



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



DECEMBER 2018 ❧ VOLUME 36 ❧ Number 4



THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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

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Our December cover, "Winter Bouquet" is by Anne Schmalz, a multi-talented *Villager* Board member. Annie produces our popular Nature Page for every issue, and also frequently enlivens our pages with sketches and cartoons. We are enormously grateful.

The theme of "Wishful Thinking" set writers off in many directions. Luis Fernandez-Herlihy tells us of how a childhood dream became a reality in a way he never expected, while poet Sue Hay expresses her wishes for a world where respect for others is important, and Bob Anderson gives us a poem of special wishful thoughts.

Last issue we expressed the hope that some of the new residents would submit articles or poems. Newcomer Marjorie Roemer did just that, submitting two fine poems for this issue. We welcome her along with Ann Mancuso, a first time submitter. As always, we hope others will become contributors, writing on the theme or on any subject of interest. Do remember that *Villager* Board members are willing to help you get your thoughts on paper.

Kay Barney has a holiday gift for all the word game devotees among our readers; Ross Cowan remembers happy days in Greenwich Village; Wally Campbell tells us of a new way of living; and Daisy Illich recalls childhood treats in her native Vienna.

As we write this in October, we look out on glorious autumn color, blue skies with puffy clouds and sunshine. It's hard to remember that these words will be in print in December which will have a different landscape and feel. So we are doubly grateful for Madelyn Armstrong's essay on why most of us love living in New England year round, and for our CEO Barbara Doyle's lovely ode to winter.

In this holiday season we are grateful to our writers, artists, Board members, proofreaders, Allegra designer, circulation team, CWV administrators and staff – and our readers.

Peace and Joy.

Co-Editors

Alice Morrish Peggy McKibben



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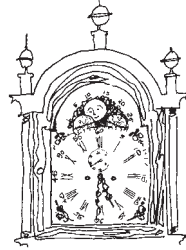
Cover – *Winter Bouquet - pen and ink with watercolor by Anne P. Schmalz*

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From the Chief Executive Officer



"I wonder if the snow loves the trees and the fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug; and perhaps it says, "Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again."

- Lewis Carroll. *Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There*

I don't think I could live south of the equator.

There are so many stunningly beautiful places, more than a few on my vacation wish-list, but I struggle with the thought of the new year coming at the hottest, brightest, greenest time of the year?

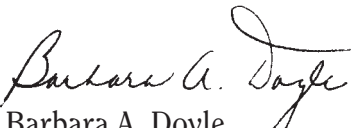
The pervasive cold, the scant light, the elegant monochrome of white - these are necessary for any proper examination of the past year. Or looking to the next.

I feel most connected with the world at midwinter. I imagine countless generations before me whose survival into the coming year was not exactly guaranteed. Huddles around the fire, and if all had gone well with the hunt and the harvest, everyone would safely see the spring. And with the snow and cold outside, what better to do than have a big Yuletide feast! There's much to celebrate! (Enduring for one thing.)

I realize this is a romantic view of what might be the bleakest time of year. But to my mind, it's as if the earth settles in for the night, all nice and cozy. We fall asleep in one world and eventually wake up in another. Like magic.

Winter rejuvenates me. I need a fresh blanket of snow to hide the color and detail of the other seasons, forcing me to recall and re-imagine. I need that occasional icy blast to remind me to pause and luxuriate in the next summer heat wave. I need a deep frosty breath to fully appreciate the rich perfumes of blossoming spring flowers. And I need a long winter walk through the woods - my own footsteps squinching in fresh snow, the only sound intruding upon the wrapped-in-a-thick-blanket quiet - to help me reset and reassess.

Back indoors, a good cup of tea in hand and settled in by the fire, the past year's journey seems a little less frenetic. Perspective sets in and new directions make themselves known. Magic indeed.


Barbara A. Doyle
President and CEO



Wishful Thinking

This country will be great again
When we honor and embrace the men
And women of all race and kinds
For their labor and their minds.

When all parties can agree
To work together and be free
Of politics that divide
Us sadly, far and wide.

When friends and allies everywhere
Know that we do really care
And will willingly consent
To help save the environment.

Sue Hay

Wishful Traveling

My husband Bob and I both loved living in Sarasota, Florida. Everything about it from golf to beaches was wonderful. But as Christmas neared we wanted to be with our children and grandchildren who lived in New England. So every winter we would fly to Connecticut, spend time with our son and his family and then drive a rental car to Massachusetts to visit our daughter and her family before returning home to Florida.

But after the September 11th, 2001 attacks, I became nervous about plane travel and suggested to Bob that we make the trip by train. He finally agreed and I was so happy to anticipate our nice comfortable train trip.

However the weather turned frigid - colder than I had ever remembered in Sarasota. And the first part of the trip was a four hour bus ride to Orlando. We arrived at the bus station at 6:30 a.m. for the scheduled 7 a.m. departure, only to shiver and shake until the bus arrived at 7:40 a.m. We were surprised that the trip involved six chilling stops to pick up passengers.

Our train out of Orlando was late in starting but we finally made it to Washington where we were assured that our luggage would be on the

connecting train to Stamford, Connecticut. But when we got off the train there we learned that the luggage was really on the train to New Haven.

That was bad enough but then I realized that I had left my purse on the train. I shouted to Bob to wait, got on the train, found my purse and suddenly realized that the train was on its way. I could see Bob out the window as the train rushed ahead.

I frantically asked two nearby passengers if I could borrow their cell phone, called my son and had him contact Bob. My son said to be sure to get off the train when it came to Bridgeport. The friendly fellow passengers guided me into the Bridgeport station where I waited a couple of terrified hours until Bob arrived in a rental car. Then we drove to New Haven, finally found our two suitcases, and drove on to arrive, totally exhausted, at our son's home in Stamford.

But we had a happy holiday time there and on our trip to Massachusetts where we visited with our daughter and her family, returned to Stamford, turned in the rented car and boarded a train to Penn Station for a connection to Orlando. We had settled down happily when the conductor came to take our tickets and told us we were on our way to Grand Central Station not Penn Station.

At that time Bob was in good physical shape so on our arrival at Grand Central he grabbed both suitcases and a big paper shopping bag filled with Christmas gifts and we headed for the subway, up and down stairs, through turnstiles and onto jammed subway cars. At one point the handle on the paper bag broke, scattering gifts that had to be retrieved. Everyone was staring at us.

But we finally arrived at Penn Station to learn first that the train would be two hours late. A while later an announcement told us there would be further delay to replace the train's brakes.

When we finally arrived in Orlando we were totally exhausted and actually enjoyed the four hour bus trip to Sarasota since we were the only ones on the bus.

After that Bob said "Never Again!". . . and a few other things I won't repeat. . . and we did our Christmas trips by plane. Later on we laughed and laughed about it, but still we flew.

Ann Mancuso



How to Train Your Dog Not to Chase Delivery Trucks as They Depart up Your Long Driveway

When we lived in Lincoln we finally got a dog. He was the result of a liason between a female Golden we knew who had just mated for a second time that day with a male Golden we also knew. Her first mate was a black Lab. When the pups were born, four resembled the black Lab and four resembled the Golden. We took a Golden pup. We were not concerned that he had no lineage. We were just delighted that he would have Golden traits despite the lack of papers.

He was a delightful Golden, sweet and gentle. We named him Thane, the Scottish word for Lord. (Macbeth was the Thane of Cawdor.) One of his bad habits, however, was chasing trucks as they departed up our sloping 250 foot driveway. In those early days, we still had our milk delivered by truck. On one occasion the driver asked if I would like him to stop Thane from chasing him as he departed. I agreed and stood at the door to observe. True to form, as the truck started up, Thane took off after him. At the steep rise near the end of the driveway, the truck stopped abruptly. There was a loud clatter as heavy chains flew out of the truck onto the ground.

The poor dog was so frightened! He stopped chasing and literally turned tail and ran back to me.

He was white as a ghost as he hovered behind my knees. However, I was doubled up with laughter. BUT, Thane never chased a truck again!

Esther K. Braun

Forecastles in the Sky

When I was four my parents and I set forth on our first ocean voyage. Dad was a member of the Mexican Foreign Service and we were on our way to the second post of his long career. We traveled on a Swedish boat called "Hardanger" from Los Angeles, through the Panama Canal to Buenos Aires, with stops in Trinidad and Rio de Janeiro. The trip is etched in my memory. The ship itself was nothing like today's cruise ships. It was a cargo boat devoid of luxurious frills, carrying only eight paying passengers. The captain and crew were friendly Swedes who went out of their way to make the voyage as comfortable and enjoyable as possible. Because one of the holds was empty, they lined its interior with canvas and pumped sea water into it, making it into a nice pool where I had my first swimming lessons. On clear days, the Captain invited me to the bridge and even allowed me to take the wheel for a spell. The engineer showed me around the engine room on several occasions. I'd spend hours in safe places on deck gazing at the vastness of the sky and ocean, at the bow marveling at how the ship cut through the waves, or at the stern fascinated by the formation of its turbulent wake. I fell in love with the ship and the ocean. In 1931, the Prince of Wales (later Edward VIII) paid a state visit to Buenos Aires and stood at a reception line wearing a British naval officer's dazzling ceremonial uniform. Tagging along with my dad I got to shake the royal hand, and a brilliant idea was born. I loved that uniform and I loved the sea and ships - I would become a naval officer.

Over the next several years there were more ocean voyages, but now almost always on "liners" with all of their fancy amenities. My love of going on ships intensified as did my interest in uniforms. Later, while living in England, my dad and I went aboard HMS Royal Oak, one of Britain's great battleships, and had a guided tour. That did it: that was the kind of ship in which I wanted to sail. By the time I was back in the United States and in high school my vision was complete: I would go into the Navy and work my way up until I was an Admiral in command of a

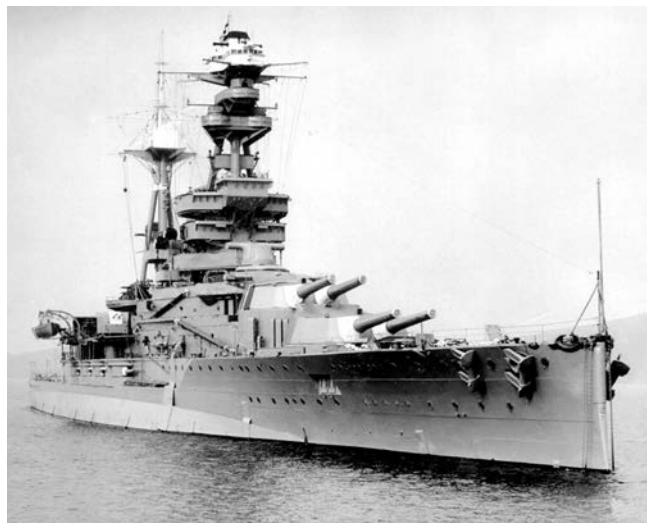


ship or ships such as HMS Royal Oak (which was sunk by the Germans in 1939). But first I had to get into the U.S. Naval Academy (USNA) -- I liked its uniforms and the curriculum. Although I was a Mexican citizen, I knew little about the Mexican Naval Academy, which was undergoing major transformation at that time, and even less about the Mexican navy.

However, my citizenship might be a problem; I didn't know if the USNA would accept me. I wrote a letter to its administration providing information I thought they'd be interested in, such as my grades and that I spoke English. In return I received a friendly and very welcoming letter stating their requirements for foreign candidates. First of all I must be sponsored by the Mexican government. That government must also provide me with a Mexican navy uniform equivalent to that of the USNA midshipmen - they must also provide me with the same scholarship received by the midshipmen, and they must guarantee to give me a commission in the Mexican navy upon graduation from the USNA.

As I read this, my vision began to founder but, still undaunted, I asked my dad, since he was part of the Mexican government, to ask appropriate Mexican authorities if they had any interest in launching me on the way to admiralship in the USN. The reply was quick, curt and uncompromising: none at all. There was my vision, gone aground. But the story has a happy ending.

When I married Ruthie, an avid sailboat racer, and winner of a large number of first-place pennants, she taught me how to sail on her boat. Over the subsequent years, I commanded a variety of sailboats, canoes, kayaks and one skiff with an outboard motor. My dream of a fancy uniform gave way to shorts and a windbreaker. Ruthie allowed me to be commander because it entailed doing all the heavy lifting that goes with caring for your fleet. Afloat she had the brain that could read the wind, the tide, the waves, what her competitor was thinking and how much she could get out of her boat and me. I learned how to go fast but nowhere near as fast as she could. Another thing I learned was that the Mexican navy never had a ship even a fraction of the size of HMS Royal Oak.



HMS RoyalOak

Later, when I joined the U. S. Army, I was given a uniform and called Captain, and assigned to the Army Hospital in New Orleans, where my office looked out over Lake Pontchartrain.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy



Wishful Thinking - Alzheimer's Style

Wishful thoughts brighten our days.
Like visions of sugar plums, they counter
dismays.

Looking for sign of improvement -
Ah! a return to the good old days.

Some days a glimmer of hope,
But then the glimmer fades.

Would that my wishes could become reality.
Alas! my heart knows the journey is one-way.

Today is as good as it gets.
Tomorrow, different, will be as good as it gets.

The good from each day is a treasure
To be stored away for good measure.

Wishful thinking is fine -
Something to hang onto at this time.

Bob Anderson

The Messiah

One cold early December evening many years ago, we had tickets for a performance of Handel's "Messiah" at Sanders Theater in Cambridge. As we huddled with a small crowd on the steps outside the building, waiting for the doors to open, a passerby asked, "What are you waiting for?" With one voice we all answered, "The Messiah" at which point we all broke into gales of laughter.

Esther K. Braun

Please, Just Let Us Sleep In This Once or *Too Much Scrabble Can Generate Anxieties*

A good night's rest, sine qua non, is the solution to erase all memory of the "Friday Evening Games", the regularly scheduled activity of the Tuesday Morning Club. We sighed as we departed, looking forward to recovering from the effects of the group's interminable, disorderly multi-board tournament of Scrabble.

It was not to be.

In the early Saturday morning hours, after tossing fitfully all night with frequent bouts of flat tax fantasies, we were aroused by the threatening sound of violence issuing from the back yard. Leaping from our bed to the windowsill, we threw up the shade. "Yes", "no", "yes", "what", we chorused in unison. Confirming our hastily formed impressions, we observed a scene of classic dystopia. Goodness gracious! The children! we shouted in polyphonic dismay.

It was true.

The children were racing to and fro in irrelevant asynchrony, uttering staccato squeals of delight while creating dangerous syzygies. The yard had been turned into an indelicate tilth.

The worst was yet to come.

Other children arrived and began orbiting in exuberant circles of metaphysical symbolism. Unwashed urchins from nowhere appeared, maddeningly busking for bitcoins by chanting curious quodlibets of dubious morality. Disinterested bystanders of all ages rushed to the scene brandishing selfie sticks and iPads. (Trenchant tweets could be exciting opportunities for the evening news.)

Vendors of oysters and escargot, *foie gras*, surged through the pulsating mob shucking their products with outrageous indolence as they progressed with distressing indifference. Purveyors of exotic securities portfolios set up street stands to engage in fashioning greedy illusions of foreign fiduciaries and hawking irrevocable trusts to marginal seniors. To top matters off, the neighborhood vielle and theorbo ensemble chimed in fortissimo, performing irritating canzonets. en concertant, di ripieno.



All chaos ensued!

Dreading the consequences, we quickly corralled our little darlings and found our fearful premonitions were realized! Clearly, these perverse, overarching yet idiopathic conditions had put their minds into completely new verbalism. An emergency trip to our family literalist was obviously prescribed. Without further delay we bundled them into the car, racing away allegro con brio.

Enduring a probing examination, each child reluctantly gave a specimen of epistolary. A lengthy analysis followed,

Upon receiving results we were at last granted the grace of a guttural “Gott Sei Dank!” as we registered unbridled joy. Fortunately, it was discovered the children were not suffering at all from a suspected attack of the dreaded pseudopigrapha but instead were evidencing mild symptoms of decalcomania, which one can easily lick.

“Stick to it”, was the literalist’s advice, sotto voce. We were relieved to do just that!

Kay H. Barney

How I Nearly Crossed the Bar

Sunset and Evening star

And one clear call for me!

*And may there be no moaning of the bar
when I put out to sea.*

Alfred Lord Tennyson

It was 1956 when I was in my first hospital job after graduating from medical school. I was a house officer at a hospital in Brighton and there was a break halfway through when I went from being a surgical house officer to a medical house officer. The first job had been interesting but hard work and I was looking forward to the break.

It was a beautiful summer and I decided to go to the picturesque seaside town and sailing resort of Salcombe, Devon. I had gone there several years earlier on a bicycling and hostel-ing trip with my younger brother. We had stayed at the Salcombe Youth Hostel, one of the most popular in the country.

So I went down to the Salcombe harbour where a number of boats were moored and spoke to a man who had a two-masted Salcombe Yawl. He agreed to rent it to me and spent a half hour or so teaching me how to sail it.

I knew well the Tennyson poem “Crossing the Bar” which referred to the notorious Salcombe Sandbar, on which the Coast Guard lost thirteen men in 1916.

Nonetheless, I set out and sailed towards the sea with the wind against me which I thought was a good sign because that meant it would be with me coming back. I tacked back and forth for some time and slowly approached the open sea and the infamous sand bar when I decided it was time to turn around and go back to the harbour.

Unfortunately, the wind had changed and was now against me and I had to tack back and forth quite vigorously to make any progress at all. I did not seem to gain much distance and I was becoming quite nervous about being stuck out there in the dark.

But finally, just before sunset, I reached the harbour with a great sigh of relief, knowing how close I had come to that treacherous and famous sandbar. The only harm done to me was a severe sunburn which was quite painful for a few days,

I did not grow up on the English coast but near the River Thames and every summer at my seven-year high school, classmates and I would cycle fifteen or twenty miles to Windsor or Maidenhead. We would take a packed lunch and rent punts - flat-bottomed boats - so we were all the time on the water. But when I took the trip at Salcombe, I really had no sailing experience at all. Looking back, it was foolhardy of me to take the trip and I doubt the owner of the boat should have rented it to me. But I survived and later, when I was married and lived in Lexington and Concord, I became a competent if not expert small boat sailor, enjoying the Community Boating Program on the Charles River and the great sailing resort of Linekin Bay in Boothbay Harbor.

However, none of my other boating experiences was ever as breathtaking as my solo sail near Salcombe Bar.

Harvey Lewis







Where Everyone Knows Your Name

The new year dawns
With greetings from Amazon.com.
They know me; they know what I want.
Perhaps it's *Writing Down Your Soul*
Or else, a professional non-stick roast rack.
Alternatively, *The Poet's Companion*,
Or a clear dripless baster.
They have me pegged.
All my dreams and desires are on file
And shipping is free.

Marjorie Roemer

Story in 233 Syllables

Once,
after a night when we both drank too much
at someone's party neither of us liked,
we were in bed still and you still sleeping.
The light through one opened curtain was just
intense enough to make me waken, as
I did, around 6, in early summer.
Our household and the neighborhood were still
quiet, so I heard, close by, you breathing,
and further, birds in their amazing range
of chirps, trills and nest mutterings, and still
further, the clearly carried roar of cars
on the expressway, a sound that never
stops and that in the years of our marriage
surrounded us in all of the places
we had lived. Both of us were then still in
our forties, our children eleven, eight
and five. It was all quite ordinary.
I sat on the bed, the old king-sized one
we slept in, and looked at you and listened,
slowly coming awake, feeling a bit
shaky, as one can after a bad night.
but inexplicably serene, waiting
for you to open your eyes, the day to
begin.

Craig Hill



New England

What season is it? The calendar says one thing, the outside thermometer says another. Yesterday was topsy-turvy and tomorrow promises to be almost an inversion of yesterday's temperature. Should I put on flip-flops or boots? Probably something in between. I have plastic tubs of warmer weather clothes beside plastic tubs of colder weather clothes. Which should I leave handy and which should go up in the attic? It's a puzzlement!

I love New England. Imagine living in south Florida or southern California. No decisions. Boring. Get up, throw on some shorts, a top and flip-flops - where's the challenge in that?!

Never getting to wear that nice cashmere sweater, fashionable tall leather boots, that cute knit hat that you picked up at the craft fair for just \$5. Not a chance. Maybe the cashmere sweater at the inside function where they turn the A/C way up (or is it "way down"?)

No, give me New England weather any day. Even a boring day can turn into an eventful day when the door slams on yesterday's relatively milder day and you need to remember where you put that warm scarf and cozy sweater, or when the sun comes out after yesterday's raw wind from the north and you can go for a walk in the woods with just a light-weight jacket.

No'reasters? Piffle. Soon we'll see snowdrops and crocuses poking up through the snow cover. Mud season? Never mind. Soon we'll see lacey pale green at the end of the un-dead branches.

Dog days of summer? No sweat (OK, sweat). Soon the air will start to be fresher - you can actually smell it! The glorious splash of reds and golds of fall? Ah. Only in New England.

OK, not really, but where else can you get it all in just twelve short months? So, whatever season you're in, enjoy it now. And look forward to the next one too, because it will come. For this is New England.

Madelyn Armstrong



Welcome New Residents

Marjorie Roemer

from Franklin, 7/23/18

David & Helen (Folweiler) Chipman

from South Dartmouth, 8/12/18

Joe Horowitz & Nancy Hicks

from Acton, 9/12/18

John & Katharine Newhall

from Manchester, Massachusetts
9/21/18

John "Jack" Wheatley

from Arlington, 9/21/18

Elena Kingsland

from Beacon Hill, Boston
9/24/18

Vernon & Victoria Gaw

"Vern and Vicky"

from Sterling and Falmouth
9/27/18



Village

America's Teacher in Space

Christa McAuliffe, the teacher who perished aboard the Challenger space shuttle in 1986, was brought alive by actress Judith Kalaora. McAuliffe was born in Boston, educated at Framingham State College, and teaching in Concord NH when selected from 11,000 applicants for the Challenger mission. An enthusiastic person, her goal was to teach while in space, sharing her love for teaching and for space travel. Since her tragic death, she has become a national hero, with more than 40 schools named for her, as well as many scholarships and science centers. We look forward to more performances by Ms. Kalaora, founder of "History at Play" productions.



New England's General Stores

Ted Reinstein, of WCBV's "Chronicle" program, brought us a fascinating, beautifully illustrated presentation about the history of the general store in New England. Among the several dozen survivors, the oldest general store still open in New England is the Old Country Store and Museum in Moultonborough, New Hampshire, where it has been since 1781. Some are called "country" stores, and others "general" stores (Ted's preference) but all are at the vital center of their town, serving as a meeting place as well as the place to buy whatever you need. A sign in one store sums it up, "if we don't have it, you don't need it".

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

Frederick Moyer Classical Recital

Perennial favorite Fred Moyer returned to perform piano music of five highly varied composers. Haydn's early crystal-clear sonata in F followed by Beethoven's stormy Variations in C minor demonstrated how dramatically music had progressed in 50 years. Mendelssohn's brilliant Etude in F contrasted with a lilting Barcarolle taken from that composer's "Songs without Words". We were then ushered into the 20th century with Debussy's youthful Suite "Pour le Piano" before the ambitious program culminated on a Russian note with three stirring Preludes by Rachmaninoff. The appreciative audience was treated to an encore, Alexander Siloti's arrangement of Bach's Prelude in B minor.

The International Museum of World War II

Our visit to this museum in Natick elicited painful memories for some residents, patriotic pride for some and a fascinating learning experience for all. The more than 7500 authentic artifacts of WWII on display include Hitler's pocket watch and paint box, a Sherman tank, the original Normandy invasion plans, handwritten documents by world leaders, diaries and letters home by ordinary soldiers (English, German, Japanese, Canadian, American, Polish), uniforms of members of the Allied forces and the Axis nations, and striped clothing worn by prisoners in concentration camps. We enjoyed reflection and conversation over our delicious lunch at Bella Costa restaurant.

New England Geology

Geologist Dr. David Howell took us through millions of years of the changing earth. Using superb graphics, he illustrated the activity within the earth and the resulting earth formations we New Englanders know today. He took great care always to locate Carleton Willard Village on the maps. Sometimes we were near the sea; others far inland. This was due to plate tectonics, the continuous movement of the continents as forces within the earth apply pressure on the land above. Earthquakes result as these moving continents are forced against each other and either push the land up, causing mountains, or slide past or under each other.



Happenings

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

Concord Chamber Music Society

Boston Symphony Orchestra violinist Wendy Putnam, founder and director of the Concord Chamber Music Society, accompanied by pianist Vitas Baksys, keyboardist with the BSO, performed Sergei Prokofiev's Violin Sonata No. 2 before an appreciative audience. The alternatively capricious, satirical, jazzy and upbeat piece was introduced by former BSO program annotator Steven Ledbetter, who set the scene with a concise biography, musical analysis and historical background. Resident Kay Barney introduced the guest artists. Many residents subscribe to CCM's regular Concord concert series, so a mutual feeling of gratitude filled the hall.

Art Around the Village

With the arrival of fall, our gallery burst forth with a colorful show of 34 watercolors by residents of Llewysac, Ross-Worthen and the Nursing and Rehabilitation Center. The 17 artists enjoy weekly classes with instructor Linda Dunn. Some have worked in watercolors for many years, while others are newcomers to the medium. Some show a love of flowers and others are delightfully imaginative. Even before their work appeared in our gallery, these artists had the honor of showing their work to the public in an exhibit at the Loading Dock Gallery in Lowell. Residents and visitors enjoyed seeing the show at Carleton-Willard Village.

Quabbin Reservoir Trip

On a sunny day in October, residents joined a group from the Bedford Council on Aging for a trip in a luxury coach to Quabbin Reservoir in central Massachusetts. Following lunch at the Salem Cross Inn in West Brookfield, we drove to the reservoir, the water supply for Greater Boston. Created in the 1930s by flooding 39 square miles, the project required relocating the residents of four towns, leveling all the buildings, and moving cemeteries. The view from the overlook was beautiful, though the foliage was far from its peak. During our return we stopped at Brookfield Orchards to buy apples and explore the gift shop.

Everyday Ecstasy

On a summer evening, poet Mary Clare Powell, with her musician partner, Violet Walker, friends of resident Joan Vander Vliet, entertained an enthusiastic audience with readings from her recent collection, *Everyday Ecstasy*, accompanied by Vi's solo violin and, alternatively, her musical saw. The subjects of Mary's "word pictures" ranged from aging well, personal loss, winter on Cape Cod, gazing at the heavens through a telescope, to a hilarious response from Dear Abby. As the musical saw's ethereal tones began to fill the auditorium, all eyes darted to this early American folk instrument, the ends held between the knees and the left hand, and played with a cello bow.



An Evening With Dan Kennedy

An appreciative audience enjoyed an evening with pianist and composer Dan Kennedy, a graduate of Bedford High School, known to many residents. Beginning with his "Story Within a Story" he interspersed his works with classics by Beethoven (Minuet in G), Schubert (Waltz) and Debussy (Children's Corner). Dan often chooses titles for his pieces after writing them, and it seemed to many listeners that his music was descriptive of titles such as "Ballad", "Falling", "Wintergreen", "Courage", "Wild Flowers", "Moving On" and especially "Implying Flying", dedicated to his dad who was in the audience. The program ended with "Dear Girl", which evoked grand views of western country seen from his window in Sedona, Arizona.

Edwin Cox



Teenage Memories of WWII

I grew up in Franklin, MA. Before WWII we used to collect War Cards in bubble gum packages. These cards focused on the atrocities the Japanese inflicted on China when they invaded in 1937.

Then came Pearl Harbor. The news came to us on a bright, clear December day. I remember the shock and concern of what that would mean. The sources of news were the radio and the newspapers. The only video coverage of the fighting was in the news reels at the movies. Rationing and the draft followed soon afterwards. The War Cards we had been collecting, with their focus on Japanese atrocities, made war with Japan even more threatening.

In 1942 my father started a Military Drill Class for High School seniors on Fridays to help prepare them for Army service. This he did despite having advanced TB, ulcers and arthritis. He kept this up through the entire war. He taught them basic information such as how to line up in formation, stand at attention, manual of arms (how to hold a rifle while marching, while at attention etc.) He also made them memorize General Orders - which they would have to memorize in boot camp.

He received many letters from his graduates after they had been through boot camp. The letters expressed strong appreciation for how much his Military Drill classes helped them. They were so far ahead of their fellow recruits on the basics that many of them were immediately promoted to squad leader. The common theme of the letters was thanks for the benefit to them from his Military Drill classes.

Most towns formed a Civil Defense Corps, staffed by the residents, in order to be prepared in case we were invaded or attacked. My brother and I joined the Bicycle Messenger Unit. Our job was to take messages between Civil Defense units to ensure communication if the town was attacked.

Part of our training was to form two columns while riding along a street and then to practice swerving off both sides of the road into the

bushes in case we were being strafed by enemy aircraft. Very exciting in practice.

In August of 1945 I went to a two week Sea Scout camp in Wellfleet. This was my first away camp and was exciting. While the camp was a great experience, other events dominated the two weeks. The news of the first atomic bomb on Hiroshima on August 6th stunned all of us at camp and we all struggled to understand its significance. It was too much to comprehend. Then the news of the second atomic bomb on Nagasaki on August 9th was another shocker. This was followed by news on August 15th of the surrender of Japan on the deck of the USS Missouri. Wow!



The day after the surrender the town of Wellfleet held a victory parade. All the Sea Scouts went into town and rode on the fire engines. The joy and relief of everyone was electric and extremely exciting.

As the parade slowly made its way through town we went past a weather-beaten house on the right side of the road. Standing in front was a small elderly, unsmiling woman. To her right was a window with a flag with three gold stars. That meant that she had lost three sons in the war. The view of her standing alone with no expression left a lasting impression - such a contrast to all the celebrations going on around her.

Ironically, little did I know that six years later I would be a midshipman on the USS Missouri and would sleep on hot nights with my head on the plaque marking the spot of the Japanese surrender.

Bob Anderson

Fond Memories of the Skating Rink in Vienna

When the weather was sufficiently agreeable, our governess took my brother, Willy, and me to this rink, a favorite of skating stars in central Europe as well as local Viennese folks. It was as large as the several red tennis courts beneath it in the warm season. Hidden below the surface were closely laid pipes with freezing running water which ensured optimum ice right to the edges of the rink. At one end it had a small labyrinth with two handrails for beginners, mostly children. Novices were required to stay there until able to skate without holding on. A red-capped employee was on duty to help children get up from awkward falls, or if injured would support or carry the child to the First Aid Station. There a doctor would check the child out, and notify the accompanying adult of the situation. When a beginner could skate forward and backwards without holding onto the hand rails, he or she would ask the red cap person for permission to skate in the section for the general public. There the outer open lanes had ample width for travelling in circles; the inner central space was big enough to be reserved for pair dancing. Mutti enjoyed that and was remarkably good at it. The rink had gentlemen instructors available at reasonable fees to act as partners since few husbands were free from work during the week. Music from a live orchestra floated over from the balconies of adjoining buildings, played with great gusto, especially favorite waltzes and march tempo pieces.

Sometimes figure skating stars like the pair Papel and Zwack came to practice on the large reserved section. They wore neatly fitting black attire. However when Sonja Henie appeared she was a sensation. She wore a powerful palace-green velvet dress trimmed with ermine around the skirt. When she went into a daring spin, the skirt flew out, undulating around her, revealing peach silk lining and matching modestly fitting panties. The colorful, revealing, costume was a startling departure from the customary close-fitting black things worn by most stars. However while the name of the talented pair Papel and Zwack faded into obscurity, Sonja Henie blossomed,

even into Hollywood stardom.

Regular members carried a dated card with photograph. Mutti was proud of her card; it still had her photograph at age twelve, then a whole page of stamps for each year of membership renewal. She was so lovely with long wavy hair falling over her navy blue double-breasted coat with gold buttons. The rink had lockers to keep skating boots safe from theft. Every two years Mutti had our shoemaker measure my brother and me for the next pair of skating boots. He had leather samples of various colors and quality but Mutti would never permit me to choose white like Sonja Henie. My first pair had half-height irons suitable for young children. My next pair were standard height but without sharp front teeth. Mutti thought they were unnecessary: I was not figure skating and they were too dangerous anyway.

The locker room had attendants to put on skates. Franzl was our favorite. He laced the skates just right - not too tight and the laces never came undone. Mutti or our governess always tipped him well so even when it was busy we never had to wait too long. Franzl had watched Mutti grow into adulthood so he was almost a friend and was included in the Christmas present list.

One day the lamp posts were decorated with a bunch of balloons. I longed to have one. Our governess knew one of the maintenance men and found him. He melted when he saw what a cute little girl I was -- and he was happy to do his acquaintance a favor. He reappeared shortly with a long ladder over his shoulder, climbed to the top, undid a balloon and wound it securely around my hand. He gave Maulein an elegant bow, and with a broad smile said, "gern geschehen" (my pleasure), loaded the ladder on his shoulder and lumbered off without further ado. I was flabbergasted that my Maulein had the power to persuade this man to do this for us. It made me enjoy the outings to the skating rink all the more. No wonder it is one of the happy little memories to share with friends now in my old age.

Daisy Illich





Going It Alone

It had been almost sixty years since I had lived alone. Changes and adjustments have had to be made with my spouse's passing. Following is a partial list of things which concerned her and my actual or possible reaction then.

SHE WOULD HAVE SAID

- ** "How many days are you going to wear that shirt?" (Why, it's only been a couple or three?)
- ** "My class reunion is next month. Wouldn't you like to come?" (Driving you 400 hundred miles to upstate New York to meet your old classmates of fifty years ago? You've got to be kidding . . . Wouldn't miss it.)
- ** "Can you help me with this earring clasp, necklace, etc." (Well there is no one else here; I guess I have to.)
- ** "Don't you think it's time to come to bed?" (Good grief, it's only 10:30 and you want me to stop watching the game right now?)
- ** "It's cold (damp, dry, etc.), can't you do something about it? (You can't expect the heat to come up instantly. Be a little patient or get a sweater.)
- ** "You can't get up at 5:30 for breakfast." (I can and will if you are sleeping.)
- ** "I'd like to have dinner with (fill in the blank with almost anyone.) (Good grief, not again. Can't we ever eat alone? You go ahead, I'll eat alone and do the crossword puzzle.)

BUT MY PROBLEMS NOW

- ** Making the bed. (This is a housewifey thing. Does it really need to be done every day?)
- ** Dried-on spills. (How would I know that damp heat would remove the finish of an end table? The placemat covers it pretty well anyway.)
- ** A well-balanced diet. (Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. That's nuts and grapes. That's balanced isn't it? Well at least I've got the CWV dieticians helping!)
- ** Ironing a shirt or anything else. (Forget it!)
- ** My faulty hearing was always aided by my spouse's clarification of waitress recitations. (Now dinner ordering can be a guessing game resulting in the ingesting of wildly exotic parts of animals and odd combinations of things. Sometimes they are not that bad. OK, sometimes they are good.)

Having said all that, how could I have been so lucky to have had such a partner? But I am still not going to change my shirt every day, and I am going to do the crossword puzzles any time I want!

Wally Campbell

Quandary

Why do I wonder, at the touch,
 Why my muscles hurt so much?
 Why is my gait not quite so sprightly
 Nor my decisions made so lightly?
 Could it be fitness exercises?
 My age should not bring such surprises.

Diet? Weather? Time of day?
 Make these symptoms go away!
 Massage with all its pressure points
 Might soothe those pesky aching joints.
 Or maybe it's just coincidence -
 So, how do I feel? Perhaps just tense!

Lois Pulliam



I Create the World

Each night, I flip the switch
Plunge to darkness.
Slowly, very slowly,
The scene emerges.
Light behind the shade
Clarifies; things assume their shapes.
Within moments, a hazy world
Returns, luminous in half-light.

I remember
Children's books where
Wet brushes released
The colors of the page.
A pictorial world in waiting
Present as possibility
Born into gradual being
By my small gesture.

Marjorie Roemer

Whoever you are "Great To See You!"

Iwish that I could age with grace, not getting angry at the many insufficiencies that age presents.

When one has lived an active participating lifestyle, to realize suddenly that that stage of self-sufficiency is ebbing like a tidal change is unsettling. Take the skill of remembering names; it has fled to somewhere and I am not in that place!

Yes, I do re-state a name when introduced, hoping that repetition will enable me to use the name after the original introduction. But that does not do the trick for me. You see, I am a visual learner and need to marry the sight of a name to the auditory experience.

Without a visual aid, I frequently resort to hearty greetings: "How are you?" or "Great to see you" - hoping that heartiness masks the fact that I don't know the names of the "yous"

It's cold comfort to suspect they probably don't remember my name either!

Ara Tyler

<i>In Memory</i>	
Barbara Estey	July 28
Marion Grabhorn	August 4
Ethel Twitchell	August 9
Margaret Harrington	August 11
George Sprott	August 20
Anna De Greggio	August 28
Deborah Hermann	August 31
Deborah Lamb	September 14
Alice Busa	September 22
Jean Scott Creighton	September 24
Patricia Tudbury	September 31
Arthur Milliken	October 9
Betty Rosen	October 13



Village Return

January 2011 ...cold and windy...but it was my best chance to revisit my last New York neighborhood, Horatio Street, between Greenwich and Washington Streets in the West Village.

I lived there fifty-six years earlier at 79 Horatio on the third floor facing rear. It was my first time of having a place on my own; the rent was sixty dollars a month. The living room was 16x16 with a brick wood-burning fireplace. The bedroom was small and the kitchen very small, but it worked well with my limited cooking talent. The bathroom was fine. I scraped the walls and ceiling and sanded the floor, then painted and refinished everything. The hallways smelled of cats. I was happy there and enjoyed knowing some neighbors.

A number of friends had told me that I really should try to get back and see how my old neighborhood had changed. I would hardly recognize it, they said, because over the past several years it had become an “in” place to be, what with very fancy boutique clothing stores, fine restaurants and clubs and most recently the southern terminus of the innovative High Line Park atop the old elevated freight tracks.

I remember my block in 1955 as semi-isolated with the freight trains and seamen’s hotels towards the Hudson River. The locomotives banged freight cars and the mounted police troop clip clopped around ten o’clock every night.

The huge wholesale meat market was mostly on the next street north, Gansevoort Street, where I had to walk carefully, avoiding the slick from the drippings of beef unloaded over the sidewalk. To the east was the Department of Sanitation garage, and a small park with a basketball court. Jane Street was just to the south along with Bell Labs and the YMCA. I enjoyed a great view north, unobstructed by high rise so the Empire State Building seemed almost right at hand.

So in 2011 I expected to see all this big change but I didn’t. Oh sure, some of the buildings on my block had been renovated and most of them were much cleaner and neater than I

remember, but basically it felt the same. There was still a nursery school in the same place. My own building was the only one in a sad state. It looked as if nothing had been done to it in all those years. It was unoccupied. The front doorway, one step below street level, was in very bad



shape and I imagine everything inside was as well, but hey, it was my old place and I really enjoyed being back there. After all, it was the first time I was on my own, in my twenties and that is a special time no matter where you are. I was happy to be there now with Kit, Chris and our friend Barbara.

Then we turned the corner onto Washington Street, saw those “high end fashion” shops in the old meat market buildings. I just couldn’t believe it! We took the neat sidewalk elevator up to the High Line, walked a short way along the raised park, through a very modern hotel, and down the stairs, getting out of the wind off the river.

We walked back up Horatio and there was El Faro Restaurant right there where I left it on the corner of Greenwich. I used to stop there sometimes coming home from work to enjoy a dish of paella, while the big German Shepherd slept on the white tile floor. I FELT RIGHT AT HOME AGAIN.

Ross Cowan

Newbury Street Transformation

When I was twelve I gave up lying, admittedly rather late in life. One Saturday, busy with mindless weekend chores, I was struck out of the nowhere by the realization that it was less my misdeeds which infuriated the grown ups in my life than my lying about them. Having no siblings, I blamed one or another dog or cat for the broken object, the spilled ink, the vanished cookie. I correctly concluded that it would be less costly to my peace of mind to suffer the consequences of the misdeed rather than the attempted cover-up.

I was slower to abandon wishful thinking, a form of self deception, but I well remember what led to it. I wore braids all my young life. Once old enough to tend to them, I had difficulty achieving an acceptable standard of neatness, and I hated the bathtub shampoos (no showers in those days.) It was decided the braids must go. Once they had been hacked off, off, I kept them in a shoe box. (Eventually they went to college with me.)

Thereafter, my hair hung straight and shapeless to below my ears, held back from my face with bobby pins. Then, when I was about to attend a new school, it was decided that something must be done. All the girls I knew had lovely hair, usually shoulder length. The lucky ones had natural curls or waves. Those with straight hair had coaxed it into a softly swinging pageboy. I was to have a “permanent” as I thought it was called, and would become a model of teenage femininity.

My anticipated transformation took me to Newbury Street in Boston where a renowned French “stylist” had his salon. My mother delivered me and went off to do errands. I was greeted with great warmth and enthusiasm and turned over to a lady who wrapped me in protective capes and silently shampooed me. All the while I gazed at the walls covered with photos of ravishing young women, superbly coiffed. Soon I would join that sisterhood!

M. François appeared to enquire, with Gallic charm, what mademoiselle desired today. Flummoxed, I must have muttered a version of “I dunno; whatever you think. . .” He patted my shoulder in a paternal sort of way, briefly gazed at his walls of beauty and began.

First the dozens of small, hard metal curlers rolled tight all over my head ; then the application of foul-smelling solution and finally I was led to a hot oven and instructed to put my head in it - that was the dryer. I reminded myself that transformations are bound to involve a measure of discomfort.

Back to François, I was neutralized, released from the piping hot curlers, combed out and turned around to face the mirror to admire myself. Whereupon I burst into sobs. Poor François was shocked, “What is wrong, Mademoiselle”. All I could manage to say through sobs was, “But it’s still me!” He probably thought he had a lunatic on his hands. Very quickly I apologized, thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and was more or less intact when my mother reappeared. Almost as quickly I saw that I had imagined the outcome of this adventure according to what I wished it to be - five star wishful thinking, uninformed by reality. I decided that wishful thinking was tempting, but too expensive for me.



In my high school senior year book all the girls have sleek and lovely hair except for one, who has pigtails.

Alice Morrish



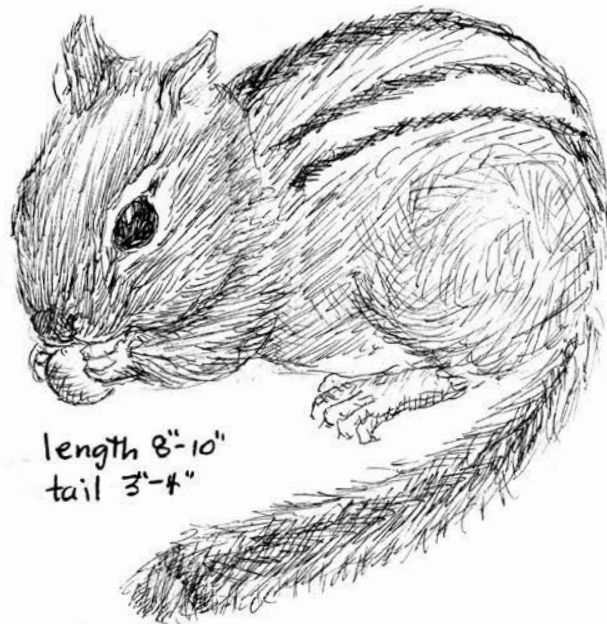
The Chipmunk



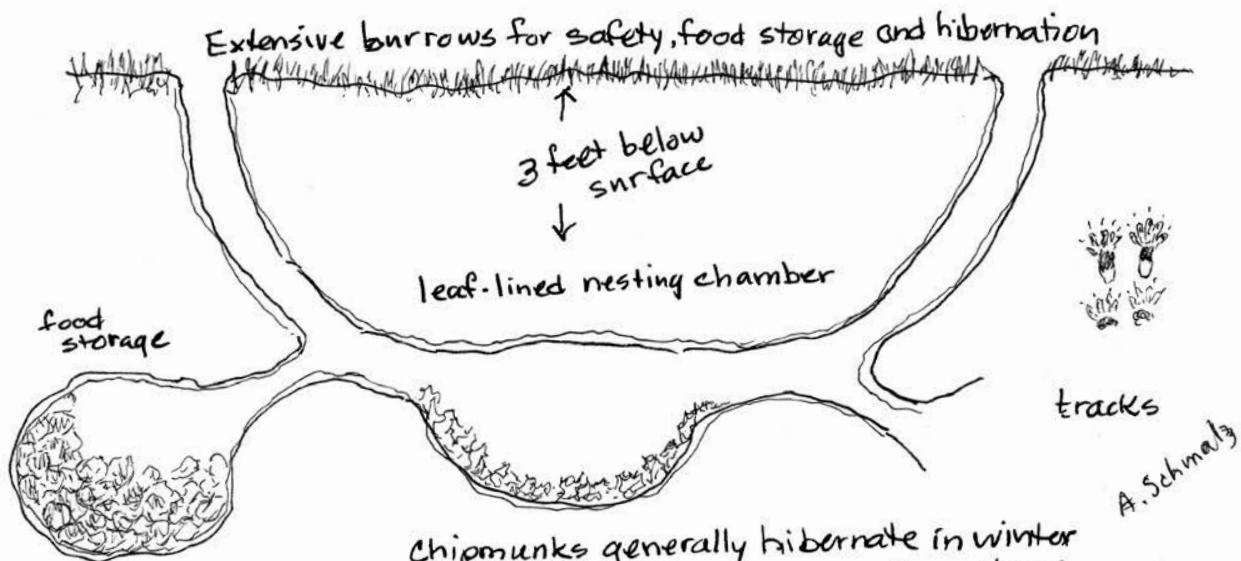
as in all rodents
teeth grow continually



cheek pouches can expand
fourfold to hold food
on foraging trips



length 8"-10"
tail 3"-4"



chipmunks generally hibernate in winter
but may be seen on warm days

A. Schmalz



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

Library Beginnings

How was our library originally set up? Who ran the library in the early years? How was the collection developed? These are a few of the questions that have come from our CWV residents.

Conversations with Barbara Doyle, our CEO, and perusal of the CWV history, "A Splendid Pine Grove", have provided some of the answers.

In October 1982, Carleton-Willard Village was licensed and began serving food and providing nursing services. Patients from the Ross-Worthen Home in Waltham came to the nursing center, residents from the Elizabeth Carleton House in Roxbury and the Frances E. Willard Homes came to Llewysac Lodge. The first cluster home resident moved into Bedford Court. It took two years to fill Llewysac and the Health Center.

Barbara Doyle faced the challenge of hiring a staff of about 200 individuals to cover every aspect of the operation, from administration to nursing, kitchen, laundry, cleaning, maintenance and more. At that time there was no staff available to run activities, as they were very busy getting organized. There were also no committees.

In 1984 the Library Committee was established (the very first committee). The mission of the committee was to set up a library and take in book donations from incoming residents. Dorothy Walker, a retired librarian, and her sister were in charge.

For the first six years, the library served as an all-purpose room, as there was no auditorium. Small meetings, speakers and memorial services were held in the library, with extra chairs set up in the corridor. Residents' Association meetings were held on Main Street. The reading room was added in 1988, when the auditorium and the Victoria Café were built. Then the library became a real library!

A great deal of additional information about the library is available in the CWV archives. As that becomes available we will be able to put together the complete story of our wonderful library. We can also plan for its future.

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

The Masterpiece by Fiona Davis

The discovery of a work of art underneath Grand Central Station unearths an amazing story as well.

Leadership: In Turbulent Times

by Doris Kearns Goodwin

How four presidents, Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt, FDR and Lyndon Johnson, learned leadership the hard way.

Prisoners of Geography by Tim Marshall

Ten maps showing how world history and global politics are shaped by the physical assets and barriers of each place.

Transcription by Kate Atkinson

A hypnotic story of World War II espionage, betrayal and loyalty, involving a teen-age recruit.

The Prisoner in the Castle

by Susan Elia MacNeal

War prisoners on a remote Scottish island are being mysteriously killed, one by one, and Maggie Hope could be next.

Our Towns by James and Deborah Fallows

The authors fly all over the U. S., finding local level creative change and positive developments.

A Spark of Light by Jodi Picoult

There is a hostage crisis in a women's health clinic over the issue of abortion rights.

Robert B. Parker's Colorblind

by Reed Farrel Coleman

Jesse Stone returns from rehab to face a white supremacist and racial violence.

The Spy and the Traitor by Ben Macintyre

The amazing account of Colonel Oleg Gordievsky who was both a KGB operative and a spy for Britain in World War II.

The Word is Murder by Anthony Horowitz

A woman arranges her funeral and then is strangled only six days later. A coincidence?

The Last Carousel of Provence by Juliet Blackwell

A California photographer on assignment to study a crumbling French chateau finds an antique carousel with a startling history.

Atlas of Space by James Trefil

An issue of National Geographic showing remarkable photographs and maps of every planet in our solar system.

The Common Good by Robert B. Reich

A provocative essay about our American sense of collective good which has eroded in recent years and needs reversal.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Frenkel, Francoise No Place to Lay One's Head
Hersh, Seymour M. Reporter (*)
Iftin, Abdi Nor Call Me American
Scottoline, Lisa & I See Life through Rose-
Serritella, Francesca Colored Glasses (*)
Smarsh, Sarah Heartland

Biography

Fraser, Caroline Prairie Fires
Greenberger, Scott S. The Unexpected President
King, Maxwell The Good Neighbor (*)

Current Affairs

Dorey-Stein, Beck From the Corner of the Oval
Fallows, James Our Towns
and Deborah
Marshall, Tim Prisoners of Geography
Reich, Robert The Common Good
Woodward, Bob Fear

Fiction

Atkinson, Kate Transcription
Berenson, Glee The Wolves
Bird, Sarah Daughter of a Daughter of
a Queen (*)
Black, Cara Murder on the Left Bank (*)
Blackwell, Juliet The Lost Carousel of
Provence
Brown, Sandra Tailspin
Callanan, Liam Paris by the Book (*)
Clark, Mary Higgins All By Myself Alone
Cleaves, Ann Wild Fire
Clinton, Bill & The President is Missing (*)
Patterson, James
Coleman, Reed Farrel Robert B. Parker's
Colorblind

Davis, Fiona
Doctorow, E. L.
Fellowes, Jessica
Ford, Jack
Frear, Caz
Frost, Keziah

Gessen, Keith
Grecian, Alex

Hilderbrand, Elin
Honeyman, Gail

Horowitz, Anthony
Hotchner, A. E.

Kerr, Philip
Kwan, Kevin
Li, Lillian

MacNeal, Susan Elia
Massey, Sujata

Mayes, Frances
Mayor, Archer
McNees, Kelly
O'Connor

Mizushima, Margaret
Mosley, Walter

Nesbo, Jo
Orange, Tommy
Pearce, A. J.
Penny, Louise
Perry, Anne
Picoult, Jodi
Quick, Amanda

The Masterpiece
Sweet Land Stories
The Mitford Murders
Chariot on the Mountain (*)
Sweet Little Lies
The Reluctant Fortune
Teller (*)
A Terrible Country
The Saint of Wolves and
Butchers
The Perfect Couple
Eleanor Oliphant is
Completely Fine
The Word is Murder
The Amazing Adventures of
Aaron Broom (*)
Greeks Bearing Gifts
Crazy Rich Asians
Number One Chinese
Restaurant (*)
The Prisoner in the Castle
The Widows of Malabar
Hill (*)
Women in Sunlight
Bury the Lead
Undiscovered Country (*)
Burning Ridge
Down the River Unto the
Sea
The Thirst
There, There
Dear Mrs. Bird (*)
Glass Houses (*)
Dark Tide Rising
A Spark of Light
The Mystery Woman (*)



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Roberts, Nora
Scottoline, Lisa
Silva, Daniel
Steel, Danielle
Steel, Danielle
Steel, Danielle
Stegner, Wallace
Todd, Charles
Waxman, Abbi

Shelter in Place
Feared
The Other Woman
Against All Odds
The Apartment
The Good Fight
The Spectator Bird
A Forgotten Place
The Garden of Small
Beginnings (*)

Nature

Herriot, James
Jenkins, Steve
Sheldrick, Dame
Daphne
Every Living Thing
Happily Ever Esther (*)
Love, Life and Elephants

Religion

Pope Francis
A Future of Faith (*)

Travel

Adams, Mark
Tip of the Iceberg (*)

History

Devlin, Rachel
Fox, Margalit

A Girl Stands at the Door (*)
Conan Doyle for the
Defense
Leadership

Goodwin, Doris
Kearns

Goodwin, Doris
Kearns

Leadership (*)

(* indicates Large Print)

Macintyre, Ben
Makos, Adam
Mead, Corey
Muses Publishers
Reinstein, Ted

The Spy and the Traitor
A Higher Call
The Lost Pilots (*)
Ancient Greece
New England General
Stores

Katherine F. Graff



CD



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