standing before a dismal looking house, was a shabby, worn little woman, who was obviously disturbed, indeed frightened, to find two American women on her doorstep. We climbed the rickety stairs to the cold bare room, each cot with its pile of thin blankets and afghans. Dinner that night was in a big space on the ground floor, the concrete covered with old oil stains and lit by an acetylene lamp, spitting in the dark echoing room. The poor woman had had to go from house to house in the village, begging for the half dozen eggs which were our dinner, along with some very welcome retsina.

The next day we walked the ruins, guide book in hand, grateful for the thin sun. We had difficulty making out the ground plans of the famous buildings because of the long, dry grass



which grew everywhere. We saw nobody during the whole day; we even heard the whisper of the rushes along the holy river Alpheus. As we left for our tank-carrying blue train, we learned that we were lucky, as the village had been expecting to be raided that night.

I know I should go back to visit the famous site, but trampled ground, hordes of tourists, reconstructed buildings, and overwhelming noise? That would be typical of ancient Olympia as well as this year of the games, but I would rather remember the quiet of that day when we felt the faint spirit of sacred Olympia.

Hazel Palmer

A Hairy Tale

Prissie, also called Priscilla,
found a greeny caterpillar.

Fuzzy?

Was he?

Very, very.

Also, as is customary,
rather squirmy,
very wormy.

Prissie had a baby sister.

Baby had a tummy aching.

Baby loudly bawling.

Till she spied the beastie greeny,
squirming, fuzzy, wormy crawling.

Anyone can guess what followed?

Baby sister, seizing beasty,
popped it in her mouth—
and swallowed,

Which did not at all upset her.

Baby, feeling very better,
gave Priscilla, known as Prissie,
caterpillar-flavored kissie.

Edith Gilmore



*Welcome
New Residents*

Carlton Walker,
from Acton, 5/24/12

Miriam Glazer,
from Cleveland, OH, 6/2/12

Marie Capobianco,
from Burlington, 6/6/12

Craig and Heather Hill
from Lincoln, 6/7/12

Edna Benson,
from West Newton, 6/7/12

Patricia McDonough,
from Bedford, 6/7/12

Arlene Connolly and Janet Kennedy
from Concord, 6/26/12

Susan Simmons,
from Concord, 6/28/12

Martha Rao,
from The Villages, FL, 7/1/12

Marilyn Hughes,
from Arlington, 7/24/12

Jane Varnum,
from Wilimington, 7/25/12

Sheila La Farge,
from Harvard, 8/17/12

Malcolm and Sheila Veidenheimer
from Etna, NH, 8/17/12

Walter Pedroli,
from Lexington, 8/20/12











A Memory of Music and Color

Chuckanut Drive is nestled between a mountain also called Chuckanut and the Pacific Coast high above the sea as it meanders twenty-one miles south from Bellingham, Washington, toward Seattle. My husband and I were journeying along that spectacular two-lane road one early summer evening when we realized a sunset was emerging. To our delight, a “Scenic Overlook” appeared and we were quickly off the road, out of the car, and onto the cliff where a dozen or so spectators were already gathered. As we approached the edge, high above Samish Bay and looking toward the San Juan Islands, we heard music and realized a young man was sitting on a branch of a nearby tree playing Beethoven’s “Ode to Joy” on his flute. The glory of the splendid colors of the sunset merging and dancing above the sea coupled with the beauty of the music overwhelmed us. Everyone was silent as the pageant unfolded. As the small group finally dispersed to return to their cars, no one said a word. What could we say? We had tasted paradise.

Peggy McKibben





Adolescent Rebellion

I wish I had bought the book I came across in the children’s section of a bookstore some time ago. It so clearly described the situation I found myself in during most of my childhood. The book was titled “A Cat Is Not a Dog.” It was the story of a little boy who yearned for a dog and was given a cat instead; the story of my young life. I cannot remember a time when I didn’t crave a dog with every fiber of my being. The cats were OK, but they kept getting lost, falling down wells, or experiencing other terminal difficulties. And, they weren’t very cooperative— like the time I tried to stuff pussy willows under Mitzi as she lay under the wood-stove, so she would hatch out some kittens.

A dog is what I wanted, and a dog is what my mother would not allow. First of all, in mother’s mind, cleanliness was next to godliness; it was the highest family value, and dogs were dirty. Second, they were not useful like cats in dispatching rats and mice. And third they cost more to feed. My mother was a five-foot, soft-spoken powerhouse. Her word was law in the household. When we whined, “Do I hafta?” her answer was invariably yes; and “Why do I hafta?” always brought a firm “Because I said so.” In my memory I was basically a very obedient child outwardly, and kept my evil and rebellious thoughts inside my head except for that one time the beginning of freshman year in high school.

My brother kept yelling at me that I was going deaf. The screening test at school showed this to be true. The ear nose and throat specialist said that adenoids were pressing against my eardrums, and that would require surgery—a T&A. As we walked home from the doctor’s office I realized that I had my obsessive worrier of a mother in a weakened position. I declared firmly, “I won’t have the operation unless I can have a puppy.” She agreed to my terms. I had the operation. That Christmas eve, in the middle of a snowstorm, my dog Sandy was delivered into my arms. He was everything I had dreamed of, and we enjoyed a truly great companionship for his nine years. Though she was loath to admit

it, mother appreciated Sandy’s company after I went off to college, and she admitted to shedding a few tears when he died.

Janet Kennedy

<i>In Memory</i>	
Ruth Helfund	May 28, 2012
Mercia Lena Scott Wilkins	June 3
Wynanda V. Helverson	June 9
Ruth Todt Gates	June 13
Hazel Vermeer	June 20
Jane Huntington	June 23
Edith A. (Brizzolari) D’Alessandro	July 11
Henrietta (Stoy) Brown	July 19
Frances Pedroli	July 25
Miriam Vrablik	July 28



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

Decisions, Decisions

Someone paid a compliment to our library the other day by describing it as user friendly. What do you think she meant? I suspect she likes the accessibility of a wide variety of books so that the choice of what to read is a constant joy and challenge.

How do you select the next book you want to read? There is no single answer for sure; we all do it differently. But I think we can get into a rut in our searching and look in only one or two places—just on the New Book shelves perhaps or for a favorite author. If we took a series of steps in our browsing, I think we would open greater possibilities.

Why not start with the monthly handout listing all new book acquisitions, both by purchase and donation, in regular print and large print? That will give you a quick summary, broken down by category—biography, fiction, history, etc.—and then by author and book title. Something may strike you right away. At least have a look. The handout is found on a rack near the new books. List in hand, you can then explore the new books to see how long each one is, what the flyleaf says, and whether it might be your cup of tea.

Is that the end of it? I hope not. Some people look no further and miss a lot. Do poke around a bit. There are special displays on top of the

large print bookcases in the middle of the room. There are categories of books you have never looked at on lower shelves or in corners. When have you taken out a book of essays and letters, about science or travel? Have you explored the books by resident authors or classics of natural history? What have you read recently about your health concerns? All of this is accessible and more. All came as new books originally and remained so for a few months, but then they were put on shelves of different categories where they are easily overlooked or abandoned. We cull them to some degree, but we believe in a balanced library with books on the many subjects that residents will want to turn to at one time or another.

Some readers have their own secret ways of choosing what to read next by finding out what has appealed to others. The sign-out book can tell you a lot and the circulation notebook to its left. Often people are looking for another resident to talk with about a book both have read. Village discussion groups provide further clues and suggestions.

The ideal for all of us in a friendly library is to be open to new adventures, to look and listen and explore all that is here. That is what your library committee hopes for and works hard to inspire.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr., Chair



Some of the Latest

The Presidents Club by Nancy Gibbs and Michael Duffy

Two journalists examine the relationships among ex-presidents, showing how they shared experiences and helped each other.

Trapeze by Simon Mawen

Historical thriller based on the true story of a teenage girl parachuting into Occupied France in World War II.

Full Body Burden by Kristen Iversen

Personal account of growing up in the shadow of Colorado's Rocky Flats plutonium plant.

Mozart and the Gateway to His Future by Christopher Wolff

Record of the composer's final years serving the Emperor in Vienna 1788-91.

The Undertow by Jo Baker

Remarkable novel about four generations of the Hastings family in the twentieth century.

The Book of Madness and Cures by Regina O'Melveny

Ahead of her time a woman doctor in sixteenth century Venice searches Europe for her missing father's medical writings.

Instead of a Letter by Diana Athill

The story of her passionate youth by this remarkable British authoress still writing in her nineties today.

Beautiful Soles by Eyal Press

Four case studies of the way some people stand up for the truth in the face of personal risk.

The Astaires: Fred and Adele by Kathleen Riley

The first comprehensive study of their theatrical careers, written with grace and elegance equal to the subject.

What Money Can't Buy by Michael J. Sandel

The author sounds an alarm that belief in a market economy diminishes moral thought.

Calico Joe by John Grisham

A timeless story of fathers and sons, forgiveness and redemption set in the world of big league baseball.

Bring up the Bodies by Hilary Mantel

Thomas Cromwell is ruthless in obeying the cruel demands of Henry VIII to execute Anne Boleyn.

Island Practice by Pam Belluck

The story of Timothy Lepore, colorful, eccentric doctor on Nantucket for thirty years: beautiful lyric prose.

Beneath the Shadows by Sara Foster

Novel about a mysterious disappearance on the moors of England, full of paranormal activity and local color.

The New Jim Crows by Michelle Alexander

Brave, bold presentation of the reasons for and the extent of the mass incarceration of young black men.

A Fierce Radiance by Lauren Belfen

In this Washington Post novel of the year a photojournalist gets personally involved with the brilliant developer of penicillin.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Gill, Anton	Il Gigante
Ream, Victoria Jane	Art in Bloom

Biography

Albright, Madeleine	Prague Winter
Athill, Diana	Instead of a Letter
Bader, Peter	Mike Wallace (*)
Belluck, Pam	Island Practice
Chernow, Ron	Washington
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Powell, Colin	It Worked for Me (*)
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Riley, Kathleen	The Astaires
Schroff, Laura and Alex Tresniowski	An Invisible Thread (*)
Trillin, Calvin	Messages From My Father

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Alexander, Michelle	The New Jim Crows
Greenhouse, Linda	The U. S. Supreme Court
Jundi, Sami Al and Jen Marlowe	The Hour of Sunlight
Maddow, Rachel	Drift
Mundy, Liza	The Richer Sex
Rather, Dan	Rather Outspoken
Ross, Carne	The Leaderless Revolution
Sandel, Michael J.	What Money Can't Buy

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Safina, Carl	The View From Lazy Pond

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Archer, Jeffery	The Sins of the Father
Belfer, Lauren	A Fierce Radiance
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Diamant, Anita	The Red Tent
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Grisham, John	Calico Joe
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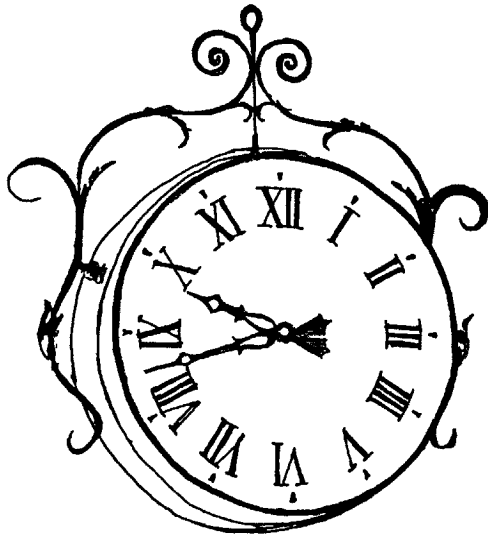
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Katherine F. Graff





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