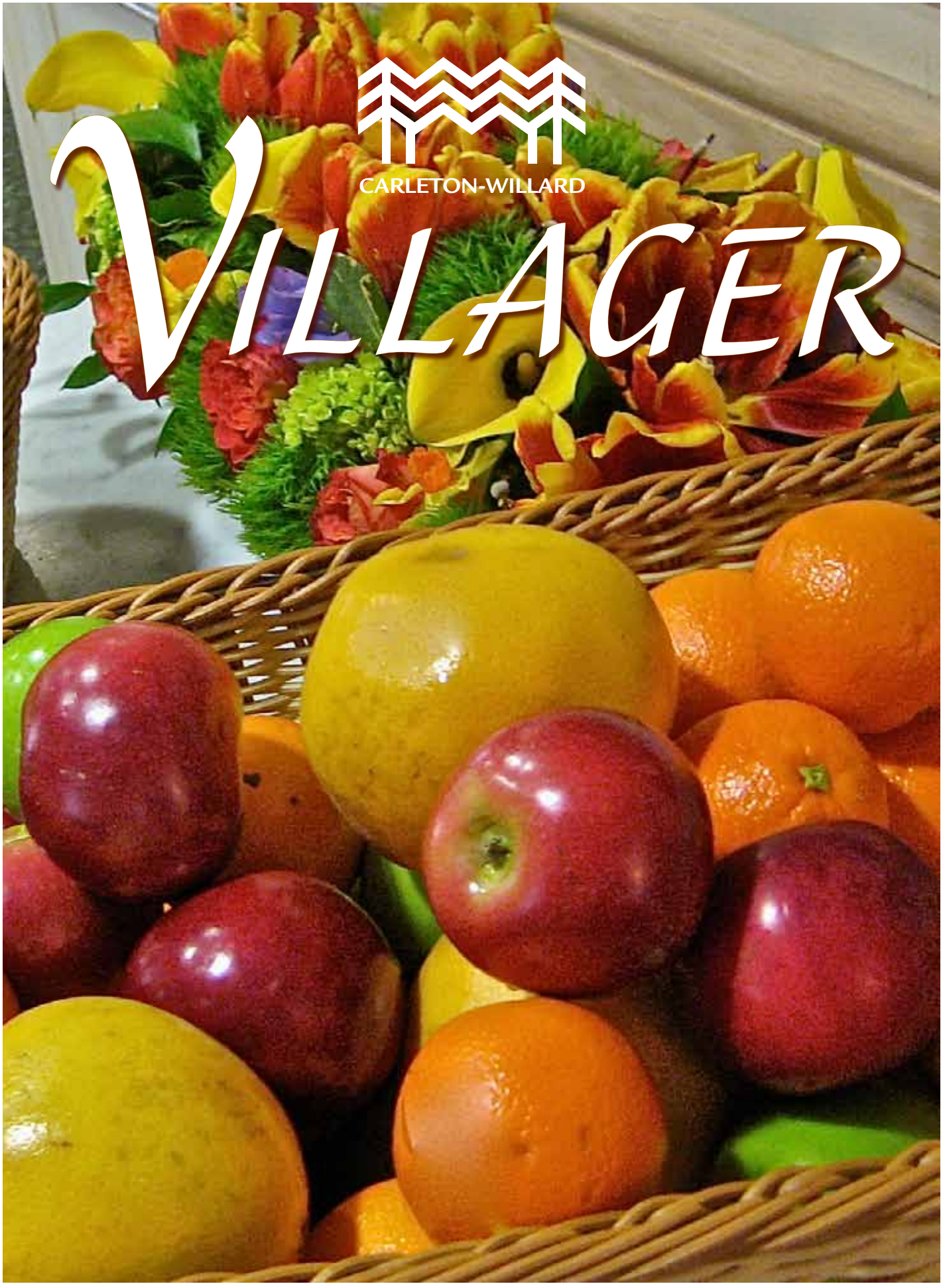

CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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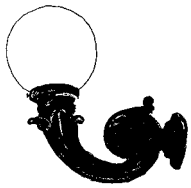
THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

Published quarterly by and for the residents and administration of Carleton-Willard Village, an accredited continuing care retirement community at 100 Old Billerica Road, Bedford, Massachusetts 01730.

Editor's Corner



During June and July your editor spent a week visiting family in Sweden, travelled north to Isle au Haut in Maine for a brief summer vacation with friends, and was a first time father-of-the-bride in a small family wedding in Vermont. Those absences provided plenty of space for Mary Cowham and Stuart Grover to exercise their editorial privileges and assemble this current issue. Although many authors were not inspired to respond to our "Fruits of Our Efforts" theme, seven profiles of new arrivals tell their personal stories, complemented by non-theme related, thoughtful articles, entertaining poems, and the always informative Village Happenings and library reports.

Extensive annual maintenance work has kept Carleton-Willard Village in tip-top condition. This summer's work included a major upgrade of the auditorium increasing the size and access to the stage and improving sound and lighting systems. Although the resulting lack of access to the auditorium curtailed summer lectures and entertainment programs, we all look forward to completion of the work in early September, especially our Village Thespians.

Sadly, I must report the unexpected death of Mike Veidenheimer who recently joined the board. In recognition of his article and two profiles in this issue we have included his name on the masthead.

The Villager Board did not have a difficult time selecting a theme for the December issue. On a hot and humid day in July and conjuring up thoughts of last winter's snows, we unanimously selected "Winter Stories." We look forward to working with residents to help them recount both happy and challenging tales from the past.

Jim Stockwell

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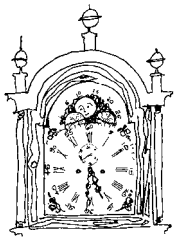
From the Chief Executive Officer



"I was especially perceptive to all things beautiful that morning. Raspberries in blue china bowls were enough to make the heart sing." – Irene Hunt, Up a Road Slowly

Big cars. Big cities. Big sky and big country. Bigger-than-life characters with really big ideas.

Bigger is better. Ask just about anyone.

Today, though, I seem to have been especially attuned to the "little things." They've come in waves, and each one, well, *simply magnificent*. Sunlight streaming through my kitchen window. A few extra happily-appreciated licks from my dog, Maddie. The smell of fresh-cut grass as I walked from my car to Higgins House.

I took a detour to my office, a leisurely stroll down Main Street. By appearances, it was just another day...another simply magnificent day.

A cheery "hello" between resident and one of the staff. Patrons of the Café having a laugh over coffee. A couple sharing a newspaper in the Library. A thoughtful embrace between two neighbors that lasted just a moment longer. A chain of almost insignificant events, each so easy to overlook, and each so extraordinary in its ordinariness.

There's a book I've been reading, Malcolm Gladwell's *The Tipping Point*. The title takes its name from chemistry—it's the threshold of a process or reaction. Nothing much goes on until the tipping point, but in that moment, all the magic happens at once. Gladwell's book is not about chemistry, but instead explains major social phenomena as the consequence of an accumulation of small events, coupled with the active participation of a few key people. Gladwell writes, "The success of any kind of social [phenomenon] is heavily dependent on the involvement of people with a particular and rare set of social gifts." Place those people in an environment, add enough "little things," and you reach the tipping point. And, magic!

Which brings me back to Main Street.

Egypt had the Pyramids, Rome, the Aqueduct and the Coliseum. China, its Great Wall. We tend to measure the greatness of a people by the big things they've done. And that's valid, I suppose. But experiencing the greatness of Main Street—and it truly is greatness—I understand it's really all those precious "little things" that are the biggest of all.

Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO

The Tomato Patch

In the September, 2012, issue of *The Villager*, Jeanne (Muffy) Paradise wrote a moving article about plans the previous spring to create a sustainable tomato patch on Carleton-Willard's grounds in response to a call sent around the world by *350.org*. Over forty residents, some with walkers and wheelchairs, attended the groundbreaking of our very first community garden to show their support. A photographer from the Boston Globe recorded the event and Nancy Shohet West wrote an article that appeared in the Boston Sunday Globe, West on May 13, 2012.

A group of over twenty residents and staff volunteered throughout the spring and summer to help in the preparation of the soil using our own compost, planting, watering, staking, pruning and tying, picking and ultimately delivering the daily crop to the kitchen. There were eighteen organic seedlings: twelve Sun Gold which were purchased, plus a variety of seedlings donated by some residents as well as some raised by former Trustee George Stevenson. Some of those were larger red cherries or heirloom main crop types.

We planted three wide rows of six plants each, which seemed pretty spacious. There must have been something magic in the compost, however, because those plants really took off. Within a few weeks they needed staking. We had 6 foot stakes which should have been more than adequate, but it was not long before the plants had reached the tops of the stakes. We had to add 8 foot stakes and draw wires between the tops to provide additional height. It was like walking through tunnels to go down the rows.

The Sun Gold started to ripen in early July. The first picking of Sun Gold—twelve tomatoes—was given to Barbara Doyle. The crop increased rapidly. The first bowl was placed on the salad bar with a sign, ONLY ONE PER PERSON. They were consumed in short order. The numbers of all varieties increased daily, until there were enough tomatoes for the dining room salad bar at noon and in the evening, for the café, for the staff dining room and for the kitchen to send along with the dinners to the Council on Aging three times a week. We were on a roll!

By mid-August, however, the plants began to look unhealthy. Over the next couple of weeks, the lush leaves turned brown and disintegrated in one's hands, the green tomatoes developed a rust and the ripe-looking ones lost their delicious flavor. Fall Blight had attacked and won the battle. We farmers were devastated and the residents were disappointed. It was impossible to enjoy any other tomatoes.

Fall blight, carried by spores, was not just our problem. It was everywhere in the region. I saw it even on Martha's Vineyard. Sadly, we had to stop delivering to the kitchen, much to the disappointment of all. So many residents had never tasted such delicious tomatoes. There

is no really organic way to prevent the problem, other than preventing soil from splashing onto the leaves. We had hoped that the black plastic covering the ground would do that, but the spores were in the air as well as in the soil and were easily blown from garden to garden in the entire region.

Farmers have a saying: *There is always next year!* With that in mind, we are trying again this year, but in a different location, and hope for a blight-free season. As of early July, we again have a thriving tomato patch with only twelve plants spaced very far apart, tended by some experienced as well as inexperienced residents and staff, all doing their best to produce a successful crop. And, well, if we are attacked again, *there is always next year!*

Esther K. Braun

Sharing the Harvest

Until I moved to Carleton-Willard and met Philip Kenney, our Master Gardener, Frank was the best gardener I had ever known. A professor of sociology, Frank lived on our street in Lexington with his wife, Carol, and their twins. Their home had been the original farmhouse on the farmland, which had been divided and was now the site of all the houses on our street and adjacent ones.

Carol and Frank had many fruit trees in back of their home but the only gardening space was a large side yard where Frank grew vegetables and a few flowers. But it wasn't large enough for all he wanted to plant and all Carol wanted to can, freeze or give away. Our lot was fifty feet by four hundred feet; the back fifth had trees and a few sunny areas in the far back yard. My husband, Gordon, had grown corn there but the woodchucks reaped the harvest. Nonetheless, Frank asked if he could put a garden there, and we would share the produce. We warned him about the critters but gave him full permission to do his best. His best was great and we were soon enjoying peppers, cucumbers, onions, zucchini, and other treats.

Then Frank accepted a new job, and to our disappointment they moved, leaving us with more than enough produce. We all agreed to open the garden to Pat and Phil who lived down the street with their six children. They were, and have stayed, wonderful friends. Each parent was blessed with a sense of humor and they seemed to parent by laughter. With six children there was plenty to laugh about.

Late one afternoon as Pat was putting a salad together, she asked her eight-year-old son to go to Frank's garden and bring her a green pepper. He scampered away but was gone a long time. Finally he came running in and put the pepper in front of her. She said, "Oh that's beautiful. Thank you." "Well," he replied, "I'm glad you like it. I have never been so embarrassed in my life. The new people were on their porch and I had to get down on my stomach and wiggle my way into the garden. I'm sure they could see me!"

"It's OK. Frank and Carol, Peggy and Gordon all urged us to take anything from the garden," she assured him. "What do the McKibbens have to do with it? It's the new people in Frank and Carol's house I am worried about. That's where I got the pepper."

Then it was Pat's turn to be enormously embarrassed and to call the new neighbors to try to explain why her son had been crawling through their garden. Fortunately, the new homeowners also had several children and could understand the communication confusions that sometimes occur. They became good neighbors and the rest of the summer we all continued to enjoy Frank's bounty.

Peggy McKibben

Lotsa Luck?

A royal baby girl is born.
A royal celebration
is held, and every fairy gets
a proper invitation.
Arriving, each is greeted as
persona very grata.
They cluster round the infant's crib
and name her Fortunata.

This brings her health
and luck in love,
prosperity and glory,
a long and happy life, okay?...
But what about the story?

But though a wicked wish, of course,
is morally appalling,
we like to read about a glitch
which makes the tale enthralling.

Edith Gilmore

Three Good Women

Mary

In my generation, or at least in my experience, there were no family powwows. Decisions were made, actions taken with no explanation. Thus for reasons unknown to me, but possibly having to do with the Depression, when I was four I was boarded out with a childless couple in southern New Hampshire.

Mary and Charlie Tarbell had a small holding. I have no idea how they eked out a living, but imagine taking me in provided a welcome supplement. Their white farmhouse had a kitchen, center of the universe, a parlor (pristine and rarely entered), and two bedrooms separated by a curtain. Each had a double bed, dresser and curtained niche for clothes and a chamber pot, white with oversized red roses. These were for night time and emergency use only. Generally we went out to the barn where there was a "two holer" complete with last year's Sears Roebuck catalog on a hook, stand-in for Scott's toilet tissue. There was no electricity or running water. Kerosene lamps gave what light there was; the black wood-burning range was the only heat. A stiff old hand pump at the soapstone sink provided water.

Mary was a large shapeless woman, always dressed in a cotton house dress, limp cardigan, thick cotton stockings, and slippers. She was neither expressive nor demonstrative and I have no idea what she made of the strange fledgling in her nest. I do remember hot porridge with brown sugar for breakfast, Saturday night baths in a copper tub in front of the stove, the "piece o' meat" once a week on Sunday. I also recall her patience with my questions and especially her kindly attempts to answer the awkward ones, often provoked by a feature in Life magazine. (I could tease out the words but their meaning was beyond me.) One I remember concerned an eleven-year-old girl who had given birth. Poor Mary was required to clarify the obstetrical and gynecological details of this event. This she did awkwardly and in unvarnished detail. Only later did I realize how brave she was, and how easily she might have brushed aside my indiscriminate curiosity. I was with Mary and Charlie three years before I was moved away.

Miss Armstrong

After a brief stay with another farm couple, more prosperous than the Tarbells but remembered with less warmth, I went to live with Zoe Valette Armstrong. What a difference! Miss Armstrong was to my eye old. She had grey hair and steel-rimmed glasses. She was principal of the small day school to which I had been admitted and lived in the second floor apartment of a house owned by three maiden lady sisters, the Misses Barr.

Everything about Miss Armstrong was prim and proper. There was no such thing as casual dress; she was formal and immaculate at all times. We dined in the small dining room each evening on fine china with crisp linen and glowing silver cutlery. Meals were served by Miss Armstrong's Finnish maid, whose name I remember as Vanilla (improbable). Propriety aside, Miss Armstrong had some surprising quirks. She positively encouraged singing at table; I took full advantage of that. She had a demitasse after dessert each evening, sweetened with pastel sugar crystals, of which she ritually poured a tiny spoonful into my palm. I was permitted free range of her library; she never said a book was too grown up for me. A committed Christian Scientist, Miss Armstrong took no notice of minor complaints. I was something of a whiner and I think by example she made a dent in that. She was not an outwardly warm person but her clear expectations and consistency offered security. I was with her until I was twelve and off to boarding school.

Miss Maxie

I went to a YWCA camp in Rhode Island on Narragansett Bay from the time I was eight (my first year with Miss Armstrong). While I had paddled in a muddy New Hampshire pond

(complete with blood-suckers) I was not a swimmer, and the sight of the ocean was daunting. I distinctly recall standing on the pebbly shore, shivering in my itchy woolen bathing suit, flatly refusing to budge, no matter how persuasive the counselors. Unlike most of the children who came for a two-week session, I was there for the entire six weeks, and the prospect of dealing with my recalcitrance must have led those in charge to summon the Higher Authority in the form of Camp Director, Miss Maxie.

I remember her as square and solid, body and face, wearing a massive version of the green-with-white-stripe shorts we all wore. Marching to where I stood miserably on my own, she made no attempt to cajole. Rather she hoisted me into a rowboat and with no words rowed us swiftly out to the raft where only the big girls and expert swimmers went. She disembarked and helped me join her. "Now you are going to get wet," she said, as she picked me up by the suit straps and dropped me into the water. I flailed and splashed for a few minutes, probably less, when, using the same straps, she plucked me out, put me in the rowboat and silently rowed us back to shore. There she said, "And now you will learn to swim." She then turned and marched back to her office.

This might sound like a horror story, certainly viewed with alarm if not actually seen as child abuse. However, that summer I passed through all the colored caps of the Red Cross swimming program, even becoming the youngest "blue cap" of the year, and swimming remained the only sport at which in a modest way I excelled.

Children are quite properly ungrateful creatures. I am sure I said not even thank you to these good women, much less conveyed lifelong appreciation. Too little, too late, I do so now.

Alice Morrish

Our Wingèd Summer Residents

When the last glacial period ended about ten thousand years ago an ice shelf covered most of North America. As the ice shelf began to melt, barren lands were replaced by grasses, flowers, flowering trees and bushes, and insects that flourished in or near ponds, rivers, and lakes formed from the melting ice. Bird species native to the equator began to move north, timing their migrations to coincide with blooms and insect hatches. Although birds cannot tell us much about their beginnings and migrations, ornithologists have been able to build nearly complete histories of major species, including the sixty-three species that have been seen at Carleton-Willard Village over the past eight years.

Although you may not be a birder, you have probably seen several of those species. Consider the hummingbird. The oldest documented proof of their existence is contained in a thirty million-year-old fossil found in Europe. Although there are no longer any hummingbirds in Europe, hummingbirds migrated to the Americas and skeletal remains found in cave deposits in Central America are one to two million years old. There are three hundred and thirty species in the world. Half live in the equatorial zone, but only twenty-four migrate to North America and only the Ruby-throated Hummingbird is commonly seen in Eastern North America.

Upon arriving here, Pilgrims were presented with earrings fashioned from hummingbird feathers. Once hunted for their plumage used for decorative adornments, the species has rebuilt to a sustainable level, but is threatened by declining habitat in both this country and their southern homes. Weighing in at about three grams, less than the weight of two nickels, the birds double their weight before leaving their winter homes in Mexico, Central America, and South America, having stored up enough fat for the five hundred mile non-stop crossing of the Gulf of Mexico. Flying north, the birds migrate about twenty-five miles each day, pausing in daylight to refuel and then going into torpor at night to conserve energy. While they follow the same route each year

often returning to their original birthplace, they fly single file skimming the tops of trees and waterways and stop to feed as individuals to avoid overcrowding at the food sources. If they flew in flocks as many other species do, they would be easy prey for predators such as Sharp-shinned Hawks and Blue Jays.

Males are the first to arrive, appearing at Carleton-Willard Village in late April. After a quick check on last year's nest, which may be used for several years, the males establish a territory. They are fearless with others of the same species and quick to clear their territory of larger birds such as Titmice and Blue Jays. The somewhat larger females arrive two to three weeks later and immediately set up housekeeping, repairing last year's nest or building anew. They choose an oak, birch, or pine tree and attach their bowl-shaped nest, about one inch wide and deep, to a twig or branch ten to fifty feet above ground. Nests are made of bud scales, lichen, moss, and plant down and bound to a branch with spider silk.

Male hummingbirds provide no help with nest building or care of the chicks. They hang around only long enough to mate and then take off to find another welcoming female or just abandon ship. Females lay one to two eggs and spend about fifty-five minutes of every hour in the nest until the chicks hatch and demand meals several times an hour. Total time from egg to fledging chick is about five to six weeks. Once the chicks leave the nest in July they are ready to fly and forage for themselves, doubling and then tripling their weight in preparation for the southern migration in September.

The birds are named for the humming sound that we hear, produced by the fifty-five beats per second of the wings. Turn up your hearing aid and you can also hear a barely audible chirp, chirp. Both old and young must combine their nectar diet with protein: mosquitoes, flies, gnats, and small bees are favorite targets. Some are plucked right out of the air, but most are retrieved from deep in a flower by the one-inch tongue that extends beyond the one-inch, curved beak. Around July first it's non-stop feeding at my feeder, with traffic arriving from both east and west. There must be at least two nests nearby. Subject to the rigors of migration, females can live up to nine years, while five years is tops for the males. Hummingbirds have survived here in the Americas for at least two million years.

There must be a takeaway message here. The answer may be in scale. The birds are averaging three to five grams while I am carrying around two hundred and ten pounds and I don't fly nonstop over the Gulf to my winter home. I am already here, too well fed and happy.

Jim Stockwell

My Ninetieth Birthday Party

Well, it was a first for me. I had no experience at all with a number that large and didn't know what to expect. Fortunately my youngest son, Peter, had the idea—very creative, to say the least. He proposed to my other two sons and me, "Why don't we get together at the fast-food place near our old house where we used to go for those great fried clams, and then bring them back to the house to eat them. We can set up in the turnaround opposite the house. I'll bring a folding table and chairs." The idea received immediate consensus.

The weather was perfect. To go with the clams, Douglas, who came up from Connecticut, brought a very nice wine, and Philip, down from Vermont, dignified the occasion with a birthday

cupcake, one candle in dead center. Encouraged by the wine we mellowed into a good mood, enjoying being back where so many growing-up things happened, like the kids learning to ride bicycles and castles being built where the plows piled up snow.

All at once the new owner appeared. Naturally she was curious about the strange goings-on in front of her house. But she was friendly. We hit it off right away, and on learning that we were the original owners she invited us in to re-acquaint with our old castle.

It was then that I had my idea. I remembered that our collection of old photos included a cute one taken in 1946 of these three kids sitting together in a row on the edge of the yard. Why not take a new shot with the "kids" in the same places looking at the camera in the same way?

And this was my real birthday present: seeing us all, Douglas, Peter, Philip, and the old guy behind the camera together and smiling after forty-nine years.

Stuart Grover

Times Have Changed

"Mike, aren't we lucky to be doctors? People come to us as patients and leave us as friends." Doctor David Boyd, a surgical colleague at the Lahey Clinic said this to me some years ago. As I have thought about David's statement I realize how fortunate I am to have had an interaction with hundreds of patients over my more than thirty years as a surgeon at Lahey.

In 1960 I had been on the surgical staff of Lahey only a few months when I met Max. Like so many patients coming to us, Max came from a hospital in another state for care following an operation that had not worked out. He was malnourished and thirty pounds underweight. After three weeks of intensive care by a team of medical and surgical doctors he had successful restorative surgery.

During his two week recovery period Max's wife showed me a numbered tattoo on her forearm. She and Max had been freed by Allied troops from Auschwitz, married, and emigrated to the United States. I was asked to remove the tattoo. That was easily done with local anesthesia. As I was suturing the wound I glanced up to see tears running down Mrs. Max's face, tears of joy as she rid herself of the horrible holocaust experience. I finished suturing through misty eyes. Max and his wife kept in contact with me and my family for years. They were my first "patient friends."

A patient coming to a doctor's office arrives with many concerns. "What is my problem? Will the doctor be able to help me? Is this the right doctor for me and my problem? He's a surgeon, is he good? What will he do when he operates?" People are so nervous when they are first seen that they then do not understand the discussion taking place. Videos taken during such interviews with a doctor have demonstrated that many, even most patients, miss important information. The first interaction between doctor and patient is not the time for hurrying. I always tried to review our discussion two or three times with the patient, preferably in the presence of a family member. This also gave me an opportunity to get to know the patient and

his or her home situation better. However, when the patient understands the diagnosis and the planned treatment, as well as the risks and the potential results, the patient and the surgeon have legally entered into a contract. This implies that only with the patient's permission may the surgeon discuss the patient's illness with anyone except medical staff. At the conclusion of the operation I always told the family of the outcome of the procedure either from the operating room phone or face to face in the family waiting room.

When all the reports were available I always believed the patient expected the truth from me about the prognosis. Fortunately the outlook for the patient was usually bright. If the problem was a cancer, most patients were cured, even when I was in practice. I resisted any effort by the family to hide the significance of an incurable problem from the patient. It was the patient's problem. We all face dying at some time. If we lied when the patient asked about the future, later when the situation became obvious and the patient was entering a crucial time of his or her life, there would be doubt about whether anything discussed was the truth.

Having written this, I understand that during those days before insurance companies controlled post-operative stays, it was usual to keep patients in hospital for a week or more after an operation. This gave a surgeon time to develop a strong relationship with the patient and family. Thus friendships were easily formed as I sat at the bedside during my once or twice daily visits. I was fortunate to work at a time when my patients and I had the opportunity to know each other. Even though at the end of this year I will have been retired for many years, I am still in contact with scores of my "patient friends."

Malcolm C. (Mike) Veidenheimer

Having It All

Fruits of Our Efforts is the theme suggested for this edition of the Villager. With no hints of what that meant, you might address it like taking a Rorschach test. Did it mean a literal raising of crops and then the ability to devour what was raised? Did it mean a professional career and its challenges? Was it a reference to raising one's children? After pondering the simulation starter, I chose to recount the incredible challenge of raising children as the most important fruit of my effort at living. That effort spans many years of mentoring, providing examples, and enlisting others to tweak the child-raising process. This limited space will hardly do justice to the task.

I was thirty before my children appeared in the family and well started on a career in nursing and education. I was also involved in many community endeavors. As a young mother, somehow I felt that continuing regular activities could be combined with parenting. Parenting began with purchasing every vehicle known to transport my daughter to whatever was involved and allowing her to accompany me in the pursuits in which I was involved. A car bed was essential, and then there needed to be a covered screened bed for beach activities, as we lived near the Jersey shore. A stroller for land transportation was supplemented by a booster seat attached to the back seat of my bicycle, and winter called for a sled seat. Creative Playthings in Princeton, New Jersey, was the source for playthings that had to be made from natural materials

The neighborhood lacked other children with whom to play, and the natural thing to do was to encourage the Red Bank church to provide space for a preschool that would encompass a cooperative nursery school and involve parents as volunteer teachers. This project took several years and the cooperation of many other parents seeking the same benefits. The school still operates today and has expanded into upper grades. At the time it provided a place in which to socialize and share parenting skills with other parents.

At the birth of our second child I still nour-

ished the notion that having it all was possible, and I continued to be involved in community activities. As a couple we served as mentors and counselors to teenagers of the church. We went on outings and toted both girls to camp, and I suspect that the teenagers had mixed feelings about landing in the same tent with us. Sitters were a way of life for active young mothers, and sharing sitters in a pool environment was a survival tool for the adults. Toting our young to activities and setting up pens that would contain some of the exploring that young kids are prone to was normal.

My involvement in a new field of education required taking courses, so at a very early age both girls became adept helping Mom register for college; they held a place in one line while Mom in another line did the paperwork. To keep them interested I would pose a math problem related to the tiles in the ceiling and thus involve them in something creative. Both excel in math as adults.

Our choice of vacation events was related to the interests of the young children. There were vacations spent on working farms where the children could learn about animal care and where the food originated. Later dude ranch experience pandered to their developing interest in large animals. At an early age both girls entered the competitive swim world. Driving them to practice and swim meets became a way of life for the family. As the girls matured, equestrian lessons, music lessons, and dancing school all involved making good choices of the schools and staff involved. Then came gracefully helping each girl separate from the family and begin making her own choices. The girls grew up, graduated from grammar and high school, and then each chose a different location and type of school for college. Both did well and have families of their own, one as a stay-at-home mom and the other as a working mom. I enjoy watching them as a parent and interacting with my grandchildren. The fruits of my efforts have borne end products of which I am very proud. Being included in some of their activities is a pleasure.

Ara Tyler

My Orchard Story

In the early nineteen twenties my grandfather, a well-known Boston physician whose hobby was growing fruit, established a large commercial orchard on the North Shore. There was a farmhouse, two large barns, and about two hundred acres to be planted with apple trees. He hired a skilled farmer from Scotland and set him up (with his family) to work the orchard, the whole to be supervised by my uncle, a recent graduate of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

My orchard story has three parts.

Our summer home was next to the young orchard, and my early memories are of waking up to the whine of the big trucks as they worked their way up and down the rows, spraying the trees. Then there was the big barn, wherein was located a huge "grader." The apples moved on a conveyor belt, first to be culled (the imperfect ones eliminated for cider), then the good ones to be moved up into little pockets to be sized before being dropped into different bins. One of my delights was to be able to help package the largest, reddest, best fruit, wrap them in green papers with the logo "Goodale Orchards," and nestle them into their purple tissue-lined sections of the box destined for S.S. Pierce Co., our distributor.

That all changed with World War II. Labor was difficult to find. The Orchard had a contract with the U.S. Army to supply apples. Gone was the fancy apparatus to sort fruit. It was sent by the bushel to the nearest camps, as well as overseas, I think. I and my teenage friends were impressed to pick. We would climb the ladders with special buckets which had a draw-string bottom to let the apples out into bushel boxes when they were full. Those buckets were heavy! I remember we were paid ten cents a bucket.

The orchard never returned to specializing when the war ended. It did continue to produce wonderful apples in accordance with its reputation. When my grandfather died, however, its future was uncertain. With the support of friends and neighbors and acquaintances in the movement, our family was able to have the orchard placed under the Agricultural Preservation

Restriction. This meant the land it occupied could be used only for agricultural or recreational purposes. The next job was to find a buyer, and we lucked out. Max Russell, a former aerospace engineer, had always wanted to run an orchard.

He, his wife, and four children took over and still run the enterprise today. Under their management the place has been updated and made a current and successful business. Old trees have been replaced with new, smaller stock. Spraying the fruit with poison is no longer legal and pests can be controlled by genetic engineering. New activities are offered such as "Pick your own strawberries" and, of course, "Pick your own apples" in season. There is a bakery and gift shop in the old barn.

So the next time you are visiting Crane Beach in Ipswich, be sure to stop at the "Russell Orchards" (formerly "The Goodale Orchard") for apples in season, an apple pie, or some cider donuts to die for.

Sue Hay

Help, Help Us!

If you, when strolling down the street,
are much upset because you meet
a person who's your double,

Whatever should you do or say?
Shake hands or scream and run away?
I just don't know. Be careful, though.
I'm sure you're both in trouble.

Edith Gilmore

Welcome New Residents

John Supple,
from Rye, New Hampshire. 5/22/13

Geraldine (Gerry) Cathcart,
from Beverly, 5/26/13

Alec Mitchell,
from Reading, 5/28/13

Shirley Bernstein,
from Greenwich, Connecticut, 5/30/13

Bessie Natsios,
from Lowell, 5/30/13

Eldred Wilson,
from Arlington, 6/5/13

Janet Hosmer,
from Bedford, 6/25/13

Marguerite Clifford,
from Concord, 7/8/13

Alice Brennan,
from Attleboro, 8/15/13

Priscilla Endicott,
from Harvard, 8/27/13

Sarah Broley,
from Concord, 8/13

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

The Excess Baggage Sale

The Excess Baggage Sale is a major biennial event at C-WV in which residents and their families have an opportunity to offer for sale belongings they no longer need The money raised by the sale is allocated to local, national and international charities. A furniture sale open to residents and staff is held first, followed a week later by the general sale to which the public is also invited. It is a popular event locally. This year donations left unsold were offered to Habitat for Humanity's "ReStore," a facility where people of limited means can purchase household items at minimal cost.

The Sale is a major effort. Over one hundred residents were recruited to unpack and sort the donations, deliver them to appropriate tables, set up the tables so as to entice the customers, and serve on sale days. Department heads also lent their skills and expertise to the project. It is truly a community endeavor. Expenses met by Carleton-Willard are repaid by "gifts in kind," that is, items suggested by department heads which will benefit the Village and its residents. Examples have been a large-screen TV for the nursing center, a new exercise bike for the fitness room, and a cooling cabinet for the ice cream bars at our summer barbecues. The Sale has a long history: the first in 1983 realized $325; this year we realized $23,000.

On the front cover Our daily fruit offerings at the Abbott Dining Room were enhanced by the guest appearance of a lovely flower arrangement.

Happenings

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

Employee Days

A favorite happening each May is the Employee Awards Dinner. This year fifty-eight recipients of long service awards and their families enjoyed a gourmet dinner, after which residents joined them to watch the award presentations that followed. Spirits ran high. Staff cheered and stamped and residents in attendance applauded in celebration of each employee's achievement and loyalty.

The art gallery displayed an astonishing variety of work created by our staff: acrylics, ceramics, collage, crocheting, dichroic fused glass, fungi art, photography, tole painting, and the quilting shown.

The annual company picnic for employees and their families was attended by many in spite of the heat. They enjoyed face painting, tattoos, caricatures, photos, Zumba, hula hoops, and, of course, the barbecue buffet.

Plum Island Wildlife Refuge

An off-site trip took residents to the Plum Island Wildlife Refuge on May 17 where we were greeted by blue skies, pleasant temperatures, and a display of the banding skills of experts and volunteers. Seated around a work table, we had an up close and personal encounter with newly banded migrating birds prior to their release back into the wild.

The experts held the birds in their hands and carefully reviewed identifying markers, so hard to see when trees are in full leaf, and then handed the birds to us for final release.

What a thrill to see the full colors of the many warblers, including Redstart and Black and White, and the iridescent coloring of the Ruby-throated Hummingbird, weighing less than two nickels.

Full of awe, we returned to the second floor of the Audubon Center and spotted Snowy Egrets and other shorebirds, while we munched lobster rolls—a day to remember.

Lecture and Book Signing

Richard Rosecrance, a resident who is Director of the U.S.-China Relations Project at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government presented a lively review of his new book, "The Resurgence of the West: How a Transatlantic Union can Prevent War and Restore the United States and Europe."

Stuart Grover

In Memory

Dorothy Schultes	May 20, 2013
Inez Forsythe	May 29
James Russell Marks	May 31
Barbara Moore	June 2
Barbara Crouch	June 4
William Hentschel	June 5
Hal Scheibert	July 13
Lillian H. Drury	July 26
Lucille Wasserman	July 27
Malcolm C. (Mike) Veidenheimer	July 29
Charlotte Magurn	August 2
William J. Jackson II	August 22

A Voice Heard

It sounded like an older woman's voice, "Do you know where the old Page home is?" "No, sorry, I don't," answered the busy Town Clerk at her desk. It was a quiet summer morning in 1983 in the Old Town Hall in Bedford, Massachusetts when I heard the query from my office in the Council on Aging across the hall. It was my responsibility to help older folks, and I knew the answer to the question. Thus began a morning that I very much appreciate.

The lady and her nephew were invited into my office where I could show them a map of the town. She was Dorothy Page Miller, a retired professor from California who recalled visiting her Page grandparents at their ancestral home in Bedford when she was a child. It seemed to me that octogenarian ladies (as I am now) do not usually cross a continent to possibly view a house, so I asked what brought her to Bedford.

"I have a document," she said. She explained that the document was from Colonial times, a 1737 commission from Governor Belcher of Massachusetts Bay Province commissioning John Page to be the Cornet (flag bearer) of the Tri-county Troop. The office descended through his male descendents; one of them carried the flag, now known as The Bedford Flag, to the fight at the Concord Bridge. Eventually, the commission descended to Dr. Miller's brother, but he was shot down over the English Channel during World War II. The family saved the commission document.

"Would you like to see it?" she asked. "Oh, yes, I would indeed," I replied. Her nephew brought it in from the car and laid it on my desk. (I could hardly breathe.)

I was stunned when she announced that she had an appointment with the Director of the Concord Museum in the afternoon, as she planned to give him the document.

"Do you realize," I said, "what this document means to the town of Bedford? Do you know that we have the original flag, and it is the proud symbol of our town?"

My guests had a cup of tea while I called Larry Kimball of the Historical Society. He and Mary

Hafer, Bedford Historical Curator, soon came to take them to the Bedford Library to view the original flag in its vault. I couldn't close my office but I did send my "guests" off to the Library with my little desk-top Bedford flag, a map of the town, a sample of official town stationery showing the flag on the seal, and an imprint of the seal.

I was certainly in a state that afternoon, not knowing what was happening. Later it was reported that the lady and her nephew were very impressed by the flag and the town's proud ownership. I was told she offered to give the ancient document to the Town of Bedford if the Historical Society representatives would call the Director of the Concord Museum to tell him she had changed her mind. They were very happy to make that call. The commission was given to Bedford where one may visit it in the Library's special room, home at last!

And to think that it resulted from hearing an older lady's voice.

Donna Enz Argon

Baloney Oh

To own a sandwich bush is fine,
a pleasant part of diet.
But all I ever got from mine
was liverwurst on rye. It
made me cross. I rooted up
that bush. An action balmy?
But liverwurst is worser if
you much prefer pastrami.

Edith Gilmore

Learning Fast

My great uncle, Herman Giesecke—the family called him Big Pa—was a Texas cattle rancher. As a young cowboy he had once lost two fingers in a roundup accident in which his hand got caught in a rope around the saddle horn. His ranch was not a big one, at least by Texas standards. At just over 32,000 acres it was only a thirtieth the size of the million acre King Ranch, itself the size of Rhode Island. But nevertheless Big Pa's ranch was undoubtedly unique, because it occupied all of Saint Joseph's Island, a barrier island about twenty-two miles long and averaging perhaps two miles wide, four or five miles off the Texas coast.

However this story is not about ranching but about a childhood learning experience. It must have been late summer, because my father and his friend Joe Sheldon had driven from San Antonio down to the small coastal town of Rockport to go out to St. Joe's Island for a quail hunt, bringing Joe Jr. and me along. The two of us were six or seven years old. Big Pa picked us all up in the rackety little ranch work boat.

It is my impression that in those days adults paid less attention to what children were up to. Not that we were entirely unsupervised. I'm sure we were not, but in this case the ranch hand assigned to look after us while our fathers hunted quail several miles up the island probably did not think of himself as a baby sitter. No doubt he would have considered that beneath his dignity. I suppose we were told not to go into the water but just enjoy playing on the beach, which we did. We had heard about some of the things that over the years had washed up on the sand after storms—a case of White Horse Scotch Whiskey was one that the cowhands had much appreciated—and many hollow glass balls of the kind that were once used in Japan to float fishing nets, but that I now suspect might have had something to do with Prohibition and an attempt to smuggle the scotch past the Coast Guard. However, as we ran along, Joe, Jr. and I were delighted to see, floating in the waves and washing ashore, not bottles or glass balls, but many wonderful dark blue bubbles, lots of them. We soon

found driftwood sticks and ran along the sand whacking and popping the things, a six-year-old boy's idea of a fun thing to do. It was late afternoon by the time we were called in to dinner, cooked by the ranch foreman's wife. What a nice time we had had on the beach!

But as we sat at the table both of us began to notice an intense burning sensation, starting at our feet and reaching up to our knees. And it just kept getting worse. Hearing us moan, the adults of course asked what we had been doing that afternoon. "Just running on the beach and popping those blue bubbles," we replied. Dumb kids! Those were no bubbles, we were now told. They were the most poisonous of all jelly fish, the Portuguese Man of War. "When you boys popped those things some of their stinging juice must have landed on your legs."

Neither Joe Jr. nor I got much sleep that night, but we had certainly learned something that I have never forgotten: don't mess with what you don't know about.

Craig Hill

Ode to the Fitness Team

Here's to the staff in the fitness room,
Where recumbent cross trainers and weights loom.
They teach us to exercise muscles and joints,
(And using equipment will earn us all points.)
One's biceps and tendons and latissimus dorsi
Respond as they did to one's old hobby-horsy.
We sit down and stand up and hug rubber balls,
Hope all this action staves off future falls.
So thanks to the staff as they monitor movement,
And tell us, we hope, that we're showing improvement.

Lois F. Pulliam

Book Clubs

Each book club has a unique history, distinctive reading tastes and a personality reflecting past and present members. For people in book clubs, memories of books and discussions of them accumulate over the years and become a treasured part of our lives.

Occasionally a book appears offering a club a chance to read about another, unusual, book club. In May 2008 Mary Ann Schaffer and Annie Barrow brought us the story of *The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Society*. The Society was invented early during the German occupation of Guernsey as a cover for the gathering of some friends to feast on contraband pig. When the war ended, the Londoner Juliet Ashton learned of the Society from Guernseyite Dawsey, with Charles Lamb (yes, the author of *Essays of Elia*) serving as the unknowing matchmaker. As Dawsey and Juliet slowly discover the depth of their affection, we meet members of the Society, variously heroic, clever, charming, and rustic. Eben Ramsey, the fisherman, feels that Mr. Dickens and Mr. Wordsworth "were thinking of men like me when they wrote their words. But most of all, I believe that William Shakespeare was. Mind you, I cannot always make sense of what he says, but it will come." Farmer Clovis Fossey won the widow Hubert by quoting Wordsworth to her in the moonlight. Mrs. Saussey read from her "book of cookery recipes" which "caused more tears and sorrow than anything Charles Dickens ever wrote." One could hardly imagine a more unlikely, yet loveable, collection of book club members.

While the Guernsey society was a literary invention, *The End of Your Life Book Club* was heart renderingly real. Author Will Schwalbe and his mother Mary Anne formed their two member club while waiting for her cancer treatment, when Will asked, "What are you reading?" ("A quaint question these days," mused Will. "You can no longer assume that anyone is reading anything.") Thereafter he writes, "Our life became a book club. We talked about the books and we talked about our lives." And Mary Ann, reflecting on her remarkable life, whispered, "I guess we're all in it together." Mother and son had been thirsty readers throughout their lives, she as a teacher and he in the publishing business. Wallace Stegner's *Crossing to Safety* was their first choice, centered on the lives of two couples, long-time friends, as one spouse is dying from cancer. In Jon Kabar-Zinn's *Full Catastrophic Living* they learn "you can't stop the waves but you can learn to surf." In their discussion of *The Price of Salt* by Patricia Highsmith, Mary Ann concludes, "That's one of the amazing things great books like this do—they don't just get you to see the world differently, they get you to look at the people around you differently." The book most important to Mary Ann throughout her final two years was *Daily Strength for Daily Needs* by Mary Wilder Tileston. When you finish *The End of Your Life Book Club* you will admire Mary Ann Schwalbe, and you will be grateful to Will for telling you her story.

A striking contrast to the Schwalbes' book club is that of the Queen (unnamed) and her servant Norman, as described in Alan Bennett's novella *The Uncommon Reader*. In this very British story, the Queen meets Norman when her corgis set up a terrible racket near the travelling library parked next to the palace kitchen door. As the Queen apologizes to the librarian, she discovers Norman in the van and is surprised to learn that, though a kitchen worker, he reads! She is happy to learn that she can borrow as many as six books at a time. The idea that she is free to read whatever she likes is so surprising, the Queen pursues the idea, with Norman's help, to a quite unexpected outcome. Her reading leads her to discover the satisfaction of writing, while her advisors do their best to discourage her. We keep smiling, and thinking deeply about books, to the very end of *The Uncommon Reader*.

Edwin Cox

Among Our Newest

Trains and Lovers by Alexander McCall Smith
Four strangers on a British train share stories of their personal lives and loves (*Available in both large and regular print*)

King Peggy by Peggielene Bartels and Eleanor Herman
The inspiring true story of a black American secretary, her royal destiny, and how she changed an African village

I wasn't Strong Like This When I Started Out by Lee Gutkind
Essays by 21 nurses describing their growing experience, becoming "semi-invisible, indispensable" elements in our health system

Transatlantic by Colum McCann
Tales of several dramatic flights across the ocean spanning two continents and four generations

How the Light Gets In by Louise Penny
Set in French Canada, Chief Inspector Gamache, looking for a missing quintuplet, meets a fatality at the Champlain Bridge

The Resurgence of the West by Richard Rosecrance
As in his lecture here last June, resident Dick Rosecrance argues that only the combined economic power of the west can surpass that of China

How To Be a Friend to a Friend Who Is Sick by Letty Progrebin
A guidebook with many suggestions of appropriate words and actions to help sick friends

Inferno by Dan Brown
Another global conspiracy, set this time in Florence, Italy, full of twists and turns—classic Dan Brown

Revolutionary Summer by Joseph J. Ellis
A compelling portrait of the summer of 1776 as American independence is born (*Available in both large and regular print*)

Thinking in Numbers by Daniel Tammet
The author delights in the way that numbers, fractions, and equations underpin all our lives and give them meaning

Suspect by Robert Crais
Maggie, a loveable German shepherd, and Scott, her master, were both wounded and shocked in Iran, but they work together beautifully to investigate a shooting

The Burgess Boys by Elizabeth Strout
Two brothers, both lawyers, come together in a small Maine town to defend their good-for-nothing nephew

Stonehenge by Mike Pearson
A new, authoritative understanding of the mysteries of the greatest Stone Age monument

And the Mountains Echoed by Kahled Hosseini
A new novel by Hosseini about sibling relationships in several generations, back and forth between Afghanistan and the West

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.

Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Crist, Darlene Trew	American Gargoyles
Hirayama, Hina	With Eclat

Biography

Angelou, Maya	Mom & Me & Mom (*)
Bartels, Peggielene	King Peggy
Berg, David	Run, Brother, Run
Byrne, Paula	The Real Jane Austen
Greenlaw, Linda	Lifesaving Lessons (*)
Knox, Amanda	Waiting to Be Heard
McCullough, David	Mornings on Horseback
Roach, Margaret	The Backyard Parables (*)
West, Nancy Shohet	The Experience of Our Years (*)

Computer

Muir, Nancy C.	Kindle Fire HD for Dummies
Nicoll, Leslie and Chute, Harvey	Kindle Paperwhite for Dummies
Nicoll, Leslie and Chute, Harvey	Kindle Touch for Dummies

Current Affairs

Ghattas, Kim	The Secretary
Wallis, Jim	On God's Side

Fiction

Brown, Dan	Inferno
Bryan, Christopher	Siding Star
Clark, Mary Higgins	Daddy's Gone A Hunting (*)
Coben, Harlan	Back Spin
Crais, Robert	Suspect
Delinsky, Barbara	Sweet Salt Air (*)
Fairstein, Linda	Night Watch (*)
Fowler, Therese Anne	Z: A Novel of Zelda Fitzgerald
Fowler, Therese Anne	Z: A Novel of Zelda Fitzgerald (*)
Funder, Anna	All That I Am
Gardam, Jane	Last Friends
Ginder, Grant	Driver's Education
Godwin, Gail	Flora
Grisham, John	The Confession
Hamid, Mohsin	How to Get Filthy Rich in Rising Asia
Hamill, Pete	Snow in August
Harrison, Jim	The River Swimmer (*)
Hosseini, Kahled	And the Mountains Echoed
Hosseini, Khaled	And the Mountains Echoed (*)
Karon, Jan	Light From Heaven
Le Carre, John	A Delicate Truth
LeCarre, John	A Delicate Truth (*)
Le Carre, John	Our Kind of Traitor
Leon, Donna	The Golden Egg
Lescroart, John	The Ophelia Cut (*)
MacNeal, Susan Elia	Mr. Churchill's Secretary (*)
MacNeal, Susan Elia	Princess Elizabeth's Spy
Matthews, Jason	Red Sparrow
McCann, Colum	Transatlantic
McCann, Colum	Transatlantic (*)
Messud, Claire	The Woman Upstairs
Penny, Louise	How the Light Gets In
Perry, Anne	Midnight at Marble Arch

Perry, Anne	Midnight at Marble Arch (*)
Reichs, Kathy	Monday Mourning
Rideout, Tanis	Above All Things (*)
Salter, James	All That Is
Saunders, George	Tenth of December
Scottoline, Lisa	Don't Go (*)
Smith, Alexander McCall	Trains and Lovers
Smith, Alexander McCall	Trains and Lovers (*)
Strout, Eliabeth	The Burgess Boys
Swift, Graham	Wish You Were Here

Health and Wellness

Gutkind, Lee	I Wasn't Strong Like This When I Started Out
Progrebin, Letty Cottin	How To Be a Friend to a Friend Who's Sick

History

Anthony, Carl S.	America's First Families
Carvajad, Doreen	The Forgetting River
Ellis, Joseph J.	Revolutionary Summer
Ellis, Joseph J.	Revolutionary Summer (*)
Holzer, Harold	The Civil War in 50 Objects
MacGregor, Neil	A History of the World in 100 Objects
Olson, Lynne	Those Angry Days
Pearson, Mike Parker	Stonehenge
Philbrick, Nathaniel	Bunker Hill
Philbrick, Nathaniel	Bunker Hill (*)
Stashower, Daniel	The Hour of Peril
Zuckoff, Mitchell	Frozen in Time

Miscellaneous

Armstrong, Jennifer	Mary and Lou and Rhoda And Ted (*)

Nature

Halpern, Sue	A Dog Walks into a Nursing Home
Kotler, Steven	A Small Furry Prayer
Leach, William R.	Butterfly People
White, E. B.	E. B. White on Dogs

Reference

Hachette	Concise Oxford Hachette French Dictionary

Resident Authors

Rosecrance, Richard	The Resurgence of the West
Warner, Caleb	Grant Me To Find the Task

Science

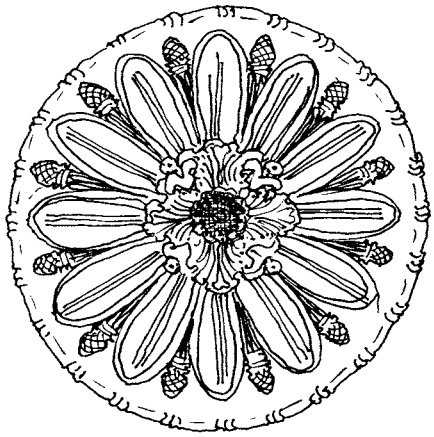
Tammet, Daniel	Thinking in Numbers

Travel

Delbanco, Nicholas	Running in Place
Heat-Moon, William Least	Here, There, Elsewhere

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff



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