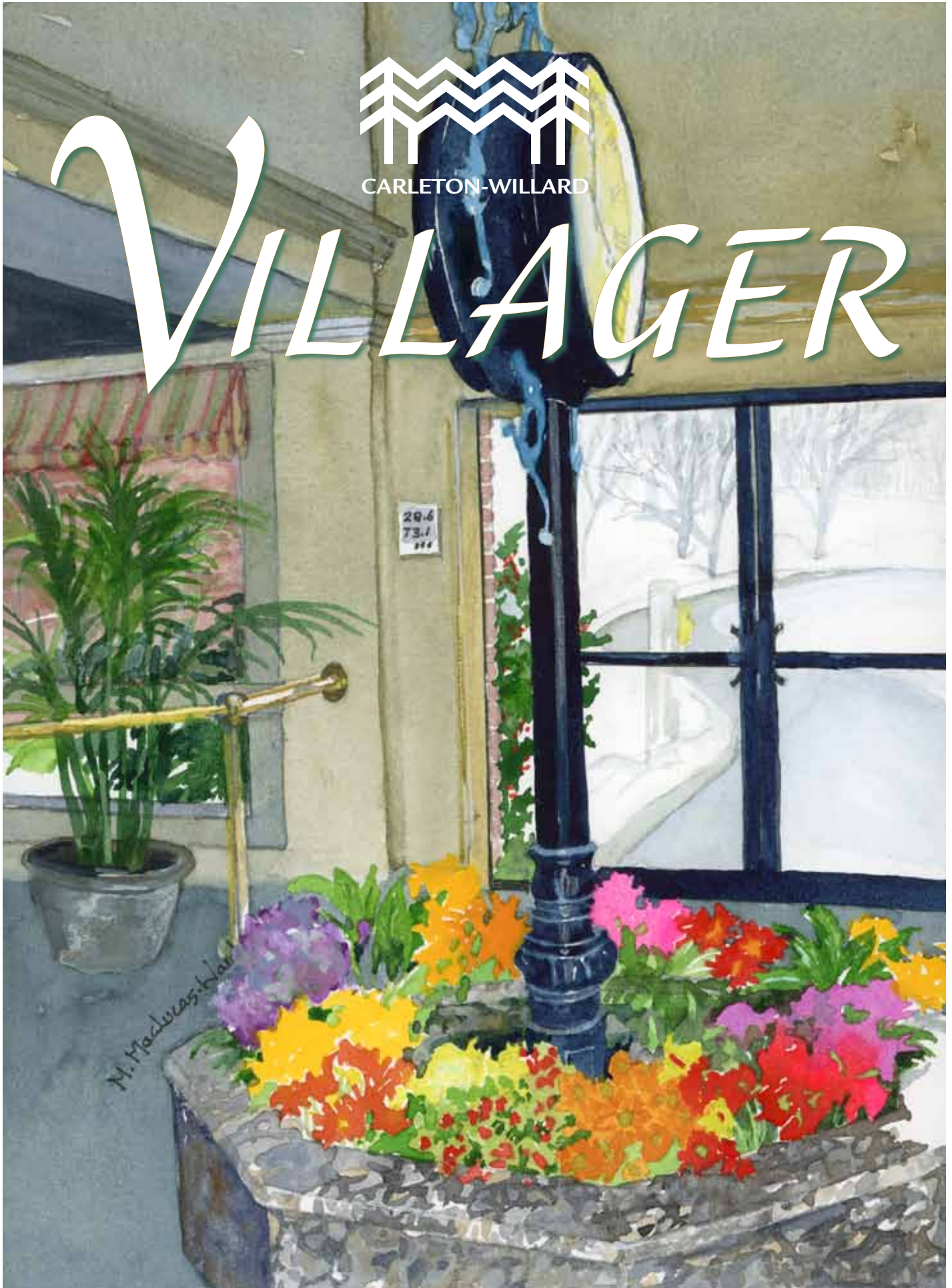




CARLETON-WILLARD

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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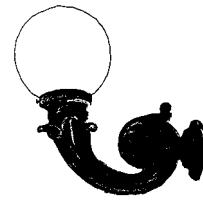
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Editor's Corner



There is something for everyone in this issue and we hope you will enjoy the stories and poems. There are a number of winter stories, but the word “story” in our “Winter Stories” theme opened the door to many other adventures. Grab a flashlight and you may climb to the top of a mountain at night with board member Mary Welch, fly to Puerto Rico on LIAT (Leave Island Any Time) airlines, or learn some horse sense from Kay Barney who became best friends with OL No Trump.

As noted on the masthead, the Villager board has undergone some changes. We are happy to welcome Donna Argon who has taken on responsibility for the Village Happenings pages, Ed Cox who appeared in the last issue and prepared his first profile for this issue, and Craig Hill with a poem in this issue has also authored an article in the September issue. Change seems inevitable in a community where new residents arrive and others depart and we are thankful for the efforts of all past and present contributors.

I am sitting in the sun on a lovely October afternoon writing these notes, wondering whether or not this beautiful fall weather will ever end. I am afraid the answer is “Watch Out.” Those white flakes will be falling by the time this issue comes off the press.



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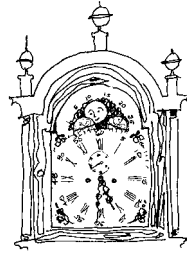
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From the Chief Executive Officer



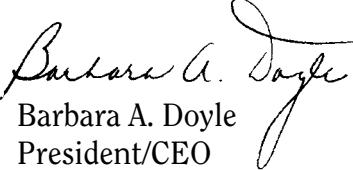
Early January, and Wisconsin—cold. The kind of cold where you keep a scarf tight over your mouth and breathe in, slowly, to give the air time to warm before hitting your lungs—although the burning in my chest told me even this wasn't working. Not in ice fog. If you've never seen ice fog, it happens when it's so cold and the humidity is so high that the water vapor in the air freezes, suspending diamond crystal droplets in the air. The Shoshone called it *pagkinappib*, the *cloud of light*. "Beware the Pogonip," the *Old Farmer's Almanac* would warn, echoing superstitions dating to colonial times. I'm unconcerned. The sun had just set over frozen Lake Mendota, and the suffused lights of Madison on the south bank were only now beginning to glow. I'm floating, silently, through dreamy, diaphanous clouds of suspended ice.

As I watched one of our residents showing off her new pair of Riedells to a neighbor on Main Street, it all came back in vivid clarity. Especially *the cold*.

There was a time when I couldn't get enough of winter: skiing, skating, tobogganing, even curling. (I was one heck of a sweeper back in the day.) The more icy and snowy it got, the more alive I felt, the more connected to the earth. And when I first moved to New England, I took my winter adventures to the mountains of Vermont and Maine. For a time, these days, it seems I am blissfully content snug and warm near a well-stoked fire, snow piling up outside, steamy cup of hot cocoa, and book in hand. That's a moment every bit as magical.

Lately, though, I find myself inspired by so many Villagers. On the snowiest days, they'll bundle up and head on out—eager as schoolchildren on the last day of vacation—determined to squeeze in every last moment of fun before returning home to shed ice-crusting boots and mittens...and then, to warm frosty fingers around their own cup of hot chocolate and relive the excitement of the day.

I think, perhaps it may be time I looked into a new pair of skates.


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO

Our First Christmas in Canada

On Christmas Day, 1965, my husband and I were awakened at 6:00 a.m. by our older son, Bill, who had just turned five, and by four-year-old Tommy. We were in our new home in Toronto, Ontario, having moved there from Southern California that autumn. We sleepily descended the stairs to the living room where Santa had left two sleds under the Christmas tree. Great joy except that the ground was barren, not a touch of white to be seen.

We had already experienced plenty of snow since our arrival in Canada. The snow had come early, often and in abundance. The boys loved it, playing outdoors in their new snowsuits, mittens and boots, never wanting to come back indoors.

The sleds were their hearts' desires. But there we were facing a drab, dry Christmas morning, trying not to be dejected. Suddenly though, we realized it was starting to snow, in fact to snow the biggest flakes I had ever seen. All day while we played with other new toys, ate Christmas dinner, and read new books, the snow came down plastering the ground with white splendor.

By early evening we all four donned our snow togs and were out on the tiny hills near our new home. The hills truly were tiny but with a lad and a parent crowded on each sled we had a rollicking time, up and down, over and over, laughing and shouting with happiness.

In the future the boys would learn the great fun of skating on the frozen ponds and the backyard rinks that were so prevalent in this new home and they would thrill to the long toboggan runs in Toronto's great ravine parks. They would play endless games of sidewalk hockey with their new pals, but for their parents that first Christmas night of sledding down those tiny hills was true joy never to be forgotten.

Peggy McKibben

Snow Days

I have always loved snow: its infinite variety, making snow angels, building an igloo (truthfully more a snow cave).

In the south of England snow is usually a pitiful thing. Timid flakes give up the ghost even before they hit the pavement. One year when we lived in Dorset there was a real snowfall, as much as four inches. I kept my scorn to myself. We shut the shop and walked the empty streets of the small market town with our spaniels frolicking off lead. No one plowed, sanded or shoveled. The town was immobilized.

We were fortunate when we retired to New England that our first winter produced a succession of blizzards, though nothing to equal the legendary storm of 1978. It was a delight to introduce my English husband to the real thing:

the unearthly silence, the day-after competitive bragging, "You've got fourteen inches? We had fifteen and a half!" He, as I, loved the snow-softened outlines, then the sharpened reflections when the sun shone, and the multiple shades of white.

Our first priority was shoveling a sanitary area for the dogs. Next was concern for our soon-to-be-retired letter carrier, Vince. John made a much appreciated path from our house to the next. Our near neighbors, all much younger than we, hollered offers of help and warnings of strain and collapse. But we both enjoyed shoveling: the clean cut down to the ground, then the rhythm of lift and heave. Every half hour we'd stop, enjoy the sensation of getting warm, a hot drink, a sit down, and then out for another session. Finally the reward of neat paths, a clean driveway, and backing the car out of the garage for no better reason than that we could.

Few pleasures exceed that of working companionably at a shared task, especially one both





invigorating and aesthetically pleasing. Job done, we would enjoy an evening of self-congratulation, drink in hand, in front of an open fire, favorite music playing in the background.

No wonder snow days were special.

These days shoveling solo has a more muted appeal, but I still take satisfaction in an adequate comfort station for my dog and a neatly cleared path. And the magic of snow never palls.

Alice Morrish

Poles Apart

Young William (called Conceited Bill) says "Skiing is a simple skill. Of course I see just how it's done." He doesn't wait for Lesson One.

The ski lift leaves him very high.
"Oh, Bill, take care. Good luck! Good bye?"
"Whoopee!" he cries.....And from the top has made an instant ghastly drop.

He yells for help from well below a vast appalling pile of snow. A skier hears the muffled shout, and Bill is excavated out.

Time has come and time has passed. Bill can rise from bed at last. Bill on crutches asking people, "Wanna autograph my cast?" Asking everyone he sees, "Wanna buy my boots and skis?"

Bill is busy, hatching splendid plans for when his bones are mended. Very Billish plans, of course. "Wanna see me ride a horse?"

Edith F. Gilmore

To Ski or Not to Ski

The telephone rang. It was my daughter embedded in Vermont at Middlebury College asking if I wanted to go with her on a ski week at Stratton Mountain. My instant reaction was to decline the invitation as I was not a skier and felt quite ill-equipped to take on the challenge. However, a second thought was how often is your teenage daughter going to include her mother in her activities? The first thought was checked and I agreed that we would meet at Stratton Mountain on the agreed upon date.

In preparing for the week I thought of all the unfinished sewing projects that might be tackled if the ski activity was unsuccessful. I could stay in the lodge and finish them. So I packed aborted knitting and cross stitch projects as a fall back plan.

Driving from New Jersey was accomplished and we settled into the rooms. Then the real adventure began. I was outfitted for boots and skis and enrolled in a beginner class. At that time Stratton Mountain was known for its excellent instruction and I wanted to learn so it seemed like a match. The class had twelve students, all much younger than me, including some who knew the basics. We got on the chairlift and were taken to the top. Our instructions were simple: when you dismount there will be a small incline, go straight ahead, don't let your skis cross, and after a brief stop, turn and slide down to where the class will be assembled.

The ride up provided beautiful views of the mountain; then the dismount approached. I raised the safety bar, leaned forward to dismount, turned around, and saw that the full-sized lodge below had shrunk to the size of my fingernail. I panicked. Meanwhile the blonde, blue-eyed instructor called out, "We are waiting for you, come on down." Frightened, I clutched the tall grass, went off the trail, did all of the unhelpful things to slow down, and the instructor showed the rest of the class that whatever I was doing would not work. I finally reached the group and said, "You all go on. I've made a mistake." Bless that instructor! She would not take no for an



answer and I began to learn how to snowplow, traverse the trail, and finally get some pleasure from the sport.

Many years later as an intermediate skier I skied with my grandsons, and then when snowboards invaded the hills I gave up this incredible sport having treasured it all because one dedicated instructor would not take no from a frightened elder beginner.

Ara Tyler

A Hot Winter Vacation

We often spent the children's Christmas or February vacations up north in ski country. In December of 1963, when our youngest was six, we heard of an inexpensive way to visit the U.S. Virgin Islands and thought that might be an exciting experience for all six of us. We had never been south of Key West, so did not know what to expect.

The airlines, in a generous mood, offered really low fares to San Juan, Puerto Rico, to make it economically possible for Puerto Rican residents to return home to their families for the holidays. The only problem was that one had to be willing to fly out from Logan at 11:59 p.m. and arrive in San Juan at about 4:00 a.m. From there we would transfer to a local airline called LIAT, which was known as "Leave Island Any Time" for good reason, as we soon found out.

The waiting area was jammed with Puerto Ricans loaded with gifts for their families. We all wondered where they were going to put those gifts on the plane. (Remember the days of having as many carry-ons as you wanted?) Our seats were three on either side of the aisle, and, unfortunately, too close to the smoking section. That was bad enough. We discovered that the excited Puerto Ricans had no plans to sleep. Despite the hour, everyone was having a gay old time! No sleep for the Brauns!

The airport in San Juan was empty. Our connecting flight on LIAT was not scheduled to depart until around 7:00 a.m. There was no comfortable place to try to get some sleep, not even a place to get a snack. The Puerto Ricans

were happily reunited with their families and had departed, so thankfully it was quiet, except for the night sounds of all the small unseen creatures. The airport was open on all sides, so we could enjoy breathing in that delightful humid air with all the delicious perfumes of a tropical island. The children, Peter, fourteen; David, thirteen; Charlotte, ten; and Alan, six, were unhappy campers, to say the least. We had taken a fabric suitcase into which we had stuffed all our winter coats. That turned out to be a good pillow for a couple of heads. We tried to find ways to doze, but unsuccessfully. It was a trying time for all of us, and we wondered what kind of vacation this was going to be.

Finally, we were on a small plane headed for Frederiksted, St. Croix, an hour's trip. We then crammed into a small European mini. Our first challenge was left-side driving. Fortunately, my husband adapted well, but we passengers found it downright scary. Not only are there no fences or curbs at the side of the narrow sub-standard roads, there are ditches! How he managed to avoid falling in is a mystery, but we were always petrified that he was about to. I don't think he appreciated our comments, either.

We were sleepy and hungry and it was HOT in the car (no air conditioning). We headed for Sunset Beach Cottages where we had rented a second floor housekeeping apartment, but first needed to stop to purchase food. That stop was not greeted with enthusiasm. But then we were there. It seemed to take a split second for bathing suits to be donned and all four children were splashing around in that delightful Caribbean water. We parents spread the food out on the deck, and suddenly we had a happy, excited family again.





We spent two weeks on St. Croix, taking in all the interesting sights, doing lots of swimming, shopping—one day only—for the European, mostly Danish, tax-free imports, and at the end of the day, we watched the sun set over those beautiful waters. We were amused by the Christmas decorations with fake snow and icicles. A major purchase was liquor. Each U.S. citizen, regardless of age, was allowed to bring back one gallon per person, tax free/duty free. It was delivered to the airport in properly labeled cartons. We were not heavy drinkers, so those six gallons, mostly liqueurs, lasted a long time. We created quite a scene at the airport surrounded by those cartons.

A memorable expedition was a boat trip from Christiansted to Buck Island where we all learned how to snorkel in shallow water. Once we appeared to have mastered the mask, breathing tube and flippers, we swam around to the other side of the island where the water is suddenly ten feet deep and heavy waves from the Atlantic side battered us. My six year-old and I clung to a small raft as I held him by the waist. That was scary, but as we became more confident, we marveled at the coral and masses of colorful fish below. We were hooked!

One road trip took us to the eastern-most point of the island, the most eastern part of the U.S. Standing high up on a cliff of lava we watched the surf batter the cliffs. We took three chunks of lava rocks with us as mementos of our visit, although we were not sure that was legal.

Finally, it was time to fly home. We were scheduled to fly back to San Juan on LIAT and connect with our flight back to Boston. True to its name, LIAT was delayed as it made its way up through all the Caribbean Islands. We were worried we would miss our flight, but no one is in a hurry in that climate. All our bags were checked through, including the one with our winter coats. I was carrying the lava rocks unseen in my oversized purse. They weighed a ton. When we landed in San Juan, we all ran, including me with that heavy bag, to the Pan Am counter, only to find they had over-booked, and, since it was so close to departure time, our six tickets had been

given to someone else.

Needless to say we were furious. The plane had not left yet, and my husband demanded that they let us on, but they refused. My husband went to see the manager. It grew very hot in that office, but it was hopeless. Over-booking was a new phenomenon to us. There was no other flight to Boston that afternoon, so the best Pan Am could do was to put us on a flight to New York, put us up in a hotel for the night, and then get us on a plane to Boston in the morning. All our winter clothes were on their way with our baggage to Boston on our missed plane. They gave the six of us one room with two queen-sized beds and a cot. I don't recall how we arranged the sleeping partners, but it must have been a challenge.

We finally arrived home in our island clothes. The bags arrived a day later. My shoulder ached for days from carrying the contraband lava. Those rocks have remained with us since then. One is in the rock edging of my front garden here at Carleton-Willard, and the other two are at my husband's grave. Some day they will be together again, but meanwhile we have a constant reminder of our first of many wonderful Caribbean trips.

Esther K. Braun





The Old Maple

Any tree that has withstood the storms, the wildlife, the sun, and the strife of over one hundred years deserves a respectful bow at its passing.

The old maple—a black maple (*acer nigrum*)—that stood in front of Higgins House had to be taken down in September due to some crippling ailments. We don't know yet what exactly will take its place, but we are very thankful for the great, beautiful copper beech near the main entrance.

We are happy to know that the old maple's useable wood has been kept. It will be made into a variety of useful "keepsakes" with the help of the skilled craftsmen in our woodworking shop.

Donna E. Argon

The Blizzard of '78

My husband and I were living in Wayland, Massachusetts, and my sister, Priscilla, lived with her husband in Albany, New York. On Friday, February 5, the first day of the blizzard, Priscilla and I drove from our homes to visit Dad at Kent Hospital in Warwick, Rhode Island. After a fun visit, he was always cheerful and wanted to play our family game. "Hi-Low Jack". We watched the snow, not worried about the five mile trip to our family house where we had grown up in the thirties.

All of a sudden the snow was blowing horizontally. We asked Dad for the house key and left with barely time to say goodbye. We crawled through deepening snow in our two cars. Trying to stay close together was hard, but we made it to the driveway—and left one week later after being homebound by the forty-inch snowfall.



The house had gas heat and a gas stove. I made bread for the neighbors. It was great being there and so nice to talk to old friends. We found some oil lamps and read our old Encyclopedia Britannica. All this time our husbands were sitting by their windows in Wayland and Albany enjoying sunny weather, but being housebound where we grew up brought back many memories. I was a six-year-old when Dad and I collected smooth round rocks for the porch fireplace. In my bedroom I found the drawing board Dad had made for me years ago. I took this photo six days after the storm and you can see the icy snow still clinging to the trees.

Grace Stergis

On Watching a Great Tree Fall, 9/19/13

Ignominious descent
in green and gold and bronze,
Strong branches fall earthward
among their own lost leaves.
As giant machines maneuver
branch to chips.
We hope we will recall
the spreading silhouette we knew so well,
A maple web against the autumn sky.
We will not live as long
as did that tree,
Nor did we know the past
it sheltered here,
So we must concentrate on trees,
and now, and life to come.

Lois F. Pulliam



Welcome New Residents

Alice Brennan,

from Attleborough, 8/18/13

Sarah Broley,

from Washington, D.C., 8/28/13

Elizabeth Flemings and James Harris,

from Cambridge, 9/3/13

Helen Brooks,

from Lincoln, 9/6/13

Helen Kilbridge,

from Lexington, 9/9/13

Henry Brown Hoover, Jr.,

from Lincoln, 9/11/13

Natalie Baron,

from Billerica, 9/17/13

Cecelia Parks,

from Bedford, 9/24/13

Joseph Silipigno,

from Burlington, 9/24/13

Robert and Anne Schmalz,

from Dorchester, 10/25/13

Hijacked

As undergraduates at MIT in the early fifties we typically took seven courses, were in classes and labs eight to five on weekdays and eight to noon on some Saturdays, had weekly tests in most classes, and except on rare occasions found little time to blow off steam. In the winter we did fit in quite a few skiing weekends in Stowe, Vermont, where the dual attractions were normally good snow cover and the welcoming arms of the innkeepers at The Foster Place. They received room and board for cooking and cleaning and the opportunity to party on weekends.

On a typical weekend trip we left Cambridge around 6:00 p.m. for what was then a six hour drive to Stowe. We arrived at midnight and some of us rose early on Saturday morning for the "milk run," a free ride up the mountain along with the day's milk and provisions for the mountaintop concessions. By mid-afternoon all of the angst of MIT had been left behind and we happily joined the innkeepers for a late afternoon hot toddy before gulping down a creative dinner prepared by the innkeepers while we were on the slopes.



One weekend the weather turned nasty on Saturday with rain that turned the snow into mashed potatoes. Skiing ended early and I went to bed right after supper to try and fight off a cold. I was barely asleep when several of the innkeepers arrived at my bedside, pulled me out of bed, and convinced me that I should join them and several others for a one hundred mile drive



to Montreal and a night on the town. Somewhat cross and groggy, I went along. We arrived in Montreal after midnight and spent the rest of the night in a nightclub until we were asked to leave as dawn appeared.

Now things got more complicated. A majority of the group voted in favor of driving three hours to Lake Placid, New York, to watch an international ski jumping competition. Off we went on the next one hundred mile segment of our weekend adventure. Somehow I ended up driving alone with a girl leaning on my shoulder, but at one point as we cruised along at ninety miles per hour she pinched me. "You are falling asleep. Let me take over." A sunny day greeted us as we arrived at Lake Placid. We all piled into an open convertible, parked close to the ski jump run-out, and absorbed some winter rays as competitors crashed or swished by.

Did we have fun? Well, sort of. The three hundred mile drive back to Cambridge including a side trip for the innkeepers to trade cars and return to Stowe brought us home around midnight. I had done none of my mandatory weekend homework so the six hours before breakfast were split between sleep and study. It should come as no surprise that I did not do well on the weekly tests. Somehow I was able to fight off the



cold and although a bit exhausted brought back fond memories of being hijacked by a group of imaginative innkeepers.

Jim Stockwell

12/25



Our cherub is up again this year, on wings
So clipped by man or undersized by God
That it can never gain much altitude,
This planet's atmosphere being so thin
And gravity's law besides so hard to break.
Its torso, carved from some near-grainless
wood,

Is frozen in a modest ecstasy.

With one knee lifted, seemingly to keep
The length of swaddling cloth around its
thighs

From slipping any further down—a thing
That, had it been allowed, would have
compelled

The carver, though himself no artist but
A copyist at best, to violate

The long established iconography

For minor angels of the late Baroque.

Almost unnoticed now, it hovers every year

For several weeks above the dining table,

A fixture of the season. Suspended there

On a plainly visible string, all by itself

It strives to represent a heavenly host,

A shining multitude. Its hair streams back

In tiny, chiseled waves; its gaze is downward,
rapt.

What is it seeing with its wooden eyes?

In its plump arms it holds a fretless lute.

Its mouth is rounded to begin a note.

Listen, children, listen! Hear it sing!

Craig Hill



A Boy's Best Friend

We all grew up in Troy, New Hampshire, where my Dad once ran a soda-pop factory and later worked in the lumber business, but his first love was hunting. Mostly he hunted deer, but whenever he decided to go after any kind of small game—such as pheasants, turkeys, woodcocks, or rabbits—my three brothers and I always wanted to go with him. I've never forgotten the day my Dad gave me one of his birddogs. Tom was a pointer, a great birddog, but most of all he was my best friend until he died when he was twelve.



That first winter, after I'd fixed Tom up with a special collar, he loved to pull me on a sled for four miles all the way to Fitzwilliam, and four miles back home to Troy. My good friend Prescott had a Belgian Shepherd and he was very friendly with my Tom, so all four of us—Prescott and I and our two sled dogs—had wonderful times together gadding all around the neighborhood. On one occasion we saw a flock of turkeys that belonged to an unpopular farmer, and the dogs chased them up a tree. Tom was always popular with the neighbors, as evidenced by his local girlfriend, a hound dog, who produced a litter of six puppies, all of whom looked remarkably like Tom.

The last birddog I had before leaving home was called Ticket, and it's too bad we had her spayed as she was a natural hunter who would never break her point. Once, when she'd pointed three birds and I'd missed them all, she looked back at me as if to say, "Why did I bother?"

Calvin Cumings

Dear Benjamin Franklin Dogmatic

"Nothing is certain but taxes and death."
A quote from our shrewdest of sages.
But surely we also can safely agree,
How the voting will go, what the outcome
will be,
When bodies (official) are proffered a bill
That increases their membership wages.

Edith F. Gilmore

Willow



With furry ears and tufted paws
Willow braved the wintry snow
Then glowered as if to say "Not nice!"
As she skittered on the ice.

Mary Cowham



Hands Across the Sea

Some years ago my boss in Boston was scheduled to attend an international medical conference in Sydney, and knowing that I was eager to see my brother and his family in Brisbane, he obligingly requested the Australian host committee to permit me to attend the conference as part of the U.S. delegation, in an honorary capacity as his assistant. This was great news as the last time I had seen my brother was in Scotland, when his children were small, and now they were teenagers. For one delightful week, I stayed with friends of an English couple I knew in Boston, and spent my days either chatting to fellow minions in the back of the conference hall, or listening to a lecturer's fascinating description of some new innovation that might greatly improve the care of his patients. At night, I did the rounds of several parties and loved going to see *Aida* at the famous Opera House.

Finally at breakfast on Saturday morning my hosts, whom I'd hardly seen all week, asked if I'd mind going with them to a neighbor's "surprise" seventieth birthday party. Of course I agreed but the surprise was mostly mine as I hadn't expected the party would be in full swing by eleven o'clock in the morning.

Their exuberant neighbor wore a blue paper hat emblazoned with BIRTHDAY BOY in large glitzy letters and after greeting us with sloppy wet kisses he ushered us all into the kitchen and shouted to his wife, "The more the merrier, Mother! Here comes Ron and Kathy and Mary from America." With a distracted smile "Mother" looked up from the stove and with a wave of an oven mitt she politely urged us all to move into the crowded living room.

Someone handed me a tumbler of sweet sherry, and I sipped at it cautiously as I tried to get my bearings. I never did learn the names of Birthday Boy and his wife but I was introduced to a dozen or so people who cheerfully informed me where and when they had last visited America. All of a sudden, I felt a nudge on my shoulder, and as I turned around I saw a man with a quizzical smile and a pint of beer in each hand.

"I know your name is Mary but you don't sound like an American," said he as he deftly removed my barely touched sherry and replaced it with one of his pints of beer. "The name's George, by the way," he continued, as we clinked glasses.

"Oh but I *am* an American, ever since 1969," I laughingly assured him, "and I have a passport to prove it!"

"So, if you're an American, have you ever heard of Mattapoisset?"

"Sure thing! It's not far from Bourne Bridge, on the way to Cape Cod."

"You know where it is?" George's face lit up. "Most of the Americans I've met have never even heard of it."

"I've been there several times. Some friends in Boston have a summer home there."

"Mattapoisset, Mattapoisset," George kept repeating, as he stared at me in wonder. "I can't believe I've finally met someone who's been to Mattapoisset! My father was born there."

"Oh, really? It's a very lovely little town." I didn't quite know what else to say as he steered me on to the porch to admire the distant Blue Mountains.

"You know, Mary," he said very solemnly, as he leaned against the porch railing, "I've lived in Sydney all my life, harbor master for thirty-five years, and I've had a good life, a wonderful wife, God rest her, and three great kids, but I've often thought I should've gone to Mattapoisset just to find out what was so special about it. My grandfather was a Scotsman and a sailor but when he met my grandmother in Mattapoisset he never left. Dad always said he loved the place, but never said why he left, or how he got to Sydney. Now I'll never know."

"Are any of your kids sailors, too?" I asked after a long pause.

"Nope! A bunch of landlubbers, but doing well. One's a stockbroker, the other's teaching at the University of Sydney and their sister's happily married with a couple of kids."

At that point Ron and Kathy reminded me we'd better be going, if I were to catch the evening flight to Brisbane on time.

Mary Cowham



A Night Adventure

(Risky and Foolish, but Fun)

My brother, Jack, was just two years younger than me and could never acknowledge any shortage of strength or imagination as a result of that deficit. One August night endowed with the full moon on Mount Desert Island in Maine, we decided to take the family canoe to a spot on Sargent Drive where the descent to the waters of Somes Sound was short and not too steep for two of us to launch and embark across the Sound. We had to choose a place where we could lift out the canoe and drag it into the woods where we intended to climb Robinson Mountain with flashlight and moonlight. No, we didn't carry "Moonshine," but we did include the family dog, Angus, a Scotch Terrier who was very seaworthy having been previously tested for seaworthiness and passing with flying colors.

We left the house telling no one of our plan, hitched the canoe trailer to the knob on the back of the car, and set out about eight-thirty with the sunset completed and the full moon very visible over the mountain in the east. Arriving at our launch site where we found enough space to park, we lifted the canoe off the trailer and crossed the road, hoping that no one would come along to interfere, as many of our parents' friends might find it judicious to do so. But all was quiet and we located our launch site on one very short, steep, slope and then had to locate Angus. You don't call a dog loudly on a gorgeous full moon night when others might be out admiring the miraculous sky and moonlit hills and Somes Sound. The only other sound was of tide-churned waters. But after hardly audible calls of "Angus, Angus," he came out of the dark and joined us by jumping into the canoe from the shore.

We embarked very easily and had a very peaceful paddle across Somes Sound to the other side where we found a float that was moored at the end of the trails for the benefit of abutters, climbers or swimmers. One trail approached the top of the double topped, six hundred and seventy-eight foot mountain from the southeast.



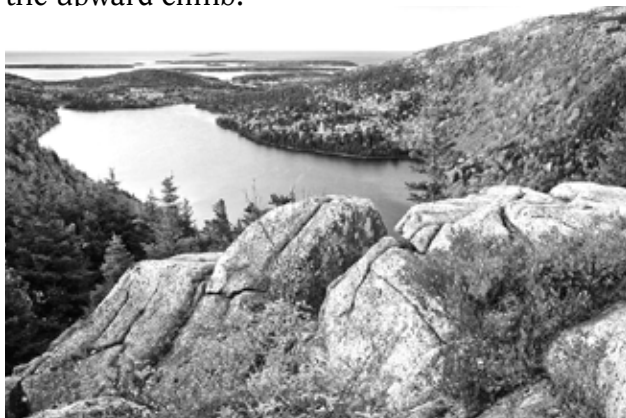
The other pointed west to the road from Somes Sound to the village of Southwest Harbor.

Angus managed to jump ashore from the canoe and we hauled it up on the float which was a real bonus because we did not want to scrape the bottom paint. After peering into the woods to find the trail to the East Summit, it appeared, and we realized the value of the flashlight. After a few hundred feet we began to climb. At once, we realized that this side of the mountain was steep near the bottom. The only way up involved squeezing between large hunks of granite, placing our feet very carefully on a very few narrow ledges, and lifting the dog up to the next ledge. We had to repeat this sequence to attain an elevation of two or three hundred feet, much of it bush or tree covered, until we emerged to some smoother rock footing with moonlight giving us more confidence in our ascent.

Up we went, up, up to a very fine view of the Sound below, an occasional car on Sargent Drive on the far shore, then to the right the narrows at the bottom and on to the bay and islands beyond. We could almost see Mount Desert Rock Light in this light on this night. But we had yet to reach the East Summit, so we proceeded, and once attained, headed back down a route that was quite different from our ascent. The challenge at first was to locate and reach each cairn marking the trail, helped but not highlighted by the moonlight. Our watches were creeping from ten to eleven and we had half the journey to go before heading home and hitting the pillow.

The descent went quite well, with Angus staying close so we could lift him down as needed. Because he was a terrier we guessed he could get

clues of our upward trip on the way down and in some instances he did locate far easier ways around granite ledges than we had seen on the way up. We also watched for the rock cairns that marked the trail ahead. If one climbed in the thick fog an occasional cairn was a critical necessity and this night they were essential over the smooth rock ledges, and the descent was slower than we had anticipated. The moonlight did not highlight cracks in the surfaces or the height of the next obstructions, several of which required us to lift Angus where he could not proceed on his own. So down we walked, always struggling to assure ourselves of being on the trail. It's funny how a walk in the opposite direction can appear to be a completely different scene than the upward climb.



Lift, walk, sit on ledge, drop to ground below—and repeat—until we reached a ledge too high to jump off. Backtracking twenty feet we had to use our flashlights to figure out where we were and whether we were still on the trail. If the path ahead is not certain, it's far better to go back to the nearest cairn trail marker which may be a hundred feet up the mountain. Happily we found a blaze on a tree ahead and then a way around our large ledge. Turning back once to recon the height, we estimated we would have dropped seven feet at least if we had chosen that option. Thank goodness proper judgment prevailed. Down, down we went through the woods with flashlights lighting our way and Angus close at hand. When we emerged into the open by the float we were relieved to see our canoe, with paddles tucked under, ready to be launched. Angus, a bit weary from the climb and descent, jumped

in, while Jack and I climbed down, paddles in hand, and pushed off.

But where along the opposite shore was our launching spot? The tide was ebbing and the wind was blowing south with it. The moon was high and very bright over the water so we had to focus on not being swept out by the tide. The near silence was disturbed only by the lapping of the invisible tiny waves against the canoe and the occasional gull or osprey calling; it was a jewel night. Even the digging of paddles was barely discernible. But then the mountain began to darken the way ahead. We were steadily approaching shore. Was the land ahead above or below our launch spot? What could we perceive on the shore? Very few cars went by to give us any indication of our launch spot. But then, out of the engulfing dark, and out of the glow of the moon, we both saw our goal along the shore, surrounded by only a few rocks. What luck!

We approached with great caution so as not to scrape the bottom of the bow on a rock just under the surface. Jack was paddling from the stern so I had to be all-eyes in the bow. We were lucky to have found a natural hauling spot with enough shore behind it for me to stand on and haul up the boat. But where was our car? Happily, just where we had parked it. So the only problem for each of us was to step into the water with our shoes on, keep our balance, and hold onto the canoe. I was told to get ashore and lift the bow so we could exit like experienced adventurers. Another haul on the painter and we were beginning to feel more sure of ourselves with only the task of getting the canoe up the hill about twenty-five feet of uncertain footing to the road where we had to lift it over rectangular chunks of protective granite that we fondly called “Mr. Rockefeller’s Teeth.”

It was done, the car brought into place with the trailer, and the canoe secured with ropes to the trailer. And home we went, but before going up to bed we left the canoe on the trailer as evidence of our adventure. Angus never gave us away, but hopped out of the car and headed for bed with us. A great night!

Mary E. Welch



There are always exciting new displays in our gallery and this summer resident Connie Hanley shared her watercolors with us while resident Bruce Dawson put some of his miniature furniture on display. We also enjoyed a lecture on the Boston Athenæum and heard from resident Dr. Stefan Schatzki about Medicine in American Art. Here are brief reviews of each event.



Resident Artist Displays

Connie Hanley is a new resident in Llewysac Lodge, and her longtime artistry in watercolor brought great pleasure to residents, visitors, and staff passing through the display area. Whether the topic is nautical, floral, or whimsical, everyone finds a favorite. However, Connie reports that each one has been promised to a child or grandchild.

Many have taken time to study a well-lighted display of Lilliputian furniture in the display case. Bruce Dawson must have magic in his man-sized hands to produce such beautifully crafted pieces, all to scale. Imagine scenes of memory or childhood, all produced to scale. Such skill is not limited to doll houses. A pair of special ear-rings or cuff-links could fit in one of those exquisitely made chests.

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

The Boston Athenæum—With Éclat

Bedford resident Hina Hirayama McConnell, Associate Curator of Painting and Sculpture at the Boston Athenæum, introduced an appreciative audience of residents to her newly published book, *With Éclat*.

This beautifully illustrated book covers The Athenæum's founding in 1807 by Boston art patrons, its growth and change over the years, and its very important role in the development of The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. All this was done, with *éclat*, of course—and the Athenæum today is still a very important part of Boston's cultural life.

The illustrations cover almost two hundred years, and the appendix with notes on the original incorporators is fine Boston history. Check our library.

Medicine in American Art

Resident Dr. Stefan Schatzki has written more than eighty-five articles on Medicine in American Art. His engrossing lecture showed how artists portrayed medicine as part of the life of a community while other artists depicted other aspects of daily life. One picture discussed in his presentation was "The First Operation Under Ether" by artist Robert C. Hinckley. The operation was performed publicly at the Massachusetts General Hospital on October 16, 1846 and the painter recreated the scene by gathering information on the event that occurred over three decades before he painted the picture.



Happenings

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



iRobot

We live on a quiet campus, often unaware of the emerging companies in Bedford and Burlington inventing and manufacturing robots. One nearby neighbor, iRobot, visited Llewysac Lodge and made a second presentation in the auditorium to demonstrate robots for nursing care and assistance for those with limited mobility.

iRobot is well known for its vacuum cleaning and floor washing robots, and future models could incorporate wake-up calls, meals ready announcements, sound alarms, and detect odors such as soiled sheets. Other services mentioned were delivering cold drinks, cleaning bathroom floors, leaving towel supplies, detecting and removing waste paper on the floor, and summarizing the services for the nurse in charge.

One senior, an admitted skeptic in her nineties, came away convinced that robots could provide much needed assistance to residents in advanced care facilities while lowering overall patient care cost.

New England Aquarium

On September 11 a group visited the newly refurbished New England Aquarium. The central feature is the 200,000 gallon, four-story tank with sharks, turtles, eels, colorful small and large fish circling the coral reef in the center. Divers were spotted cleaning the tank and feeding the fish. The building houses over 40,000 animals, each in its natural habitat. Harbor seals, fur seals, sea lions, penguins, seahorses, sea dragons, and stingrays kept us entertained, while presentations by staff enriched our experience.

Boott Mill Bound

Lowell welcomed fourteen residents with perfect September weather and a tour of the Boott Textile Mill Museum. The steady grumble of the looms was background for a film noting Lowell's part in the Industrial Revolution. We marveled at the rescue of the old mills and their new uses. A delicious lunch at Cobblestones, where mill executives one hundred and fifty years ago entertained, restored us in tasteful style.



Donna E. Argon











1953. His work ethic was encouraged by baking four hundred blueberry muffins during his two hours in the bakery each morning.

Harry graduated from Haverford College in 1957, majoring in Music, and followed up with a year of graduate study at the Longy School of Music in Cambridge. Feeling the heat of the military draft, he enlisted in the U.S. Army and was accepted by the Army Language School in Monterey, California to learn Russian. Offered an assignment to Germany, he enjoyed six years traveling and absorbing European culture, while fulfilling his duties in the U.S. Army Intelligence and Security Agency.

Returning to the States in 1967 he began a thirty year career as a civilian with the same agency, from which he retired in 1997, as Director of Information Management Systems. In those years he lived in Alexandria, Virginia.

Harry enjoys enriching his community through his interest in architecture. He combines efforts with his sister, a retired art history professor at Rhode Island School of Design, who also lives in Lincoln in a house designed by their father. Together, they created Friends of Modern Architecture/Lincoln, an advocacy group that builds awareness of mid-century modern architecture, and he is a member of the board. They have just written a book about their father's life and work. Harry has been a board member of Lincoln Historical Society, Lincoln Historical Commission, and the Lincoln Historic District Commission.

Harry's interests in art and music are evidenced by his docent activities at the DeCordova Museum and the Gropius House, and memberships in Historic New England, Museum of Fine Arts, the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, and the Harvard Musical Association. Last, but far from least, his living room is dominated by a carefully organized wall of compact discs, mostly, but not all, classical music.

Harry is looking forward to enjoying and contributing to the active cultural life of the Village.

EC

OL' No Trump

To most Eastern city slickers the name, Meeteetse, wouldn't mean anything of note, even if they could find it on the map. Most Wyoming types would dismiss it as an unimportant wide place in the road with a few one-story buildings scattered around an intersection of two roads, one of which doesn't really go anywhere. However, if you were watching closely as you were driving by you might spot the sign announcing the Charles Belden Museum, which houses an important collection of his photos published widely from 1915 to 1940, recording the year-long life on a ranch and other memorabilia. Charles Belden and Eugene Phelps, both MIT graduates, founded and owned the Phelps/Belden Ranch, the second largest ranch in Wyoming at the time. The ranch stretched from about ten miles south of Cody for another fifty miles further south. The Pitchfork section was located at the edge of the Shoshone Mountains. You could draw a sharp line on the ground with forest and mountains on one hand and the treeless salt plains on the other. You got there by truck over dirt roads. One of the greatest experiences of my life was to spend a summer there, where, with several others my age, I "hung my spurs" and participated in the working activities of the ranch. This turned out to be my last free summer before retirement forty-seven years later, after finishing high school, college, a stint in the navy, and working in industry.

Technically you could classify us as "dudes." Most of the others came from east of Hackensack, New Jersey. Being from Kansas City, Missouri, I passed as a westerner, since they all thought the west began at Hoboken, and that you were really in the wilds when you reached Scranton, Pennsylvania. Upon arrival, after our gear was stowed, we were each assigned a horse and bridle, and a saddle for the summer. It was my fate that all the others got lively horses while I got a lazy, dull pile of horsemeat named No Trump. It is true that I had no real previous riding experience except for riding a huge plow horse bareback on Frank Sherrill's farm just



outside Independence, Missouri. Frank was a buddy of my father in the First World War, and he and his father lived in a tarpaper shack, like those you saw in Ken Burns' program about the dust bowl, and they nearly starved on the rocky one hundred acres they tried to farm. We used to drive out there, past Harry Truman's house. Nobody really knew Harry then for other than a protégé of the Prendergast Machine, but he turned out to be a pretty good president. Beyond the house we passed a huge municipal swimming pool and the Latter Day Saints temple, and while my folks visited with the Sherrills, I would ride their plow horse. He was so wide you could play solitaire on his back. Of course none of this experience counted at Pitchfork versus the sophisticated Eastern-type riding, so the head wrangler placed me at the bottom of the horse-skill list, while most of the others who had done Eastern riding got the good horses.

No Trump had a one-way mind. It was almost impossible to get him out of a group of other horses and ride in another direction. He showed real life only, when after a day's ride, he was pointed toward the home corral. Then he would take off at a pretty respectable pace. However, his worst characteristic was that he could not *walk fast*. He was a low-speed walker and a high-speed trotter. That was bad. If you spent thirty miles banging up and down on the saddle on a trot, and all the others were walking smoothly, it could be pretty painful at the end of the day. And it was practically impossible to get No Trump to gallop when the other horses took off. He was content to merely observe all the action, and he took his time catching up. So you can see all this didn't add up to a very happy time for me.

No Trump did finally gallop one day when one of the wranglers sneaked up behind and whacked him on the rear. I was sitting up straight, so I lost my balance to the rear when he took off unexpectedly. I hung on to the saddle horn for dear life, which is not really what you are supposed to do, and nearly fell off. So the head wrangler took pity on me, put me on another really live horse from time to time, and

taught me how to "ride rowdy" western style, holding the reins with one hand right behind the horse's neck and leaning forward all the time so as not to be taken by surprise. I got pretty good at sticking on when the going got rough.

I had no problems with the rest of the horses in the corral. I could go up to any one of them, put my arms around its neck, and put a bridle in its mouth, no sweat. None of the professional wranglers could do that, because the horses were all afraid of them because the wranglers often beat them. I learned to put the log dragging harness on the pair of plow horses that were as big as Frank Sherrill's, and I was put to work dragging logs. This was pretty exciting as long as you walked to the side to control the reins, and didn't get run over by the logs. Soon I got to thinking pretty good about my horse sense. But the resistance of No Trump to my efforts to get him to walk faster without trotting didn't improve our relationship.

Several weeks into the summer a new horse entered the corral. His name was Warbonnet. He was young, just over colt-hood, and was assigned to me for riding now and then. Warbonnet proved to be a great walker who could keep up with the rest of the horses, rarely trotted and went into a gallop without any urging. We became great friends. I found that if I crossed his reins over his neck he would follow me around outside the corral as if I were leading him by a leash. When I approached the corral he would come immediately to me. A lump of sugar in my hand confirmed his friendship.

This new relationship did not escape the notice of No Trump. He glowered from the other side of the corral, and frequently sneaked up behind, stretched out his neck, extended his teeth and nipped Warbonnet in the rump. Warbonnet didn't get any protection from the rest of the horses either, since he was at the bottom of the pecking order, and had to fend for himself. So he welcomed the opportunity of a ride with me, or even to simply follow me around the layout.

Shortly after the middle of the summer preparations were made for a five-day pack trip into the mountains to take salt to the Pitchfork



herd grazing on government land in the mountains. My almost constant riding of Warbonnet had made us close companions, and I didn't miss the pain of No Trump's hard bouncing trot on my, well, you know, on me. But, my hopes were dashed by the head wrangler's judgment that Warbonnet's hooves were too young and soft for the trip, and that I would have to ride No Trump into the mountains.

Well, it didn't turn out too badly since no horse could walk fast along the rocky trails we took up to the high meadows toward Frank's Peak. Their walking pace matched No Trump's, so the daily grind was bearable, with no trotting. For me the experience was one I'd never had, and would never have again. We were surrounded by snow capped peaks. We camped out five days. We had fresh steaks from antelopes shot by one of the wranglers almost every day. We encountered lone shepherds, usually Basques, with their herds. Even No Trump got a charge out of our swimming bare bareback in the cold, clear streams. One day we entered a bowl in the mountains about five miles in diameter. Some of us climbed up to the edge and discovered it was a gigantic whispering gallery when we could hear others talking at the very bottom, two miles away! No Trump and I kind of bonded, and I forgave his indolence, somewhat. Toward the end of the summer I split my time pretty equally between No Trump and Warbonnet, and relationships in the corral seemed to improve.

The end of the summer came too quickly, and the crowd broke up, heading home in many directions. Warbonnet trotted over as usual when I went to the corral for the last time and he nuzzled me. No Trump kept his distance though. But as I looked at him at the other side of the corral, I'd swear that he glanced at me, gave his tail an extra swish, and raised his left eyebrow briefly. That was good enough for me.

Kay Barney

Fleet Seat? No Go

Grandpa's rocking chair one day
 escaped his house. It ran away,
 an unexpected feat.
 "Hey you," he yelled, "what's going on?
 Come back!"
 No use. The chair was gone.
 It clattered down the street.

But Grandpa, whiskers waving white,
 pursued it ...
 till it ran a light ...
 that rocker is no more.
 Its fate Kerash! A diesel truck.
 "Oh, bummer! Oh, what lousy luck!"
 said Grandpa, "Well I will not fail
 to do that job at once. I'll nail
 my sofa to the floor."

Edith F. Gilmore

Wholly Unlikely

A hole that's round
 and made of air
 is often found,
 we're all aware,
 right in a doughnut's middle.

So why not holes
 in griddle cakes
 for overflowing
 syrup lakes?

Or handy hollows
 scooped in rocks
 for storing old
 unmated socks?

Edith F. Gilmore



Like it or Leave it

There are those of us who like to take a hint from our migrating birds and head to warmer climates for the winter months. For the rest of us left behind by occupation or other circumstances, New England winters rarely miss an opportunity to surprise us. In my lifetime, the winter of 1978 takes the prize. January was cold and stormy, with thirty-six inches of snow. There were so many poor weather forecasts that we all became skeptical of predicted events that never occurred and unpredicted storms like the twenty-one inch snowfall late in the month. With temperatures in the teens, some adventurous students walked across the frozen Charles River below the Harvard Bridge.

February arrived and when the weather bureau issued a storm watch on Saturday, February 4, residents said ‘here we go again, it will probably be sunny and warm.’ By Sunday the forecast was underscored by some sense of urgency, and storm watch was increased to storm warning. Confident that they had it wrong again, we all went off to work on Monday and paid little attention to the flakes that began to fall. However, by mid-morning snow was falling at rates of two inches or more per hour and winds were approaching hurricane force. The Governor declared a state of emergency and urged employers to close shop at noontime, but by then it was too late. The storm center stalled off of Martha’s Vineyard and although rain fell on the cape, wind driven snow turned into fifteen foot drifts inland, bringing traffic to a halt on major highways. Three thousand cars and five hundred trucks were stuck in the snow on Route 128 and some occupants were not rescued for several days after the storm finally ended on Tuesday evening, with twenty-seven inches of snow in Boston and some higher totals on the North Shore.

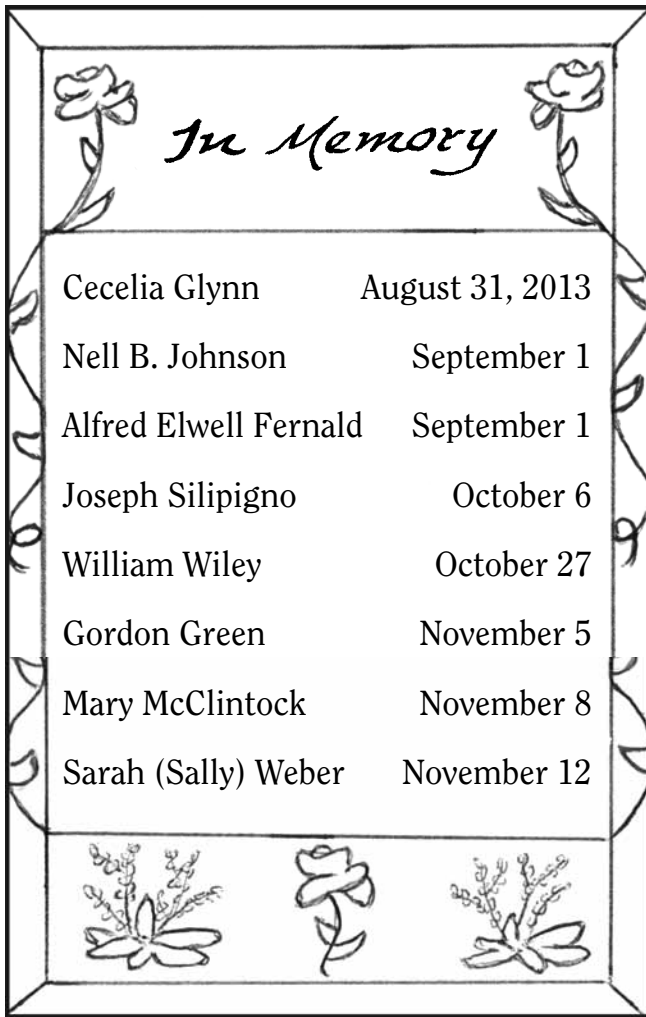


At that time my wife and I were living in Newton Corner. After leaving my office in downtown Boston in mid-afternoon on Monday, I barely made it to the Newton Corner exit from the turnpike, struggled to negotiate up the Church Street hill, and finally nuzzled our car into our off-street parking spot. The snow came down hard all night and when I looked out in the morning I could just make out the car, almost covered over by the drifting snow. However, the most startling feature of the morning was the complete silence. We lived a short way away from the Mass Pike and could always hear traffic noise, somewhat louder than the Route 3 truck noise that we hear at Carleton-Willard. Tuesday morning there was not a sound. All roads were closed, there were no snowplows or snow-blowers, and even the birds seemed to have hunkered down in their evergreen roosts. Except for emergency vehicles, all roads were closed for the rest of the week and it would be several weeks before drive-ways, paths, and side streets were cleared.

Since stores and roads were closed for most of the week, we were fortunate to have a good supply of foodstuffs on hand. Those less fortunate included thousands of college hockey fans who were confined to the Boston Garden eating franks and chips and sleeping in the bleachers for several days. The storm struck at the time of a new moon when tides were at their highest. The hurricane winds piled up huge waves that washed away beach-front homes and created havoc for all seashore communities.

Say what you want about the weather, but in wintertime in New England every week brings a tinge of excitement in the air. Will the forecasters get it right this time? They certainly missed with Hurricane Sandy. Will there be another blizzard like the Blizzard of '78? If you like to live on the edge, like it, don't leave it.

Jim Stockwell



To the Rescue

I think we are apt to forget that there were two big blizzards in New England in the early part of 1978. The first one, in late January, dumped over twenty inches of snow on Boston and the North Shore. It, too, was a killer storm.

My parents had retired to their former summer home in Ipswich, a lovingly restored antique house at the end of a long driveway, overlooking the marshes: an ideal place in the summertime, very isolated in the winter. Living in Concord, we were naturally quite worried to hear the weather report; communication lines were down and the National Guard was called out. As soon as we heard that the main roads had been cleared on Cape Ann, my husband and I made plans to go up there.

We borrowed snowshoes from some friends and took shovels and some food with us. We had

no trouble getting there, at least to the foot of the driveway. We left the car and put on snowshoes and our packs. The snowshoes were awkward and clumsy; I remember falling over in deep snow and having trouble getting up again. We finally got to the house. There it was, sitting in the snow, a plume of smoke coming from the chimney and a deep drift halfway up the back door.

With the shovels we dug down and into the kitchen.

“Hello-o-o,” we called.

“We’re in here,” was the response.

There they were, cozy as could be, sitting in front of a fire that was warming the whole house as it had done for centuries. In the process of deciding what to use as a distress signal, as advised by emergency reports on their transistor radio, they had located an old red blanket, but did not know how to put it out on the snow as directed.



We stayed to make sure there was plenty of firewood, food supplies in the kitchen, batteries for the lights and radio, and most important, full tanks of propane for the gas stove. They were prepared to hunker down for the duration. We were very relieved.

It was just as well we went as it was absolutely impossible to go up Route 128 in the aftermath of the twenty-seven inch storm that followed a few weeks later in February. We had our own problems, then, but we did feel that my elderly parents would be survivors. We learned later that all was fine. A young neighbor had skied in to check on them a couple of times.

Sue Hay



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

“Let’s go to the library!” What a wonderful idea for people of all ages. Here at Carleton-Willard we have a library dedicated to answering our individual reading needs. Approximately thirty new books are added to the collection each month, regular print and large print, fiction and non-fiction. Newspapers are provided daily, and there is an attractive and comfortable reading area. Many of us use the library every day.

The residents of Carleton-Willard are responsible for the operation of the library. We have a working Library Committee and a large corps of volunteers. Book selection and processing, updating the card catalog and the computer catalog, circulation reports, shelving returned books, chasing down overdue and lost books and keeping the shelves tidy keep us all busy and on our toes.

As the new Chair of the Library Committee, I follow a list of impressive predecessors, among them Janet Buckingham, Gene Odell, and most recently Louis Pitt. Louis has led the library for the last seven years, setting a tone of dignity, organization and high standards. He will be a hard act to follow, but, with his help, I will do my best.

Libraries are in my bloodstream and reading has been a lifelong pastime. From Beatrix Potter and Babar books to dog and horse stories and Hardy Boy mysteries to *Gone With the Wind* and *War and Peace*, to Dick Francis, Donna Leon, Anne Perry and Louise Penny, my nose is always in a book. My list of “books to read” gets longer and longer. There is never enough time to read!

Although I was a mathematics major at college and taught middle and high school math for thirty-five years, I was always involved in libraries. I enjoyed being the librarian for grades pre-k to eight at the Shipley School, while I waited for an opening in the Math Department, and I served for thirty years on the Board of Trustees of the Ludington Public Library in Bryn Mawr,

Pennsylvania before moving north to Carleton-Willard.

It will be a pleasure to work with my fellow Carleton-Willard residents to keep our wonderful library up to date and running smoothly. Questions, comments and suggestions are always welcome.

Katherine F. Graff
Chair, Library Committee

Anthology

A wonderful new reference resource has found a home on the Library’s shelves: the ninth edition of the *Norton Anthology of English Literature*. A compendium of almost all of England’s authors from Anglo-Saxon times to the “twentieth century and more.” Each of its two volumes is divided into three paperback books making it easy to peruse its more than five hundred pages, although readers will find it easier with the aid of a pocket magnifying glass.

Arranged chronologically by literary areas, most of Britain’s authors and global writers in English are found here. Numerous examples of their best writing are included together with extensive biographical, historical, and explanatory essays written by a panel of distinguished experts. Many illustrations and beautiful color plates enhance the understanding of the writing. It is a superb resource for looking up an author or poem and will delight if you just “dip in” at random.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy
Library Committee



New Acquisitions

Longbourn by Jo Baker

An irresistible retake on *Pride and Prejudice* from the perspective of the hard working servants of the Bennet household

Orange is the New Black by Piper Kerman

True story of a Smith alumna who has disappeared “down the rabbit hole” of an American women’s prison

Three Can Keep a Secret by Archer Mayor

Hurricane Irene floods Vermont and among other things unearths a coffin full of rocks instead of a cadaver

Book of Ages by Jill Lepore

Life in colonial America is revealed in the sixty year correspondence between Benjamin Franklin and his sister Jane

The Suitors by Cecile David-Weill

A witty comedy of manners described as “Downtown Abbey set in the south of France”

Memoirs of a Shape-Shifter

by Thomas Kaplan-Maxwell

A narrative shifting between colonial and present day Gloucester full of Salem witchcraft and magic

The Lowland by Jhumpa Lahiri

Two brothers from Calcutta go very different paths, one to communism and the other to the U.S.A.

Oil and Honey by Bill McKibben

A chatty memoir of Bill’s double life as a globe trotting environmentalist and a novice beekeeper

Sparta by Roxana Robinson

A twenty-six-year-old veteran returns to New York City from Iraq and tries to adjust to a shallow American society

Zealot by Reza Aslan

A portrait of the man Jesus written by a Muslim based on non-biblical historical sources

The Spymistress by Jennifer Chiaverini

Historical novel about a woman who cared for Union prisoners in the American Civil War and stole Confederate secrets

Amsterdam by Russell Shorto

A history of the world’s most liberal city with its notable freedom and tolerance in religion, trade, and more

The Signature of All Things

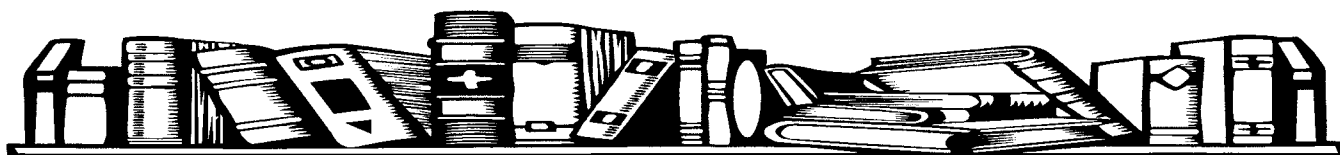
by Elizabeth Gilbert

The “rags to riches” story of a 19th century Philadelphia millionaire and his creative, adventurous daughter

Raising Henry by Rachel Adams

A Columbia professor writes an honest and sensitive portrait of her son with Down’s syndrome

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.
Library Committee



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Biography

Aslan, Reza	Zealot
Barnes, Julian	Levels of Life
Escobar, Mario	Francis, Man of Prayer (*)
Franklin, Benjamin	The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin
Hicks, Pamela	Daughter of Empire
Kerman, Piper	Orange is the New Black
Koppel, Lily	The Astronaut Wives Club (*)
Vauchez, Andre	Francis of Assisi

Computer

Muir, Nancy C.	iPad for Seniors for Dummies
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Current Affairs

Leibovich, Mark	This Town
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Environment

McKibben, Bill	Oil and Honey
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Fiction

Askew, Rilla	Kind of Kin (*)
Baker, Jo	Longbourn
Bauer, Charlene	Frances and Bernard (*)
Beaton, M. C.	A Highland Christmas
Berry, Wendell	Hannah Coulter
Black, Benjamin	Holy Orders
Black, Cara	Murder Below Montparnasse (*)
Brill, Amy	The Movement of Stars (*)
Chiaverini, Jennifer	The Spymistress

Cleeland, Anne	Murder in Thrall
Conklin, Tara	The House Girl (*)
David-Weill, Cecile	The Suitors
Divakaruni, Chitra Banerjee	Oleander Girl (*)
Dunant, Sarah	Blood and Beauty
Fairstein, Linda	Death Angel
Francis, Felix	Dick Francis's Refusal (*)
French, Tana	Broken Harbor
Galbraith, Robert	The Cuckoo's Calling
Gilbert, Elizabeth	The Signature of all Things
Godwin, Gail	Flora (*)
Harris, Robert	Imperium
Hiasson, Carl	Bad Monkey
Kaplan-Maxwell, Thomas	Memoirs of a Shape Shifter
Lahiri, Jhumpa	The Lowland
Leon, Donna	The Golden Egg (*)
Marquez, Gabriel Garcia	Love in the Time of Cholera
Matthews, Jason	Red Sparrow (*)
Mayor, Archer	Three Can Keep a Secret
McCorkle, Jill	Life after Life (*)
Moyes, JoJo	Me Before You
O'Farrell, Maggie	Instructions For a Heatwave
Ozeki, Ruth	A Tale for the Time Being (*)
Perry, Anne	Blind Justice (*)
Poitier, Sidney	Montaro Caine
Robinson, Roxana	Sparta
Saunders, George	Tenth of September: Stories (*)
Silver, Marisa	Mary Coin



vanPraag, Menna The House at the End of
Hope Street (*)

Health and Wellness

Adams, Rachel Raising Henry
Alexander, Eben,
M.D. Proof of Heaven
Voorhees, Randy Old Age Is Always Fifteen
Years Older Than I Am

History

Anderson, Scott Lawrence in Arabia
Brown, Daniel James The Boys in the Boat (*)
Colt, George Howe Brothers
Fox, Margalit The Riddle of the Labyrinth
Hubbard, Kate Serving Victoria
Lepore, Jill Book of Ages
Shorto, Russell Amsterdam
Yates, Alethea A. Bedford

Miscellaneous

Ali, Hana More Than a Hero

Music

Horn, Stacy Imperfect Harmony

Nature

Alden, Peter Mammals Field Guide
Bowen, James A Street Cat Named Bob
Bowen, James A Street Cat Named Bob (*)
Britton, Catherine Puss in Books
Charleson, Susannah The Possibility Dogs (*)
Cruso, Thalassa Making Things Grow
Indoors
Halpern, Sue A Dog Walks Into a Nursing
Home (*)

Opler, Paul A. Butterflies and Moths
Peattie, Donald A Natural History of North
Culross American Trees
Petrides, George A. Trees

Poetry

Hand, George A. World War II

Reference

Greenblatt, Stephen, Norton Anthology of
Ed. English Literature

Travel

Caputo, Philip The Longest Road

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff



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