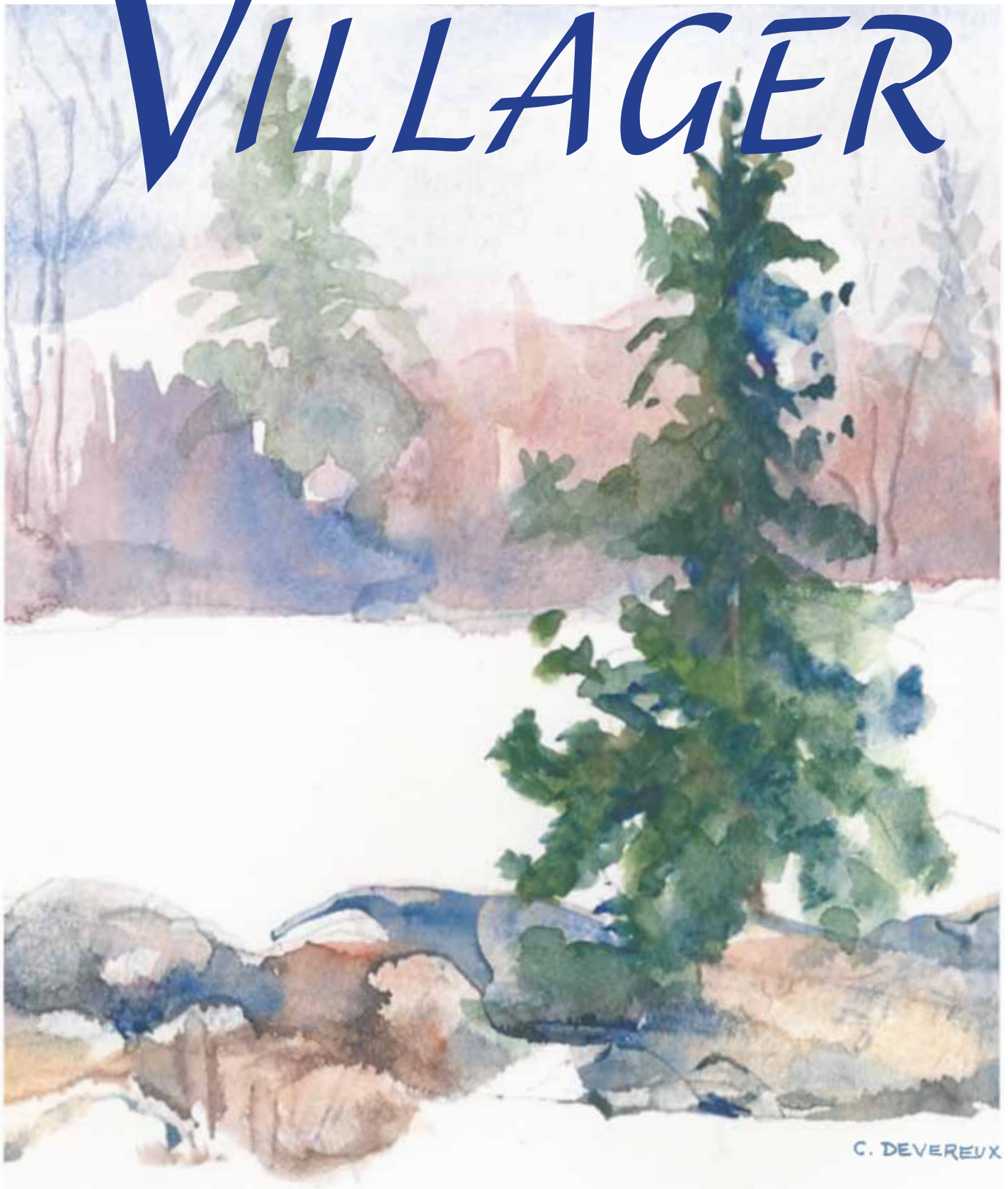




CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER



DECEMBER 2014 ❧ VOLUME 32 ❧ Number 4



THE CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER

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

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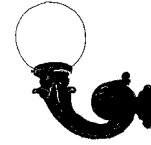
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## Co-Editors' Corner



When the Editorial Board decided on the theme *Journeys* for this issue of the *Villager* it resonated with CWV residents. Submissions arrived quickly, and in large numbers, soon after the theme was announced. As well as familiar authors' names, we are, as always, pleased to welcome new contributors.

Articles ranged from the memory of a first flight when a cross country trip required two fuel stops to the account of a slippery descent of Machu Picchu. One writer tells longingly of a trip not taken while others remembered a family Christmas, a visit to the Oval Office, and a jaunt to Patagonia. Some journeys were of the mind, including a teacher's guidance of eighth grade English students on a literary quest, or the tracing of the work of several generations of a medical family. There are, as well, some nods to the season: holiday memories and winter features, including Connie Devereux's cover "Winter Hush," the first she has done for the *Villager*.

Whether we circle the globe or take an "off-site trip" on an Essex River boat or the jitney to any of the area's art museums or concert halls, we look forward to new experiences and new awareness and to sharing adventures with our friends. We also journey by way of the insights of lectures, the talent of musicians and the inspiration of books. We do indeed travel in good company.

We have recently welcomed Henry B. (Harry) Hoover to our Editorial Board. Readers will remember his recent articles about childhood travels with his family. We also welcome Arlene Connolly and Janet Kennedy to our Circulation team, the residents who take the *Villager* on its last step on the journey from writer to reader.

*Mary Cowham, Alice Morrish, Peggy McKibben*  
Co-Editors, *pro tem*



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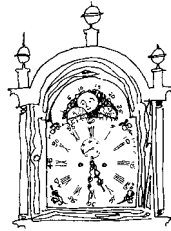
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## *From the Chief Executive Officer*



*“The man who knows it can’t be done counts the risk, not the reward.”* – Elbert Hubbard

“Why?” My goodness, the times I heard that as a young parent!

There are the usual responses – “Because I said so” perhaps the most common. However, in our house it was always: “Why NOT?”

We all know it is a parent’s responsibility to draw the lines for children, but it can sometimes be difficult to know exactly where those lines should be. On the one hand, we want our children to dream big, reach for the stars ... all of life’s possibilities are on the table. On the other hand, there are rules – many for their protection, more to build character.

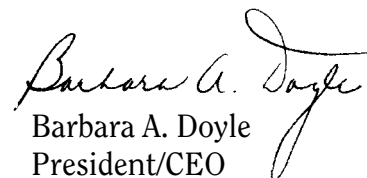
I opted to err on the side of creativity.

You can mark history – of a nation, an organization, even one’s life – by the “aha” moments, those magical points in time when the door of “All Things Possible” swings wide open. In those moments, what once seemed beyond comprehension is suddenly available to us. We marvel at these creative events and wonder, “How did they come up with that? What genius! What foresight!”

Genius? Perhaps. Foresight? I am not so sure. Looking back, it is easy to connect the dots leading to discovery and invention. In the moment, paths are not so clearly defined. This may explain why creativity is thought to be the experience of a select few, the DaVincis and Edisons and Jobs of the world. But creativity is an experience for us all.

In fact, there is a way to train ourselves to be open to more and more of those “aha” moments. When faced with a challenge, simply think: “How will I remember this?”

In some future time, when you are looking back on right now, what will come to mind? It could be just one more day blending with all the others. Or it could just as easily be one of those marvelous milestones in life. You know the ones. “Ah, yes...that’s when everything changed!”

  
Barbara A. Doyle  
President/CEO



## A Perilous Journey An Eighth Grade English Course

I taught an eighth grade English course with the Quest Myth as a central theme. Literature about a “journey” in pursuit of a goal seemed particularly suitable for adolescents beginning their own search for greater understanding of the world and themselves.

The central text was a collection of stories, poems and myths. Titled *The Perilous Journey*, it was one of nine such compilations called *Uses of the Imagination*, each representing a specific theme or genre. *The Perilous Journey* was about quests. Reading about quests seemed a good way to introduce adolescents to various genres and forms of writing. More importantly, in responding to the literature by listening, discussing and writing, they might learn to use reading to help their own efforts to mature and develop. The course also included studies of *The Hobbit*, *The Sword in the Stone*, *Macbeth*, *The Old Man and the Sea*, and *To Kill A Mockingbird*.

We are familiar with all sorts of journeys and the multitude of perils that characterize them. Eighth graders are embarking on a new stage in their life’s journey, growing out of the summer days of childhood and entering the fall/winter days of adolescence (or, looked at otherwise, experiencing the death of childhood and rebirth into adulthood). They must deal with the pains of self-consciousness, the new awareness of their individuality, including both their vulnerability and potential. Like travelers in a strange, new land, although they experience wonder and excitement, they also are alone, doubtful, sometimes lost, and uncertain where the path leads and what lies ahead. Growing up is indeed a perilous journey.

It was my aim to use literature to stimulate the natural inquisitiveness and creativity of adolescents. Readings generated almost all of the activities in the course: discussions, role-playing, oral reading and all kinds of expository and imaginative writing. My role was to ask probing questions and evoke all sorts of individual or group responses to what the literature offered. Students were encouraged to compare different stories by observing uses of imagery and sym-

bols, by comparing reasons for the protagonist’s quest and outcome, and by discerning what is observed about human nature in the adventure.

The students’ analyses of each story demanded careful reading resulting in a clear understanding of details. Then comparisons provoked deeper questions:

*Icarus learned how to fly. Good! But he flew too close to the sun. How come? Should he have not tried? Santiago (in The Old Man and the Sea) went out too far to catch his beautiful “brother,” the great fish. He succeeded. By what heroics? He then failed to bring the fish home. How come? What time of day was it when he was lost? Did he have to exceed his limits? Were his efforts foolish or heroic? What is irony? How are the stories of Icarus and Santiago similar? Different?*

Many probing questions requiring thoughtful answers led to lively discussions and to more disciplined scholarship. The process became much more fun when the class began to draw parallels between their reading and their own experiences. Students were asked to tell or write about themselves within the framework of a quest.

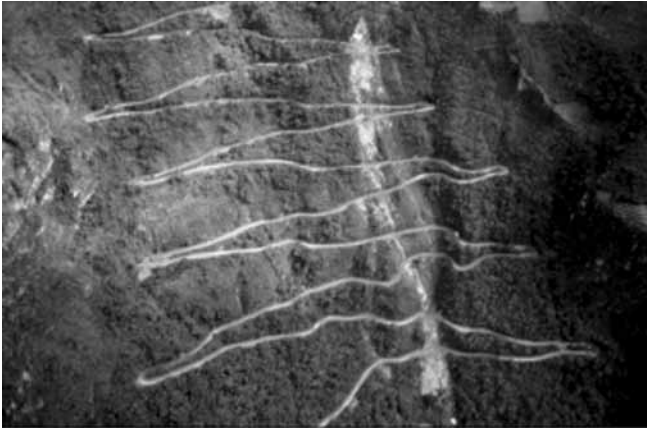
*Like Santiago in The Old Man and the Sea, had they ever tried long and hard, with sacrifice and pain, to achieve a goal that in the end, was almost, but not really, successful? Like Icarus, had they ever gone overboard with enthusiasm, flying too high only to end in failure, falling short? Like Jem’s and Scout’s realization of Boo Radley in To Kill a Mockingbird, had they ever completely changed their opinion of someone, replacing a false impression with a true understanding?*

By decoding the recurring common symbols and patterns in literature of all sorts, students could easily see similarities to their personal experiences. They can learn from experience; but also from reading and writing. They can develop powers to integrate the world around them with their own inner world. If education is a quest to seek wisdom, certainly it is good for eighth graders to study English literature about heroes who embark on perilous journeys, successful or not, epic or every day, to find Beauty and Truth: to find what it means to be human.

Sandy Wieland



## A Slippery Slope



*Hiram Bingham Road leading to Machu Picchu*

In the fifteenth century, Pachacuti, ruler of the Incas, chose a remarkable site for his royal retreat. On a plateau 8,000 feet above sea level in the heart of the Andes, surrounded on three sides by steep cliffs that fall away 1,500 feet to the rushing Urubamba River, he built a community called Machu Picchu (“Old Peak” in Quechua, the Inca language). Easy to defend, with secure water supply from clear springs, improved with terraces for agriculture and formidable stone structures for housing and worship, the site met the Emperor’s needs well for a century, and was then abandoned for no apparent reason.

There it stayed, familiar to locals but unknown to outsiders until 1911, when Hiram Bingham, from Yale, was led to it by local guides. Whether Bingham was the first to “discover” it is still debated, but whoever deserves the credit, it has become an immensely popular tourist destination.

In 2000 it was included in a list of the seven man-made wonders of the modern world. Since 2011, the Peruvian government has limited visitors to 2,500 per day, or almost one million annually. A small number hike the fifty miles from Cusco, the closest city. Most arrive on one of the fifteen daily trains serving the town of Aguas Calientes at the base of the mountain, where they board a bus for the ride to the top on the Hiram Bingham Highway, traversing its thirteen switchbacks in twenty minutes.

In the winter of 1980, my wife, Myrtle, and I arrived in Cusco by plane from Lima on a tour of

South America. To help us adjust to the 11,800 foot altitude we were offered a steaming cup of coca tea, made from the same plant that yields cocaine. The following day, only partly adjusted to the altitude, we toured the city, the ancient capital of the Inca Empire.

On the outskirts we clambered around Saksaywaman (“just call it ‘sexy woman,’” suggested the guide). It is a thousand-year-old fortress built by the people of the Killke culture, antecedents of the Incas. The stonework is awesome, considering the tools available at the time. It is impossible to place a credit card between the massive stones.

The day of our visit to Machu Picchu was heavily overcast, with rain likely. During the three hour ride, the train ascended to above 12,000 feet, then descended to 6,500 feet to reach Aguas Calientes, most of the route following the roiling, swift moving Urubamba. Leaving the train, we were greeted with dramatic news. “Due to recent heavy rains and landslides, the road is impassable and you will have to walk or climb 1,500 feet up the mountain to see Machu Picchu!” Gasps, groans, and growls gave way to reality – point the way!

A young local fell in beside us, pointed to the sizable lunch boxes Myrtle and I were carrying, and then pointed up the mountain. “Yes, here’s some cash, see you at the top” was said without a sound. On a “path” hacked from the jungle by the Peruvian army, we inched our way up. Here and there we walked along the road, but when the landslide blocked the way, we imitated mountain goats as well as we could. About halfway up, I showed signs of tiring. My wife minced no words. “You haven’t come 4,000 miles from Boston to quit now, have you?” At the top, we found our bearer, true to his word, waiting for us. After sharing our lunches with him, we thanked him and he headed down to find another customer.

With one eye on the weather, we explored what we had come to see, which is truly breathtaking, a world-class wonder, indeed. It was hard not to think about the trip down, steep and slippery at best, a world-class water slide if rains came. After about three hours the consensus was



“Let’s go!” And then the miracle happened.

A French naval training ship had anchored at El Callao, the port for Lima. Many of the crew, in their white uniforms, were on our train. They paired up, sought out ladies in distress, including my wife, and escorted them down the slippery slopes of the mountain. We men had to look out for ourselves, but with our ladies in care of the French Navy, we all managed to reach the valley in good shape. Gallic gallantry saved the day!

Safely on the train, we broke out in song as the Urubamba rushed by. Popular and folk songs in many languages kept us in good spirits during the ride back to Cusco.

We would like to have heard how the sailors explained the condition of their uniforms, especially the shoes, to their commander. They had earned his praise!

*Edwin Cox*

## A Journey I Longed to Take

**I**n the summer, the bridges over the Cape Cod Canal present a bottleneck in your journey to vacation land. But having grown up in Wareham, Massachusetts the bridges and the canal itself mean much more to me than slow traffic. In 1935, my older sister and I joined other local school children as we marched in the parade over the new Bourne Bridge during its dedication ceremonies. And on many occasions my mother packed a picnic basket and we would eat our supper on the banks of the canal and watch the passing parade of ships.

The highlight of the senior year in my high school was the class trip to New York through the Cape Cod Canal on the *SS New York*. It sailed from Boston’s India Wharf around 5 p.m. and reached the canal around 8 p.m. My family waved mightily as we saw my sister on the upper deck of the *SS New York* in June, 1941. Just two more years and it would be my turn!

People came from all around to the banks of the canal to wave and honk their horns as the ship went by. Each night, ten-year-old Gilbert



## *Welcome New Residents*

**Sanford Merkin,**  
from Lexington, 7/21/14

**Joan Larsen,**  
from Bedford, 8/9/14

**George & Judith Sprott,**  
from Concord, 8/22/14

**Sonja T. Strong,**  
from Wayland, 9/9/14

**Anne (Nancy) Smith,**  
from Concord, 10/17/14

**Betty Rosen,**  
from Sarasota, Florida, 10/28/14

Portmore would wait until the *SS New York* sailed by his home at Gray Gables, at the westernmost exit of the canal. As it passed, he would raise his bugle and play Taps loud and clear. In reply, the ship’s captain would blast his whistle three times and raise and lower his searchlight. Oh, how I looked forward to my turn to make that journey!

When 1943 finally came we were at war and the *SS New York*, and her sister ship, the *SS Boston*, had been torpedoed and sunk in the North Atlantic, off the coast of Ireland. They were part of a convoy when they were attacked by a German submarine on September 25, 1942.

I never did get to make that trip.

*Ruth Fernandez*



## Remembering

I was a neophyte at Carleton-Willard. Everything in my life was so different. I was frequently overwhelmed. I needed to go to the hospital, not sure why. It was night time or perhaps a short winter's day. The ambulance got to the hospital, backed into the spot reserved for such a delivery. I emerged feet first. The lights from the emergency room shone brightly. There in the doorway, silhouetted against the light, stood my step-son Paul. How comforting it was to know a family member was there to help me.

A common statement begins, "I'll never forget . . ."

I have no memory whatsoever of why I had to go to the hospital, but I shall never forget that silhouette of Paul.

*Juliette Hill*

## A Baseball Memory

I remember that during the summer of 1935, when I was a high-schooler, this episode took place. I was active in athletics and a buddy and I went up to Ontario, Canada to join other friends for a couple of weeks of tennis, baseball, swimming, canoeing, hiking, and other healthy fun. We took the evening train from Cleveland to Buffalo, arrived about 10 p.m., and had a four hour layover before our next train left for Toronto. The huge waiting room was empty except for us. So we took out our baseball mitts and baseballs and played catch. Soon railroad employees gathered around us, cheering my buddy's pitching, great curve balls and strikes. Things went OK. We caught the 2 a.m. train and had a great vacation in Canada.

Alas, later on, in World War II, my friend was a B-24 crewman; their flight left the Philippines and was never heard from again.

*Bill Stern*

## Christmas Memories

When I was about five, I made a Christmas journey with my parents from Chicago to their birthplace in Clinton, Iowa, a Mississippi River town. The Victorian homestead of my maternal grandparents had sliding doors between every room on the first floor. Christmas morning festivities started with Grandfather Chase leading us all around the house singing Christmas carols, with the youngest last in line – guess who?

When we got back to the first floor the sliding doors were thrown open to the music room and there was the Christmas tree, lighted by real candles and surrounded by gifts. I was thrilled with my presents: a red baseball cap with earmuffs and a stuffed Panda bear, promptly known as "Pandy."



After the gift opening we all adjourned to the living room for the Chases' version of a bull fight. Grandmother was next door in the music room playing music from *Carmen* on the grand piano as Mother and her five sisters came out appropriately dressed as toreadors, picadors, and the matador. The audience had flowers to throw.

Even more dramatically, Grandfather was on his hands and knees, with a knitting bag turned upside down on his head with long knitting needles for his horns. He snorted loudly and I was afraid, and as the sisters moved in with thrusts I was in tears. That was not a bull, it was my Grandfather! He died a snorting death and we all sang *Toreador*, etc., and then the bull got up to put the Christmas roast in the oven.

He was not only the bull but the master chef. It was a memorable day.

*Constance Devereux*





## The Christmas Train Set on Main Street: A Brief History



The origins of the train set go back to a conversation between Barbara Doyle, CEO, and Donald Manion, a Carleton-Willard resident. Don's professional life has been in railroads all over the country. Barbara has loved trains since she was a child, she has told us. Before 2001, Dining Services rented a Christmas-time train set.

In November 2001, Ginger Beckwith, former Director of Learning in Retirement, Don Manion and Hugo Logemann (another resident and an electrical engineer by profession) made a trip to Charles-Ro Supply Company in Malden, Massachusetts, a longtime model railroad outlet. They picked out the rolling stock, track and accessories, and our very own set debuted on December 19, 2001, the work principally of Don and Hugo, assisted by resident Caleb Warner, who had professional expertise in marine and mechanical engineering, and in acoustics and communication.

The train platform is a 4x8 foot sheet of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood, with  $\frac{1}{2}$ " of Homasote on top. At first it had an oval of track with two switches allowing access to an inner track on which a possible second train could be parked. The track switches gave problems with derailments and were finally removed along with the inner train in 2006. Crossing gates (automatically closing and opening) were a problem because people of all ages reached over and tried to force the gates down. Therefore the gates have been manual since 2011.

At first there was a key-operated main switch to control power to the entire set; subsequently, Caleb and others turned the set on at 7:30 a.m.

and off at 7:30 p.m. Since 2012 a 24-hour timer turns the whole set on and off at the same hours. An "operations timer" allows the train to run for five minutes at a time only, lest someone forgets to shut it off. Caleb, with assistance from Bob Sawyer, chair of the Woodworking Shop, was chiefly responsible for this latest improvement. The train's whistle and bell are operated from the master transformer.

The buildings and landscaping have varied over the years, and the most recent addition (2010) is a factory loading platform where the figures move when the train runs. Thanks to Caleb, a U.S. flag waves when the train moves. The clock in front of the railroad station is a small, battery-operated watch. The train is 0-gauge,  $\frac{1}{48}$  of real size; so the full-sized locomotive would be 12 feet high and 40 feet long. One time around the loop (about 27 feet) in 14.6 seconds would be about 60 miles per hour, or less for a freight train; passenger service would be faster.

Materials for the platform cost \$73.85, and the train and accessories cost \$1,035.23, all paid for by funds from Learning in Retirement. The additions of a loading dock and replacement crossing gates have also been funded from the same source.

The wheeled dolly that conveys the whole set to the attic for off-season storage was designed by Caleb and built by our Facilities Department to fit into the Village freight elevator, fully-loaded with platform and all accessories. A pair of rockers can be attached to the platform ends so that the platform can be up-ended and worked on from its underside, for example, to improve and simplify the wiring. The writer, Richard Loring, a resident since 2005 and a "fixit" type of person, was a mover in this simplification.

*Richard T. Loring*

P.S. Caleb, who has an interest in bells anyway, is hoping to get the bells in the cathedral to ring the hours. Stay tuned.













## What's in a Name?

I have a perfectly ordinary name if a bit outdated. But as long as I can remember I am often called Anne (or Ann which seems a bit starchier). Even at Carleton-Willard (where at last count there were fourteen Annes or Anns) folk will call out “Anne” before correcting themselves. I don’t at all mind, but am merely puzzled. Is there some look or mannerism associated with the name?

Just after college I went to New York City to seek my destiny, “the thing to do” back then. I worked at Music Corporation of America, a behemoth talent agency on Madison Avenue, later declared a cartel and disbanded. I was “assistant” to the literary agent. I was in fact a secretary, but my boss was a generous woman. Our office shared the sixth floor with theatrical, film and dramatists’ agents and there was a stream of Broadway and Hollywood greats, cries of “dah-ling,” and air-kisses aplenty. Everyone smoked, and three-hour martini lunches were the norm. I usually went to Chock-Full-O’-Nuts for their \$1.10 cream cheese and walnut sandwich.

My peers were sophisticated New Yorkers unfazed by the glamour. As exotic as I found the people and the setting, they found me a rare bird: New England drab with a funny accent. They were unfailingly helpful and we became good friends. Occasionally a theatre or movie personality would entertain the notion of writing a novel or memoir. He or she (almost always a she) would come across for a chat with my boss. On one occasion a particularly vivacious up and coming actress from the west coast drifted over to my desk, perched on its edge saying “I’m having a small gathering tonight and you simply MUST come.”

Not a party going animal, I don’t know what persuaded me to put on my only suitable dress (copper colored taffeta), a little black hat with veil – we’re talking 1950’s here – and head up-town to the Pierre. My hostess greeted me with cries of assumed delight. “Here’s Anne Hamilton from MCA!” As my name was Hitchcock at the time, I started to demur but saw it was pointless: she was off and away.

What happened then was memorable. In an

instant I was liberated from myself: no history, no baggage, an unknown even to myself. I was a wraith, light as air. Never one for repartee, chit chat came easily as I inserted myself into conversations. Eventually I floated away, blowing an air kiss of thanks to my hostess across the room. I smiled all the way back downtown.

That experience has never been repeated, but whenever I am called Anne or Ann there’s a fleeting recollection of the lightness of being when I briefly escaped myself.

*Alice Morrish*

## About Snowflakes

The study of snowflakes involves mathematics, chemistry and physics. Evaporation raises moisture from the earth, condensing it into droplets around dust particles forming clouds. Low temperatures freeze these droplets and ice crystals form. When heavy enough they fall. If both the air and earth are cold the result is snow.

The process of crystallization always results in six-sided forms, some examples of which are shown below.

hexagon plate



broad branched



dendritic



12-branched dendritic



dendritic with sector-like ends



fern-like



Sources: *The Snow, Winter's Secret Beauty*, Kenneth Libbrecht; *Kids Book of Clouds and Sky*, Frank Staut

Snowflake watching is fun with a simple magnifying glass during a snowfall.

*Anne Schmalz*



## The Wonders of South America

World-class birder and Road Scholar lecturer Peter Alden led us on a tour of South America via six in-depth, illustrated presentations during the summer. His wit, knowledge and casual delivery made the journey a delight, as we toured in Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Peru and Ecuador.



*Machu Picchu*

Highlights included visiting the indigenous people living in the rain forests and the high plains; seeing the natural beauties of Rio, Iguassu Falls, and the Andes mountains; visiting the beautiful, remote and mysterious site of Machu Picchu in Peru; and understanding the natural history of the Galapagos Islands in Ecuador.

## Merrimack River Trip

A beautiful summer day found a boatful of residents enjoying a two hour cruise on the Merrimack River, led by Audubon Society experts on an "ecotour" of the river, its estuary and the surrounding Great Marsh. After enjoying our box lunches, we learned about the area's history, birds, botany, and marine life. Using materials and equipment they brought on board, our guides helped us examine plants, soil, and samples of the marine life in the river and the ocean. Binoculars helped us spot birds and Harbor seals, while microscopes let us see minute life in the water samples. We returned to shore a wiser, tanned and happy group.

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

## The Big Dig

Boston's "Big Dig" was completed almost ten years ago, at a total cost exceeding \$20 billion. David Kruh, who worked as spokesman and web master for the Central Artery and Tunnel Project, offered us an illustrated report on the long history and many problems associated with this massive undertaking. The challenge was to keep traffic moving on the elevated expressway, city streets, subways, and train tracks, while building the 3.5 mile depressed artery, the Ted Williams Tunnel, the Zakim Bridge, and the Rose Kennedy Greenway. Creative engineers met the challenge, and the traffic moves better, but massive cost overruns and serious mismanagement are also part of the Big Dig's legacy.

## The Spizzwinks(?)

Twelve Yale underclassmen in formal dress entertained us on a bright summer morning with a varied assortment of songs, blending a bit of dance and tongue-in-cheek humor with their joyfully harmonious singing. Their selection of songs, all in arrangements by members of the group, ranged from old show favorites to classic rock and contemporary hits, and a rousing medley of Yale football songs with references to Harvard and "The Game." Each member introduced himself by naming his home town and his major at Yale. With typical humor, one member reported he majors in auto mechanics and art, hoping someday to make "A Van Gogh."





# Happenings

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

## Five Theater Scenes

On a fall evening, we enjoyed The Village Thespians' feast of music and drama, which began with excerpts from "South Pacific." In a one-act play, "Chocolate," Bob Schmalz's policeman was treated to some creative explanations from Ara Tyler's murder suspect, who apparently got away with it. Patricia Till and Bill Paul produced smiles and perhaps a few tears in the one act play "I'm Herbert." We visited New York's Algonquin Round Table to savor Dorothy Parker's witty sarcasm, before the show ended with selections from "The Music Man." Residents applauded the efforts displayed in the acting, singing, sound and lighting, sets, and musical accompaniment, and thanked executive producers Tom and Ann Larkin for an enchanted evening. *HBH*

## Cogswell's Grant

Residents visited Cogswell's Grant in Essex to tour the house, dating from 1728, and enjoy the remarkable collection of early American art, toys, furniture and household items collected by the most recent owners, the Little family from Brookline MA. The original land grant of 300 acres on the Essex River was made to John Cogswell in 1636, when Essex was part of Ipswich. We were fortunate to see Herrmann's Royal Lipizzan Stallions, encamped on the grounds for a week during their annual northern tour. These are the type of horses seen at the Spanish Riding School in Vienna. Our trip concluded with lunch at the wonderful Windward Grille in Essex.

## The National Parks in Southern Utah



*A Tree in Utah Fighting for Survival*

Paul and Betty Drouilhet's recent exhibit of their photographs of fantastic scenes from the National Parks in southern Utah enabled us all to travel with them to this exotic landscape. The sense of limitless space and the care with which they chose the subject matter on which to focus, combined with the vividness of the natural colors they captured, impress the viewer with their appreciation of this environment. This is the first time these pictures have been exhibited. They were printed on a new digital color printer which Paul recently purchased. We all benefited from the results. *APS*

## Images of Eve

On a fall evening we enjoyed the fine artistry of Wendy Rolfe, flute, and Deborah DeWolf Emery, piano, who offered a smartly titled program, Images of Eve, featuring the wide-ranging music of six fine women composers. First performing with Deborah in the 1970s as classmates at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Wendy spoke of her feeling that music by women deserves a far wider audience. These thirteen rarely heard pieces, all gratefully applauded, proved her point, from Cecile Chaminade's passionate *Concertino* to works by Hewett, Beach, Aquino, and the remarkable young Taiwanese, I-Yun Chung. Among the many who greeted the artists at the end was Wendy's proud mother, the broadly smiling Stephanie Rolfe of Andover Court. *HBH*

*Edwin Cox*



## Four Generations of Medical Practice

**M**y great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and brother were all doctors. This then is a sort of journey over one hundred years of medical practice and some of the changes that occurred.

George Lincoln Goodale, Harvard Medical School (1863) practiced medicine briefly before becoming Professor of Economic Botany at Harvard. His first interest had always been botany and he accepted the invitation of Asa Gray to teach and supervise the Botanical Museum. Economic Botany refers to the uses of plants, such as grain from grass, rope from hemp, wood from trees, and, of course medicine from herbs. In his journals he described his home laboratory in which he concocted remedies from all sorts of plants for ailments such as diverticulitis, diabetes, and his own prostate cancer!

Joseph, his son, once took out his own tonsils! An eminent Boston ear-nose-and-throat physician, he was loved by his patients. He had a wonderful bedside manner. I remember being sick; he came in the room, and I felt better already! When I asked him much later how he reconciled having to treat patients before the advent of miracle drugs, he said “I did the best I could, with what I had, at the time I had to do it.” A pragmatist’s perfect answer.

My father, Robert, inherited his father’s very successful practice. I remember the advent of the sulfa drugs and penicillin. It made a dramatic change in his practice. Gone were lengthy treatments for strep and sinuses. He had specialized in ear infections and now “One hardly ever sees a mastoid, or needs to do mastoid surgery.” He was skeptical from the first about using antibiotics indiscriminately. Today, his fear that infections would become resistant to them has been realized.

My brother, Bob, chose surgery as a specialty, practicing and teaching at the University of Minnesota Hospital. I think, for him, the “tipping point” came with the invention of laparoscopy. This is the procedure for operating with a small incision, and the use of a microscope and camera to see the operating area. It is minimally invasive

and the patient can often go home the same day. It was really revolutionary, according to Bob, but, at the same time he made sure his students knew how to perform the operation “the old-fashioned way,” in case they needed to!

*Sue Hay*

## Patagonia Trout Fishing



*Shea with his catch*

**S**ome years after I became an ardent fly rod trout fisherman I discovered Patagonia. I went there four times between 1988 and 2004. It’s beautiful, not crowded and most of the fish caught are brooks, rainbows, and browns over 20 inches.

The place we found best for fishing, climate, lodging, guiding, and beauty was Lago Tromen. It is just below a huge extinct volcano, Lanin, next to the Chilean border and about four hours by car north of the Bariloche airport. Our counterpart latitude would be Canada. One goes there in January – our winter, their summer. Patagonia got its name from *pate gonia*, meaning “big feet” in Spanish, which is what the original natives had.

The people you meet at the lodges are seldom Argentinians, who love horseback riding but not trout fishing. Driving through the countryside one sees many a beautiful lake with not a house on its shoreline, nor a single boat on its waters, and the fishing is uncrowded. It’s truly a unique piece of world, but before you book a flight to go there I can tell you about a few negatives also.

*Shea Smith*

## Driving Ms. Barley

Our first grand-dog was Barley Hops, a beautiful registered Golden Retriever who had a long fancy title, but was affectionately known as Barley because she had been paid for by the proceeds of an article her father wrote on micro-breweries.

She was the best of the brew, mellow and delightful, loved by just about everyone. But she had a couple of eccentricities that put all her family to the test. Most dogs seem to be frightened by oncoming storms. Barley went nearly berserk, but that is a story for another day.

Unlike other dogs I have known, Barley was also terrified of riding in a car. If you managed to get her in, she would spend the entire trip trembling and whimpering.

A frequent guest at our home, Barley was always welcome. She made us new friends when we walked with her. Everyone wanted to pet her and would have questions for us about her. Thrilled with every new encounter, her tail wagged joyfully and it was all we could do to keep her from lying down on the sidewalk for a tummy rub.

During one of her extended visits, my husband and I wanted to go to Vermont for a gathering of good friends, so Barley's parents arranged for her to spend the time with her long-time pal, Hank, and his family in the Berkshires. Hank too was a Golden and they had been friends since Barley was a tiny pup.

Taking the Mass Pike to Lenox is not the most direct route to the part of Vermont where we were headed. Never mind, we were happy to take the detour. But we did worry about Barley taking the trip. With good reason! We couldn't get her to enter the car. Finally, I went to the other side of the car, opened the back door and sat down, hopeful that I could use her leash to pull her in without hurting her.

With a wild leap she came into the car and landed heavily into my lap. When I tried to get out she put all her weight down more firmly and started to whimper.

"It looks like we are going to have to go with me back here," I said.

"That's ridiculous!" my husband shouted. "We can't let her rule us like this!"

"Well I don't know what else to do and we are wasting time," I yelled back.

"Alright, alright, but I feel like the chauffeur for some nutty old people and their crazy pet." He happened to have on a tweed, visored cap I had gotten for him in Scotland. I tried hard not to laugh as I replied, "I think that may be totally accurate."



So on we rolled, Barley whimpering but under control so long as I petted her and murmured that all was well; Gordon mumbling in the front seat over the idiocy of it all.

When we finally arrived in Lenox, Hank and his family rushed to greet us. I opened the back door and Barley was out of there like the proverbial bat out of ....! She and Hank immediately began cavorting around the spacious yard, having a glorious time. We knew and loved the young family we were leaving her with, so we had a short visit with them and they assured us that they would keep Barley until her parents' return. Presumably Barley would be much more willing to enter a vehicle if Hank were there too.

As we started to leave I looked for Barley and shouted goodbye. She and Hank continued to race around the yard. Not so much as a look over her shoulder as we drove away.

I was in the front seat for the rest of the trip and we talked – mostly about Barley. We arrived at our destination, just in time for "Happy Hour" and seldom was a drink more welcome.

*Peggy McKibben*



## A Birthday House Tour

After a lovely “creative black tie” dinner party at Grace’s home, when my two daughters and my granddaughter wore my formals from the sixties, we retired to the living room to open the eightieth birthday gifts from my family. A wonderful surprise was written on a greeting card from Diane. I was invited to tour the Oval Office at the White House on any Friday of my choosing in either June or July, and I could bring my family too. Needless to say, I became quite excited and exclaimed, “The sooner the better!”

Diane explained she had contacted a former Duke classmate of my deceased daughter, Judy, because his wife was at that time the Deputy

Chief of Staff in the first Obama administration. When he said he could gladly make all our arrangements, he laughed and said he would join us too since he had never himself had a tour. We met him for dinner in a D.C. restaurant preceding our private tour. We met his wife at the Gatehouse to the West Wing of the White House.

She escorted us through because, weeks before, we had been approved after submitting our social security numbers. That night we were given passes to wear around our necks.

Throughout the evening I was aware of men in their white-shirted uniforms carrying either a pistol or rifle. Very reassuring! Most of the hallway walls were covered with enlarged, recent photos of the First Family. We were told they are updated weekly. Each administration has its own personal photographer.

Although I am a great fan of Obama, I was very disappointed in the choice of floor covering in the Oval Office. Then we were laughingly informed that there was not much time to acquire a new rug since the Obamas were receiving so many messages from the preceding President

to send his rug to Texas. While viewing the Oval Office, we were asked to observe the walls carefully to see if we could identify any doors besides the very large visible one by the secretary’s desk. One led to a private bathroom, another to a small dining area, and one opened to a hall of small offices.

Our friend’s office was the closest to the Oval Office, even closer than the Vice President’s. This V.P. office was only a ceremonial one, with his large suite of rooms in the adjacent Executive Office Building. We first noted our friend’s large gray locked safe right next to her desk to hold all her papers. She explained that if any of those security guards observed a paper on her desk when she was out of her office, day or night, she would be docked a day’s pay.



*The Oval Office on New Year’s Day, 2009*

While sitting behind her desk she pointed to a red button on her massive phone. This was a direct line to POTUS (President of the United States). I was very impressed! At a glance, she then remarked that POTUS had just walked from one room to another in his private quarters.

Wow! She really did know exactly where he was every minute.

We were shown the Navy Dining Room in the West Wing. Our friend typically took her meals on a tray back to her office where she usually worked from 7:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m., at least six days a week. Our Duke friend remarked he could never have a meal in that small fine dining room because two groups of people were not allowed: foreign dignitaries and journalists. Because he was a Washington reporter for the New York Times he could not dine there.

The Roosevelt Conference Room (named for Teddy, not F.D.R.) had a taller chair placed in the middle of one of the longer sides of the rectangular table for the President. This was also true in the Situation Room. Of course, I had to request to visit the Ladies Room so I could report on the décor. It was small but well-appointed



with brass fixtures and well stocked with all the essentials.

As we exited the West Wing we were then allowed to take exterior photos with our cameras, which had been secured at the Gatehouse. There I noticed a good-sized photo of our friend posted inside the Gatehouse with two other photos. She never had to be checked in or out, nor wear an ID around her neck.

*Ruth McDade*

## Journey to Princeton

We drove to Princeton in our elderly Jeep. This was my husband's favorite form of transportation. I think it brought back for him the excitement he felt when, as a World War II Captain in the Special Air Service of the British Army, he had responded to the call – “Full speed ahead, and let's get this bloody war over” – and off he went to join his crew.

But now it was 1948 and we were living in the United States. There was no rush for this trip. We had made a very early start and New York's traffic wouldn't be too bad. So I said, rather quietly, “Well, we're taking our five-year-old daughter to be a flower girl at an afternoon wedding. Maybe you should slow down a bit before she wilts.”

We did arrive in good time, and carefully parked behind a tall hedge where our old Jeep would be inconspicuous. All seemed in good control up at the house. The men, of course, moved away from the nuptial chaos and were enjoying a beer on the patio. I was fully engaged in maintaining our angel in white organdy in pristine condition, and the bride was nowhere in sight.

Suddenly our hostess rushed into the living room and announced that she had entirely forgotten to pick up the rolls from downtown. It followed, of course, that I volunteered to drive somewhere in Princeton to a bakeshop. Given complicated directions I grabbed my daughter, put her into the rattletrap Jeep, and went in search of the bakery. Of course it was hard to find, and by now the heat and humidity had brought black skies. It threatened a deluge.

There was no parking nearby. We had to stop a couple of blocks away. I pulled my daughter out of the “car” and firmly closed the door. As we hustled towards the bakery the rain began to fall. Things were no better when we got inside. It felt as if the entire town was crowded in the shop waiting for pastries. We stood there for at least a quarter of an hour, all the while glancing towards the window to witness the view of “Niagara Falls.” Why hadn't I sense enough to bring an umbrella, raincoats, or a canoe?

When I had completed my purchases I pushed my way towards the exit, wrapped my daughter in a few spare plastic bakery bags and muttered, “Don't move a muscle until I come back to fetch you.” I then made a mad dash two or three blocks towards our soggy Jeep. I grasped the door handle just as the bakery bags began to slip. I pulled and tugged, but our Jeep was in no mood to cooperate.

Let's face it, I was utterly stuck.

Stuck? In Princeton? Not on your life! Striding along under a huge, black umbrella came a gentleman impeccably dressed in a grey, worsted suit.

“May I help you?” Every polished word displayed his top flight Princeton accent and the essence of gallantry.

“Oh, yes please,” I urged. “I just can't get this door to open ...”

With meticulous care he placed the umbrella to protect both of us. Then clenching the rusty handle, he thrust his six foot frame behind a monumental wrenching attack. The offending door was terrified into submission. It opened with a hideous groan. I was ceremoniously beckoned towards the driver's seat. With only one bag of rolls dropping beside me, I began to clamber in. But I paused, and turned around. Summoning my well worn Oxford English I delivered my expression of undying gratitude.

“Thank you so much ...” And then my *coup de grace* ... “It takes a big, a really big jerk to open that door.”

I might have said more, but he had turned and walked stiffly away at a fast pace. I wasn't sure why!

*Stephanie Rolfe*



<i>In Memory</i>	
John Norman	August 23, 2014
Edna E. (Gabrielson) Benson	August 31
Irma Blankenship	September 12
Catherine Mary Cullen	September 30
Abigail Ormord	September 30
Dale Shaw	October 2
Mary Dorothea Hellstrom Nesline	October 15

## Whoops, Wrong Turn

Some of you have probably heard about the East Coast Greenway which goes from Maine to Florida. Unlike the Appalachian Trail, which follows a mountain route, it connects conservation lands and town parks along the way. There is a similar, older walking route in Europe called GR 5. It runs from Hoek van Holland to Nice, France, a route that is 1,423 miles long. My wife, Ruth, and I did not walk it but rode our tandem bike on part of the GR 5 in 1987.

We were on a bike trip following country roads. On the third day out we were crossing from Belgium to Luxembourg after starting at Maastricht in the Netherlands, heading ultimately to Basel, Switzerland.



*Bob and Ruth on a tandem bike*

It was raining, as it frequently does during the Belgian spring. With our heads down in the downpour we missed a turn. We went down a long steep hill and came to a nice village called Ouren, which was not on our map. As it was lunchtime we went to the local inn where the hostess reminded us to remove our wet gear before sitting in their plush chairs. That left us in our biking shorts and jerseys, not the most appropriate wear for our surroundings. We were shown to a little alcove away from the other guests who were taking it all in with interest.

After a bountiful meal we did not want to climb that steep hill we had descended. We found a paved road going in the right direction. It was pretty along the Our River but the road soon became gravel, then two tracks, then a single track. We decided to reconnoiter then as it was still early afternoon. We agreed to push on for an hour hoping to find another town. Push indeed! The trail became muddy and we frequently had to dismount and push the tandem which had skinny road tires, not like the wide ones of today's mountain bikes.

We saw campers along the trail who stared at us but did not question us because of the language barrier. They knew we must be Americans because of our helmets.



Then we saw paint marks on the rocks and a GR 5 sign, and continued on the trail for about three miles, and then came to a paved road leading to a town.

We soon reached a town and inquired where we were. The answer was Diekirch in Germany. We were directed to cross the river to Luxembourg, take a left on the road to Clervaux, our planned destination for the day.

All's well that ends well.

*Bob Sawyer*

## The Travel Bug

**M**y Aunt Ara, who traveled widely, leaned over me one day when I was embedded in early motherhood activities, and asked me to accompany her to Greece. Such a suggestion at that time of life seemed preposterous and my first thought was to turn down the offer. Luckily the quick second thought of “why not?” saved me and I agreed to accompany her. It was then that I caught the travel bug, and thus began a lifetime of exploring what the world has to offer. Asked which country is a favorite is not a question easily answered for each offers its own unique culture.

In that first Greek adventure, I remember buddying up to a teenager being treated to the trip by his grandmother. When we reached the first Olympic field we looked at each other and the race began. He won! It was fun to think I had raced where the original Olympiad contests had been held – they nude, we fully clothed – the difference in centuries of progress.

Human beings the world over mostly face the same universal challenges: survival at whatever level of society they inhabit. Parents want the best for their children, people need food and water, health issues are important. The human condition prevails in every culture; it's how inhabitants attempt to meet these needs that's interesting. Some succeed, some struggle, some are beset with political challenges; some are not. What impressed me most was that people, ap-

proached with respect and courtesy, respond in kind, and it has been possible to have interesting conversations in every setting.

A few years ago the destination of a Harvard Alumni trip was the Arab Emirates and nearby countries. Traveling with a retired ambassador opened many doors for the group, one of which included an audience with the ruler of Oman in his palace. It was interesting to learn that several rulers had been educated in the United States. In strictly Muslim countries the place of women was rigorously defined, and at the university built to educate women, the burka was worn. Under it, however, were blue jeans and cell phones. The cafeteria served gourmet food to order and even featured Haagen-Dazs ice cream. On talking with the president of the college, a blonde, blue-eyed woman, I asked where she was from; her reply was “Texas.” A Job Fair in the U.S. had presented her with the opportunity: she qualified and was hired.

Other travel adventures were soft adventure trips: helicopter hiking in the mountains of Canada, exploring many of our western states in an elegantly refurbished train, called The American Oriental Express; the Bahia Peninsula to observe whales; and an expedition to the Northwest Territory of Canada to photograph the Aurora Borealis. Once we were shipwrecked in the Bering Sea.

In all I have traveled to some thirty-six countries over a lifetime. Each has presented its own unique culture, so different from mine, and each has added to an understanding of the human condition. I've fallen in love with each and initially promised myself to return. Though that has not happened, my search for adventure compels me to continue to look for new countries to visit.

Since being domiciled at Carleton-Willard I have already seen polar bears in Canada; traversed Canada by train; visited India; and I am now contemplating a Spain/Portugal adventure.

The travel bug bit back there in Greece and I thank my Aunt Ara for being sure I was bitten!

*Ara Tyler*



## A Tale of the Vienna Woods

Although we had a rental car for our trip across Austria in 1972, we rarely used it when we were in Vienna. There was an efficient, fast trolley system which extended to the outskirts of the city. Luckily, we chose the trolley the afternoon we decided to visit the Wienerwald (Vienna Woods). The town at the end of the line was Grinzing, in the foothills of the forest and vineyards. We had been told that the best time to go was late afternoon, after the crowds had departed. The whole area is laced with trails and bicycle paths. It is a picnic destination for tourists as well as the Viennese.

Facing us was a road which climbed a gentle hill. We knew there were vineyards, but they



were not visible as we ascended. As a matter of fact, the street was lined with small attached houses which abutted the sidewalk. Occasionally this façade was broken by an archway with an iron grillwork or wooden gate. As we trudged up the street, we could see that most of the gates were locked. Occasionally, we could spot a pine bough which had been hung over a gate. From our reading we knew that meant a heurigen was open. Heuriger is the German word for “this season’s wine.” A heurigen is a place where you can drink it. We made a mental note to remember the locations when we returned down the hill.

At the top was a larger building. I think I recall that it was a restaurant. We did not choose to go in, however. Those pine boughs down the street beckoned. The view looking out over the hillside was magnificent. It was covered with inundating rows of grape vines, as far as the eye

could see. This was vineyard country. It was late August and the grapes were starting to ripen. One could get tipsy just breathing in the aroma.

As we descended we found the first pine bough and entered the unlocked gate. Inside was a small cottage with a sign over the door, “Auszusteckt,” meaning we are open for business. We stepped inside and saw some people sitting on benches at wooden tables enjoying their dinners and pitchers of the pale heuriger wine. There was a small glass display case where we could see a selection of cold-cuts: wurst, braten. The food did not appeal to us, so we decided to look in on some other heurigen. After a few attempts, we found one which served wiener schnitzel and roast pork, along with the traditional selections. We ordered our dinner and sat down at a table. A pitcher of wine immediately appeared along with heaping plates of food.

We had been warned that the new wine was deceptively light and not to drink too much, especially not on an empty stomach. We thought we were following that advice. But by the time we had finished our dinners and consumed more than one pitcher of wine, we could feel no pain. When we left, dusk had turned into darkness. Somehow, we found our way back down to the trolley stop and returned to our B&B still floating on air. I don’t remember a hangover the next morning, but surely we must have had one!

After a couple of days of sightseeing, we decided to return to the same heurigen for supper. The food had been delicious and this time we would be sensible and follow the rules. We walked up the street and headed in the direction of “our” heurigen, but it was nowhere to be found. It was as if it had been wiped out of the painting! We were sure we remembered the location, but all we saw were walls and locked gates. We wandered around a bit, certain that it had to be nearby. We really must have been smashed the last time! What a strange feeling! We settled for another heurigen, did not drink so much wine and went home terribly disappointed. The next day we learned that each heurigen was told which days it could be open. So, not only was our favorite closed, they had literally pulled up





the sidewalk. There was not a trace.

We did feel good that first night, though! Ah, yes! I remember it well!

*Esther K. Braun*

## My First Flight(s)

As the youngest of seven children, my mother learned the art of persuasion at an early age. So, when I was about eighteen, she asked her oldest brother, a US Army general stationed in Honolulu, if I might visit him and his family for two weeks. It so happened that Sybby, the daughter of my parents' friends in Seattle, the Kings, would be spending three weeks with me in Maine. Sybby and her family were then also traveling to Hawaii. We asked if Sybby and I could drive to Seattle to meet Sybby's parents who could keep an eye on me, as well as their three adult children. Both families agreed and Sybby and I drove my family's 1931 Ford Sedan to Seattle, sold it to a Ford dealer there, and sent the check to my father.

The King family and I took the train to San Francisco, and then embarked on the Matson SS *Lurline* to Los Angeles and Honolulu. The only problem on the trip was my inability to increase my original 25 cent investment on the "one-armed bandits" while Sybby won two "jackpots" and a huge pile of silver coins.

On our arrival in Honolulu we were each decked out in fragrant fresh flower leis as a welcome gesture. I was picked up by my cousins, driven to their house in the officers' quarters at Fort Shafter which is just a few miles west of Honolulu. I was there for many grand adolescent gatherings. A very sedate officer's horseback ride up to the empty crater where ammunition was stored, took the place of church on Sunday mornings. Shirley Temple was invited to the Fort for a parade in her honor. She was still small and flirtatious.

In spite of all these goings-on I became anxious about my return trip without the King family to rely on and telephoned home to see if I could fly home from Oahu in the Mars Flying

Boat. The answer was "No." Crossing the Pacific was not yet routine for airlines, but I was advised I could fly home from San Francisco to New York. Good! When the day of departure came, I again boarded the SS *Lurline*, but this time I traveled alone. My fate was to room with a female alcoholic with whiskey at her bedside, and to be accosted by an older couple desperate for a fourth at bridge. They assured me they played for only small stakes but it turned out to be a disaster as I held no cards and soon owed them over nine hundred dollars. They forgave the debt to my great relief.

The seating in the dining salon on an ocean liner can be tricky and I wondered if a naive young woman would be seated at the captain's table. Not a chance! Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau was there but I was seated at a table with the ship's Chief Engineer and Secretary Morgenthau's Coast Guard Aide with whom I chatted. "How are you going back to Washington?" I asked. "By Coast Guard plane," he replied. I hoped to get a flight to New York which arrived earlier, and I did indeed get an afternoon flight.

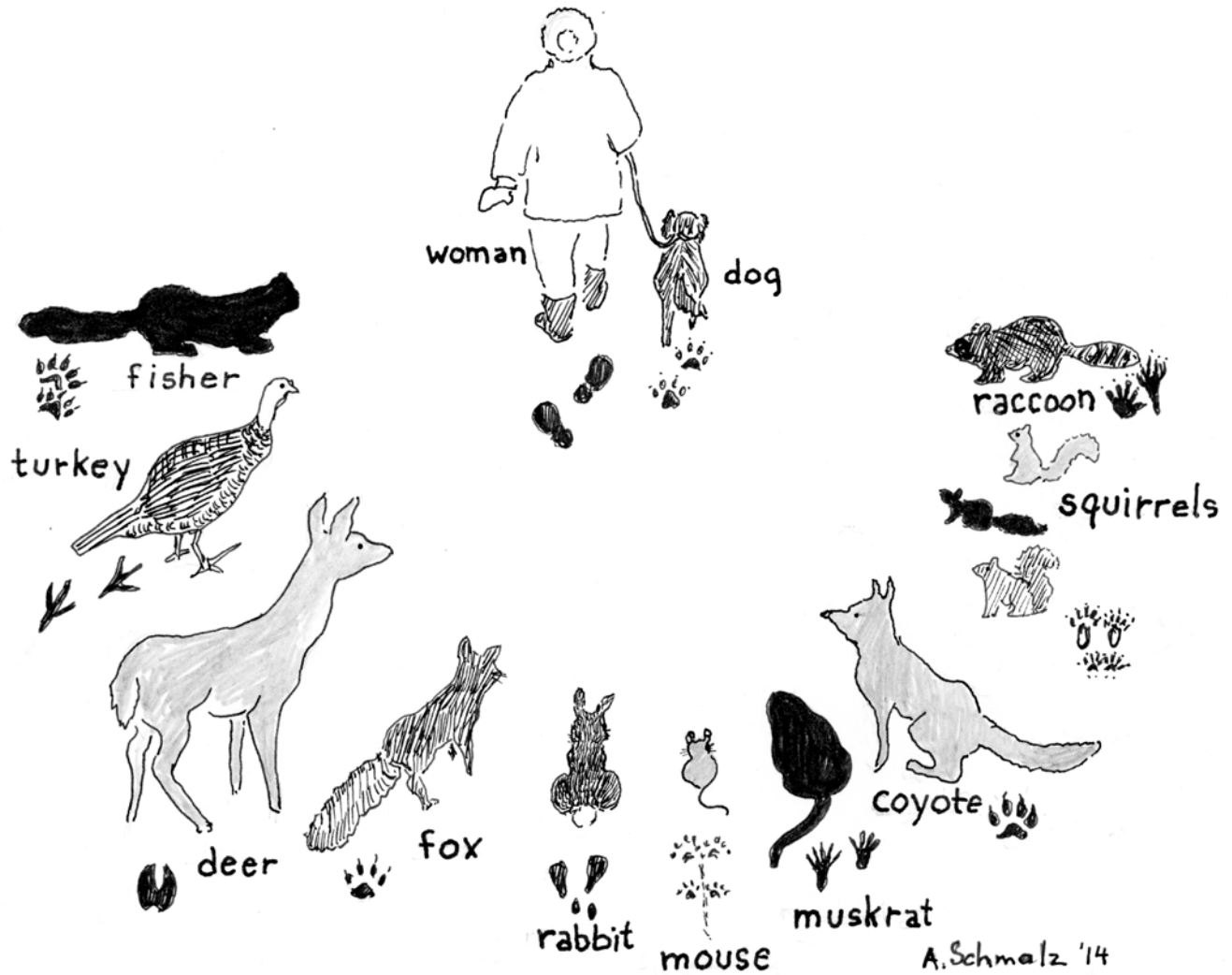
Not long after takeoff, the captain's voice advised, "Fasten your seat belts; large thunderstorms ahead; too big to go round. We may experience sudden drops of a hundred feet or more." It happened just as he had warned. But we came through alright with Albuquerque right ahead. I wondered about Secretary Morgenthau and his aide. Yes, they were in Albuquerque too. While the plane took on fuel I had a few words with the "sprinters" and figured we would probably pace them for the entire trip. We did.

The story repeated itself in Kansas City and again in Pittsburgh. There we parted ways, and I flew on to New York, dashed to Grand Central Station, and boarded the Bar Harbor Express – all on the same day I had docked in San Francisco. Finally a sleepless and very bumpy train ride to Ellsworth, Maine, and a mere eighteen-mile ride home in my parents' car.

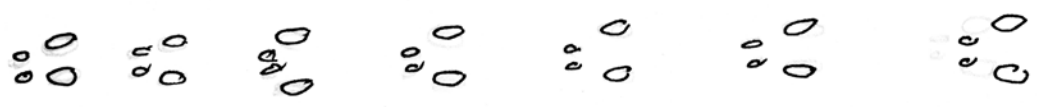
*Mary Welch*



# TRACKS IN THE SNOW at Carleton-Willard



The prints of hopping animals (mice, squirrels, rabbits) have the larger hind feet landing in front of where the forepaws were upon take-off. With increasing speed the distance covered with each hop increases. Thus:



Perfect-stepping is when the hind feet fall exactly into the prints of the front feet. This results in a single line of prints. Deer, foxes and coyotes perfect-step. Dogs do not.





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

## The Bedford Free Public Library

Our library here at Carleton-Willard Village is wonderful, and we are proud of it. It is always open and the collection of over 3,000 books is continuously updated. Many of our residents find that their information and reading requirements are more than satisfied, but it is nice to know that the Bedford Free Public Library is nearby, ready to answer our questions and to help us find the materials we wish to use. A recent conversation with Bedford’s Library Director, Richard Callaghan, provided the answers to many frequently asked questions.

### **Bedford Library contact information:**

Telephone number: 781 275-9440;

Internet address: [www.bedfordlibrary.net](http://www.bedfordlibrary.net)

### **Getting to the library:**

If you do not have access to a car there is a Carleton-Willard jitney bus that makes a stop at the Bedford Library every Thursday morning (see the monthly calendar). If the date and time are not convenient you can leave your library card and instructions at the main desk on Wednesday and the driver will return or pick up items for you.

### **Library Card:**

Any card from a Minuteman member library is acceptable. If you do not have a card you will need to fill out a form and provide a photo id with proof of your current local address.

### **Reserving a book, an audio book or a DVD:**

In person: ask at the Reference Desk; by telephone: call and ask for the Reference Desk; by computer: go to the web site, and enter the author or title where it says “search the catalog.” You can narrow down the search by clicking where it says “modify search.” When you identify

the item you want you will have to supply your name and card number.

### **Donating books:**

You can take books that you no longer want to the library in person, or you can arrange for someone to take them for you.

### **Library eBooks:**

Reading books on an e reader is becoming more and more popular. You can use a Kindle, a Kindle Fire, a Nook, an ipad or other tablet, a smart-phone or a computer. The library also offers “Overdrive Read” for which you do not need a special app.

The Head Librarian and his staff are ready and willing to provide help to Carleton-Willard residents in any way, particularly with issues of technology. If you have questions or if you wish to have individualized instruction you are asked to call the library and set up an appointment.

### **The Friends of the Bedford Library:**

The Friends support the library in many ways, and they raise funds through book sales and membership dues. If you wish to join the Friends, pick up one of their brochures at the library or ask someone to pick up a brochure for you. The Friends would appreciate your support.

We are so fortunate to have two wonderful free libraries to use. If you have any questions about using either one of them, please ask a member of Carleton-Willard’s Library Committee.

*Katherine F. Graff  
Chair of the Library Committee*



## Library Committee Favorites

### FICTION

Croce, Jim: *Harvest*

The inhabitants of a remote English Village wake on the morning after harvest to see two conspicuous columns of smoke. The presence of newcomers seems to be threatening the village's entire way of life.

DeLope, Manuel: *The Wrong Blood*

In the Basque country in northern Spain, just before the civil war, three men are on their way to a wedding when one of them suffers a stroke while visiting a bar. This event weaves together the lives of two women, the bride and the bar owner's daughter. A local doctor is the only witness to a mysterious agreement between the two women.

Doerr, Anthony: *All the Light We Cannot See*

The story of a young French girl who is blind and an orphan German boy who is an expert in radio technology. Taking place during World War II, the girl flees Paris during the Nazi occupation and the boy wins a place at a brutal academy for Hitler youth. Their stories converge at Saint Malo, under allied bombing.

Harris, Robert: *An Officer and a Spy*

The story of the infamous Dreyfus affair, told as a chillingly dark, hard-edged novel of conspiracy and espionage.

Joyce, Rachel: *The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry*

Harold Fry, recently retired, receives a letter from Queenie Hennessy, who he has not seen for twenty years. She is in hospice and is writing to say goodbye. Harold feels compelled to walk the 600 miles to the hospice, believing that, as long as he walks, Queenie will live.

Lahiri, Jhumpa: *The Lowland*

Two brothers, growing up in India, are inseparable. One is drawn to join a rebellion waged to eradicate inequality and the other pursues a life of scientific research in America.

Tartt, Donna: *The Goldfinch*

A thirteen year-old-boy survives an accident that kills his mother. He clings to a small painting that reminds him of her and ultimately draws him into the criminal underworld.

Vergheese, Abraham: *Cutting for Stone*

Two brothers, born of a secret union between a beautiful Indian nun and a brash British surgeon, come of age in Ethiopia.

### NON FICTION

Butler, Katy: *Knocking on Heaven's Door*

A mix of personal narrative and hard-nosed reporting that captures just how flawed care at the end of life has become. This memoir ponders the "good death" and the forces within medicine that stand in its way.

Chang, Jung: *Empress Dowager Cixi*

In 1852, at the age of 16, Cixi was chosen as one of the Emperor's concubines. When he died in 1861, their five-year-old son succeeded to the throne and Cixi launched a coup against her son's regents and placed herself as the true source of power.

Feifer, Gregory: *Russians*

An exploration of the seeming paradoxes of life in Russia, unraveling the nature of its people. The result of hundreds of intimate conversations about everything from sex and vodka to Russia's complex relationship with the world.



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

Lively, Penelope: *Dancing Fish and Amonites*

A memoir offering a glimpse into the influences of her formative years, from her childhood in Cairo to boarding school in England and the sweeping social changes of the 20th century.

The author offers her thoughts on archaeology, books and aging.

Olson, Lynne: *Citizens of London*

The behind-the-scenes story of how the U.S. forged its alliance with Britain, told from the perspectives of Edward R. Murrow, Averell Harriman and John Gilbert Winant, the U.S. Ambassador to Britain.

Sotomayor, Sonia: *My Beloved World*

The first Hispanic and the third woman appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court recounts her life from a Bronx housing project to the federal bench.

Wall, Carol: *Mister Owita's Guide to Gardening*

A memoir describing the development of an unusual friendship between Carol Wall and a man from Kenya who encourages her to improve both her garden and her approach to life.

Winchester, Simon: *The Professor and the Madman*

A tale of murder, insanity and the making of the Oxford English dictionary, which took seventy years to complete and was one of the greatest literary achievements in the history of English letters.

*Katherine F. Graff*

### Autobiography/Memoir

Gibney, Michael	Sous Chef (*)
Greenway, H. D. S.	Foreign Correspondent
Gregg, Donald P.	Pot Shards
Hill, Clint	Mrs. Kennedy and Me
Keillor, Garrison	The Keillor Reader(*)
Shakespeare, Nicholas	Priscilla
Stuart, Sarah Payne	Perfectly Miserable
Weber, Bruce	Life is a Wheel (*)

### Biography

Gordon, Meryl	The Phantom of Fifth Avenue
Holden, Wendy	Haatchi & Little B (*)
Hills, Marja	The Mockingbird Next Door(*)
Piazza, Jo	If Nuns Ruled the World
Sherr, Lynn	Sally Ride (*)

### Current Affairs

Chang, Leslie T.	Factory Girls
Lim, Louisa	The People's Republic of Amnesia

### Drama

Bloom, Harold	Shakespeare: The Invention of the Human
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### Fiction

Adler-Olsen, Jussi	A Conspiracy of Faith
Baldacci, David	The Target
Black, Cara	Murder in Pigalle (*)
Bohjalian, Chris	The Light in the Ruins
Brooks, Malcolm	Painted Horses
Child, Lee	Personal
Connolly, Michael	The Gods of Guilt
Coulter, Catherine	Power Play (*)
Dennison, Hannah	Murder at Honeychurch Hall (*)



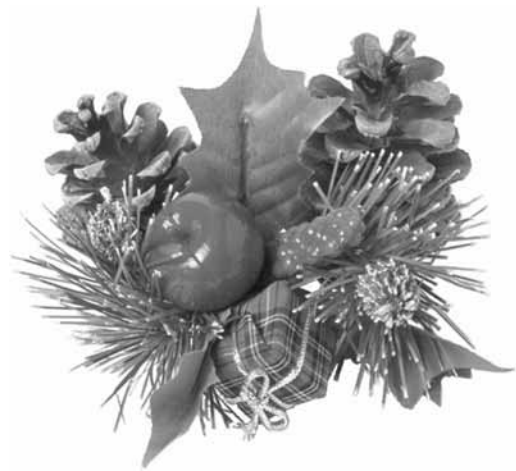
Doerr, Anthony	All the Light We Cannot See (*)	<b>History</b>	
Eriksson, Kjell	Black Lies, Red Blood	Abbott, Karen	Liar, Temptress, Soldier, Spy
Francis, Felix	Dick Francis's Damage	Bedford Free Public Library	The Bedford Sampler
Gass, William H.	Middle C	Brooks, Paul	The People of Concord
Goodwin, Daisy	The Fortune Hunter (*)	Brown, Abram	History of the Town of Bedford
Hustvedt, Siri	The Blazing World (*)	Croke, Vicki	Elephant Company
Karon, Jan	Somewhere Safe With Somebody Good	Edsel, Robert M.	The Monuments Men (*)
King, Lily	Euphoria	Macintyre, Ben	A Spy Among Friends
McBride, James	The Good Lord Bird (*)	MacMillan, Margaret	The War That Ended Peace
McDermid, Val	Northanger Abbey	Mansur, Ina	Bedford Center in the 1800's
McEwan, Ian	The Children Act	Mitchell, Elizabeth	Liberty's Torch
McGrath, M. J.	The Bone Seeker	Prados, John	Islands of Destiny
Montefiore, Simon	One Night in Winter	Sides, Hampton	In the Kingdom of Ice
Sebag		Ward, Geoffrey & Burns, Ken	The Roosevelts
Netzer, Lydia	How to Tell Toledo from the Night Sky (*)	Wolmar, Christian	To the Edge of the World
Neville, Stuart	Ratlines		
Parker, Robert B.	Spare Change	<b>Miscellaneous</b>	
Patterson, James	Unlucky 13	Carroll, Abigail	Three Squares
Penny, Louise	The Cruellest Month		
Penny, Louise	The Long Way Home	<b>Nature</b>	
Penny, Louise	The Long Way Home (*)	Bradley, Carol	Last Chain on Billie (*)
Perry, Anne	Blood on the Water (*)	Stuckey, Maggie	The Houseplant Encyclopedia (*)
Roberts, Nora	The Collector	Windrow, Martin	The Owl Who Liked Sitting on Caesar
Siegal, Nina	The Anatomy Lesson		
Smiley, Jane	Some Luck	<b>Resident Author</b>	
Spencer-Fleming, Julia	In the Bleak Midwinter (*)	Gilmore, Edith	Stepping Stones to Love
Taylor, Patrick	An Irish Doctor in Peace and at War		
Todd, Charles	An Unwilling Accomplice	<b>Science</b>	
Umrigar, Thrity	The Story Hour	Hirshfeld, Alan	Starlight Detectives
Vreeland, Susan	Lisette's List (*)	Kean, Sam	The Tale of the Dueling Neurosurgeons (*)
Watson, S. J.	Before I Go To Sleep		

**Health and Wellness**

Fong, Kevin M. D. Extreme Medicine

(\* indicates Large Print)

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