



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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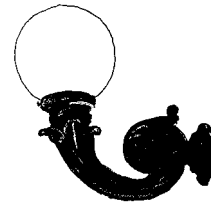
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Editor's Corner



In selecting "By Chance" as the theme for this issue, none of us could have foreseen that our indomitable editor would dramatically epitomize this theme by breaking a hip! Sadly, Jim Stockwell is no longer with us. As president of the Residents' Association, the Men's Breakfasts, a Nature group, as well as many *ad hoc* committees, he contributed greatly to the general betterment of the Village. Best of all, he loved working on the *Villager*.

During his eight years as Editor, Jim always contributed light-hearted items, and was ever ready to help others in polishing up potentially interesting articles. He also spent countless hours on the Internet searching for suitable illustrations, and checking the accuracy of variously stated facts.

Proof of his tireless efforts to prepare a worthwhile magazine, despite his failing health, is evident in Jim's *September 2014* file. It contains about seventy percent of the material that is in this issue, including *Face First*, the last item he ever wrote. My fellow board members and I are therefore pleased to publish it as the opening item in this issue, as a final tribute to Jim Stockwell – a man of many talents with many friends, who will be greatly missed by everyone at Carleton-Willard.

Mary Cowham
Assistant Editor



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Sketches – by Anne Schmalz

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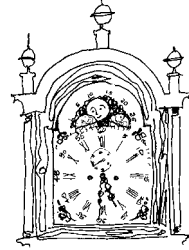
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From the Chief Executive Officer



“Look before you leap.” “Don’t leave anything to chance.” “Better to be safe than sorry.” I can remember these adages and more taught to me by ever-watchful adults.

It’s understandable, instructing a child to be cautious, to play it safe, and my lessons certainly stuck. Anyone who knows me knows I am one to carefully think things through before making a big decision. But there are times—we all have them—when doors are unexpectedly opened for us. We’re offered a glimpse of new possibilities, along with the opportunity to walk on through.

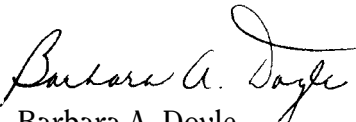
I’ve always been inspired by those who boldly struck out in a different direction, often against the howl of skeptics. Inventors, explorers, artists, giants of industry, the history books are full of them. What was their secret to success? Foresight? Destiny? Perhaps. But more, I think it may have been a matter of summoning the courage to cross the bridge between what is and what could be.

Have you ever seen accomplished jazz musicians in concert? Everyone is confident and well-rehearsed, a master of his or her instrument. And though they may be playing music a half century old—you may have heard “Take Five” or “My Funny Valentine” a thousand times before—there’s a sense that anything might happen. The apparent randomness and chance of jazz is actually a response to those opening doors. Jazz musicians are keenly aware of possibilities, the different places the music can go. So when an opportunity to explore a new direction presents itself, they fearlessly jump at the chance. No debates, no hesitation. Risky? Definitely. Exciting? Yet bet. Worth it? Absolutely!

As Alexander the Great said, “Fortune favors the bold.” I’ve written before that our Village was born at a time when the continuing care concept had not fully materialized. We had a sense of what might be and we were fortunate to have very dedicated people determined to see the process through. But in so many ways, we were in uncharted territory.

It’s how these things go. You can sit on the sidelines waiting for absolute certainty, or having prepared yourself well, you take a leap of faith.

That’s the kind of chance always worth taking.


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Face First

On a beautiful fall day several years ago I walked alone along the Perimeter Path, not a journey I would take today. After marching with care over the somewhat loose boardwalk from Southeast to Northwest, I came to a section of the dirt path covered with recently fallen brown leaves. You guessed it. I tripped on a tree root hidden under the leaves and fell flat on my face: no broken bones, no severe bruises, and no glasses. When I hit the ground my brown rimmed bifocals took off to parts unknown. Have you ever tried to find your glasses in a pile of leaves when you don't have your glasses on to do the search?

I have had years of experience on wooded paths in my pre-Carleton-Willard residences and after a fruitless search in the leaves I marked the scene of the accident with a couple of fallen branches, hoping that no other adventurous resident would come along and accidentally crush my only pair of glasses. I retraced my steps to 43 Concord Court, picked up my hand rake, and returned to the accident scene, raking all the leaves within an eight foot diameter circle into a big pile. Then came the real challenge. Down I went on my somewhat shaky knees and separated the big pile into many smaller piles and "Yes, by chance" the next to last pile furthest from my fall yielded a precious reward. With a rush of triumph I plucked the glasses from their hiding place and rose stiffly from this arduous search.

I briefly considered purchasing some orange-framed glasses for future walks in the woods, but decided instead to accept the present of an adjustable walking pole from my next door neighbor. Now my rule is to try and stay upright and bring along a companion for any further Perimeter Path excursions in the fall. I also have a backup pair of bifocals in case lightning strikes twice.

Jim Stockwell

Could We?

One of the most memorable events of my life was a two and a half month trip through the UK and Europe following graduation from Wisconsin University in 1938. In my freshman year, two of my Phi Gamma Delta fraternity brothers and I began to talk about the possibility of taking a grand tour of Europe following graduation. We talked so much about it for four years that we were determined to do it. In our senior year, a friend from another fraternity heard about it and asked if he could join us. He owned a car, we said "Yes," and ended up using his car for the transportation from Madison, Wisconsin, to New York, then through twelve countries in Europe and back to Madison. For all four of us it was the longest, most marvelous vacation of our lifetime. As it turned out, it was the last year we could have done it because of World War II.

We drove from Madison to New York and on June 24 put ourselves and auto on the Holland American Line's *Statendam*. Seven days later we landed in Plymouth, England, and began the drive to London, stopping off in Exeter on the way. From London we visited several cities on the way up to Scotland. We then went to Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and on to Venice, Florence, Rome, Genoa, Monte Carlo, Verdun and Paris, and finally came back to New York on the *Statendam*.

The entire trip cost each of us about one thousand dollars.

Shea Smith





Florence, By Chance

Unexpected adventures seem to happen when abroad, especially when one is a young and inexperienced traveler. So it was when I found myself in Florence, Italy in late afternoon with six hours to “kill” before the train to Paris. This was because I had gotten on the wrong car on the train from Venice to Paris, found myself on the way to Lake Como, and had to back track to Florence and begin again.

What to do? I remembered that I had the name and address of a friend of my mother’s: Baroness Renata Rapisardi de San Antonio. Wow! But never mind, I found the phone number and called. A nice woman answered. Yes, she remembered my mother and my grandmother. I must come to supper. Her daughter was home and she would love to have me.

A taxi took me to a Palazzo in the Old City. It was very elegant. The Baroness was charming



and her daughter was my age. After a delicious and surprisingly informal supper they insisted I go up in their tower and look at the view. The sun was setting and all of Florence could be seen. The river, the bridges, the Dome, and the city walls were spread out beautifully below us just like a postcard. I will never forget the sight.

When ready to leave, it turned out that, by chance, I could do a favor for the Baroness. She had a business. She helped ladies of her district sell their lovely Italian embroidery and she had many customers in the United States. She made

up a package for me to take home (including gifts for my family) thus saving postage and duty. I still have some of the embroidered pieces she gave me and treasure them, along with my memory of a supper in Florence.

Sue Hay

Deeply Mist

The Squog is four feet tall (and wide),
his eyes are red and glary.
His teeth are dirty pointed tusks,
he’s hideously hairy.

On foggy days he slinks behind
a handy hedge to lurk there,
until he spies a passerby,
and then he goes berserk there.

He rushes, roaring, on his prey,
in vain is all resistance.
No use are shrieks, entreaties, tears.
The Squog (with victim) disappears
far in the foggy distance.

What happens next I won’t describe.
It’s simple, but it’s gory.
You don’t believe this tale, you say?
Well, if you meet the Squog one day,
I hope you make your getaway.

And please remember to admit,
“She told a truthful story.”

Edith Gilmore



The Curved Stone Bench

“Remember to call Mrs. Littlefield the day before you pick up your eggs.”

The car hurtled east along the river toward Boston’s South Station. The late afternoon sun framed the heads of three small children in the back seat. The soothing practical advice came from our mother, looking over at father behind the wheel of our 1940 Plymouth. Traffic was heavy. Best to keep one’s eyes on the road. Good, too, for another reason. Eyes well up. It’s hard to say good-bye.

By 1944, wartime shortages of building materials and manpower had compelled father to reinvent himself from a residential architect working out of his home in Lincoln to an industrial designer crammed in a cubicle in Waltham. It wasn’t easy driving on three gallons a week, or transitioning from the poetry of light-filled living rooms and terraced gardens to the prose of designing housing for shipboard radars. Mother had finally decided to take “us chillun” (she was a Southern lady and “us,” the kids in the back seat, my identical twin sisters and me), out of father’s hair to her parent’s home in southwest Georgia. I don’t remember, if I ever did know, how long we would be in Cairo. ’Til the end of the war? Who knew when that’d be? Mother would decide when to leave and return to Lincoln, a decision typically drawn from deep intuitive wells. We would go when it was time.

A nine-year-old, much less his seven-year-old sisters, might not recall a parental embrace, but he savors still the image of the old train easing around a curve just south of Washington, DC., and through a streaked window, the George Washington Masonic Memorial Tower in the mauve dawn, a conjured talisman of good tidings for the uncertain times ahead.

The Atlantic Coast Line ended at Savannah. To continue on to Cairo, one hopped on the Montgomery local to emerge three hours later onto a bright, dusty railroad platform intersecting the main street of court house, movie theater, barber shop, and two traffic lights. But the schedules of the two trains were not coordinated. Confronting mother, in other words, was a six-

hour layover in an unknown city, six hours to kill with three young children. What to do?

I remember two things she did. Somehow she found a movie theater. Eyes glazed over, we watched “Kansas City Kittie,” with (since you asked) screen immortals Joan Davis and Bob Crosby. Coming out from under the marquee, blinking in fierce sun, we crossed the street and went deeper into Savannah, with its checkerboard park squares, distinctive statuary, manicured gardens, and historical architecture.

We walked into our first park. A large stone bench faced the green. We slipped from mother’s hand and raced over to it. We devised a circuit where us kids would run along the seat of the bench, up the curvy left arm, along the raised back, down the ornate right arm, and back along the seat. Again. Again. Again. I like to think mother smiled, sighed, relaxed. Perhaps she sat down on the bench if there were room. I do think our new granular friend had gestured to us to come and play.

Out of breath we boarded the Cairo train. Grandma was there to meet us on the platform. I remember Mellie Powell Jones hugging Lucretia, her youngest daughter of five children, the one who ventured north to join her brother studying at Harvard, later to meet and marry his friend. (“Lucretia, honey, I’d like you to meet Herb Hoover.”)

It turned out we were just four months in Cairo. The war was by no means over when we returned to Boston. I like to think that our mother, who dearly loved her parents, and who loved coming back to Cairo, had had all she could reasonably take of the circumscribed, confined and immutable life of a South Georgia town. Granddaddy was a gentle man. But he could also, at rare times, assume the disturbing and unprepared-for persona of a curmudgeonly Confederate. His face darkened if one of us innocently let issue “one of them Yankee songs” from class or playground. It was the face of one who had carried water to butternut-clad troops behind the lines of the Civil War (or at Granddaddy’s insistence, “The War Between the States”). It was the face of a Sherman-hater, all of ten years old when Lincoln was assassinated.



At dawn, while we slept in Grandma's home, the itinerant Methodist minister and pecan farmer would quietly scuttle coal from the pile behind the barn over to the little glowing stove by the kitchen, loosening the chill from the early-morning rooms. Grandma would soon be churning - thump, thump - butter out on the back porch.

But mother also thought of her children. We liked Cairo, while uncomfortable with its differences, worlds away from Lincoln. We felt the warmth of our grandparents' home, a house so close to other houses, all of them set primly back from the slow-moving two narrow lanes of North Broad Street. Mom's older sister, Aunt Margaret, lived next door, her playful brood of cousins leavening our nagging discomfort. We walked a mile to school, never seeing the "black" school across town. We weren't allowed to play on Sunday. We couldn't change clothes after church. Some kids went barefoot to school. You drank water from a certain fountain, not that one.

Most importantly, mother kept her own counsel. That wasn't our father sitting over there on the squeaking porch swing reading the *Cairo Messenger*. He was 1,300 miles away. A wonderful parent with three chillun to watch, to entertain, explain, correct and comfort, all without her spouse and life-comfort, she bore her mighty task with resource and resilience, imagination and bravery as she guided, nurtured and loved us.

It was time.

Sixty-two years later. A lovely spring day. We stop in Savannah on the way to Ponte Vedra. Our dear Cairo cousin has a small white house in north Florida with green shutters and a breezy porch. Maggie's the only one left of my mother's extended southern family, which is one reason we've kept closely in touch. We love Maggie. Her southern drawl flows like honey into a deep pool of memory, where our mother and her friends still smile broadly, holding mimosas, and walk across the room with outstretched plates of local pecans.

We'll make Ponte Vedra tomorrow by sunset. Meanwhile, my sisters and I and their spouses

will explore the city. It's early. Here's hiccuping cobblestone streets, sun-mellowed façades graced with grillwork, Spanish moss oozing from bowing oaks. Tracks from forgotten streetcars. Lichened statuary strutting in dappled parks.

A jaunt to River Street is a must, the old slave quarter, gentrified with galleries and gelato, teeming with tourists. We grab a packed lunch and wander back to one of the city's twenty or so park squares. We look about for some shade to eat our lunch, walk over and sit down. We unpack. I remain standing.

Eyes look up at me. "Do you remember long ago, when My voice trails off, my question hanging. The lunch wrappings are off, goodies passed around. City noise. No one hears me. "I'm going to explore a bit, skip lunch. I'll be back in, um, twenty minutes."

The first square I come to is a little bit neater, greener. I look around. I don't go too far afield, lose my way back. Waste time. One more square. That's it. If nothing, turn back.

I cross the street. I pass through a low hedge neatly clipped, walk into the park. Oglethorpe's on the pedestal. Founder of Georgia. I know. Sweep the square. A squirrel runs, stands on haunches, expectant. Man walks a bicycle. Turn the corner. Now on the far side. Keep going. One more leg. Okay. Have to return. Round a tree.

The form is grayish, stony. Two people, a large woman and a young girl, sit on the far end. My feet move. But my body seems oddly still. Like being carried forward, upright. Eyes fixed. Narrowing.

By chance....

After a minute or so, the two women slowly rise, walk off. I close in. Slowly, gently, I run my hand over the arm's ornamental ridges rising, curving and then falling in their little rounded journey of completeness. I lift a foot to walk along the seat. But I choose not to. Don't do that. I wouldn't make it up the raised back, then over and down.

Mom. We loved you, too, very much.

Harry Hoover



Welcome New Residents

Dorothy Hart Rand,
from Westford, 5/2/14

Antoinette Neal,
from Waltham, 5/2/14

Donna Mary Kaye,
from Littleton, 5/6/14

Jacqueline Berwick,
from Bedford, 5/16/14

George Herlihy,
from Arlington, 5/20/14

Joan Stockard,
from Lexington, 6/4/14

Anne Ash,
from Concord, 6/10/14

Lillian Finer,
from Bedford, 6/12/14

Ruth Nilssen,
from Newton, 6/24/14

Virginia Wood,
from Walpole, 6/25/14

Sandy and Glee Wieland,
from Concord, 6/27/14

Edward and Leslie Lowry
from Bedford, 7/17/14

At Your Service

The date was Wednesday, November 29, 1944. I was twenty-two and my wedding was planned for Friday, December 1, at a fighter base in Louisiana. Bus and train reservations were not available and gas rationing ruled out driving. I stood in the ticket line at Grand Central Station in New York City and was told that there was only one seat on the single train to New Orleans and it was a deluxe drawing room with private bath. The price took all but one dollar in my wallet. I wrote a telegram to my Dad, gave the porter my last dollar, and got on the train which was due in New Orleans at midnight on Thursday.

I ate my half package of Lifesavers and finally walked through the train, crowded with service guys. All of a sudden I recognized a face. There, by chance, was Barry, an old boyfriend, on his way to his base in Charleston, South Carolina. He bought me dinner and breakfast. By the time the conductor came through the dining car he had a money order from my Dad. Wow! At midnight Thursday we got to New Orleans and I boarded another train jammed with soldiers—most of them pretty drunk. (That was usual in those days). I sat with a lone lieutenant with his leg in a cast who had a bottle of whiskey and he cried for the entire five hour trip. He was the only survivor of his last mission.

I finally arrived on Friday and only a little late for my wedding.

Louise Curtis

A Telephone Memoir

In the late 1930's I lived at a fraternity house on Beacon Street while I was a student at MIT. One day an alumnus (of the Prohibition era) came by and we chatted and I showed him around the house. We had one pay phone in the basement boiler room and there were many telephone numbers that the brothers had scrawled on the wall by the phone. When the alumnus took a close look at the numbers he delightedly pointed to a particular number and explained to me that that was the number of their bootlegger.

Bill Stern











Other Lights

John McConnell, architect, painter and teacher, brought us a provocative talk on “Other Lights: Alternatives to Impressionism in 19th Century American Painting.” In a richly illustrated presentation, he described such schools of painting as the Hudson River (Cole, Durand, Church), Luminism (Gifford Heade, Kensett), and Tonalism (Inness, Harrison, Gifford). In contrast to the impressionists, these painters developed alternative ways of capturing the effects of light and atmosphere on canvas, often a more spiritual way. We have a new appreciation for these artists, and will look at their works with fresh eyes in the future.

Kess Trio

On an early spring evening we were treated to a concert by three sisters, Katrina, Emilia, and Simonida Spasojevic. Using their initials, they have named their group the Kess Trio. All play the piano, while each also plays a second instrument – violin, cello, or flute. Their program included works by Vivaldi, Bach, Haydn, Boccherini, and Beethoven. They spoke briefly about the pieces they performed, and their choice of instrument. Natives of Serbia, the sisters live nearby with their parents and study at the Indian Hill Music School in Littleton. The audience found them charming and remarkably talented young ladies aged thirteen, ten and eight!

Trexler Garden Tour

On a moist, overcast day in May, a group of gardeners and nature lovers visited the garden of John Trexler, a nationally recognized horticulturist and creator of the nearby Tower Hill Botanic Garden, in Boylston. For his own garden, Mr. Trexler blended flowering shrubs, tall but narrow deciduous trees and conifers, sculpture, and water features into a delightful acre of private beauty. Many were rare or exotic specimens gathered from around the world, but suited to the New England climate. We admired Mr. Trexler’s collection of bonsai, especially one growing in moss surrounding a rock.

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

Emerald Necklace

Residents enjoyed a tour of Boston’s Emerald Necklace on a beautiful summer day. Designed by the noted landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted, the Necklace is a series of waterways and green spaces, including the Fens, Riverway, Olmsted Park, Jamaica Pond, Arnold Arboretum and Franklin Park. A highlight was a short walk through Kelleher Rose Garden in the Fens. After lunch at Doyle’s Café in Forest Hills, famous as a gathering place of Boston politicians, and for the debut of Sam Adams beer, we continued our ride on Columbia Road through Dorchester and along the shore of Dorchester Bay to the end of the Necklace at Pleasure Bay.



Solar Winds

On a delightful spring evening we enjoyed an all-French concert by the Solar Winds. Self-described as a “traditional woodwind quintet,” the members played flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn. The group, all active performers and teachers in the Boston area, performed works by Poulenc, Ibert, Bozza, and Milhaud. The composers were contemporaries, all working in the early and mid-twentieth century, with their work showing many signs common to the music of the period. In the concluding work, the winds were joined by the piano in a rousing sextet by Poulenc.



Happenings

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

Borneo

Photojournalist Barry Pell took us to one of the world's most mysterious places—BORNEO. His pictures revealed a collage of lush jungles, muddy rivers, resplendent temples, tattooed men, shawled women, rare orchids and bizarre wildlife. His commentary was rich in historic details, native customs and ethnic diversity, and remarks about the island's amazing abundance of plant and animal life. Borneo's average annual rainfall exceeds one hundred inches. Headhunting has all but ceased on the island. The "wild man of Borneo" is actually the orangutan or "the man of the forest" in the native tongue. While Borneo is losing its historic ethnicity and natural environment due to industrial development and human migrations, it remains one of the most exotic places in the world.

Southern Rail Concert

On a warm summer evening an enthusiastic crowd was treated to a concert of Blue Grass music by the Southern Rail. This quartet has found fame among lovers of this 'down home' music and won many awards and rave reviews for their renditions of old favorites as well as original songs. Jim Muller, the lead guitar and vocalist, added to everyone's appreciation with his references to the work of Bill Monroe and other composers. He is joined in Southern Rail by his wife, Sharon Horovitch, on bass; Richard Stillman on banjo; and John Tibert on mandolin. The group blended their voices as well as immense instrumental skills in taking us to the land of the Blue Grass for a foot-stomping good time.

World War II Museum

Residents, including many who took an active part in the war, visited the World War II Museum in Natick. This museum, the most comprehensive in the world, displays artifacts from the war, including maps, correspondence, official documents, weapons, uniforms, posters, communication equipment, and munitions. We heard the recorded words of world leaders as we read letters and documents signed by Churchill, Roosevelt, Hitler, Stalin, and more. Memories were stirred and fear and anger aroused once again. Fortunately, we relaxed over lunch.



Boston's Three Parks

Residents were treated to a first-hand account of the history of three of Boston's most important public spaces, when Henry Lee was our guest. Marshlands were turned into the Boston Common beginning in 1684 when Boston took possession of the forty-three acres abutting the Charles River Basin. After serving as a training ground for militia and an event site for about one hundred years, the State House was added and the Common flourished as a location for celebration and relaxation. Unfortunately, neglect turned the area into a trash and crime site by the 1940's. Henry Lee began enlisting cooperation from abutting neighbors to police the site. Under his direction the Friends of the Public Gardens now finance most of the upkeep costs and restoration of the statues for the Common, the Boston Public Garden, and the Commonwealth Avenue Mall, and are advocates for their continued preservation.

Edwin Cox



Chance Encounter

Soon after my husband, Gordon, retired from *The Boston Globe* he was recruited to write a history of the Gillette Company to be published by the Harvard Business School Press. He greatly enjoyed researching and writing that book which he titled “Cutting Edge: Gillette’s Journey to Global Leadership.”

While researching the book he traveled to several different countries where Gillette had sales and production facilities. One of his trips was to South America: Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, and Manus. To my great joy I got to go along.

It was in Buenos Aires, a beautiful city, that this story takes place. We had been invited to dinner with some officials of the Gillette operations there. At first I felt a bit awkward since no other wives were along, but the men were most congenial and put me at ease. One man was especially interesting to talk to and told us that his parents had emigrated from Italy to Argentina following World War II. A close-knit family, he told us, he and his siblings often gathered at his parents’ home for Italian food and talk.

Later on the same man asked us where we lived in the Boston area and when we told him Lexington he said, “Oh, we lived at Fiske Common for several months. Gillette owns a condominium there.” This wasn’t too surprising to learn since Gordon had told me that Gillette employees from around the world were brought to Boston for management training. Fiske Common is a lovely Lexington condominium area where some current Carleton-Willard residents once lived.

“Funny thing happened while we were in Lexington,” he continued. “My wife and I invited my parents to come for a visit, but my mom wasn’t feeling too well so my dad came alone. While here he usually accompanied my wife on her errands. One day they went to a dry cleaner. While my wife was waiting for her order, an older lady who had been sitting in the back of the shop came forward and started addressing my dad in Italian, asking him where he came from. He told

her the name of his small Italian village and then started to laugh as she told him she had been his childhood girlfriend in that town. She recognized him, she said, because he looked so much like his father when they were both children.” There followed many laughs and introductions to each others’ families.

I loved that story of a chance encounter after so many diversions around the world, but I have to admit that I secretly thought, “I bet his wife goes along on any more trips he takes.”

Peggy McKibben



The Freedom of the Sparrows

On the many occasions my husband and I went to Bermuda we always stayed at Cambridge Beaches in Somerset, a lovely spot on the turquoise water. Of the memories I have, one frequently occurs. That was the freedom of the sparrows to fly in and out of the open-sided dining room, alighting on tables to scavenge whatever tidbit appealed, with no timidity of people. At one point this brought out the poet in me.

A sparrow from Somerset skies
with an insatiable yen for French fries
on a table did perch,
the white cloth did besmirch,
and left without a goodbye.
A Somerset sparrow will fly
twenty miles for a tasty French fry.
If he hops up to grab it
don’t hinder his habit
lest he ruin your strawberry pie.

Mary E. O’Meara



For Want of a Roommate

(A Variation on a Theme*)

Recently I received an email from my son, David, in which he reported on the delightful reunion he had with his college roommate, Bill. They had not seen each other for many years. They reminisced on how they met and became roommates their sophomore year. Through chance, that ultimately led to David meeting and marrying Ruth. This is the chain of events that led to a happier version of the well-known saying cited below.

In his freshman year David met Bill through Jay, an elementary school classmate, friend and fellow freshman; Bill was one of Jay's roommates; Bill and David decided to room together the next year; Bill enjoyed playing pinball machines in the basement of his freshman dorm with another classmate, Chad; through Bill, Chad and David met and became good friends, a friendship which has continued to this day. Many years later Chad and his wife decided to introduce her good friend, Ruth, to David. Ruth and David have been happily married for many years – all for the want of a sophomore roommate.

Hearing Bill's name brought back many memories for me. Of course, he came to our home with David, especially for special occasions. He rarely returned to his family in Hong Kong while an undergraduate, nor did his family visit him. When graduation time came, they did the next best thing. They had Bill order a genuine Chinese banquet at Joyce Chen's, a popular Chinese restaurant on the Charles River in Cambridge, and invite all six Brauns. That was a memorable experience! It took many hours to enjoy an endless array of courses of delicious food, although some of the dishes were a bit too exotic for some of us.

I have Bill to thank for that special memory, and especially for a wonderful daughter-in-law, all for the want of a sophomore roommate.

Esther K. Braun

**For want of a nail the shoe was lost...*

By Chance

Moving to a new town in a new state is a challenge. Starting over presents many new opportunities. It pushes shyness and reticence aside if one is to integrate into the new community. One such opportunity occurred when we moved to a condo in Clinton, Massachusetts years ago. We knew no one and were unfamiliar with the town and its people. Where to begin?

Our first thought was to seek out the senior center and the telephone book supplied the address. We located the center by slowly driving down the main street. When we entered the building it was clear that its shabby appearance needed some remedial work. At that time funds were not available for any type of interior decorating, and so began an incredible project that changed the lives of many people simply by chance.

Where to begin and what to do? Almost every town has a school system and Clinton was no exception. Each school system has an art department and a call to the Superintendent of Schools elicited his approval of the project. With an introduction to the staff member responsible for art efforts within the high school the project was off to a good start. So was a lifelong friendship with the Superintendent.

The walls of the senior center could not be painted, but the youngsters could paint murals that would decorate the walls and accomplish the same result. While the immediate answer was "Yes," I was not prepared for the students thinking they needed to do travel poster-like pictures. "Do you want us to do the Eiffel Tower?" one student asked. "No, look about your beautiful town: the incredible public park, the building built here years ago by the mill owners and kept in good condition, and the Wachusett Reservoir and its stone dam. These are all worthy subjects."

The kids did their part and the pictures were beautiful. I was unprepared but delighted after the project was complete to have some of the artists stop me in the street and ask if I was the lady who had given them such an opportunity to solve a problem, all by chance.

Ara Tyler



Teenage Mountain Adventure

Recently I came across an April 1966 *American Heritage* magazine that had a story that triggered memories of an adventure from my days at an aircraft technical school I attended in Los Angeles just after I graduated from high school. The article was about old streetcar lines that were extended into remote areas for extra revenue in the 1890s. Amusement parks were one of the most popular destinations and many streetcar companies had an “Electric Park” or other attractions. Pacific Electric was one of several companies described. It developed several surprising California destinations including the world’s largest bathhouse and salt water plunge at Redondo Beach, and an auto race track near Playa del Ray. But, according to the article, “Its great tourist attraction was the famed Mt. Lowe Line originally built in 1893 by Professor Thaddeus S.C. Lowe, the Civil War balloonist.”



The Mt. Lowe Line carried riders from Los Angeles up into Rubio canyon in the mountains above Pasadena to a hotel, dance hall, and refreshment stand. Continuing on, the Great Cable incline carried them to the top of Echo Mountain where two additional hotels, hiking trails, bridle paths, a zoo, a museum, and an observatory were located. As if that wasn’t enough, a narrow gauge “Alpine Division” carried the excursionists through spectacular mountain scenery to Mt. Lowe Springs where yet another hotel was built eleven hundred feet below the summit of the mountain. The

narrow gauge track wound through one hundred and twenty-seven curves in four miles and crossed eighteen trestles, one of which was almost a complete circle. The Line operated for over forty years but a series of fires, windstorms, and landslides eventually destroyed all of it.

That is the territory where my adventure occurred when I was a student in 1940. An Army aircraft had recently crashed in the mountains near the Pacific Electric Line. The newspapers reported that there was a trail to the crash site marked with ribbons and the remains were covered with brush to conceal the plane. A couple of friends and I decided it would be fun and profitable to go to the site and try to salvage instruments from the plane.

We left early one sunny day and found the cable railway and the trail, but we soon lost the trail as the ribbons had been removed. We climbed over ledges up the mountain, wondering if rattlesnakes were sunning themselves on the handholds above our heads. Soon we came to the site of the narrow gauge railroad. We found some men there with an old Chevy truck attempting to salvage old transformers from abandoned railroad equipment. They were continuing on to one of the old hotel sites and we asked to go along. They agreed to take us but only on condition that if anything happened to us they would deny saying “Yes” to our request. That didn’t stop us.

We started off and reached the circular trestle which was built out from the side of the cliff with nothing below. Some of the men took a shortcut around the trestle and we soon realized why. The truck had dual wheels and the outer dual wheel was off the trestle, hanging in space. We soon came to another washed out trestle, replaced by two old telegraph poles laid across the space with planks on top. We all walked this one. We also realized why the truck cab door had been removed—so that the driver could jump out if necessary. We spent time at the burned out hotel at the end of the line and had lunch. We never found the crash site. On the way back the truck bucked and stalled and had to be restarted to keep going. We thanked the truck crew and left them at the top end of the cable car track.



Back at the forty-five degree slope of the cable track we tried skating down the incline on the crushed rock ballast in which the ties were laid, but quickly discovered that our shoes were being shredded and would not last for the rest of the trip. I remembered a story of people sliding down Mt. Washington Cog Railroad on planks. We put old ties across the cable tracks and slid down, kicking the embedded ties to slow our descent. All went well until we got to a trestle where the ties were three feet apart and we were moving at almost uncontrollable speed. Somehow we finally managed to slow down and we got back safely to the area where we had parked our car. I found out later that the “plank” used on the Mt. Washington railroad was really a well made sled with a brake. It rode on greased planks astride the linear track on which the cog wheel of the engine engaged.

We did not manage to salvage anything, but we all lived to tell about our mountain adventure—over and over again.

Bob Sawyer

Home Invasion

It must have happened during that cold snap in mid-May. A surreptitious entry into our dining room took place, unnoticed by the two people in residence or, as far as we could tell, the resident cat and dog. A few weeks later, behind the semi-transparent curtain at the patio door, a shadowy presence was perceived. A lifting of the curtain revealed an individual of the species which we have been battling to keep from taking over the entire surface of the patio, namely, English ivy. This little ivy plant had apparently drilled through the floor and insinuated its tendrils through the fibers of the rug.

At first, immobilized by shock and awe, we did nothing. When we considered our options, we couldn't decide who to turn to for help. Security? Landscaping? Housekeeping? We continued to do nothing, but observed with interest and curiosity.

By the time little Miss Ivy had reached yard-long stature by growing about four inches a

week, she had touched our hearts with her valiant journey down “a road less traveled.”

We are impressed by her independence. She doesn't rely on us for food or water. We do arrange the curtain so that she can bask in the

morning sun. We are now considering asking the Woodworking Shop to custom-tailor a little trellis so she can avoid being stepped on by the cat.



Janet Kennedy



<i>In Memory</i>	
Maria Shaheen	June 3, 2014
Joan Reddy	June 4
Elizabeth Allenson	June 7
Hazel Palmer	June 22
Manuel E. Lopez	July 3
James I. Stockwell	July 14
Ralph R. Ragan	July 15
F. Sheppard Holt	July 19
Katharine Lawrence	July 30



Backyard Insurrection

Since my arrival in 2008 I have enjoyed a peaceable coexistence with backyard wild-life. I'll go beyond that and admit that I am especially fond of chipmunks. I eat an excessive number of cherries since being told how much they like the stones. Judging by the number of "doors" around the perimeter of my patio, I think they must have built a Brady/Bundchen style estate beneath.

More controversial is my affection for the grey squirrels, not shared by more discriminating folk. Yes, I realize they are rodents, greedy and destructive but I admire their problem-solving approach to life and their persistence. My admiration may be bolstered by the fact that they have yet to get into my bird feeder. One attractive fat fellow sits on his haunches at the back door, nose to glass, eyeing my dog inside, also nose to glass, till one of them stares the other down. Each walks away, assuming an enviable insouciance. On only a few occasions, have I had a visitation from a sleek and shadowy black squirrel.

This spring, disruption! I first noticed the arrival of a charming little red squirrel taking a nibble at the fallen seed and felt as pleased as if I'd been awarded a Michelin star. Occasionally he brought a companion though clearly he thought of himself as *numero uno*. Then today his true purpose was revealed: a takeover. When Grey attempted to join him at table, much smaller Red drove him off and continued munching, keeping a victorious beady eye on the vanquished Grey who sat a few feet away, his front paws folded across his white belly. Two cheeky chipmunks came to have a look but skittered away at great speed. In sole possession, Red appeared to stuff himself for many minutes till he lay on the grass, rotund and still. I opened the door and yelled that he was a greedy grinch which sent him flying up a nearby tree.

I'd like to know what interventions might be appropriate. "Boots on the ground" isn't an option; what sanctions might be effective? I don't think I have the requisite skills for mediation.

Please advise.

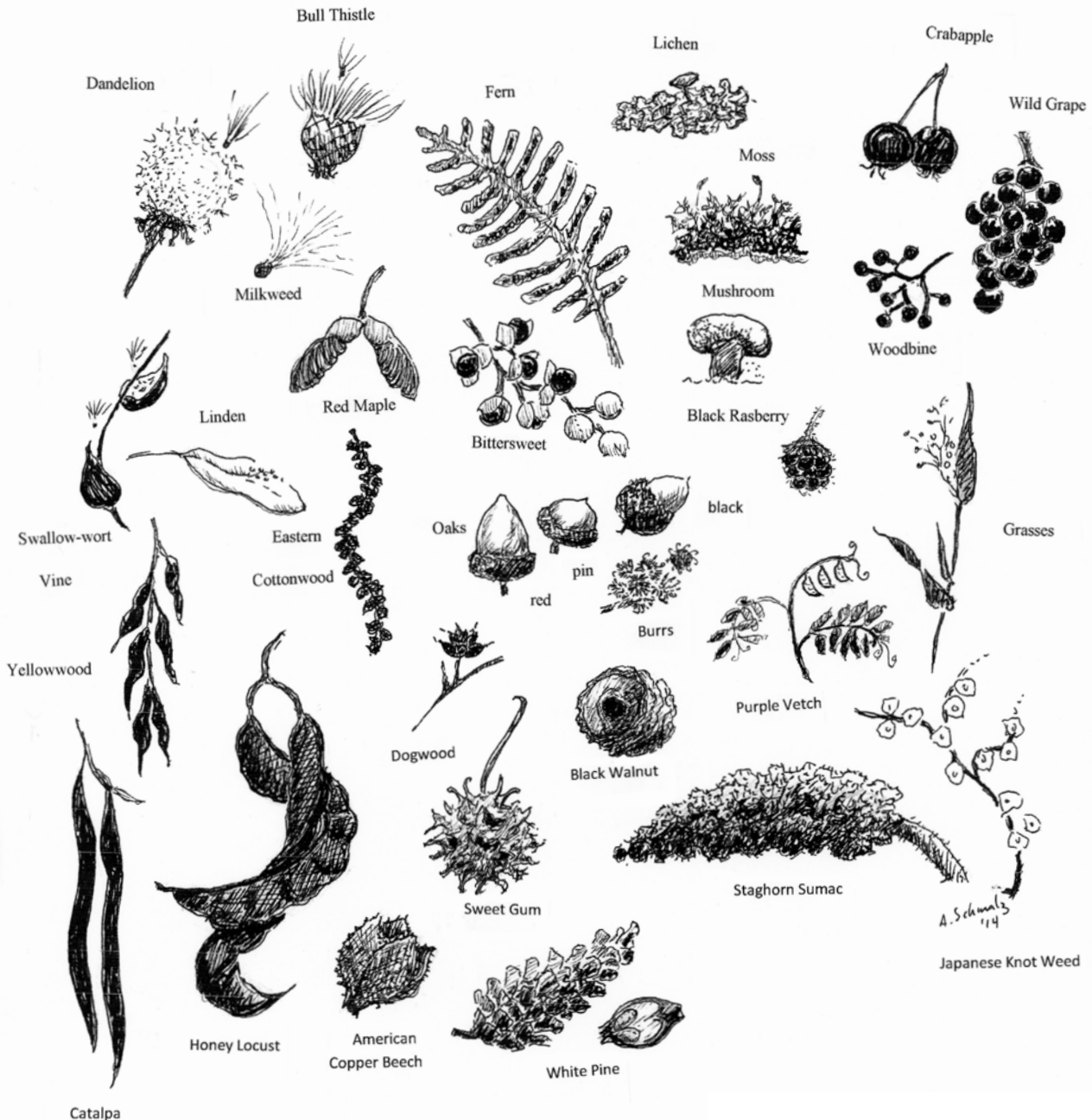
Alice Morrish



GOING TO SEED AT CARLTON-WILLARD

The drive to reproduce governs much about plant behavior during the growing season. By Fall here most plants have produced spores or seeds. The variety of ways and means of dispersal is staggering. What is shown here are just a few examples you may see as you walk around.

Anne Schmalz



Most plants way overproduce as the chances of actually falling on fertile soil and germinating are slight.

Note: Obviously, no attempt has been made to draw to scale.



The Black Hole

No doubt you are familiar with the words in the title above, from articles such as the one in a recent National Geographic magazine which promised on the cover “The Truth About Black Holes,” or from “The Black Hole of Calcutta,” a phrase that refers to a place where a British regiment in India was slaughtered by suffocation when all its men were imprisoned in 1857.

My personal Black Hole is a mysterious and a powerful reality; something like the tide in an ocean which moves restlessly in and out of my life. It picks up things when I lose them and takes them far away for a time. Then magically, in its own inexorable tidal way, it returns them to a totally unlikely spot. The Black Hole has the amazing capacity to both take away and give back. Would that we human beings were as able to give and take as readily as my Black Hole. I am really glad that this secret force has been revealed to me because it has become something of a comfort, a reassurance to me in my old age that I don't have to fret about losses which I know are going to be temporary.

The Black Hole has worked to my advantage recently. Besides rising and falling like the tide, it adapts itself to different kinds of spaces. It can sneak into your house, reach for objects long lost under a bed, or focus its power so minutely as to creep into your wallet and drift away with the receipt that you know was in there when you left CVS. The Black Hole seems to love the varied pockets of a lady's modern handbag, or the folds of a raincoat, and it travels in your car wherever you go. Hence, the Black Hole can remove the gloves you know you've put in a raincoat pocket. When a search of the pocket fails, and you have looked everywhere the gloves might be, you stop at the reception desk to report their loss, and check if they've turned up. Back in your apartment you find the gloves lying neatly in front of your car, or on the carpet inside your door. The alarm is over. The Black Hole has graciously returned the gloves to your safe keeping.

A stunning example of the generous reciprocity of the Black Hole was the time I lost my

glasses. I searched the house, got out the backup glasses (that are the wrong prescription for me these days), cased the Carleton-Willard library, the message center, and of course the front desk, only to find the glasses lying neatly folded on the floor at the foot of my bed. The beloved Black Hole had both taken and returned, and I was truly grateful as the backup glasses gave me a headache.

I lost my driver's license recently. Not because of any infraction of traffic rules, but because my wallet was too fat for my evening purse. So, wanting to be law abiding, I whisked the license, a few bucks, and a credit card out of the wallet and left it on the hall table. Fast forward a few hours to the end of the evening when I reached into the fancy purse to restore the credit card, cash and, presumably, the license to the wallet. I couldn't find my license. I looked in every pocket, under the car, on the floor, on the hall table, and every nook in my unit, and I even found out how to get to the nearest Registry of Motor Vehicles. I rested on the Sabbath, praying that the license would surface.

A day later I happened to glance at a bowl full of old Christmas cards on a shelf in my living room. There I found my face in the plastic sheen of my license, looking up tentatively, and I realized once again that the lost had been found. How else could it have been returned without the intervention of the Black Hole, an entity with a mind of its own, returning the lost in its own time, reassuring me that as the tide goes out, it also comes in and bears treasures in its wake?

Neela Zinsser



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

The Life Cycle of a Book in the CWV Library

We receive many questions about our work in the Carleton-Willard Village library. How do we choose books? Do we accept donations? How do we track circulation? How do we know when it is time to remove a book from the collection? What do we do with the books that we remove? Here are the answers.

Choosing books

The members of the Library Committee meet once a month to choose new regular print books. Each member of the committee presents two books for consideration, after reading a variety of book reviews. We choose an average of sixteen books, balanced between fiction and non-fiction, and we agree to preview any books about which we are uncertain. We order the books from Amazon. A small sub-committee is responsible for choosing seven large print books each month. They are ordered from Cengage Learning. Another small sub-committee reviews any possible donations. Donated books must be current and should have appeal for our residents. They must be in good condition, with not too many pages and with print that is not too small. Approximately thirty books are added to the collection every month. As they arrive, volunteers process them, type the catalog cards and add the titles to the computer catalog. They are then placed on the shelves of NEW books.

Shelf life

Books remain on the NEW book shelves for six months. They are then transferred to the regular shelves of fiction and non-fiction. This process results in the addition of over three hundred books over the course of a year. The shelves fill up and we begin to run out of room. Then it is time to “weed” the collection.

Weeding

Throughout the year a team of volunteers enters the circulation of books into the library computer. Every May a report is printed showing the book circulation over a three year period, one report for regular print books and a second report for large print books. Then the members of the library committee get to work. Each committee member is responsible for one section of the collection. Every book is checked against the three-year circulation report. If it has not been taken out during the last three years it is a candidate for removal. Torn book jackets are removed to make the shelves neater and more attractive, and all books are checked to see if they need mending. Removal decisions are very subjective. It is important that we offer a wide variety of reading materials: new books and classics; light reading and informational reading; current affairs, biography and history; art, poetry and drama; nature, science, travel, sports, computer information, reference, and even humor. Once removals have been chosen, the catalog cards are removed from the card catalog and the books are deleted from the computer catalog.

The final step

Many of the regular print books that we remove go downstairs to the staff room, where they are eagerly awaited, and the staff is invited to help themselves. The large print books are taken to the Health Center and put into the library on Willard Hall. Books are also taken to the Bedford Public Library and to the Bedford Council on Aging. Every book finds a new home. By the end of every summer, over three hundred books have been removed. The shelves now have some “breathing room” and another year in the Carleton-Willard library is ready to begin. We are very proud of our library, and our thirty volunteers work hard to keep it neat and attractive, full of wonderful reading opportunities.

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

The Gardener of Versailles by Alain Baraton
A poetic history of the gardens of Versailles told in a memoir by the gardener-in-chief.

The Map Thief by Michael Blanding
The story of a rare-map dealer who made millions stealing priceless maps.

Missing Microbes by Martin V. Blaser, M.D.
A critically important and startling look at the harmful effects of overusing antibiotics from the field's leading expert.

American Spring by Walter Borneman
A vibrant new look at the first months of the American Revolution.

All the Light We Cannot See by Anthony Doerr
A moving novel of the parallel lives of a German boy of extraordinary technological ability and a sightless French girl during the Nazi occupation of Paris. Their lives intersect during the allied liberation of France in the summer of 1944.

Reinventing American Health Care
By Ezekiel J. Emanuel, M.D.
A look at the past and the present of health care in the United States, with predictions of important changes.

The Silkworm by Robert Galbraith
A novelist has disappeared and private investigator Strike is called in to investigate.

The Widow's Handbook
Edited by Jacqueline Lapidus and Lise Menn
An anthology of poetic reflections on grief and survival by contemporary widows.

The Reef by Iain McCalman
A history of the Great Barrier Reef and a call to action to prevent its vanishing.

The Bees by Laline Paull
A novel of the activities within a beehive, told by an unattractive bee who is given the hive jobs that the other bees do not want to do.

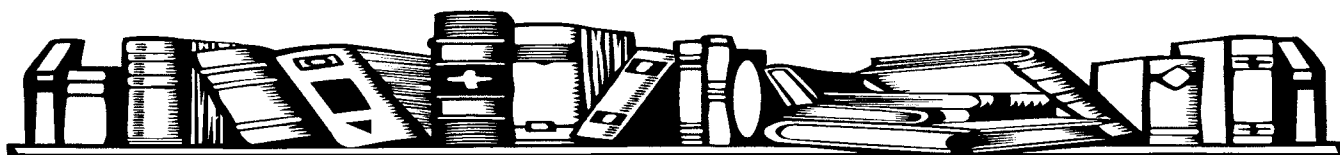
Capital in the 21st Century by Thomas Piketty
A presentation of the long term evolution of inequality, the concentration of wealth and the prospects for economic growth.

The Story of the Jews by Simon Schama
The author traces the experience of the Jewish people across three millennia, from their beginnings as an ancient tribal people to the opening of the New World in 1492.

Mr. Owita's Guide to Gardening by Carol Wall
A memoir by a woman, at a crossroads in her life, who notices a dark skinned African man tending her neighbor's yard and garden. His work for her changes her life.

A Fighting Chance by Elizabeth Warren
An unlikely political star tells the inspiring story of the two decade journey that taught her how Washington really works and really doesn't.

Katherine F. Graff



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Park, Edwards Treasures of the Smithsonian

Biography

Bird, Kai The Good Spy

Bird, Kai The Good Spy (*)

Brokaw, Tom An Album of Memories

Chang, Jung Empress Dowager Cixi

Dees, Morris A Lawyer's Journey

Dolma, Kunsang A Hundred Thousand White
Stones

Dudgeon, Piers Maeve Binchy

Eaton, Rebecca Making Masterpiece (*)

Ehrenreich, Barbara Living With a Wild God

Ferris, William The Storied South

Johnson, Paul Mozart (*)

Lively, Penelope Dancing Fish and
Ammonites

Mayes, Frances Under Magnolia (*)

Wall, Carol Mister Owita's Guide to
Gardening

Warren, Elizabeth Fighting Chance

Current Affairs

Emanuel, Ezekial J. Reinventing American
Health Care

Greenwald, Glenn No Place to Hide

Jin-Sung, Jang Dear Leader

Piketty, Thomas Capital in the 21st Century

Drama

Bloom, Harold Shakespeare: The Invention
of the Human

Fiction

Ackroyd, Peter Three Brothers

Barr, Nevada Destroyer Angel

Binchy, Maeve Chestnut Street

Brown, Rita Mae Nine Lives to Die (*)

Camilleri, Andrea Angelica's Smile

Cussler, Clive &
Brown, Graham Ghost Ship (*)

Doerr, Anthony All the Light We Cannot See

Donoghue, Emma Frog Music

Fairstein, Linda Terminal City (*)

Flagg, Fannie The All-Girl Filling Station's
Last Reunion

Furst, Alan Midnight in Europe

Galbraith, Robert The Silkworm

Gerritsen, Tess Last to Die

Greene, Christopher The Headmaster's Wife

Grimes, Martha Vertigo 42

Grimes, Martha The Way of All Fish

Kent, Hannah Burial Rights

Johnson, Deborah The Secret of Magic (*)

Leon, Donna By Its Cover (*)

MacInerney, Karen Death Runs Adrift

MacNeal, Susan Elia The Prime Minister's Secret
Agent

Malliet, G. M. Pagan Spring

Marra, Anthony A Constellation of Vital
Phenomena

Mayle, Peter The Corsican Caper (*)

Michaels, Fern Kiss and Tell (*)

Moore, Graham The Sherlockian

Moore, Lorrie Bark: Stories (*)

Nemirovsky, Irene Suite Francaise



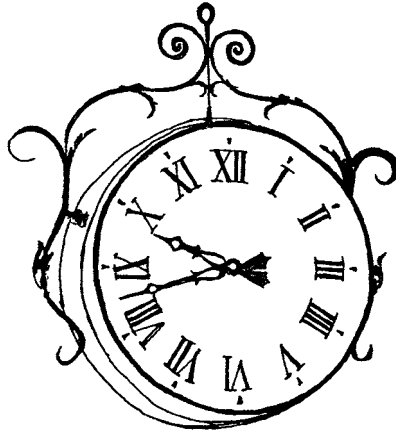
Palmer, Michael	Resistant (*)	Rausing, Sigrid	Everything is Wonderful
Paull, Laline	The Bees	Sammarco, Anthony	A History of Howard
Payton, Brian	The Wind is not a River (*)	Mitchell	Johnson's
Penny, Louise	How the Light Gets In (*)	Schama, Simon	The Story of the Jews
Perry, Anne	Blind Justice	Sloan, Cliff &	The Great Decision
Perry, Anne	Death on Blackheath (*)	McKean, David	
Prose, Francine	Lovers at the Chameleon Club, Paris 1932	Vaill, Amanda	Hotel Florida
		Zoellner, Tom	Train (*)
Sanders, Neal	A Murder at the Flower Show		
Sandford, John	Field of Prey (*)	Miscellaneous	
Urquhart, Rachel	The Visionist	Johnson, Richard A.	Field of Our Fathers
Winspear, Jacqueline	The Care and Management of Lies	Staudohar, Paul, Ed.	Baseball's Best Short Stories
Wyld, Evie	All the Birds, Singing	Nature	
Zevin, Gabrielle	The Storied Life of A. J. Fikry	Baraton, Alain	The Gardener of Versailles
Zevin, Gabrielle	The Storied Life of A. J. Fikry (*)	McCalman, Iain	The Reef
		Kassinger, Ruth	A Garden of Marvels
Health and Wellness		Poetry	
Blaser, Martin J.	Missing Microbes	Lapidus, Jacqueline	The Widow's Handbook
Lerner, Barron H.	The Good Doctor	& Menn, Lise	
Mahoney, Rosemary	For the Benefit of Those Who See	Oliver, Mary	Dog Songs (*)
Smith, Fran et al	Changing the Way We Die (*)		

(* indicates Large Print)

History

Ambrose, Stephen E.	The Wild Blue
Bailey, Catherine	The Secret Rooms
Blanding, Michael	The Map Thief
Borneman, Walter	American Spring
Hall, Andy	Denali's Howl
Helman, Scott & Russell, Jenna	Long Mile Home (*)

Katherine F. Graff





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