



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER





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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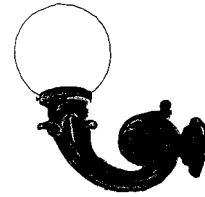
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Editor's Corner



Our original theme for this issue was “Feasts and Festivities,” but when very few people wanted to write about their epicurean adventures we added another theme, “Winter Memories I Can’t Forget.” We hoped for stories of the blizzard of 1978 that produced twenty-seven inches of snow in Boston and fifteen foot drifts, or the Presidents’ Day blizzard in 2003 when a record twenty-seven and a half inches fell. However, no one chose to tell us about opening the door to no traffic noise and complete silence in Boston and its suburbs in 1978 after all the roads had been snowed in and closed. We did, however, receive plenty of stories to help this be another thirty-two page issue with twenty-one residents in print.

Last year we kept waiting for the snow, but only nine inches fell in the Boston area during the winter season. Many of us would like a repeat, but others see this as the time to begin a new year. The colorful falling leaves are bringing an end to a beautiful fall season, a hard frost has killed the mosquitoes, and soon falling snow will help clear the air of allergy producing particulate matter. How can we not choose this time to celebrate all that we have been given and prepare for what we can give to others in the coming year?



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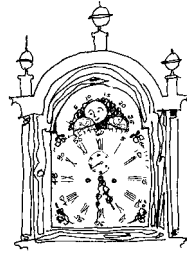
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From the Chief Executive Officer



“Then the Whos, young and old, would sit down to a feast.
And they’d feast! And they’d feast!
And they’d FEAST! FEAST! FEAST! FEAST!”

Dr. Seuss, *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*

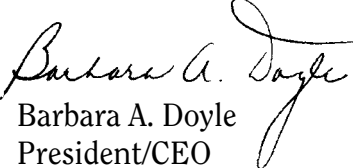
The holidays are right around the corner, and for many of us they are the source of some of our most enduring memories. Our focus, naturally, is inward: families, close friends, traditions. But as meaningful as the holidays are to us personally, I think they are even more important for a community.

Throughout history, celebrations have been the chronicle of civilization. Whether to give thanks for the harvest, mark a new year, remember those who came before us, welcome new marriages and births, or simply breathe a collective sigh of relief for making it through another winter, feasts have always been, first and foremost, communal. They are the acknowledgment of a community successfully reaching another milestone.

“Celebrate,” from the Latin *celebre*, to honor. And “feast,” *festus*, joyous.

The cultural traditions and special touches ingrained in our holidays and family celebrations are closely held and have profound meaning, but I like to think that each of us, in our own “festive” way, honors the fact that our community has enjoyed yet another year—*together*. As a community, we’re strong. We’re vibrant. We continue to learn. We improve the qualities of our lives. We look after each other. And we extend that very positive energy to our families, friends, and the communities beyond our own.

And that itself is cause enough to celebrate!


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO

A Christmas Trip

When I was three years old and my sister was five our father died. Mother took us immediately back to her parents' home on a farm in Saskatchewan. She also resumed teaching school, which she had done before her marriage. She restarted her teaching career in Gull Lake, at the little one room country school near her parents' home, but a couple of years later she got a teaching job in Swift Current, a larger town about forty miles east of Gull Lake, on the Canadian Railway.

Even after my mother, my sister, and I moved to Swift Current my grandparents' farm remained a very central point in our lives. Our long summer vacations were mostly spent there and certainly it was where we celebrated major holidays. We would go by train the forty miles between Swift Current and Gull Lake and there be met by my grandfather, traveling by horse and buggy or sleigh according to the weather. I loved that eight mile ride to the farm, though my grandfather and I spent quite a bit of the time in mock argument about such matters as whether or not I could have traveled faster by foot than by the horse-drawn buggy.

One Christmas trip to the farm stands out. It was cold. There was a lot of snow on the ground, and it was snowing when we arrived in Gull Lake. But this time instead of a buggy or sleigh we were met by a "closed cutter," a homemade, horse-drawn vehicle that was really nothing more than a wooden box on runners. It was not large, certainly not large enough to stand up in but large enough for the three of us to sit in. Inside was a layer of straw into which warm rocks had been placed to provide some heat. We also had blankets and warm soup. My grandfather and the hired man had driven the cutter into town earlier that day. They would ride on the outside during their return trip and their plan for keeping warm included heavy clothing and a large bottle of whisky.

My first reaction was great excitement. I had never had such an experience and although the cutter was a little crowded and dark it seemed

quite cozy. And that impression lasted for perhaps the first mile or two. But then everything changed. It was getting dark. It became clear from the voices of our two drivers that the horses were having difficulty finding the road and the men were having a hard time keeping them from drifting. In some places the roads were edged with shallow ditches, but in others the ditches were deeper and when one of the horses veered off the road it caused the cutter to list hard to that side. Once or twice it seemed impossible that it would not end up falling over into the ditch.



I cannot imagine how long that trip took. It seemed everlasting. Fortunately, as we got closer to the farm the road ran through relatively flat land and the absence of ditches made the travel easier and the horses more sure-footed. When the Christmas holiday was over, I don't remember how we got back to Gull Lake and the train back to Swift Current. I have no memory of that but I am sure I never rode in a closed cutter except that once.

Many years later, however, on a trip to Russia I saw in a museum a Russian version of a closed cutter. Clearly, this had never been used by a poor farmer to transport his family along snow covered country roads. It was more compact and somewhat tear shaped, slightly higher



at the back than at the front to make for more comfortable seating. The outside was beautifully painted and the inside completely upholstered. But I immediately recognized it and was just as quickly transported back to Saskatchewan. I am a bit ashamed to admit that my emotion at that moment was one of jealousy, as I pictured some upper class Russian family being pulled through the packed-down streets of Moscow on a ride that would have been as thrilling as the one I had long ago anticipated.

Heather Hill

Ice Cream

The Christmas meal that stands out most clearly in my memory involves ice cream. For as long as I can remember, I have had a special love for that cold, creamy dessert. On this occasion our family had been given an ice cream cake made by Mr. Peterson of Marion, Massachusetts. You haven't lived if you've never tasted his ice cream.

We had our usual nice holiday meal, but I left plenty of room for dessert. As the dishes were cleared away my father said, "I have a great idea. I know a family in our town who can afford to have only cereal for their Christmas meal. Let's all drive to their house and present them with the ice cream cake." Mother and my sisters agreed. I was struck dumb with disappointment. What could I say? My father was looking at me with his wise eyes and kind smile. Off we went with the cake.

As we entered the little cabin, we saw four young children huddled near the fireplace with their empty porridge bowls in front of them. When they saw that cake, their dear faces lit up like flares on the fourth of July. The memory of their happiness has given me more pleasure than I could ever get from ice cream or even from black raspberry frozen yogurt with a dash of hot fudge sauce.

Ruth Fernandez-Herlihy

On, Donner and Blitzen!

During the 1960s my wife and I were members of a support group called ATOMS (Association to Overcome Multiple Sclerosis). We attended monthly meetings and I raised my hand too quickly at one meeting when I volunteered to play Santa Claus at the Christmas party for fellow patients and their families.

There are not many six foot, five inch Santa Claus costumes in circulation, but I finally found a reasonable fit, and on the day of the party we drove our station wagon to the parking lot next to the meeting hall. I chose to stay in the car in costume and let my wife and children attend the meeting that preceded the party. Then in response to a signal I exited the car, entered the hall, and took a seat next to a pile of presents, facing the beaming faces of the children.



I did my best to "Ho, Ho, Ho!," but I am not sure how convincing I was. When all of the presents had been distributed, I rose and left the hall to return to the car. On the way, I spotted a curious youngster who was doing his best to keep out of sight by slipping behind cars in the lot, while keeping a watchful eye on Santa Claus. Although I had planned to change out of the costume, I decided that I had no choice except to stay in costume in the car until he returned to his parents in the hall.



When he returned, did he accept his parents' cover story that Santa Claus had to use a station wagon to carry all the presents because there was no snow on the ground? Or were his dreams of Santa and the sleigh drawn by Donner and Blitzen and six others shattered as he joined others in the hall whose dreams had also been shattered?

Jim Stockwell

Celebrating One Thousand Years

In 971 AD, so the legend goes, a battle was fought on the northeast coast of Scotland in which two lads, out ploughing the field with their oxen, were able to fend off an attack by Vikings—using the ox yokes at hand. These lads with their ox yokes are featured prominently with the Hay coat of arms. So when we, as clan members, were invited, in 1971 to Scotland to help celebrate this event, we went and took our two teenage sons. We were spending the year in Switzerland, and, as you know, traveling with your children can be a very interesting experience. It gives you a different perspective, and many surprises.

Our kids, George (fourteen) and Andy (sixteen), would have their own ideas; this was the seventies! George was enamored of castles, and we visited a great many that year. Andy was the nonconformist, often refusing to wear shoes, and sometimes preferring to stay in the hotel and watch the space programs on TV. We had to be pretty flexible, and we worked on the art of compromise.

The Scottish festivities were located in Turrif, Aberdeen, at Delgatie Castle, seat of the clan. We toured the fields where the Battle of Luncarty took place. A luncheon hosted by the Clan Chief, Lady Erroll, in Perth, concluded the weekend event.

Delgatie Castle is a huge, square Scottish-type “keep,” or tower, built in the 1100s. It is flanked on one side by a sixteenth century chapel, and on the other, by an eighteenth century

French-style wing containing living quarters and a ballroom. About fifty of us from all over enjoyed a feast in the ballroom. The best part of it, according to our boys, was their being welcomed and put to work to bring wood up from the basement of the keep for the fires, and (for George) having the run of “his” castle—from dungeon to turret.



Lady Erroll had a charming home, centered on a big lawn complete with peacocks. And here, on arriving, we had one of our shoe issues.

“I’ll stay in the car,” declared Andy. We gave in, not wanting Andy to miss the experience and he came with us. Entering the house we were greeted by Lady Erroll herself and her two teen-age children. We went through the receiving line, and as we were shaking hands I looked down and sure enough, the daughter was bare-foot! Needless to say, Andy and Alexandra hit it off and enjoyed (we were told) complaining about their schools.

It was a lovely, informal luncheon. I can remember the menu to this day: a casserole of some game (probably pheasant) and brown rice, salad, and mounds of fresh strawberries and raspberries with clotted cream.

Sue Hay



The Golden Shoe

Michael O'Rourke, a poor young farmer, had the misfortune to fall in love with the prettiest girl in the village. Bridget, his widow mother, threw up her hands. "Marry Katy McGinnis? You might as well wish to be Lord Mayor of Dublin."

Michael sighed, "We are as poor as rats, Mother."

"Your Katy's father is rich and stingy, with a temper like an old bull."

"I'm not a very handsome chap. Mother?"

"You're a homely fellow my lad, with that comical twist in your long nose." As for Katy? She had silky black curls and an aggravating carefree air. She laughed at all the lovesick village boys alike.

But one evening as her father sat puffing his clay pipe by the hearth, in came Katy, carrying a nosegay of bluebells.

Patrick scowled, "Where might those come from?"

"I found them on the doorstep, Father."

"O'Rourke," growled Patrick, "finds room for flowers on his scrap of land, instead of potatoes."

"Or cabbages," agreed Katy.

"Young Billy Donovan has a lovely herd of pigs and a chest like an ox. No time to waste on flowers."

"Very true, Father." Katy put the bluebells into a yellow jug on the mantelpiece.

"Billy," said Patrick, "doesn't run in and out of church on a weekday, like Michael. Sunday is enough for a hardworking Christian man."

"So it is," agreed Katy. "But don't let Father Murphy hear you say so."

Michael's troubles were getting thicker than bees in swarm. His scrawny cow took sick and died. A goat demolished his cabbage patch. A passing tinker made off with two hens and a saucepan with a hole in it. But worst of all was the money owing to Billy Donovan, who had loaned it (on hard terms) in a bitter year of illness. And now Billy strode into the cottage and sat down with a thump that frightened the cat.

"Sorry neighbors," he said, "but business is business. You must pay up by sundown tomorrow, or leave."

"You've a heart of stone, Billy Donovan," cried Bridget.

"I don't want your cottage, with rats nesting in the thatch, Bridget. But it stands at the fork of the road and I'll build an inn here. A man like me is a catch, of course. But it's well to have cash enough if you plan to marry." And he puffed out his chest and was off.

Bridget wailed. Michael ran to the little stone church.

In the shadowy stillness stood Our Lady's statue, the object of his devotion. She wore a long blue robe that covered the gold shoes on her pretty feet. Many a candle had Michael lit for her out of his scanty earnings. Three steady little flames flickered now as Michael hurled himself to his knees.

"I can fend for myself somehow, Holy Lady. But save, oh save our little home, the shelter of my good mother's head."

A silvery cool voice spoke. "Michael."

He lifted his eyes incredulously. She was smiling?

"A gift in your need, my gentle lad." And bending forward she slipped her right shoe off, placed it in his hand, then again stood motionless, unspeaking. Michael astounded, stammered gratitude, rushed home, head whirling, and tumbled out his story.

"But mother, mother, I'm not worthy of a miracle!"

"Praise God and all the saints, Michael, and don't set up your judgment against Our Lady's."

"I don't dare tell Father Murphy? Or return the shoe and maybe anger Our Lady?"

"Go spade the back lot, lad, and calm yourself. We'll think what's best to do."

But no sooner was Michael out of the house than Bridget tucked the shoe into her egg basket and trudged off to the market town several miles away. Here she waited till the jeweler's shop was empty before she went in.

He was suspicious. "How did you come by this valuable object, my good woman?"



“It is mine to sell,” insisted Bridget. “A gift from a wealthy important lady. She’ll not be pleased if you cheat a poor widow on the price.”

“It can be melted for ornaments. I hope you did come by it honestly!”

By twilight Bridget reached her village, very weary, a little fearful, but jubilant. Enough to buy the livestock we need, she thought. But I’ll pay off that wicked Donovan first. And she went straight to his house. Billy was bursting with questions, of course, but never a straight answer could he get out of Bridget. As for Michael, when he heard the tale he lay awake that night, uneasy on his straw mattress.

And cause for uneasiness he had! For next morning Billy Donovan put two plump pigs in his farm cart and went off to the weekly fair in town. How had Michael come into money, he wondered, as he jogged on his way. A pact with the devil to get his wishes? Is he going courting? I’d best make sure of Katy, for her own sake.

And having sold the pigs at a good price, he went to the jeweler’s thinking. If I buy the ring now, it will save time and trouble. And Katy will be flattered.

“Are you willing,” the jeweler asked, “to wait a day or so? I’ll be melting down a gold shoe brought me yesterday. Fit to make a ring for an empress.”

“Yesterday?” Billy asked, wondering, Was it possible? “Was it brought to you by a shabby fellow with long arms and a twist to his nose?” The jeweler shook his head. “No, it was an old woman with a mole on her chin and three hairs sprouting out of it.”

Home went Billy at a spanking trot. And finding Father Murphy among his beehives, told his tale. They rushed to the church. The shoe, of course, was gone.

“Saints preserve us,” said Father Murphy. “Sacrilege!”

“Thievery,” said Billy, and hurried away to spread the story.

An angry crowd gathered in front of Michael’s cottage. Billy dragged out the trembling Michael

and his mother and accused them of the theft.

“Our Lady,” gasped Michael. “She gave me the shoe.”

“Arrest them!”

“Hang them!”

“Burn down the place!”

Father Murphy vainly implored them to be calm. But Michael tore himself from Billy’s grasp, and ran to burst into the church. The villagers, hurrying behind him, were silenced by the sight of Michael kneeling before Our Lady.

And in the quiet, the church bells pealed once, though there was no one in the bell tower.

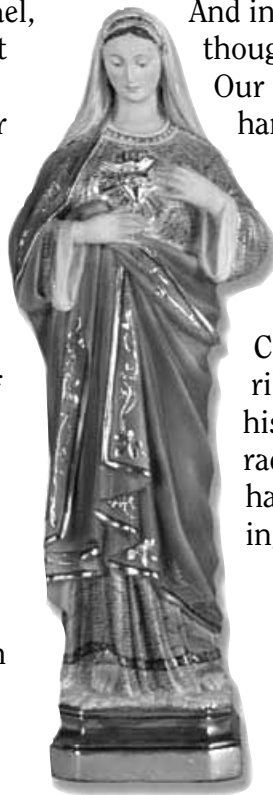
Our Lady lifted the hem of her blue robe and handed Michael the other shoe.

And what was the end of the story? Did Katy and Michael marry—with Patrick’s consent? Well, as Bridget took care to point out, it is not everybody that has a friend of Our Lady’s as a son-in-law.

Certainly the wedding bells rang merrily one day. Father Murphy had trimmed his beard with extra care, and Katy looked radiant at the altar. The groom could not have been Billy Donovan, for he sat, looking sour, in a back row.

So draw your own conclusions.

Edith Gilmore





A Proper Boston Christmas

In my family we celebrated Christmas properly. My father was a minister so there was no nonsense about starting on the day after Thanksgiving, let alone the day after Halloween. Back then the stores hadn't yet stocked their shelves with toys and games, wrapping paper, and overpriced fancy clothes. For us Christmas began at four o'clock on Christmas Eve with the pageant.

Of course we had been rehearsing that event for several weeks. The girls were angels in long white gauze dresses; the boys were shepherds in bathrobes or their older brothers' shirts, with towels around their heads or—a few lucky ones—kings in whatever finery their mothers could put together with evening wraps and costume jewelry. The pageant was directed by “the Deaconess,” a large formidable lady in black robes who brooked no disobedience. She made all of us angels memorize all the verses of the appropriate hymns and kept the action moving. She was scary and strict enough that the angels, who had brushed their hair “down,” and came in carrying real lighted candles, kept a careful distance of two pews between them in procession.

The pageant opened Christmas every year, but every year I cried when the angels parted in the chancel, revealing the Holy Family. The Holy Family had crept down from their hiding place behind the organ. Three or four of the littlest angels, who had hidden, giggling, up in the pulpit, came down and knelt at the manger to sing “Away in the Manger.”

After the pageant we went home to supper and to hang our stockings. Somehow, incredibly, our parents got us to go to bed while they filled our stockings, hauled in and decorated the tree, distributed the family presents under the tree, and went to bed (4 a.m.?, 5 a.m.?). I think we had a “not before time” to get up in the morning to “do” stockings. This was always an exciting ritual, although we did not have elaborate stockings in our family—fragrant soap, toothpaste, pencils, pads of paper, dried figs and dates (the only time of the year we saw these), perhaps a

couple of inexpensive toys, socks or mittens, an apple in the heel, and a tangerine in the toe.

After Christmas we all went to church for the family Christmas service—at least we did until I, the oldest, began to go to the midnight service, which I love, and the others soon followed suit. The final Christmas ceremony was dinner at Aunt Maisie's. She was my father's eldest sister, twenty-five years older than he. She lived in a sunless brownstone house in town, one of those strangely fashionable houses with only two rooms on a floor. The front door opened into a hall with a long staircase, a little reception room



where we left our coats, and behind the hall a bare, old-fashioned kitchen. The reception room fascinated us. Except as a place to pile coats, it seemed to be a place to put things you don't know what to do with. As one cousin suggested: two small tables and a mantelpiece cluttered with a few valuable antiques and a collection of junk from Woolworth's.

Uncle Harold, Aunt Maisie's husband, joined us for dinner. He was a tall, creaky old fellow who had done a good deal of creative and important social work in his youth and middle age, but was no longer functioning fully or even speaking sensibly. He guarded jealously the privilege of presiding at table, carving the pale, scrawny turkey, and denouncing that crook, Franklin Roosevelt. Dinner was skimpy and dull. It had come up, dish by dish, on the dumb waiter to the butler's pantry, so it was also barely lukewarm. It wasn't till Aunt Maisie died that we discovered



the joys of real Christmas dinner: moist and crispy roast turkey, hot vegetables, and flaming plum pudding. Of course we all grew up and spread into more families with traditions of our own. For years at least a few of us were always with our parents on Christmas Day, sometimes with guests. There was always time for reminiscence, nostalgia, and laughter. Those, after all, are the proper ingredients of Christmas.

Katharine Lawrence

A Menu Modification

For many years we shared Thanksgiving dinner with good friends, alternating each year at each other's homes. We enjoyed the traditional feast, roast turkey with all the trimmings and familiar vegetables and pies. However, there were always two separate stuffings for the bird. Since our friends' roots were in the South, for them there was a southern style oyster dressing. We were of Canadian and British background and so the second dressing was flavored with thyme, sage, and sausage.

The harmony of our customary menu changed drastically one year when we became host family to a young man from Agra, India. Dau had come as an engineering graduate student to MIT, and at this time was obviously both homesick and suffering considerable culture shock. He was Hindu and vegetarian and I had not yet learned to make any Indian dishes. I had to quickly improvise. I can still see that dinner table with our delicious turkey moved over to make room for a tureen of lentil soup and a macaroni casserole!

Dau eventually added eggs to his diet, but never meat, and I did learn to cook various Indian dishes with yogurt and to make chapatis for him.

To this day we still smile at the memory of our Thanksgiving dinner with "soup and mac."

Audrey Fletcher



Welcome New Residents

Gloria Pass,

from Billerica, 8/27/12

Phyllis Margolin,

from Houston, TX, 9/4/12

Elliott Lamb,

from Lexington, 9/20/12

Richard Harding,

from Lexington, 9/27/12

Doris Doran,

from Westford, 9/28/12

Rosalind Conner,

from Burlington, 10/4/12

Barbara Moore,

from Bedford, 10/9/12

John and Eve Williams Rheinstein

from Bedford and Arlington, 10/9/12

Louise S. Curtis,

from Lexington, 10/15/12

Richard and Barbara Rosecrance

from Lexington, 10/16/12

Kathleen Russell,

from Somerville, 10/16/12

Arthur Fernald,

from Winchester, 10/16/12

Juanita Freeman,

from Lexington, 11/16/12

David and Mary Jane Harvey,

from Stow, 11/20/12

Selma (Sally) Rabinowitz,

from Springfield, NJ, 11/21/12



Celebration

When I was fifty-eight and living in New Jersey I had just been accepted at Harvard Graduate School of Education for a master's program when my daughter, a recent graduate of Duke University, asked, "Mom, it won't change your plans if George and I get married in the fall?" I replied, "No, it won't change my plans, however, you and I will be very busy this summer making sure that all will be ready for your November wedding." And so we were.

Each service person was chosen with extreme care, for while I would be in Cambridge she would be in St. Louis where she was living. We arranged for bridal gown, bridesmaid dresses, flowers, livery service, and reception site. Everything that needed doing was contracted for and ready for the big day.



Off I went to Cambridge for my academic adventure, and she returned to St. Louis. Harvard was used to its students celebrating a variety of life events and so wished me well when the day arrived, and I returned to my home in New Jersey. All was in readiness: the little Episcopal Church in Navesink; the Bishop of Rhode Island, an uncle of the groom, who was to officiate; and everything that had been planned came together on a beautiful sunny, windy fall day.

By tradition the mother of the bride proceeds down the aisle as the first part of a wedding procession. A young brother of the groom was my escort. This church had no vestibule; when the large front door opened you stepped directly

into the nave of the church. The wind blew furiously as I entered the church; the large front door was caught in the breeze and flew shut behind me, clamping the back of my skirt in its clutches. I could not move! Heads had turned around to watch the procession and my young escort couldn't fathom why I was not ready to walk down the aisle. There were moments of my whispering to him that I was caught, and pleading looks to try and communicate to him what had happened. Alas, no comprehension dawned.

Finally a late comer rescued the day by opening the huge door to gain entrance and I was free to commence my part in the ceremony. The wedding proceeded as planned; it was a beautiful wedding, and my guess is that no one knew of the drama at the church door—but I sure did.

Ara Tyler

A Little Story

One spring morning on Cape Cod we four set out under motor in an antique rowboat to visit Orleans up river. Half way up the Namequoit River, the transom began to loosen and the motor fell off. In short order the boat flooded and a mouse mother, plus little ones, hiding forward, joined the rest of us as we paddled around in the bilge. The women began to shout orders at the captains to save all hands, but most important to *rescue the mouse family*. Calmly and ignominiously we made a soggy landing at a neighbor's dock, and mother and babies made their departure.

The brave captains continue to receive words of great praise from our women for our extraordinary presence of mind and sterling boatmanship that day. However, we never got back to the river to recover the motor. But we do get a Christmas card from the mouse family every year!

Great part of the world.

Tim Martin



A Car I Knew

A couple of years before I sold my Bedford home and retired to Carleton-Willard Village, I had a hair appointment with Sharon at the local shop I'd used for years. It was a rainy fall day and I drove my aging (but very healthy) VW Jetta downtown and pulled up to the off-street parking right in front of the beauty parlor. I put my foot on the brake, of course, but suddenly it slipped off and I hit the accelerator. Oh my! Crash, bang!—right through the big window of the parlor, and there I sat in my driver's seat, securely bolted in my car, in the shop and facing a number of shocked ladies and hairdressers in stunned silence.

It was soon evident that I had not hit anyone (thank God!) and Sharon came over, tiptoeing through the broken glass, to help me out. Within minutes the police, firemen, and many observers were there. (The accident was reported on TV even in Chicago, which startled my eldest son and family, but I never saw it.) The Fire Chief said he didn't know the shop had drive-in service. The police checked me out to see that I was sober and had a driver's license. They also interviewed an elderly lady who was getting her hair tinted and whose chair was touched by my right front fender. When a policeman asked her if she had any aches or pains, she replied "I'm ninety-two years old, of course I have aches and pains." He then asked her if she was on any medications. "Is there a medication I'm *not* on?" she asked.

We all decided that we were very lucky. The shop was repaired, the car was repaired, no one was hurt, and I later went to the Registry of Motor Vehicles and took the road test, passed, and drove my car for several years. That was my only accident. Later I gave up driving while I could do so voluntarily.

Donna Argon

Grandpa Harry

Grandpa Harry, as we liked to refer to him, died at the age of twenty-eight, when my father was two and my aunt just four months old. As a result their widowed mother rarely spoke about him, so they knew very little about their father's side of the family until their late teens, when my father and aunt urged their mother to tell them as much as she knew about the Cowhams and they were intrigued to learn the following facts. The Cowhams were yeoman farmers who, unlike tenant farmers, were not beholden to the whims and wishes of the local lord of the manor. For generations they owned a small farm in Old Leake, Lincolnshire, but lost it during the drought that lasted throughout most of the 1840s, a decade known to historians as the Hungry Forties. Allegedly, my great-grandfather walked to London; he was luckier than most in that he could read and write; he soon found a job as a law clerk in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He also found a wife but all we know about Sarah is that she was a voracious reader. When Harry was five years old she died in childbirth. Shortly thereafter my great-grandfather remarried, and his second wife provided him with three more sons.

Harry won an open scholarship to Cambridge University when he was sixteen, at which time his stepmother is alleged to have said, "Enough of learning, it's time he was earning." Despite appeals to his father from his headmaster, and the local vicar, young Harry was forced into the security of a civil service job with the General Post Office. He was also expected to contribute most of his pay packet towards the upkeep of his three young half-brothers. As a result he had barely enough left to pay for his lunches and train fare. But Harry had boundless energy, and despite long and boring hours of sorting mail, he spent most of his lunch money on books and all of his spare time in taking free courses at the Workers' Education Association, or going to political meetings at Toynbee Hall to hear such luminaries as Kier Hardie, the Sidney Webbs, George Bernard Shaw, and other radical thinkers in the 1890s.



He met Amelia Barnet at a Shakespeare reading class, and it was his future mother-in-law, Eliza Louisa who, shocked to note that he was skeleton-thin, plied him with food whenever he came a-courting. Harry and Amelia (Millie) were married in 1894, and my father, Gerard, was born in 1895. The following year, the family was devastated to learn that Harry, along with several other young men who had worked with him in an overcrowded and poorly ventilated Post Office building, was diagnosed with tuberculosis. In those days there was no Workmen's Compensation—and no penicillin—and the only hope of a cure was to go to Switzerland for the pure mountain air. The family sent Harry to a sanitarium in Berne for six months, and from the letters he wrote he seemed to be improving, but on learning that his second child was on the way, he came home much sooner than he was supposed to.

Egypt became a Protectorate under the British Empire in 1897 and Harry was offered a very good job in the newly-established Post Office in Cairo because of his fluency in many languages. For a few ecstatic weeks, Millie and the allegedly cured Harry dreamed of a wonderful future together with their two young children in Egypt, where the hot, dry climate was thought to be ideal for his condition. Instead, after a particularly exhausting day in the Colonial Office, finishing up all the necessary paperwork for himself and his family, Harry was caught in a sudden thunderstorm on the way home. He died three days later, supposedly of pneumonia. After his death my grandmother found books all over the house in twenty different languages, including one unopened book in Sanskrit.

When I was old enough to read *A Doll's House* and *Peer Gynt* (in English) I was intrigued to learn that Harry had learned Norwegian so that he could read Ibsen in the original. I was therefore surprised to discover that my aunt Lucille was not best pleased with either of her two middle names, Nora and Solveig, and I was hugely amused when she complained, "They were such *radical* women!"

In the summer of 1944 I had the pleasure of an unexpected lunch with Frederick, a lawyer and the youngest of my three great half-uncles. "Can you imagine it!" said Uncle Fred, "at seventeen Harry got himself onto a cargo boat to Bremerhaven, walked into the nearest pub, and started speaking German. None of the locals could place his accent. Someone guessed he must be from Bavaria, but everyone was amazed when Harry assured them all that he was an Englishman who'd just arrived in the country an hour or so earlier. "You have to remember," Uncle Fred continued, "that was long before the days of gramophone records, let alone radio and this new-fangled television thing in America!"

Uncle Fred then told me a couple of yarns about our ancestors that obviously had been passed down from one generation to the next, and as we parted, he gave me a big hug and I immediately realized that he was very touched to hear me speak of his long-gone brother as my Grandpa Harry.

Mary Cowham

The Not-So-Secret Garden

This was the second time around for some of us who were part of a trip to the Clock Barn on September twelfth. Our visit to the property of Michael and Maureen Ruetters in Carlisle was hosted by Carleton-Willard's Al Sanders, the father of Maureen.

We were greeted by Al in front of his workshop and were shown the models and finished work of his baskets which are of museum quality. Then we were on our own to wander through the property and marvel at the ingenious outlay of the vegetable and flower gardens. There was music in the air: the sounds of bubbling springs and even a burst of what seemed to be a Wagnerian opera which was heard when we walked past a certain group of trees.

Eleven sculptures are placed throughout the property, such as "Girl Standing with Umbrella,"



“Two Sheep,” and “The Water Harp,” which are three of my favorites. The Clock Barn itself was not on display this year, but I’d seen it during an earlier trip. It’s no ordinary barn: this one is two stories high. There’s a huge fireplace, and the barn is filled with extraordinarily beautiful antiques. We had been served luncheon there during a previous visit. This time we ate around the swimming pool—all twenty-two of us. Carleton-Willard had prepared box lunches consisting of sandwiches, lobster rolls, fruit drinks, fruit salad, cookies, and, as if we hadn’t had enough to eat, there was hot tomato soup made by Maureen along with coffee and a huge flat cake decorated with a basket that might have been made by Al, with a profusion of flowers.

At the end, real prizes, small baskets made by Al, were given to those who’d drawn small papers containing stars. There were many winners, but I was too groggy from overeating to remember who they were.

Madeline Marina

Genealogy



Hello, Great-Grandpa,

You don’t know me, but here I am admiring that waistcoat and neat necktie that you put on for the photographer. Really nice. I guess with formal studio portraits going for three or four dollars you’d want to look your best. Well, how’s the railroad going? I read in the letter you wrote to Great Grandma Sarah Ellen that your workers are able to lay a mile of track every day. Wow. I didn’t think that was possible.

Howdy, Lieutenant,

I was just reading about you. Lena’s letter says she is worried because you haven’t written for three weeks. She knows you’re busy, but when you told her your supplies had been intercepted by Confederate troops she got worried. I hope you’ll tell her you’re OK soon. And oh yes, I want you to know that we’re keeping your sword and pistol in good condition. Would you believe that it’s against the law to keep a hand gun in your own house now? Maybe that’s because there aren’t any Indians around anymore.

Dear Grammy,

I found your silver jewel box! It was in with the letters from Auntie Myrle. I know that was a queer place to put it, and the letters are kind of scratched, but the box is fine. I even found your mother’s wedding ring in it. What a treasure! It’s such a delicate little thing. Nowadays they make things big and heavy—I’ll bet you’d call them show-offy. Oh, I also found a patch of black lace: was that from your formal gown? It’s elegant.

Hi Mom, it’s me,

Don’t you look terrific—better, if I may say so, than those other girls in your high school class. I’ll bet you had real style. The guys must have really gone after you. No wonder Dad kept hounding you to marry him. Sometimes I wonder why you gave in to him. I mean those handsome fellows in the back row look like they could have made life a lot more interesting than a patent lawyer. Probably Dad gave you a big story





about how he was going to take you out of that little town and make it big in the East. Well, he didn't do too badly, did he?

Dad!

I want to thank you for saving all these receipts. They're priceless. I love that taxi bill: Four-fifty for a ride into Boston. Amazing. Now it would cost sixty bucks! Don't laugh, it's really true. The old income tax forms are something else, too. I remember how you used to rail against the government for stealing your money, but honestly, compared to now your taxes were nothing. I have to hire an accountant just to figure mine out. Really. And the grocery bills: it's hard to remember that ground beef was only nineteen cents a pound—and top round at that. But I do remember that Mom's hamburgers tasted like the best steak.

Speaking of Mom, I talked to her yesterday when I found two photos of her prize-winning flower arrangements. I thought those beauties were lost forever, but they were in Grandma's hat box. (I don't mean I really spoke with her, Dad; it's just that seeing these things made her feel so close again.)

Nice chatting with you, folks. I'll be back tomorrow if this computer will only load the updated program. What? Oh, I'll explain that later when I get the chance.

Stuart Grover

A New Game in Town

If you are in the vicinity of our Main Street on Mondays between two and four o'clock you will note that the usual quiet at that time is no longer the same. As you near Auditorium Right you will hear the whacking of ping-pong racquets, as well as laughter and yells either of glee for having made a good shot, or of gloom for a bad return. (This also occurs on Saturdays between ten o'clock and noon.)

Five years ago there were usually only two of us who regularly played the game, but when

Erasmus Belden took over as chairman things changed. Just recently there were fourteen people in the room playing doubles at two tables, and others were waiting for their turn, whereas there was just one table before this surge of interest. It was therefore very nice to hear Barbara Doyle's announcement, at the September meeting of the Residents' Association, that she and the trustees are looking into the possibility of providing us with a more spacious recreation room, because if our enthusiasm continues for the game of ping-pong—or table tennis as some people call it—who knows how much space we will require!

Madeline Marina

Where are They Going in the Minivan?

At precisely 7:40 a.m. each Tuesday morning a silver blue minivan pulls out of its parking space in Concord Court. Early risers in the village may see it stop at other cluster homes to pick up passengers before heading off on Old Billerica Road on its way to Lexington. In the parking lot at Hancock Church several other passengers climb aboard, and after adding another passenger in Lexington the van heads south on crowded Route 128. A forty-five minute drive brings the minivan and its passengers to its destination, the warehouse of the American Medical Resources Foundation (AMRF) in Brockton, the "City of Champions." AMRF is a non-profit charity founded in 1988 by resident Kay Barney with his son-in-law, Tom Magliocchetti and Victor Sologaitoa, both biomedical engineers. AMRF was organized to donate refurbished used medical equipment and hospital supplies to hospitals serving needy communities worldwide. The passengers of the van are dedicated volunteers who help sort, inventory, pack and ship in forty foot ocean freight containers the medical equipment and supplies donated to AMRF by hospitals mainly in New England, but some as far away as Los Angeles.



(Carleton-Willard and the Lahey Clinic are among the many donating institutions.) The results of their work, as AMRF enters its twenty-fifth year of service, are donations of equipment and supplies worth over \$260 million to several hundred hospitals and clinics in ninety-six countries.

Upon arrival the volunteers pile out of the van and head for the morning briefing enhanced by coffee and doughnuts to set the operations of the day. Many of these volunteers have been working at AMRF almost since its formation. Since Kay's arrival at Carleton-Willard a number of residents including Bruce Williams, Jim Stockwell, Charlie Webster, Jim Hitzrot, Pat Blum, Bill Jackson, Bob Sawyer, and Caleb Warner have also volunteered. Victor, President and CEO, gives the status of each on-going program and lays out the work to be done that day. Victor is originally from Guatemala, arrived in Boston with literally five dollars in hand and worked his way up to become a biomedical engineer serving with increasing responsibilities at Brigham and Women's Hospital, Newton Wellesley Hospital (where he met Kay), Roger Williams Medical Center (Providence, Rhode Island), and with several commercial vendors of biomedical equipment. Because of his country and technical background he is extremely well suited to lead the warehouse operations and manage AMRF.



The volunteers spread out to various sections of the warehouse, primarily to sort and inventory incoming medical equipment. The equipment is then directed to the test department to be tested and repaired, if necessary, by another biomedical engineer, who works evenings and Saturdays. Other volunteers sort hospital supplies such as catheters, surgical instruments, surgical gloves,

prosthetic devices, surgical supplies of many types, and other non-pharmaceuticals to make sure no out-dated material is retained, then package the rest for donation along with the medical equipment. One volunteer enters all inventory data such as type of equipment, technical description, voltage, value, and manufacturer's name for each item. Another serves as the librarian of technical manuals, copies of which will be sent along with the donated equipment to recipient hospitals.

Victor and Kay confer on the current program forecast, marketing plan, and other management issues. Kay, the co-founder, was for many years the original Chairman/President. He shed these titles in recent years and is now Chairman Emeritus, but still spends his Tuesdays in Brockton and during the rest of the week is involved in writing grant proposals, filing various state and federal reports and forms, writing the newsletter, and assisting in developing new programs. Tom is Vice President of Facilities at Rhode Island Medical Center and serves AMRF as Chairman.

AMRF ships its donated equipment and supplies in forty foot shipping containers. It takes the crew about two to three hours to load a container. On shipping days, the staff and volunteers are rewarded with an AMRF "banquet," first class pizza from down the block.

Current projects are centered in Guatemala, El Salvador, and Nigeria. Recent shipments have gone to hospitals in Somalia (northern), Zimbabwe, and Guatemala. AMRF is currently exploring the possibility of helping hospitals in Jordan and Turkey to aid in healthcare to the increasing flood of Syrian refugees. Earlier projects have been carried out in South America, East and West Africa, Middle East, Eastern Europe, India, China, and other parts of Asia. Representatives from many of the countries visit AMRF and brief the volunteers and staff on their needs and the results of AMRF work there.

At 2:00 p.m. the volunteers pile into the minivan and head for home, tired, but thinking of how quickly they can get the next shipment out – and that next great pizza!

Kay Barney



Ken Burns in Person

The now famous creator of sweeping historical documentary films came to talk to us and give us sneak previews of his new work in progress. He was introduced by resident Ward Chamberlin, a friend who had given him strong support and sponsorship when Ward was a manager in the Public Broadcasting System where Burns' films were pioneered.

Ken put forth descriptions of his work and his concepts for over an hour with spellbinding expressiveness to a packed auditorium. There was not a sound in the room as he told how he sought in his documentation to bring out the human side of the major events in American history, which often was close-ups of people's anguish and suffering, as well as their joys and celebrations.

Throughout the presentation his historical observations brought relevance to concerns facing us today. Clearly he is driven by more than making entertaining films; his demands for historical



accuracy exhibited a scholar's attention to detail, and the scope of his interests ranged from the role of government in land management to the turmoil in the Mideast. He spent several minutes explaining the importance he gives to the sound tracks in the films, and gave as an example how

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

cannon fire added to the war films was recorded at different distances to produce a realistic effect appropriate to the scene.

A question period was granted, to which, in spite of the lateness of the hour, he responded fully and personally. A listener who had tried in vain to ask a question finally got his chance: "Are you considering running for office?" Ken gently allowed as how that would probably require spending even more time raising money than he now spends. Applause was long and loud.

Mount Auburn Hospital

The president, Jeanette Clough, described the special role that the Cambridge hospital plays as a community teaching hospital with sophisticated services combined with personal care, exemplified by its all-private rooms. These services she put in context with larger trends in payment reform in Medicare and Medicaid, in which health providers are paid with more emphasis on quality and efficiency. For Mount Auburn she saw several possible developments to control healthcare costs, including more integration of hospital and physicians. She took note of Mt. Auburn's Quimby Geriatric Center in Watertown and the hospital's suburban offices in Lexington.

Tales from Old Billerica Road

The street that our retirement village has been located on for thirty years boasts a history that reaches back to early Colonial times. Don Corey of the Bedford Historical Society came to recount many of the interesting stories about the lands and people who lived on them and made the town's history. He proved his reputation as town storyteller.



Happenings

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

Appreciating Music

A series of classes began to fill a need that many a music lover expresses: to know a little more about what is happening in the music to enhance their enjoyment of listening. The sessions are led by a musician who supports the listening with examples at the piano and invites questions and discussion of the various aspects of a historical period or composer. Along the way are some looks at principles of music theory and the roles of composer and listener.

And Making Music

Kay and Marian Barney invited all who love singing classical music to join their newly formed C-W chorus. Response was immediate; a remarkably well balanced assortment of sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses responded to sight-read the works of Bach, Mozart, and other classical composers. The new group will meet every other week.

En Plein Air

The artist, Jill Pottle, made a presentation of not just her paintings but how she sees and interprets her subject and takes the steps to complete a work, which is often a landscape done outdoors, "in the open air." She showed her unique method of blocking out a scene using large swaths of color and developing details with multiple layers of paint, all finished into a finely crafted piece quite unbelievably in only one session.

We learned that outdoor painting became popular in the late nineteenth century when paint became portable in ready-made tubes and the easel box was invented.

Kenya

The Sanctuary Director of Mass Audubon's Joppa Flats Education Center, Bill Gette, was back with stunning photographs of birds, plants, and animals taken in the famous Masai Mara National Reserve in the grasslands of southern Kenya. They included the first look that most of us have had at a topi, a very social antelope that is one of the fastest runners in Africa (50 mph).



Good Drivers

An auditorium full of residents came to hear about changes in cars, roads, and traffic rules from AARP's Helen Easton, who took us patiently through one hundred pages of information and advice in that organization's Program Manual. Throughout there was helpful emphasis on situations that sometimes challenge the older driver. Statistics show that we are pretty careful drivers, but our mileage being small our accident per mile rating is relatively high.

Afterwards she gave us a certificate of attendance to submit to our car insurance company for a hopeful rate reduction.

The Falcon Adventure

Maya Reuttger Cruciana brought *Valkyrie* with her to dramatize a story of how the peregrine had suffered near electrocution at a power line and survived to become a handsome and healthy teaching aid, if not the extraordinary flyer she once was. Maya told how this bird could have achieved speeds of over two hundred miles an hour as it dove on its prey, namely large birds that were killed by its single strike.

Stuart Grover













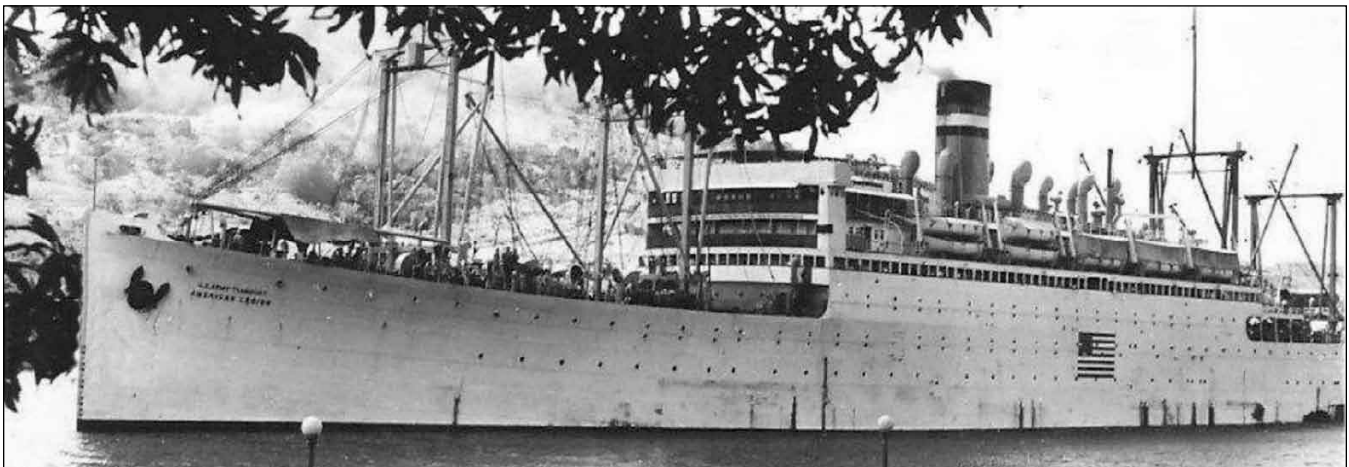


A Feast Amid the Gloom

World War II caught up with my family and me when the German army invaded the Netherlands on May 10, 1940. After living happily in The Hague for two years, our lives were suddenly and harshly disrupted. My father, who was the Mexican consul in Rotterdam, was told by German authorities that all foreign countries would now be represented only by their diplomats in Berlin. All foreign diplomats in Holland were to be moved to Berlin and their offices closed. In fact, Dad's office in Rotterdam had been demolished during the Luftwaffe attack on that city. Our exodus began on a sunny day in June when the German army gathered all foreign

Also invited were other diplomats, such as my father, who had been displaced, and American citizens stranded by the rapidly spreading hostilities. Gratefully, he accepted the two ship's cabins we were offered, and we proceeded by ship and train to the rallying point in Stockholm, where the American Legation had arranged for buses to carry us to Petsamo in the far north of Finland. It was the only year-round Finnish port on the Arctic Ocean accessible by road. Today, Petsamo is a Russian port called Pechenga.

What followed was a memorable bus ride of more than eight hundred miles, stopping only for comfort and meals. From Stockholm we headed north hugging the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, an arm of the Baltic Sea. The sky



representatives in Holland and their families at the train station in The Hague, placed us in several railroad cars with curtains closed, and transported us to Berlin.

My father tried to obey his government's orders to return to Mexico, but there was a problem: Mexico did not recognize the governments of Spain and the Soviet Union, and they refused passage to an official of the Mexican government. For a month he explored every possible exit that might allow us to get home, but without success. One day, the head of the United States Legation in Berlin called to tell him that an American troop ship, United States Army Transport (USAT) *American Legion* would be arriving in Petsamo, Finland, on President Roosevelt's orders. Its mission was to bring the crown princess of Norway and her retinue to safety in the United States.

was heavily overcast the whole way, but it grew darker the farther north we went. Not once did we see the sun on the whole trip.

I can't remember if the trip lasted two or three days; most of us slept a lot of the way and I have no memory of details on the first six hundred or so miles, the Swedish leg of the trip. We certainly woke up when we arrived at Haparanda, the last Swedish city before the Finnish border. I don't know what time of day it was, but we stopped at what seemed to be an inn. There, in a large, brightly lit hall, the hosts had laid out for us an enormous smorgasbord with an astonishing variety of delicacies. It was my first experience of this famous Scandinavian meal and I do remember it in pleasurable detail. We were all stiff, tired, anxious about what lay ahead, and



above all, hungry. The mere sight of this cornucopia raised our spirits, and everyone dug in heartily. I'm sure my elders washed the goodies down with something like aquavit to ensure continued sleep on the bus, but such potables were still in my future. Finally, sated, happy and relaxed, we boarded our buses and resumed our northward course. The details of this feast remain etched in my memory.

As we crossed into Finland, we noticed a change in the landscape. It seemed to grow even darker than before, a sort of advanced twilight with just enough light to see objects a short distance away. Forests grew sparser and there were disturbing sights. We began driving through many small towns and villages in ruins. There were no signs of life. Here and there blackened chimneys stood like sentinels, surrounded by piles of rubble that had once been someone's house. These were scars of the Russo-Finnish war which had ended just four months earlier. Outside the bus not a sound could be heard. It was an eerie experience, such as I imagined the end of the world would be.

Next, we stopped briefly in Rovaniemi, the capital of Lapland, situated just three miles south of the Arctic Circle. We saw no signs of war damage. Then it was northward again, now inside the Arctic Circle, along what was then the only road leading to Petsamo. Though still overcast, it had grown much lighter and, as we came around the last corner in that small town, we saw an old-looking, white-painted passenger ship anchored in deep water offshore, a flag of the United States prominently painted on each side of its hull. This was USAT *American Legion*, to which we were transported in small motor launches. As we boarded her we couldn't help pondering what might lie ahead while sailing through minefields in the North Atlantic Ocean in the midst of a naval war. But that's another story.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy

Seeing Is Believing

December has arrived, and Christmas is probably next week. This holiday now comes every few months, but when I was a child it took years for it to get here.

One Christmas that I remember vividly arrived after I had just turned five. It was Christmas Eve, and neighbors were visiting. The adults were drinking coffee and enjoying Mom's delicious homemade candy and cookies. I was listening with much interest and apprehension as they discussed how busy Santa would be that night delivering gifts to good boys and girls all over the world. I was getting quite worried knowing that I hadn't always been a good girl.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. My mom asked if I would like to go with her to see who it was. Being my usual curious self, I of course said, "Yes." She opened the door and *there was Santa*. I knew it was him, because he was wearing his red fur trimmed suit and hat, and he had a long white beard. On top of that, he was pushing a blue buggy with a baby doll inside. I couldn't believe it. Santa was here, here at my house. Mom invited him in, and he had some cookies and candy. He asked if I would sit on his lap, and I shyly consented. He told me about his reindeer, his North Pole home and his helpers. I was so happy that I put my arms around his neck and kissed his cheek.

The next year when I was in first grade, two older second grade boys were laughing, "Har, Har. Nell still believes in Santa Claus." Well of course I did, and I proceeded to tell them so. I knew there was a Santa because he had been to my house and I had kissed him on the cheek. What more proof did you need? They seemed to think that was even funnier, because they laughed harder than before.

At lunchtime, I stomped home to tell my Mom about what had happened, and thought she would probably go to school and set those boys straight. After relating the morning's events, I said, "They are mean boys, aren't they, Mom?" My mother proceeded to give me the line about the spirit of giving and on and on. The gist of



it was that Mom had lied to me about Santa. I was furious! She had lied to me. She had embarrassed me. My Mom: I hated her. I went outside to sit on the front steps and bawled. I just couldn't understand how my Mom could do that to me.

After a while the crying eased up, and I knew I had to go back to school. I wouldn't forgive her, but I did want her to drive me back to school.

Nell Johnson

My Autumn Afternoon

Outside my apartment window
falling leaves are trying to
paint the grass red and yellow
in still-warm afternoon sunlight—
sunlight that is casting a spell
inside its long shadows.

Someone is over there pruning the azaleas.
Oh, it's my mother
in her funny old gardening hat.
Who's that man coiling up the garden hose?
And the big shadow? There must be
a tree there, but I can't quite see it.
Oh yes, I remember now. The old oak
with three trunks. I built a tree house
by myself, up there about twenty feet.

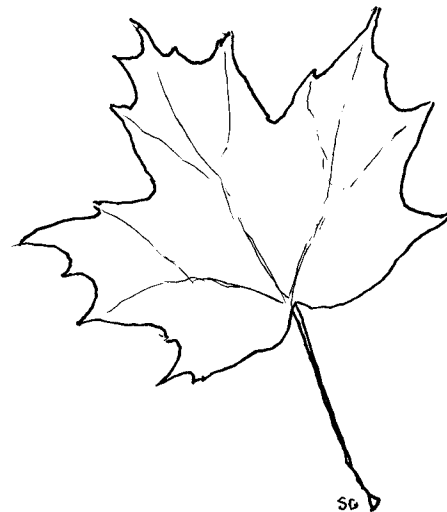
Who has been raking leaves?
Old Simon. He used to ask for water
On hot days, with a dash of pepper, please.
We brought it to him in a glass milk bottle
The kind with a round place for cream on top.
Thank you.
Now I catch a fragrance. Simon is burning
leaves.
Is there anything so sweet,
so instantly transporting
back to old, soft, autumn afternoons?

Wait! I hear the telephone ringing.
Probably for Mom.
Dad doesn't get calls on weekends.
He's always out playing golf.
She stops pruning and runs in to answer.

There's Simon putting the rake away.
The man with the hose has disappeared.
The sun has glided lower; its sensual magic
is yielding to cool evening air.
For the first time it will seem good
to go inside.

But I will be alone.
Mom and Dad are gone.
So is the house,
and the azaleas,
and the tree hut,
and old Simon Donelly, who taught us
patience, hard work, and the
importance of please and thank you.

Stuart Grover



A Fatal Flight

On a sunny day in the summer of 1935 my uncle and his wife, Lionel and Cicely Dibdin, were enjoying a leisurely breakfast in Rome until a waiter quietly informed them he'd just heard on the radio that choppy seas were forecast in the English Channel for the next seventy-two hours. For Cicely, a notoriously bad sailor at the best of times, this was bad news, and she tearfully pleaded with Lionel to defer their journey home. In the midst of his attempt to persuade her to stay in Rome on her own for a few more days, as it was very important for him to attend a board meeting the day after their return home, Lionel looked up in surprise as a fellow Englishman, sitting at an adjacent table, leaned forward and said, "Excuse me! I couldn't help overhearing your dilemma. Let me suggest an alternative solution. Have you thought of flying?"

Flying! Lionel was intrigued, and so was Cicely. In the 1930s, civilian air travel was still something of a novelty and Lionel promptly asked the hotel reception desk to put him through to the airport. After confirming reservations for both of them to fly two days later from Rome to London – with a brief refueling stopover in Brussels – he canceled their original train reservations that would have involved a long journey from Rome to Paris, and from Paris to Calais for the Channel crossing to Dover, followed by yet another train to London. By lunchtime Lionel was in high spirits after phoning his son, Peter, to tell him of the change of plans. "Be sure to pick us up at Croydon Airport, instead of Victoria Station, and don't let on to anyone that we're flying back as I can't wait to see old George's face at the board meeting when I tell him I've just flown in from Rome!"

Later that evening, everyone in the hotel was abuzz with news of the couple who had just spent an extra day in Rome because they were *flying* back to England. Early the next morning the staff gave Lionel and Cicely a great send-off as they left in a taxi for Rome airport. On arrival

at Brussels airport a couple of hours later all the passengers got off the plane during the routine refueling stopover. Most of them bought coffee and sandwiches in the airport waiting room but one man spent most of that time on a long distance call to London, and after forty minutes everyone was safely back on board.



By a remarkable coincidence, shortly after their takeoff from Brussels Peter was putting a call through to Croydon Airport to check the time of his parents' arrival. A cheerful operator said, "Just had confirmation, sir, that the Rome flight has refueled in Brussels and should be arriving at ..." All at once the operator's tone of voice abruptly changed in mid-sentence. "Just a minute, sir. Let me put you on hold." As he failed to flip a switch, Peter had the wrenching experience of hearing a series of jumbled swear words and exclamations of disbelief. After several agonizing minutes he was finally disconnected. Distraught, he called one of his uncles who advised him to call the Daily Mail and ask for the city desk. "They're always first with the news."

His uncle was right, but when Peter got through to the city desk, one of the reporters was very suspicious. Who was he, and how did he get this news which was only just now coming in on the ticker tape? After Peter explained that his parents were on that flight from Brussels and he'd been disconnected by Croydon airport when trying to get the time of arrival, the reporter reluctantly confirmed that the plane had come down in flames in a farmer's



field shortly after takeoff from Brussels airport and all on board were presumed dead. The devastated twenty-year-old again called his uncle.

At the inquest that followed in Brussels a number of eyewitnesses on the ground said they had seen flames shooting out of the tail, and then watched the plane spiral out of control and burst into a ball of fire as it crashed into a nearby hay field. As the fire seemed to have started in the tail of the plane, rather than in the engine upfront, the Belgian police were immediately suspicious of foul play especially as a quantity of half-burned paper was found amidst the debris surrounding the crash site. Their suspicions were confirmed when an inspector from Scotland Yard took the stand and provided sensational news: the man who made that long distance call had been talking to his brother in London, and both were well known to Scotland Yard.

The inspector had gone to Croydon Airport that afternoon, fully prepared to arrest the man for embezzlement as soon as the plane landed. Instead, as soon as news of the crash was announced over loudspeakers, the inspector spotted the man's brother trying to leave the airport in a hurry, and had him promptly arrested. Later, he confessed to urging his brother to destroy any incriminating evidence in his possession as Scotland Yard had been around asking questions and might well be looking for him on arrival in Croydon. With no time to destroy those papers while still in the Brussels airport, the man had tried to burn them in the confined quarters of the toilet in the tail of the plane, thereby setting on fire not only himself but everyone else on that fatal flight.

Mary Cowham

In Memory

Miriam Glazer	August 20, 2012
Carlton Walker	August 23
Joseph Curran	August 23
Elizabeth Saudek	August 24
Ronald F. Miller	August 26
Mary Rheinstein	August 26
Betty Butler Sawyer	August 27
Muriel L. (Eisenhauer) Heath	September 1
Mary Matthews	September 19
Georgia Williams	September 28
Charles Davis	October 6
Daniel Lucas	October 7
Evelyn Murray	October 29



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

Coffee Table Fare

There are times in later life, at least in my later life, when you feel too lazy to do anything active or even to read a book, but you love to look at beautiful pictures. I mean so-called coffee table books with their super photographs of all kinds of things. For me such a pastime is restful and exciting at the same time.

Our library has a fine collection of these books—about fifteen of giant size (a foot square) and twice that number slightly smaller. The ultimate in fine photography, they are located on the shelf between the two rooms in the library, and we rotate them onto the table we have now put in the newspaper room for this purpose.

They are sometimes called art books because many do deal with the fine arts. Many are devoted to a single artist—daVinci, Degas, Eakins, Monet, Rembrandt, Rockwell, Whistler, Wyeth, etc. You can have a feast of any of these painters. There are also volumes devoted to individual museums—the Louvre in Paris, the Prado in Madrid, the Metropolitan in New York, and of course the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. There are books about glass—the Glass Flowers at Harvard or Steuben Glass. If you fancy artistic flower arrangements, there are books about that. In every case the pictures are in full color, beautifully presented, as close to nature as possible.

But coffee table books deal with far more than art in the strict sense of the word. There is beauty in many other forms. Look at the books on U.S. National Parks or English Country Churches or New England Meeting Houses. The volume on Scotland is one of my favorites. There is even a huge book about Great Golf Courses!

Some of the most expensive books are donated. The two most recent donations are about ancient Egypt and modern day Paris. *50 Wonders of Tutankhamun* has brilliant photos of objects

found in his tomb, discovered in 1922. Hidden for over three thousand years, they include articles of furniture, wood carvings, vases, chalices, weapons, jewelry, etc. You need half an hour to sample the collection.

The other new book is in French, *Paris Vu du Ciel* (Paris seen from the sky). However weak your French, you will be spellbound by the aerial photos of row housing, parks and mansions, public spaces, museums and churches, government buildings, traffic patterns, and of course the Eiffel Tower and the Seine. This is the easy way to travel, and the photography of Anne and Yann Arthus-Bertrand is breathtaking.

The same photographers produced a more comprehensive book in 2002, *Earth from Above*. It inspects the whole planet in a spectacular way. With patterns and colors seen from a great height, many of the photos are very hard to believe—vast expanses of glacier or desert or delta, thousands of animals on one African landscape, hundreds of oriental rugs spread out in the mid-eastern sun, mud huts in Asia as far as the eye can see, or grounded airplanes making geometric designs at an American airport. Most of the pictures look like abstract modern art rather than nature itself. It is an awesome book, and the text is up-to-date ecology.

So next time you feel listless and unable to face anything you ought to be doing, look at our "coffee table without coffee" and take a visual journey to some spectacular place or art work. We need never feel confined to Carleton-Willard. It is a beautiful world out there, captured in books. We hope to have improved lighting for that table in the near future to make the pictures even more enjoyable.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr., Chair



New and Different

American Tapestry by Rachel Swarns
The story of the black, white, and multiracial ancestors of Michelle Obama.

A Nose for Justice by Rita Mae Brown
A rare breed of mystery - full of grit, wit, and four-legged derring-do.

Songs of Unreason by Jim Harrison
Recent poetry by a prolific American writer about his life and the natural world.

The Beautiful Mystery by Louise Penny
A murder story of uncommon complexity and beauty set amid the chanting of monks in a remote Quebec monastery.

Buried in the Sky by Peter Zuckerman and Amanda Padoan
The extraordinary story of the Sherpa climbers on K2's deadliest day in 2008.

Potboiler by Jesse Kellerman
An English professor's quiet life is turned upside down when his best friend is lost at sea - a spy story.

The Mansion of Happiness by Jill Lepore
"A History of Life and Death" tracing the development of American ideas and culture through the years.

The Light Between Oceans by N.L. Stedman
The miraculous arrival of a child to a barren couple who are lighthouse keepers, brings deep love and deep struggle combined.

Flight Behavior by Barbara Kingsolver
The confined life of a young wife and mother in rural Appalachia suddenly and miraculously opens up.

Thomas Beckett: Warrior, Priest, Rebel by John Guy
A daringly comic and deeply tragic portrait of the famous Anglican archbishop and martyr.

The Round House by Louise Erdrich
The riveting story of a 13-year-old coming of age on a North Dakota reservation in 1938.

The Oath: The Obama White House and the Supreme Court by Jeffrey Toobin
A fresh look at the Supreme Court's recent decision - absorbing, skillful, smart, entertaining.

Cascade by Maryanne O'Hara
This tale of a small town about to be flooded to make way for a reservoir unfolds like a Shakespearean tragedy.

The Casual Vacancy by J.K. Rowling
Comic, surprising, and thought-provoking—the first adult fiction by the creator of Harry Potter.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Biography

Emling, Shelley	Madame Curie and Her Daughters	Camilleri, Andrea	The Age of Doubt
Guy, John	Thomas Becket	Cook, Robin	Death Benefit (*)
Hill, Clint & McCubbin, Lisa	Mrs. Kennedy and Me (*)	Delinsky, Barbara	For My Daughters (*)
Himmelman, Jeff	Yours in Truth	Epperson, Tom	Sailor (*)
Judt, Tony	The Memory Chalet	Erdrich, Louise	The Round House
Kurlansky, Mark	Birdseye (*)	Flynn, Gillian	Gone Girl (*)
Noonan, Peggy	When Character Was King	Frankel, Laurie	Goodbye for Now
Spitz, Bob	Dearie (*)	Frederick, K. C.	After Lyletown
Swarns, Rachel L.	American Tapestry	Furst, Alan	Mission to Paris (*)
Wolff, Christoph	Mozart at the Gateway to His Fortune	Gupta, Sanjay MD	Monday Mornings (*)
		Haddon, Mark	The Red House
		Harris, Joanna	Peaches for Father Francis
		Johnson, Denis	Train Dreams
		Johnson, Suzanne	A Lady Cyclist's Guide To Kashgar (*)
		Joyce, Rachel	The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry
		Kadare, Ismail	The Three Arched Bridge
		Kellerman, Jesse	Potboiler
		Kuhns, Eleanor	A Simple Murder (*)
		Leon, Donna	A Question of Belief
		Leon, Donna	Beastly Things (*)
		Maron, Margaret	Three Day Town
		Mawer, Simon	Trapeze
		McEwan, Ian	Sweet Tooth
		Moriarty, Laura	The Chaperone
		O'Hara, Maryanne	Cascade
		Patterson, James	Guilty Wives
		Pearl, Matthew	The Technologists (*)
		Penny, Louise	The Beautiful Mystery
		Penny, Louise	The Beautiful Mystery (*)
		Perry, Anne	A Sunless Sea (*)
		Peters, Ralph	Cain at Gettysburg (*)

Current Affairs

Delbanco, Andrew	College
Iverson, Kristen	Full Body Burden
Kargar, Zarghuna	Dear Zari
Lesch, David W.	Syria
Press, Eyal	Beautiful Souls
Toobin, Jeffrey	The Oath
Yunus, Muhammad	Creating the World without Poverty

Essays and Letters

Figes, Orlando	Just Send Me Word
Saslo, Eli	Ten Letters

Fiction

Baker, Jo	The Undertow
Black, Benjamin	Vengeance
Brown, Rita Mae	A Nose for Justice



Ratner, Vaddey In the Shadow of the Banyan
 Robotham, Michael Say You're Sorry
 Rogan, Charlotte Lifeboat (*)
 Rowling, J. K. The Casual Vacancy
 Smith, Alexander A Conspiracy of Friends
 McCall
 Stedman, M. L. The Light between Oceans
 Towles, Amor Rules of Civility (*)
 Waller, Robert J. Slow Waltz in Cedar Bend
 Wickersham, Joan The News From Spain

Health and Wellness

Natterson-Horowitz, Barbara & Bowers, Kathryn
 Spiers, Peter Master Class

History

Bergreen, Laurence Columbus: The Four Voyages
 D'Apice, David A. Billerica
 French, Paul Midnight in Peking (*)
 Gibbs, Nancy & Duffy, Michael The Presidents Club
 Greeley, Dana M. KNOW These Concordians
 Jaffe, Eric The King's Best Highway
 Larson, Eric In the Garden of Beasts (*)
 Lepore, Jill The Mansion of Happiness
 Meacham, Jon American Gospel
 Ward, Geoffrey C. & Burns, Ken The War
 Zuckerman, Peter & Padoan, Amanda Buried in the Sky

Poetry

Browning, Robert My Last Duchess and Other Poems
 Frost, Robert In the Clearing
 Harrison, Jim Songs of Unreason
 Oliver, Mary Thirst

Reference

Arthur-Bertrand, Y. & A. Paris From Above
 Silverman, David P. 50 Wonders of Tutankhamun

Religion

Barclay, William The Gospel of Matthew, Vol. 1
 Barclay, William The Gospel of Luke

Resident Authors

Kennedy, Janet C. The Little Stranger

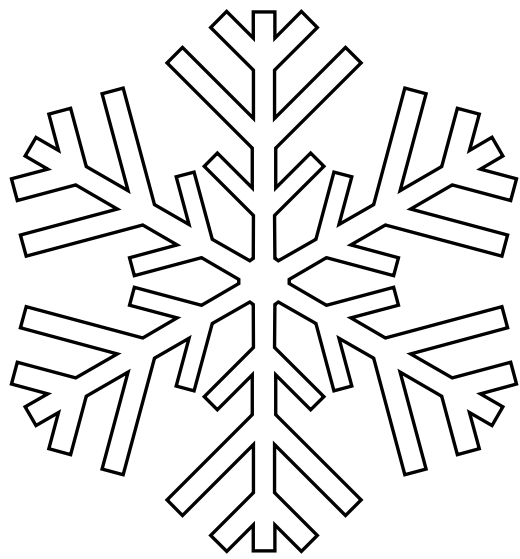
Science

Kean, Sam The Violinist's Thumb (*)

Travel

Boulton, Susie Venice and the Veneto
 Colt, George Howe The Big House
 Czupryn, Adriana Switzerland
 Egert-Romanowska, Joanna Germany
 Leapman, Michael Great Britain
 Partington, Helen Spain

Katherine F. Graff





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