

CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER





THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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

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Tim Martin's cardboard sculpture, "Thumbtack Man" brings a playful note to our cover at a time when many are anticipating joyful holidays. Having spent his career as an architect, Tim has ventured into a variety of artistic challenges in retirement. His aqua acrylic painting, "Taughannock Falls" graced our June 2017 cover. Another of his cardboard sculptures, "Fly Boy", is featured in black and white on our inside back cover.

"The Beginning of Something" seems an appropriate theme as we look to the New Year. Ara Tyler describes her approach to early education while Wally Campbell remembers how he and his late wife helped special friends become skiers. We are also pleased to have variety, including Nancy Smith's reminiscence of a Baltimore boarding house and Meredith McCulloch's recounting of "Misadventures with Isis". We encourage readers to become contributors.

Our last issue's poignant lead article, "Memories of 9/11" was by a wonderful writer, Bob Anderson, whom we have since lost. Readers may also remember him for several humorous articles including being AWOL while in the Navy. We will miss him greatly both as a writer and a friend.

For several years Edwin Cox has served as editor of our "Village Happenings" section, keeping readers aware of some of the special CW lectures, concerts, art exhibits and off-site trips. In January he will turn those duties over to his assistant, Harry Hoover. We are grateful to Ed for his insightful and dependable work and are glad that he will continue to be a member of the *Villager* Board.

Though we write these words in beautiful October weather, we are sending joyful holiday wishes to our artists, writers, Board members, circulation team, production designer and especially to all our readers.

Co-Editors

Alice Morrish

Peggy McKibben



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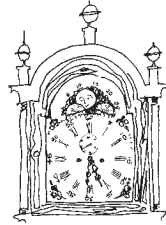
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From the Chief Executive Officer



“We begin again and again, constantly becoming.” - John Godolphin

Imagine yourself on an endless path. At your feet, a marker labeled “0”. And you begin walking forward, eventually reaching “1”. Then “2”, “3”, “4” and onward toward infinity.

Albert Einstein once mused that if you kept this up, you would eventually find yourself coming back to zero all the way from infinity. Or “negative infinity”- I don’t claim to understand the concept completely. Nor did the scientists of his day. Only now, some 75 years later, are the physicists beginning to grasp the magnitude of Einstein’s thinking: that the universe and everything in it - matter, energy, cosmic forces, even time - eventually cycles back on itself.

The scientific community may have been late to the party, but philosophers have been on to this idea for millennia: birth/death/rebirth, yin and yang, the karmic wheel to name but a few. It seems life, here and beyond, is one cyclical work-in-progress.

The same, I’ve realized, applies to just about anything of value in life. Careers. Friendships. Artistic pursuits. Family relationships. Learning. There is no definitive “starting point” ... you’re never really “done”.

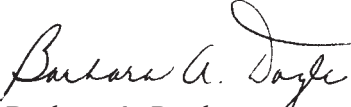
Understanding this, questions like “Where are we?” and “What have we accomplished?” - very compelling indeed - are suddenly less consequential than “Where are we going?” and “What shall we leave behind?”

At the tail end of the 1800s, the immediate focus of two extraordinary women - Caroline Caswell and Elizabeth Abbott Carleton - was on the pressing needs of the seniors of their time.

Nevertheless, they clearly had an eye on the future and their visionary philanthropy laid the groundwork for what would become Carleton-Willard Village a century later.

We enthusiastically embraced that vision and legacy as we opened our doors in 1982. Since then, we’ve continued to imagine and explore. Our aim is not simply to benefit our current residents - fundamental as that responsibility is - but to improve the lives of those who will live here a decade, two decades, a century from now. We continue to examine how decisions we make today will positively shape and sustain a thriving Village for future generations.

We have accomplished so much over the years. Honestly, I am often overwhelmed appreciating how our community has grown. And just when I think we’ve arrived, I realize the journey is again only beginning.


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



“I Can Ski!”

It's that time of year. The leaves have changed color and dropped from the trees. There may be light snow and bright multicolored Christmas lights and music. Soon there will be kids sledding, snowball fights, and all kinds of outside activities. It can be a bright, festive time of year, but what if you can't see any of it? Another bleak, long winter might be in the offing.

Sometime in the 1980's my wife discovered Ski for Light, an organization founded in Norway in 1975 and devoted to making some winter activities available to the blind. Their motto was “If I can do this, I can do anything”. A local chapter, founded by a sighted woman and an enterprising blind young woman, caught my wife's attention.

On Friday afternoons a volunteer driver would meet up with a blind skier, often one with not much skiing experience. He (or she) would drive the blind person to some winter facility in New Hampshire or Vermont for a weekend of cross-country skiing. Late

Sunday afternoon, the volunteer would drive back, dropping the blind skier off at home or at a transportation center.

My wife decided she would go on one of the winter weekend activities up in New Hampshire. It was that time of year when I was quite busy, and someone had to make a living, you know. So she went with another driver and two blind skiers to help out on Saturday and Sunday. I was appointed to drive up on Sunday to bring her back. That was how it all started.



A lot of cross country skiing facilities have areas with two sets of parallel tracks giving the blind skier information. “Go left, go right; little slope down for about fifteen feet”, and of course the most important one: “Sit”.

Most of the participants were quite independent and self reliant. Some even came from out of state on their own. I remember one retired woman from Connecticut and a couple who came from outside Washington, D.C. just to go on one of these weekends.

But then there was big Doug. He was a jolly, friendly, unemployed fellow, still living at home and probably in his mid-to-late thirties. His mother would bring him to a central meeting place and my wife and I would pick him up there. One time we were transporting Doug north to our skiing destination. I had been given an old

watch to replace one that had been stolen. The problem was that the watch showed the time as six minutes later than it actually was. Every time I looked at it I had to subtract six minutes to get the real time. Blind Doug said, “Give it to me; I will fix it.”

Hesitantly I did.

Finally he gave up and handed it back. Now the time was off by thirteen minutes. I'd like to see anyone tell the time then! But he had tried. Later I threw the watch away.

Despite little hiccups like this, we all had fun and spent many weekends over the next few years being part of these people's lives. We even did things like tandem bike riding and having dinner out at restaurants with these Ski for Lighters right up until a few years ago.

Wally Campbell













fascinated by descriptions of their patients' diseases and how they were able to help. Our family physician was a graduate of Harvard Medical School (HMS), knew of my growing interest in medicine, and spent many hours extolling the virtues of the profession and the school. I was hooked and here I was in Boston.

The cab driver pointed out the sights along the way and as we turned into Avenue Louis Pasteur he said, "Here we are." Beyond the end of the street stood the five huge marble buildings that are HMS. We stopped at the corner of Longwood Ave., where Vanderbilt Hall, the HMS residential hall, stands, my home for the next four years. At that moment I was filled with awe, excitement and anxiety.

After a couple of days of moving in, orientation, and filling forms, we gathered in a large auditorium inside one of the marble buildings. The seats were arranged in rows sloping down from the top to just the edge of the stage. A gurney stood there holding a cadaver covered with a sheet. At its side stood Dr. Robert Montraville Green, Bobby Green to us, head of the HMS anatomy department. He was an elegant man with a flowing mustache, wearing a white lab coat, a gold watch-chain across his chest. After a few polite words acknowledging the presence of women in the class for the first time in HMS history, he impressed on us the importance of a grateful and reverential approach to the persons who had donated their bodies to us so we could learn how our future patients are put together. He ended by saying: "In your dissection, do not look for man's soul, you will not find it, for man is a soul." (cf. Genesis 2:7). Then he carefully and respectfully examined some muscles that had previously been exposed on the gurney. It was an imposing and memorable introduction to my profession and life. I have always felt that my life truly began that day seventy-four years ago.

In the next four years I learned the arts of healing, met and married a woman beyond my most imaginative dreams, and together we started on our succession of five remarkable women. What more could a fellow want!

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy

The First Days

In the late summer of 1945, I arrived at South Station on my way to medical school.

Medicine had not been my first career choice. I had wanted to follow in my father's footsteps by joining the Mexican Foreign Service. But he discouraged me by saying politics made advancement unpredictable; he had been lucky. My dreams of a naval career evaporated when I realized that the Mexican navy lacked warships of the caliber to which I aspired. I had three close relatives who were physicians and I was



It All Began in Vermont

It was autumn, a good time to visit Vermont where my son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter, Sophie, live in a village in the mountains. It was after my husband's death and the first time I had tried the mountain roads on my own.

Sophie immediately told me that her class at her small private school was involved in a research project on Utopian societies and that her particular assignment was on Bronson Alcott and his attempt to establish such a community.

I told her about visiting Fruitlands in Harvard, Massachusetts and seeing the building where the Alcott family lived while Bronson and an Englishman, Charles Lane, tried to establish their idealistic community. "Oh", I said, "if you could just get to Lexington we could visit there and so many other places connected to the Alcotts. Just before I left I reminded her again if she could get to Boston on the bus or train we would do on-site research.

As I entered my Lexington home on my return, the phone was ringing. "Could I bring Anna too? She is reporting on Thoreau at Walden Pond. She is really nice, plays the cello. Our folks say we could take the bus from Burlington on Tuesday morning and stay till Friday. The school will excuse us for research. We would need to have you meet us at South Station and get us back there. Would that be okay?" "Wonderful", I replied, "I can hardly wait!" As I hung up I have to admit to a bit of trepidation. Two pre-teen girls, one of whom I didn't know, for several days. "Well, if Anna plays the cello, she must be okay," I reassured myself.

It was a splendid October day when we met at South Station, took the subway back to Alewife, stopped for a quick lunch, and drove immediately to Walden Pond. Anna turned out to be tiny and delightful. They were both "giggly" but gloriously happy.

We hiked out to Thoreau's cabin site where Anna said quietly, "Could we just sit here for a while and think about him?" So that's what we did on the most memorable of the many visits I

have made to Walden Pond.

Later we went to the book store, a bonanza of books, and pamphlets on all the fascinating philosophers and writers of the period.

Next morning we were at Fruitlands when it opened and walked down the long hill to the Alcott house. The guide was excellent and she must have been thankful for every course she had taken, every book she had read on Bronson and his experiment because Sophie peppered her with a thousand questions on the house, the group of idealists who merged there, why the experiment failed, and how the rest of the Alcott family were affected. I think the guide quite enjoyed it too.

We also visited the Indian Museum, the gallery of Hudson River Artists, and the Shaker building, all of which had been moved to Fruitlands later. At each stop the girls had plenty of questions.

We ate lunch at the Fruitlands restaurant where several groups of women were eating and chatting. "Why are there so many more people here than in the other buildings?" Anna asked. When I replied that the restaurant had become a popular luncheon spot, Sophie said in shock, "You mean that they just come here to eat and don't go to the museum sites?" So much for ladies who lunch.

Some of their fellow students were researching Brook Farm and the Transcendentalist Movement that had brought Ralph Waldo Emerson, Margaret Fuller and many other intellectuals to that community. I had never been there but early that morning I had called the West Roxbury police department and asked for directions which they obligingly gave, including current detours. When I asked my young friends if they would like to drive there, a unison "Oh yes!" was the response.

So along 128 to the turnoff and then the girls took turns reading the instructions on the rest of the circuitous route which finally took us to the site. There were no buildings, only educational signs about the Transcendentalist community, but plenty of trails where they rambled while I sat on a bench. Late afternoon driving north on



Route 128 was no fun but the girls remained jubilant.

Rain poured on the last morning of their visit but we were off to Concord and Orchard House where they learned not only of Louisa May and her family but also saw Bronson Alcott's hillside "School of Philosophy" which he founded on the family's return to Concord and where intellectuals of the period lectured. There we bought Louisa May's small ironic volume, "Transcendental Wild Oats".

And then it was back to South Station where we hugged and laughed as they departed. As I took the subway back to Alewife I realized that I was tired but also that I had had a truly happy time.

Peggy McKibben

Rabbit Hunt - WWII Style

When during World War II I lived in England, food was rationed. Though there was some meat, it was very little each month. Sometimes an egg on top of a pile of mashed potato flakes was the only protein equivalent. So, when it happened that on a nasty, heavily raining afternoon a man overtook me on the bicycle track on the Great West Road near Hounslow, Middlesex, England, I caught just a glimpse of something hanging on the handlebars of his bike.

Oh! It was indeed a dead rabbit in all his fur, his white-tipped ears drooping listlessly down. I peddled as hard as I could against the wind and rain, trying to catch up with him. Rabbit was food, not requiring meat ration coupons, and I needed to find out where he had got it. Alas, he had three-speed gears and I lost ground in spite of my efforts. After three miles, almost near Windsor, a desperate effort caused me to run into him. He had not answered my calls; apparently they were lost in the wind. I helped him get up, with profuse apologies, blaming the rabbit for my bad behavior. Instead of swearing at me, he patiently explained to me which butcher in a back street in Hounslow had mysteriously

obtained a small shipment of rabbits as a gift from Australia. Then he doffed his hat in a most gentlemanly gesture and took off without another word.

This butcher was not our designated butcher. He was therefore allowed to sell the rabbits on a first-come-first-served basis. I raced back to Hounslow, fortunately now with the wind behind me. When I approached the small shop, there was



a long queue of people hoping to get a rabbit.

All I could see was bundles of these rabbits hanging on hooks. It was impossible to guess what the chances were of there being one still there when my turn came.

I stood there with my heart beating as each successful customer took off with his prize. As the bundle dwindled smaller, my legs were shaking and I was terrified, hoping that I had enough money to pay for the rabbit if I was successful. Oh! the last but one was mine! I hugged the stiff, furry thing as if it were a teddy bear, and walked toward the curb where my bike was parked.

Without a moment's warning, my body collapsed, sinking to the ground, my eyes flooded with tears. Though it took a while for me to gain control over my limbs, I was rain-drenched but happy with the outcome of my rabbit hunt.

My mother was overwhelmed with joy and skillfully tackled the task of preparing a delicious rabbit stew according to the detailed recipe of the famous Wiener Kueche cookbook.

Daisy Illich



Village

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

Julia Child Visits the Village

In the person of Lynne Moulton, of the Delvena Theater Company, the famous cook visited, joined by her assistant Maggie, played by Fran Baron. In her famous high pitched voice, accompanied by her infectious laugh, Julia shared the highlights of her life, beginning with her youth in California and her days as a student at Smith, and continuing through her marriage to her beloved husband Paul and their life together. She was delighted to meet two residents who are fellow Smith alumnae. In an hilarious recreation of her WGBH TV show she prepared an edible *ménage à trois* consisting of Madeleines, Lady Fingers, and Petit Fours.



Rhododendron Photo Exhibit

After retiring in 1985, George Hibben pursued his lifelong interest in horticulture, focused on rhododendrons. He took classes and volunteered at the Arnold Arboretum and the New England Wildflower Society, and joined the Rhododendron Society. He developed the grounds around his Lincoln home with more than 150 rhododendron plants. The photos in this exhibit show us ‘elepidote’, ‘lepidote’ and ‘azalea’ flowers and garden scenes. A highlight of the exhibit is the photo of the ‘Dick Brooks’ rhododendron, a hybrid cross which George started in 1990 and registered in 2006. By enjoying his photos, we came to understand the satisfaction George found in his horticultural activity.

Homer at the Cape Ann Museum

In early fall an enthusiastic group travelled to the Cape Ann Museum in Gloucester. Almost 150 years old and housed in the Sargent House Museum, it has exhibits of the nautical and artistic history of the Cape Ann area. Among the collections are the luminescent paintings of Fitz Henry Lane. The special Winslow Homer exhibit was entitled “Homer on the Beach: A Marine Painter’s Journey 1869-1880”. Painted at coastal locations from New Jersey to Maine, certain identifiable scenes provided inspiration for photographer Steve Rosenthal whose wonderful pictures were hung in an adjacent gallery. A delicious lunch followed at the Essex County Club in nearby Manchester.

Making a Difference in Rural Honduras

Mark Hopkins visited to present an illustrated talk on the work in Honduras sponsored by ACTS, Americans Caring Teaching Sharing. Begun in 1986 by members of a church in Franconia NH, ACTS brings community development to rural Honduras, “helping people to make their own communities stronger”. Schools, clinics, fresh water, improved sanitation, family planning, safe stoves, and the construction of secure homes – all are examples of the improvements ACTS has helped the Hondurans create for themselves. Teenage Hondurans call their efforts “The Force for the Future”. ACTS continues to be an entirely volunteer program, and includes people from throughout New England.

Visit to the Currier Museum and Zimmerman House

Residents enjoyed a visit to the Currier Museum and the Frank Lloyd Wright designed Zimmerman House in Manchester, New Hampshire. The museum building is award-winning, and the collection renowned. In one room alone one could view an Alexander Calder, a Robert Indiana, Frank Stella, Mark Rothko, and Adolph Gottlieb. Built in 1951, the Zimmerman home is the only Wright-designed home open for public tours in New England. It is owned by the Museum. Wright designed the interior, all the furniture, the gardens, and even the very unusual mailbox. The museum’s Winter Garden Café provided a delightful setting for lunch.



Happenings

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

Tchaikovsky's The Seasons

The Silver - Ebony - Ivory Trio, featuring Carol Epple (flute), Elizabeth Connors (clarinet), and Bradford Conner (piano), with narrator Ben Sears reading short verses, performed Tchaikovsky's set of character pieces, "The Seasons". Each of the twelve movements celebrated a month of the year with music to match its mood. January's fireside warmth contrasted with the dizzy flight of leaves in an October wind. April's white snowdrops opened upon a starlit May night. A peppery flute gave the horn signal for August's Hunt, while a gondola gently swayed to the clarinet in June's Barcarolle. A highlight was the cheery lilt of March's Lark warbling in a "field shimmering with flowers".

Staff Art Exhibit

An exhibit of the diverse work of three Carleton-Willard employees was a special pleasure for residents. Andrea Bobroff Peters, Unit Secretary in Llewysac, specializes in collage. Clippings and acrylic paints, sometimes mounted on scrap wood, made for a bright display. Stephen Cunha, an LPN in Llewysac, presented distinctive prints and graphic designs from a varied career. Michelle Scott, Clinic Coordinator, displayed an entrancing collection of wearable items made from silver flatware she has found at flea markets and antique shops. We are grateful that they chose to share their artistic talents with us.

The Unlikely Strummers

Imagine entering the auditorium and being greeted by 15 wide-eyed ukulele strummers, including resident Mary Semon's daughter! The generous program of 21 numbers from the 1920s to country to rock-and-roll celebrated a surprisingly versatile instrument of Hawaiian origin, related to the guitar. We swayed to "By the Light of the Silvery Moon", while feet tapped to "Flatfoot Floogie" and hands joined for singing along "On Moonlight Bay". Half the audience cupped hands and sang "Don't worry!" to the other. "Be happy!" bounced right back. At the end, we all knew, "When you're smiling the whole world smiles with you."

A Snapping Turtle Makes a Nest Here

In early June a snapping turtle was discovered laying eggs in a gravel area near the croquet court. The Maintenance Department built a cage to protect the nest from predators. In early September a resident saw a tiny turtle emerge and start downhill toward the Brook Marsh. A week later another one was seen. At the next Exploring Nature lecture, on snapping turtles, it was pointed out how few such eggs survive to hatch and make it to adulthood, so the fact that at least some of ours were seen heading toward the marsh was comforting.



The Modernistics

The Modernistics, led by singing and tap-dancing team Ted and Pamela Powers, presented a toe-tapping show of "Music and Dance from the Great American Songbook" with virtuoso jazz musicians Peter Bloom (flute), Mark Leighton (guitar) and Dave Zox (bass). The stellar quintet performed over a dozen hits by the likes of Irving Berlin, Hoagy Carmichael, Harold Arlen and Duke Ellington. Highlights included Ted's silken crooning and staccato tap to "Georgia On My Mind" and Pam's cheery "Sunny Side of the Street". On this midsummer evening, the rapt audience was invited to "Close Your Eyes" and celebrate the "Glory of Love".

Edwin Cox, Harry Hoover



Misadventures with Isis

During our travels my husband and I had several misadventures with Isis. No, not that ISIS, but the Egyptian goddess who was believed to be the Mother of all the Pharaohs. The first was in Pompeii in 1964 when the ruins had few visitors and even fewer controls.

We arrived early and spent the day exploring the ruins of the city, which in 79 AD had been buried in volcanic ash. Mid-afternoon we followed a small group of visitors into a block of ruins that included the Temple of Isis. We went directly into the remains of the inner temple and stood, gazing in wonder. Unaware that the other

group had taken their obligatory photographs and left, we emerged into the bright light to find ourselves alone. The iron fence that we had hardly noted earlier was firmly locked. There was no way out. No other person was in sight. Casting about, we found a crowbar that made quite

a racket when dragged along the metal fence. Finally a guard came to release us. My husband thought that we had been abandoned because we had not thought to tip.

Our second misadventure was in Cologne, Germany. We had left our river cruise ship, map in hand, and headed into the city. We headed toward a nearby spot on the city map labeled "Temple of Isis". It was nested among small streets lined with shops. Arriving at the junction marked on the map, we saw no ruins and no sign about Isis. Finally we asked a friendly clerk in a photo shop. He responded affirmatively, locked his shop and walked us across the street. Just



inside a clothing store was a staircase that went down a level into a Temple of Isis. Excavation was ongoing, but we could make out the rooms, some with mosaic floors, and potentially an altar area. Our reverie was interrupted when a horn blew, jarring us back to the present and drawing our attention to the time. Our boat would be leaving soon. We retraced our steps, breathlessly running up the gangplank as the captain was calling our names for the last time.

Our last Isis temple encounter was on the tiny island of Delos which is reached by motor launch from Mykonos, one of the Cyclades islands in the Aegean Sea. The whole island is a restricted archeological site with no

accommodations for tourists.

All of Delos is considered a sacred site as the birthplace of Apollo. Delos had once been a thriving city and even a multicultural financial hub of the Mediterranean. Now it is made up of block after block of ancient buildings in

various degrees of collapse. Portions of beautiful mosaic-floored rooms lie open to the sun.

We explored leisurely, wandering along the Hall of Lions, admiring the mosaics in the House of Dionysus. and finally we spotted the Temple of Isis emblazoned against a pure blue sky. It was many ruined blocks away and perched on the highest hill. We looked at the ruin, captivated. Then we glanced at our awaiting launch moored at the dock and finally at our watches. Common sense prevailed. We took one more picture of the temple with our long distance lens, and headed toward our boat. No misadventure this time!

Meredith McCulloch



Mrs. Hammond's

After the war I was living in Baltimore with my parents when they decided to sell the house and move to a small farm north of Baltimore. Where should I go? I was working at Johns Hopkins Hospital and needed to live in town. I found there was a vacancy at Mrs. Hammond's boarding house just around the corner. The town houses in that part of town stood on narrow lots, the front steps on the sidewalk and a backyard out behind. Most of the people who lived in that neighborhood were doctors, nurses, artists, educators, newspaper people. Many like my grandmother and great aunts were retired or widowed as was Mrs. Hammond.

Mrs. Hammond's was a four story free-standing house with a mansard roof. The lot gave way in back so the basement made a fifth floor. In the alleys behind lived the people who worked in the neighborhood or ran their own service businesses. The maids and cooks who worked for Mrs. Hammond lived there.

When one entered the house the front door opened into a long hall. To the left was a dark drawing room hardly used. Three quarters of the way down, the hall opened up: stairs up to the right, and to the left a hall furnished with several card tables set for the elderly boarders who came from the neighborhood. Beyond that in the rear was the main dining room. A large table set for twelve served the residents and young boarders. Large windows brought light and air into the room. Beside the dining room a small pantry was furnished with a dumbwaiter that brought the very good breakfasts and dinners up from the kitchen. Dinner in the dining room was a lively affair attended by the three medical students, a war worker from Martin Aircraft, artists, lab technicians, a librarian and me.

After dinner we dispersed, the roomers to their bedrooms, two on the second floor, across from Mrs. Hammond's room, two on the third floor front, Libby, the librarian, in the rear. My room on the fourth floor was lit by two portholes in the mansard roof and furnished with a large bureau and bed - the décor the heavily carved Victorian fruit era of grapes, apples, oranges, etc.

Next door, between my room and the bath, lived a medical student named Duane. Duane had a deep southern accent and a boyfriend who drove the bakery truck. The boy arrived at various times and closed the door. I was too naïve to consider what was going on behind the closed door.

Past the staircase to the rear lived Bill on the right and Old Mister Bowie on the left. Bill was an attractive divorced man who worked at the Martin plant and was in love with Jean, third floor front. Old Mister Bowie was an elderly white-haired paunchy old gentleman. He dined with Mrs. Hammond and after dinner spent the evening at the local bar. When the rest of us had gone to bed he would return and stagger up to the fourth floor. Too inebriated to use the bathroom, he would open his window and pee, the splash on the tin roof below wakening Libby.

The main hazard of living at Mrs. Hammond's was to make it up to one's room without being waylaid by Mrs. Hammond whose room was at the top of the first landing. Her bedroom door was always open and so was the bathroom door where she might be sitting with her britches around her knees. As she heard someone approach, one would hear the dreaded words, "Hello, Darlin'. How was your day?"

Then one was summoned to one room or the other to hear her discourse of the day or night. The ensuing conversation was not only lengthy but, like the Mississippi river, had many tributaries. Though long and twisting, she somehow returned to the main stream. The contents were forgotten as one became fascinated by her ability to return to her main story.

After I had been living there for several months, I found there was another occupant. A Dr. Bond lived in a room below the dining room and across from the kitchen. Apparently he had lived there for years and never emerged from his room. One summer day I went down to make his acquaintance. I was welcomed by a frail and pale elderly man. He was dressed in a cotton shirt and white linen pants and linen jacket. On his head was a white handkerchief tied in four corners, and quite damp. I had heard that he never left his room for fear of catching cold. Perhaps the cold, wet handkerchief served the same purpose.



There were many romances going on while I lived at Mrs. Hammond's. Boarders and roomers met and became engaged. Both of the the lab technicians and Libby, though her romance was a sad one, became engaged. I had been there a year when I met Ed, my future husband. He only ventured to my room once and what he thought of the portholes and the ungainly furniture he never said. Perhaps he thought he was rescuing me. Actually I enjoyed my brief life at Mrs. Hammond's.

Nancy Smith



Getting No Place Fast

While sitting on Nu-Step and peddling along,
I think of what I've been doing that's wrong.
I mentally add to my grocery list,
And think about all the deadlines I've missed.
So, leaving the exercise work-room at last,
It's clear that I've really just gone no place fast!
The Nu-Step says "good job", my brain says
"push harder",
Or someone will think that I live in the larder.
Should I sit and get fit? Is it helping a bit?
Am I taking off weight or putting it on?
Are those troublesome spasms and muscle pains
gone?
Well, so long as these ponderings keep arising,
It's probably best that I keep exercising.

Lois Pulliam

<i>In Memory</i>	
Faye Gold	August 12
Helen Brooks	August 17
Theresa Miles	August 19
Colin Steel	August 26
Robert Anderson	August 30
Barbara Sandler	Sept. 6
Mary Devoe	Sept. 22
Madeline Marina	Sept. 22
Evelyn Cooper	Sept. 23
Theodore "Ted" Rand	Oct. 1
William Doherty	Oct. 9
Mary "Ruthie" McDonnell	Oct. 15



Full Circle

Most of my friends at Carleton-Willard know that I was born in Buffalo, Wyoming, grew up there and still love the town and the mountains that surround it. Until five years ago I returned every summer to visit family and friends and to enjoy the town, and the magnificent mountains.

But there was another town that my family visited often too. Walpole, New Hampshire, located in the Connecticut River Valley, is the hometown of my husband “Russ” Hastings’ father. I have many happy memories of going to Walpole with Russ and our children, Nancy and Tom. There we stayed at a family bungalow cottage up the hill from the town and had wonderful times. I especially remember how the children loved watching the trains coming up the valley and counting the number of cars the locomotive pulled, sometimes as many as 100 cars.

Ken Burns, the famous television writer and producer has, in recent years, put Walpole “on the map” by moving his home and studio there. He has also converted the old general store into a wonderful grocery store, restaurant and candy store, featuring Burdick’s chocolates. I have greatly enjoyed the restaurant and the candy store but I still love Walpole as the small town I remember from our visits.

This summer I have happily followed the story of how a beloved family antique, a desk, is returning to Walpole.

The roll-top desk originally belonged to the Hon. Thomas Nelson Hastings (often called T. Nelson Hastings), a prominent citizen of Walpole, and my husband’s grandfather. He served two terms as a New Hampshire State Senator, and was elected President of the Senate in his second term in 1898 - 1900. In 1882, he married Amy Bridge, daughter of Hudson Ernestus Bridge and Helen Holland Bridge. Amy’s older brother was Hudson Eliot Bridge. He, along with his wife, Helen, donated the land on which to construct St. John’s Episcopal Church in Walpole.

Thomas Nelson Hastings and Amy Bridge Hastings raised four sons in the elegant house at 40 Main Street. In 1895 Amy died in childbirth. In her memory, Thomas had built the Hastings



Memorial Parish House behind the Unitarian church. For over 120 years the parish house has served as a meeting place for the church and for the Walpole community.

When the Hastings/Bridge house was sold after Thomas’ death, his roll-top desk went to his son, Russell Hastings in Brookline, Massachusetts. That Russell was married to Florence Anita Morse, whose family also had a long history in Walpole. They were my father-in-law and mother-in-law. After the closing of their Brookline house in the 1970s the desk went to Nancy Hastings Miles, who is, of course, my daughter who is well-known to many C-W friends.

Now, Nancy and her husband, Frank Miles, have sold their house in Cape Elizabeth, Maine and have moved to Hanover, New Hampshire. Given the desk’s Walpole roots, it seemed fitting to return great-grandfather’s desk to Walpole, a town he appreciated and contributed so much to during his lifetime. Nancy has donated the desk to St. John’s Episcopal Church in Walpole and it was delivered to the rector’s office by the moving van that took Nancy and Frank’s other furnishings to their new home.

The desk was made by Derby Desk company, established in Boston 1870 and moved to Somerville in the 1880s.

To have the desk return to St. John’s church in Walpole where members of the family gave the land for building the church and where the family has so much history has given me much joy.

Mary Holt Hastings



Ode to a Lost Friendship

You are so Mad!
“Why?”, I said.
“Just GO!”, you said.

Another day, I approached.
“I’m still mad at you.” you said.
“Can we be friends?” I said.
“No! Just GO!” you said.

With love, I remember your spouse.
My spouse is still with me, and I
Love to be caregiver.

Better a caregiver than an enemy.
But I will continue to be your enemy.
God teaches us to love our enemies.
So I love you and pray
That someday you will forgive me.
Amen.

Anonymous

An Improbable Coincidence

Our unit had seen action in Italy, and we were settled down in a quiet corner of Tuscany. On a cool evening one of my friends and I meandered outside the camp and found ourselves standing on the bank of a small creek. The sun was setting over a satisfying but not spectacular countryside—low rolling hills mostly covered by vineyards, ringed by distant mountains. We were hearing songs by birds starting to settle down for the night in their proprietary nests.

As we talked, my friend, scuffling through the soil along the bank, uncovered an object which turned out to be a large metal button possibly from a uniform, definitely not of the USA, but perhaps from an Italian or German uniform. When the dirt was rubbed away one could see it had at one time been bright and certainly of importance. It was now corroded and almost bent in half. After examining it my friend put it in his pocket.

“This will always remind me of our quiet evening here in this beautiful place after all the action,” he said. I agreed.

We were both lost in thought as we wandered back to our hut. The images and experiences of turmoil in military action contrasted with the tranquility and beauty of this place. We shook hands and separated on our way to our bunks.

As with many friendships, ours gradually melted into the large cyclorama of friendships and experiences that formed around each of us during the war, and as the war drew to a conclusion we lost, little by little, the contacts that we had felt would be so enduring. So it was with this particular friendship.

Many years later, after retirement from my job, I took a tour in Italy, and made a special point of stopping by that area of action and the quiet location I found afterward that had made such an impression on me. After our tour guide finished his rundown on the importance of this particular location during World War II, I left the group for a moment to stroll to the bank and to look at the stream and the countryside, imagining myself back in those days during the war. At the same time, another tour group was leaving the area when a man walked out of that group and came toward me. He extended his hand and said, “Is that you, Kay?” I turned and realized this was my old army buddy. The memory of our standing together enjoying the evening flooded into my mind.

“Look. Here is the button I found. I have kept it all these years and have always carried it to remind me of this place and the peaceful days after all the fighting.”

What a wonderful surprise! What luck! It was mind-bending to grasp the incredible coincidence that brought us together from two separate unrelated tour groups on their particular trips all the way from the U.S. and on that particular evening after so many years had passed.

“I was thinking of burying this button here for someone else to find and enjoy, but now I think I will keep it,” my friend said thoughtfully.

We hastily brought each other up to date and exchanged addresses while our respective tour guides were frantically calling us to board our respective busses.



As I pondered the impossibility of our meeting after so many years, I thought, how could all this have happened? And also I couldn't help wondering if it were all fact or fiction. Because, you see, I was never in the Army. I served in the Navy, and did not see active duty in Italy.

Kay Barney

The Beginning of Something

Have you ever faced a class of eager first graders, mostly six year olds, realizing that you had the sole responsibility for teaching them to read and write?

Where to start? Even more interesting: do any of your twenty or so charges already know how to read? How many have cracked the sound letter code?

Many years of facing this challenge taught me to "just begin", observe who was responding, and in what way they displayed interest or non-interest, then adapt to whatever responses they exhibited.

Most children love to hear a story, so reading to the group and observing their responses is a good starting point. Six year olds are natural show-offs; given a chance to perform, they do so. Encouraging this natural tendency, with few corrections, it is possible to turn a non-reader into a voracious book lover who will tell anyone willing to listen how well he/she does.

The secret? Just begin to know where you hope to go.

Ara Tyler



Welcome New Residents

Mrs. Lillian Carlson
from Lexington, 8/1/19

Mrs. Virginia Steel
from Wayland, 8/6/19

Mrs. Mary M. Hastings
from Lexington, 8/7/19

Mrs. Jeanne Reidy
from Bedford, 8/17/19

Mrs. Susan Shuwall
from Manchester, 8/23/19

Mrs. Barbara Worcester
from Cambridge, 9/6/19

Mrs. Hilary Creighton
from Manchester, 9/11/19

Mrs. Judith Maxon
from Bedford, 10/8/19



the OWLS at Carleton-Willard



GREAT HORNED
OWL



EASTERN
SCREECH
OWL



BARRED
OWL

often heard, but rarely seen . . .



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

Beginnings

In the CWV library every month ushers in the opportunity for a new beginning, as we summarize the previous month and look forward to the addition of new books to our collection.

Our first task is to make sure that all of the book circulation of the previous month is entered into our Quicken spreadsheet on the library computer. We then print out a monthly circulation report and go over it carefully to find and correct any errors. After that, we print out a six month circulation report, make note of any overdue books, and put the report in the binder on the circulation desk.

Next we check the shelves of new books and move any that have been on the “NEW” shelves for five months to the general stacks. This makes room for the books that we are about to order.

Now we are ready for the beginning of a new month. We go over any book donations and choose the ones we want to add to the collection. An order for seven large print books is made, and the Library Committee meets to choose a number of new regular print books.

A few final tasks remain. We process the new books and add them to the “NEW” shelves, we add the new titles to the computer catalog and we print and file the new catalog cards. Lastly, we make copies of the covers and post them on the bulletin board in the hall for everyone to enjoy.

All of this takes approximately two weeks. Then comes time to enjoy the results of our work, with lots of good books to peruse. And soon it will be time for another new beginning!

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

Life in the Garden by Penelope Lively
Essays on the appeal of gardens and their importance in the author's life.

The Dutch House by Ann Patchett
An orphaned brother and sister grapple with love, loss and family history after their wicked stepmother banishes them from the family home.

River of Fire by Helen Prejean
A memoir from the Roman Catholic nun who has devoted her life to fighting the death penalty.

Lady in the Lake by Laura Lippman
A female reporter investigates two murders in mid-60's Baltimore.

The Moment of Lift by Melinda Gates
How empowering women can change the world and lift families from poverty.

This Tender Land by William Kent Krueger
Four boys, sent to a school for Native Americans, run away and meet many different people on their escape travels.

Buzz, Sting, Bite by Anne Sverdrup-Thygeson
A fascinating journey through the class Insecta whose numbers comprise half of the animal kingdom.

A Better Man by Louise Penny
On his first day back since his demotion, Inspector Gamache sets out on his first assignment, to find a missing woman.

Forged in Crisis by Nancy Koehn
The making of five courageous leaders and how their passion and perseverance changed history.

The Testaments by Margaret Atwood
In this sequel to *The Handmaid's Tale*, a young girl tells how an unexpected turn of events involves her in the regime's fate.

On Fire by Naomi Klein
A thoughtful presentation of the case for a Green New Deal.

The Long Call by Ann Cleaves
A corpse is found near the house of DI Matthew Ven, a clever police officer in Devon, England.

This Land is Our Land by Suketu Mehta
Real world immigration stories encouraging America to embrace what immigrants have to offer.

The Water Dancer by Ta-Nehisi Coates
In pre-Civil War Virginia, a black man barely out of his teens is recruited to help guide slaves to freedom in the North.

Katherine F. Graff



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Lewis, Ben The Last Leonardo

Autobiography/Memoir

Biden, Jill Where the Light Enters
 Bythell, Shaun Confessions of a Bookseller
 Fuller, Alexandra Travel Light, Move Fast
 Gottlieb, Lori Maybe You Should Talk to
 Someone
 Kugler, Rob A Dog Named Beautiful (*)
 May, Meredith The Honey Bus (*)
 Onwuachi, Kwame Notes from a Young Black
 Chef (*)
 Prejean, Helen River of Fire

Biography

Jones, Brian Jay Becoming Dr. Seuss (*)
 Purnell, Sonia A Woman of No
 Importance (*)
 Taliaferro, John Grinnell

Current Affairs

Gates, Melinda The Moment of Lift
 Holland, Sarah I Think You're Wrong (But
 I'm Listening) (*)
 Horwitz, Tony Spying on the South
 Klein, Naomi On Fire
 Mehta, Suketu This Land is Our Land
 Thomson, Mike Syria's Secret Library
 U. S. Department The Mueller Report
 Of Justice

Fiction

Archer, Jeffrey Nothing Ventured
 Atwood, Margaret The Testaments
 Arikawa, Hiro The Travelling Cat
 Chronicles

Backman, Frederik Us Against You
 Balasubramanyam, Professor Chandras Follows
 His Bliss (*)
 Rajeev Jane and the Canterbury
 Barron, Stephanie Tale
 Beck, Haylen Lost You
 Calvi, Mary Dear George, Dear Mary (*)
 Choi, Susan Trust Exercise (*)
 Cleeton, Chanel When We Left Cuba (*)
 Cleeves, Ann The Long Call
 Coates, Ta-Nehisi The Water Dancer
 Coben, Harlan Run Away
 Finder, Joseph Judgement
 Gardner, Lisa Never Tell (*)
 Gilbert, Elizabeth City of Girls
 Giordano, Mario Auntie Poldi and the
 Vineyards of Etna (*)
 Goldin, Megan The Escape Room
 Gregory, Philippa Tidelands (*)
 Hilderbrand, Elin Summer of '69
 Hoffman, Alice The World That We Knew
 Horowitz, Anthony The Sentence is Death
 Jenoff, Pam The Lost Girls of Paris
 Jonasson, Ragnar The Island
 Kane, Jessica Francis Rules for Visiting (*)
 Keller, Julia The Cold Way Home
 Krueger, William Kent This Tender Land
 Lester, Natasha The Paris Seamstress
 Lippman, Laura Lady in the Lake
 Martin, Faith The Winter Mystery
 McCall Smith, The Second-Worst
 Restaurant in France
 McKinty, Adrian The Chain
 Michaelides, Alex The Silent Patient
 Miranda, Megan The Last House Guest
 Moyes, Jojo The Girl You Left Behind



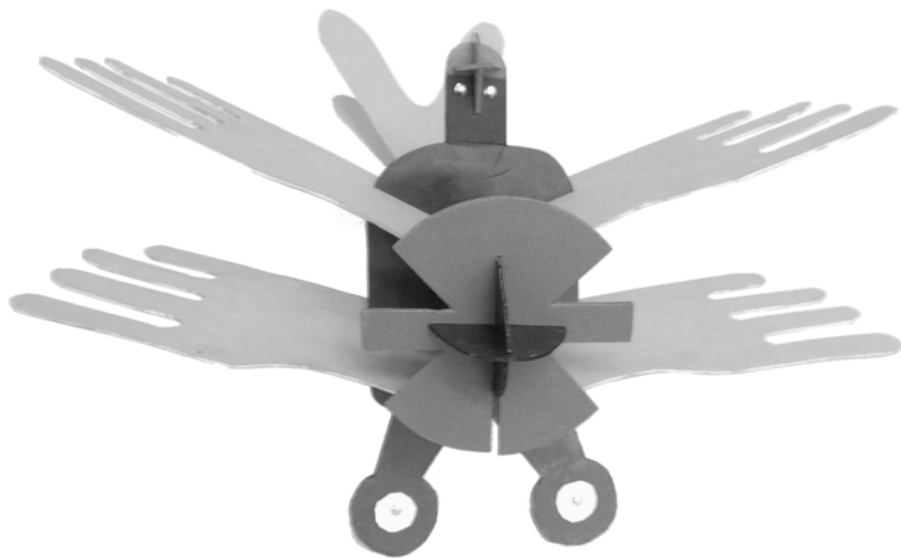
Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Norfleet, Celeste O.	One Night in Georgia (*)	Health/Wellness	
Oates, Joyce Carol	My Life as a Rat	Brown, MD, Jeremy	Influenza (*)
Obrecht, Tea	Inland	Papadakis, Maxine,	Current Medical Diagnosis
Oyeyemi, Helen	Gingerbread	et al	and Treatment
Patchett, Ann	The Dutch House		
Penny, Louise	A Better Man	History	
Penny, Louise	A Better Man (*)	Arana, Marie	Silver, Sword and Stone
Pope, Dudley	Ramage's Prize	Bouverie, Tim	Appeasement
Postorino, Rosella	At the Wolf's Table	Goodstein, Justin &	Haymarket
Richardson, Kim	The Book Woman of	Turino, Kenneth C.	
Michele	Troublesome Creek (*)	Koehn, Nancy	Forged in Crisis
Rooney, Sally	Normal People	Maier, Thomas	Mafia Spies
Russo, Richard	Chances Are	Rose, Sarah	D-Day Girls (*)
Sandford, John	Bloody Genius	Thompson, Christina	Sea People
Schine, Cathleen	The Grammarians		
Scottoline, Lisa	Killer Smile	Miscellaneous	
Silva, Daniel	The New Girl	McGrath, Charles Ed.	Golf Stories
Steel, Danielle	Miracle (*)		
Thornton, Stephanie	American Princess	Nature	
Marie		Goldfarb, Ben	Eager
Walker, Martin	The Body in the Castle	Lively, Penelope	Life in the Garden
	Well (*)	Sverdrup-Thygeson,	Buzz, Sting, Bite
	The Turn of the Key	Anne	
Ware, Ruth	Born to the Badge (*)		
Warren, Mark	The Dream Peddler (*)		
Watson, Martine			
Fournier			
Whitehead, Colson	The Nickel Boys		

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff





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