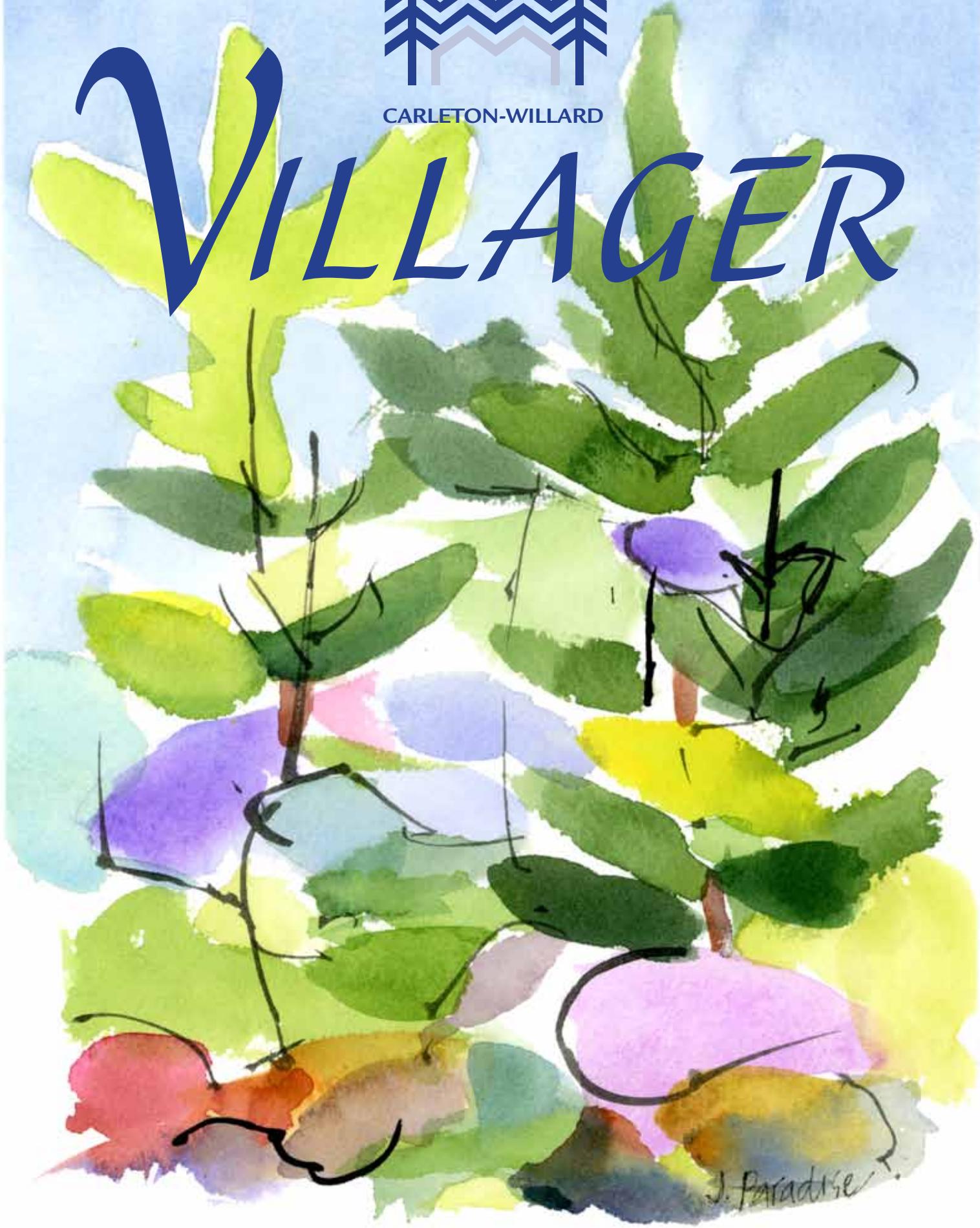




VILLAGER



J. Paradise

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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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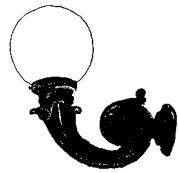
CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE ADMINISTRATION

Barbara A. Doyle

President/CEO



Co-Editors' Corner



What a winter! Maybe that's not what the *Villager* Board had in mind when they chose "Unforgettable" as our June theme but it certainly describes the season we have just been through.

"Snowiest winter in Boston's recorded history" according to the news reports. There is still lots of white-stuff-turned-grey around as we work toward submissions deadline in April, which accounts for "Winter Wondering" in our contents as well as memories of memorable events like weddings, hikes, travels in sunnier times of year. The first spring bulbs are blooming now. The old line "It takes living through a New England winter to truly appreciate a New England spring" has never been truer. Spring and summer are indeed welcome.

Several new authors appear in this issue and we also welcome two new members to the *Villager* Board. Stephanie Rolfe and Nancy Smith have each contributed articles for recent issues and now they will join other Board members not only in writing but also in choosing issue themes and covers, in interviewing new residents for our "Profiles" section, serving on our rotating proofing team and generally working to make the publication as interesting and enjoyable as possible. We thank all our Board colleagues for their work and for their congeniality. And we urge resident readers to become writers.

Alice Morrish

Alice Morrish

Peggy McKibben

Peggy McKibben

Co-Editors



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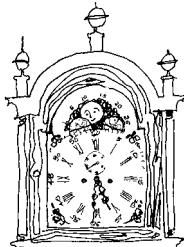
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From the Chief Executive Officer



"God gave us memories so that we might have roses in December."

J.M. Barrie (author of Peter Pan)

Seeing, they say, is believing.

In fact, we use over half of our cerebral cortex – the part of the brain needed for language, perception, thought and memory – to process visual information. And if scientists are correct, we are quickly retraining our brains to rely even more on our eyes (thanks, computers and iPhones) and less on our other senses. Yes, we are definitely visual beings.

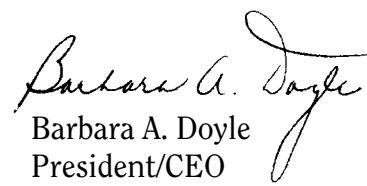
Not so with my dog, Maddie. Unlike people, Maddie and her furry pals rely mostly on their sense of smell. If you understood Maddie-talk (and I do rather fluently), she would tell you: *the nose knows.*

I bring this up because winter – as we know well – was relentless. Long gone were the festive perfumes of bayberry candles, the comforting aromas of holiday baking. The air seemed to have disintegrated into a flat, oxygen-deprived, static-electric envelope of forced heat. Ah, for warm sunshine and a gentle breeze!

Maddie's nose, I've noticed, is pressed against the picture window glass and all a-twitsch. She's detected a curious scent, stealthily delivered thanks to a front door opened and closed with slightly less winter urgency. Outside, the birds and squirrels have caught on as well. Something is clearly afoot!

Canine clairvoyance? Puppy precognition? More, I think, an instinctive understanding, the rekindling of memory. Everything is about to wake up.

Hmm...I believe I'll crack a window just a bit wider!



Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



The Question of Time

Time is something I have been wrestling with for a number of years. My concern with time has increased as the years pass by, year by year, always more quickly. What *is* time anyway? A blessing, a curse, an enemy, a friend or none of the above? Whenever I hear the indifferent ticking of a clock it doesn't soothe my fear of being late, or help me to do important chores "on time." It doesn't keep me from procrastinating - an awkward habit that often causes me to wait, postpone, and end up finishing a task with just minutes to spare before some deadline or other. "Not having enough time" often enhances my fear about doing a task adequately and heightens my anxiety that I really may not have done a very good job despite all that worry. At my age, a condition I share with so many of you, I often wonder if I will get everything done: all that sorting, all that saving, or tossing away to be done and limited time in which to do it.

I know that we have all encountered this problem and maybe even more so as we grow older. Almost every day, I seem to be bothered by time -- or rather by the lack thereof. I recently read about a time management workshop and was quite proud of myself when I promptly signed up for it. But two weeks later, as I drove to the workshop, I worried about being late, finding a parking space and even that I might fall on the ice and break a limb. Nothing really delayed me, not even the extraneous worry, and I made it 'on time.'

The workshop opened me up to a couple of ideas about time being both a friend and a problem. Accepting time is a reality, and the workshop leader made a connection between time and the earth's environment. We live, breathe and move in these parallel realities, and as we humans have polluted our planet, our leader asked us to consider how we have also polluted our time. We have managed to speed up everything to such a degree that we are left panting behind the rate at which information is being transferred. Some of the new technologies that have altered our lives and are the most common to us all, are the little computer-governed machines

we carry around and depend on. They are simply speeding us up, allowing us to speed through time faster, but not more wisely. If the machines are really going to benefit us, we need to put some limit to their use, by turning them off from time to time. That way we can simply enjoy our morning coffee without being alert for the next call or text!

In the course of that workshop I realized there are many other ways in which we misuse our tools and degrade our time. For all our talk of "being in the present", our culture pushes us to dwell on the past--memories, nostalgia, sometimes regret--areas which we can't do anything about. Alternatively, we are urged to "look to the future", another task that is equally futile--as we simply can't do much about what will happen when our great-grandchildren are adults, no matter how concerned we may be.

Perhaps, the most valuable lesson I learned at the workshop was that time is neither a blessing nor a curse, but it is inescapable! A very real problem for us is learning to refrain from berating ourselves on the nitty-gritty details of daily life when faced with the inevitable passage of time. On that philosophical note, I guess the best we can do is to enjoy the time we still have!

Neela Zinsser

The Beckoning Fair One

In 1932 Papá (my father) bought himself an Agfa 16mm silent motion picture camera. He had a lot of fun with it, but he found the transition from his Kodak still camera difficult. For instance, his movies of people showed them standing still and grinning at the camera. Rarely you might see them removing their hats and waving them, or pointing at something, but always rooted in place. His favorite subjects were beautiful or historical buildings, especially if they were really ancient and in ruins. He had whole reels of such structures in which nothing moved, not even the camera. Mamá could not understand this and she tried hard to persuade him that movies were meant to show something in motion. To say that his still cinematography drove her to distraction is putting it mildly.



A denouement of sorts took place one day in Paris at the Place de l'Opéra. Papá had taken up his position at the corner of the Café de la Paix from which he had a good view of the opera house, and commenced to roll. As usual he was motionless and nothing was moving between him and the building. Mamá and I stood on the corner of the intersection diagonally across from Papá's. A caped gendarme directed traffic in the center of the intersection. After what seemed like quite a long time during which Mamá grew increasingly irritated, Papá finally ceased filming and turned to face us. Mamá, fearing that he might resume filming the opera house, started beckoning to him with her arm, indicating that he should come and join us. Papá caught her meaning, but he and I also noticed that the gendarme, who had his back to Papá, thought that this attractive and elegant woman was beckoning to him. He responded in typical Gallic fashion: shoulders hunched, arms outstretched, palms turned up, apology and regret written on his face. Still not seeing the policeman, she focused on Papá who now began filming the action. Here was motion at last: his wife and the gendarme in heated conversation via sign language. All Mamá saw was Papá taking pictures of her and me and we were standing still. So she beckoned even more vigorously and the poor gendarme expressed even deeper regrets, signaling that he could not desert his post while he was directing traffic. Papá kept his camera going and captured the whole dialog. Finally he crossed the street towards us and the arm-waving ceased.

Mamá was greatly embarrassed when we told her what had happened. Without a word she turned and marched away from that intersection as fast as she could. The poor gendarme stared at us in bewilderment and perhaps disappointment.

Papá loved to show that film at family reunions to the amusement of all, including Mamá, as he described to them what was going on--for this was still the silent era. And forever after, he took real movies.

Seventy-eight years later, I can still see that scene vividly.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy

The Third Grade Wedding

In early 1955 I became engaged to be married during the spring vacation in April. I was a third grade teacher. Somehow I managed to bring some of my wedding plans into the curriculum, especially in the weekly spelling lessons. We had three different levels corresponding to the students' reading abilities. So while the lower group might have had *flowers* included in their test, the highest group would have *bouquet*. After a few weeks I was surprised to notice everyone was getting one hundred. Then I began to give the entire class the same spelling lists. Often I would give harder words like *aisle* and *fiancé* but they still all received one hundred. Each week we'd drill by defining and pronouncing the words and writing a sentence for each.

One afternoon a couple of weeks before spring vacation, I was very shocked when no one jumped up to line up for recess at the sound of the bell. All thirty-two shiny faces just smiled at me and some even started to giggle. It was about then that the classroom door swung open and the two room mothers entered yelling, "Surprise!" Then each and every student reached into his or her desk and ceremoniously pulled out a canned good. This was my third grade bridal shower.

After I walked up and down the aisles thanking each child for his gift of green peas or spaghetti, the room mothers brought out a beautifully decorated cake to be shared with the excited students. Before the cake was cut, I was presented with a long slim wrapped gift. It was an elegant silver cake knife in my silver pattern with our two names and wedding date on one side and "From your 3rd Grade Class" on the other. Before I could weep with joy, Danny Mushotte jumped up from his front seat in the last row, where I always kept an eye on my little troublemaker, and shouted, "Miss Miner, we have a bunch of those at our house. If I knew you wanted one, I could have given you a couple of ours." Then I wept. During our refreshments, one of the room mothers announced that the entire class would be attending my wedding! They



had contacted my mother to receive permission. (Since our church was known for having the longest aisle of any Protestant church in Chicago, she knew there would be ample room for my students to attend.)

That Saturday morning dawned overcast, windy and chilly. Our friendly neighbor, Mrs. Todd, arrived with a dry cleaner's bag containing a beautiful jacket of lightweight white wool. She thought I might be glad of her jacket to wear over my wedding dress.

Following the ceremony, the minister announced that because of inclement weather the receiving line and reception would be held in the adjacent hall but that "Ruth's very well-behaved class" could greet the newly-weds in the gardens. They were a well-behaved class because before the wedding those room mothers had passed out the rice. So the bride and groom were pelted with sixty-four warm rice balls in the garden.

I had lost track of all my former students when we moved to New York a few years later, but I did read my semi-annual college magazine very thoroughly. There was a photo of the graduation class of 1968. In the front row on the end was a tall, lanky young man grinning widely, named Daniel Mushotte.

Ruth McDade

The Unforgettable Ride

In 1998 my husband, Bob, and I took a trip to India which included the usual tourist treats. We rode an elephant up the approach to the Amber Fort outside Jaipur. I remember it as enjoyable, certainly, and a unique experience.

This year I went back to Jaipur with my two eldest granddaughters, aged twenty and eighteen. Part of the Golden Triangle was "an unforgettable ride on an elephant at Amber Fort". That morning was sunny and cool and our group did not have long to wait for our turn at the elephant loading platform. We were paired off, and Chuck, a good-sized fellow, and I, of ample girth, got on what was a gaily painted but rather short elephant.



Dumbo started right up before we were settled and it soon became apparent that our combined weight was not centered over the elephant's back. There ensued a tortuous half-hour ride. The mahout shouted at us in his unmistakable English to "move over". However, once on a lumpy cushion on a swaying elephant with your legs dangling it is very hard to "move over".

With the mahout yelling at us and at Dumbo, and with us struggling to lean back and pull in our feet so as to avoid rubbing against the walls of the road, it was clear this was not an ideal situation. Dumbo lumbered slowly on until, at the point where an archway narrowed the path, he stopped. With his head to the wall, no amount of the mahout's yelling got him to move, so the other elephants began to pass us, their drivers calling out what must have been derisive remarks and the other tourists waving cheerfully. My granddaughters went by convulsed in giggles.

Eventually, after relieving himself in every way right in the path of the other tourists and elephants, and showering us with whatever fluid was in his trunk, Dumbo slowly moved forward. At long last we arrived in the courtyard of the Fort. There I realized I was to climb up to the unloading platform from Dumbo's low back – no way! Very fortunately, as they would many times on this trip, my granddaughters saved me, each taking an arm to help pull me up. I rinsed out my mouth, wiped off my face and Chuck and I congratulated each other on surviving what indeed was an unforgettable ride on an elephant.

Anne Schmalz



Welcome New Residents

David and Virginia (Ginny) Hill
from State College, PA, 2/27/15

Olga Toulmin
from Providence, 3/1/15

Alita (Lee) Brooks
from Nantucket, 3/17/15

Harold (Hal) Roeder
from Georgetown, 3/13/15

Donna (Lucy) Darley
from Lexington, 3/24/15

Madelyn Armstrong
from Malden, 3/28/15

Betty Baker
from Bedford, 4/4/15

Megan Zielinski
from Wayland, 4/8/15

Jean Chamberlain
from Bedford, 4/15/15

Harry and Leanore Mieras
from Lexington, 4/21/15

A Few Memories

Ah, I wonder if there is anything in my aging brain which is unforgettable? Names come and go like butterflies. Did someone call on Tuesday, or was it Wednesday? Perhaps I should drift backwards and seek my earliest memories.

My earliest is from April 12, 1931 when I was two and a half years old. It was quite a special day – a big church wedding – but I only remember my little Easter bonnet and the pretty light blue silk dress that Grandma had made for me. Lots of people came to see my father marry my new mother.

Another memory took place with my new Grandpa. I was helping (?) him throw corn from the wagon into the corncrib. His aim was much better than mine. He said we needed a snack, and what a surprise! There in the corncrib was a little wooden box with two red apples. He cut them up with his sharp pocket knife – mmm, cold and juicy.

About a year after that wedding I remember another *darling* surprise: my father took me to the big hospital to see Mother and my tiny new baby sister.

I must have been three and a half or four when I locked myself in our bathroom, quite accidentally, and oh my! utter panic. I was sure I would never see my family again and the tears flowed. The lock was a mystery to me and after a l-o-n-g time Mother asked the neighbor man to come over and take the door off its hinges. She was quite upset with me, but I was sure I had been rescued from a white-tiled grave.

There are remembered glimpses of my childhood too . . .

sharing a double bed with my little sister
going to church and putting a coin in the collection plate
watching Grandma make wild black raspberry jelly from berries from our woods
winding the old Victrola and hearing songs of the 1920's
dreading carsickness -- yuck!
summer evenings of moonrise, so many stars in the Milky Way, and lightning bugs, millions of them.

At eighty-six one can forget a lot, but also recall some wonderful, long-ago memories

Donna Argon



An Incongruous Hiking Group

In 1998 I went to Europe to visit old friends. First stop was Berlin where I stayed with my “ex-pat” friend, David, who lives in the eastern part of the city near the old Berlin Wall. I had traveled with him in 1993 when I led nine Americans on vintage 1880 antique bikes from Berlin to Prague, an exciting trip for which David drove the supply van. On that adventure we were joined in Dresden by a German group which included two teenagers, Thomas and Anett.

By the time I returned in 1998, Thomas and Anett were married and the parents of eighteen month old Leon. Thomas had a doctoral degree in mechanical engineering and was working for the Bombardier Company building high speed trains. They lived in Dresden but Thomas worked in Gorlitz and came home on weekends.

David and I had a nice visit with the young family in Dresden and told them of a hike David proposed the two of us take in the Ore Mountains which are on the border of the Czech Republic with Germany. The Ore Mountains are an international historic site. The range is the same height as the White Mountains but with rounded summits more like the Green Mountains. They slope gently on the German side with sharper cliffs on the Czech border. David suggested we go to Heklenau by train and then by the old narrow gage train to Altenberg, a ski resort, formerly a German Ski Troopers training site.

Hearing of this, Anett said she would like to join us, bringing Leon along; Thomas had to return to work. We wondered if this would be wise. It would give us an almost eighty year age span and four generations in the group. This made us truly incongruous. We decided to go anyway.

We planned not only to go to Altenberg but to bike to the town of Kipsdorf along a narrow foot path, and to return to Dresden via another narrow gage railroad and S-Bahn. This would entail pushing Leon in his stroller and would take a full day.

We started off on a beautiful spring Monday morning, climbing up alongside a river flowing rapidly down the canyon. We passed several



ancient railroad stations and reached Altenberg in early afternoon. We made dinner and bed and breakfast arrangements at a hostel there. Tuesday morning was also bright and sunny. After a hearty hostel breakfast we stopped at a grocery store and bought a backpack lunch of bread, cheese, fruit and water.

The trail led us through rolling country on the edge of the forest. This was not your typical New England trail of rocks and roots. It was mostly smooth gravel, crossing streams on footbridges. We had lunch and a rest overlooking a fine valley dotted with farms. We also gave Leon a little walk for exercise. It was late afternoon when we reached Kipsdorf where we found a restaurant and a B & B for the night. The next day, after a restful night's sleep, we took the narrow gage railroad to Freital Halnsberg and on to Dresden.

The trip back from Kipsdorf descends through the Weisseritz Valley. Built in 1882, it is the last operating narrow gage railway in Germany. The gage is 750 mm (2'5"), about one half the width of American standard gage railroads. It is sixteen miles long and has thirteen stations.

All in all it was a wonderful trip through a little known countryside. We encountered no foreign tourists. Leon never cried or fussed. He always had a wide smile and enjoyed the trip as much as we did, an incongruous but harmonious hiking group.

Bob Sawyer



Unforgettable

Years ago when I was giving parenting lectures across the states of New Jersey and New York and wanted to connect with each audience on a personal level, I found it easy to do by asking each attendee to start a conversation with their seated neighbor about their own experiences in kindergarten. Noting that the audience consisted mostly of young parents aged thirty or more, I thought their recall might be faint as so many years had passed since their kindergarten experience.

However the buzz in the room soon erased that thought. Quite the opposite was true. It became a challenge to return their attention to the reason we engaged in this exercise, which was to demonstrate that young children are deeply impressed by their early school experiences, and that such experiences are so embedded with emotional content that they are not forgotten.

The point was made that early school experiences carry through to color later personal relationships. And that parenting and teaching skills which encourage positive interactions enable children to think well of themselves as well as of others with whom they interact.

Try the exercise yourself. Simply sit quietly, alone or with another, and reflect back to kindergarten. Recall that early year in school and retell an event. My guess is that not only will you be able to recall the happening, but the feelings and content of a conversation and possibly the wall colors as well as the dress of those with whom you interacted.

Many behavioral patterns are formed in our early education years which argues strongly for having well educated staff members in our school, those who have a grasp of growth and development as well as subject matter. It is all unforgettable, so constructing positive self image and other concepts early in life is an art form to be encouraged.

For those of us who are, will, or have experienced memory changes, it's strange to think that those kindergarten years are still fresh memories while today's events have not made such a deep impression as to be unforgettable. One wonders why!

Ara Tyler

The Entanglement

knotted like this,
how can it be unknotted?
I gnaw the knots I know,
but what of knots
I have not noticed?
I follow the string a way
go astray in a snarl.
nothing is straight here,
the twine has a set to twist
that makes it curl
until it kinks unthinkably
and every line runs foul.
it begins somewhere
and ends somewhere no doubt,
but where I can't make out.
each backlashed figure of eight
catches my fingers in
an infinite whirl.
has it a design?
perhaps.
but not mine.

Craig Hill

Spring Tulips





Whether or Not

A printed slip found in a box of popcorn, "PRIZE! Instructions for an experience guaranteed both surprising and stimulating. We assume no legal responsibility for possible results."

If you live in an area warm all year round, toss this, no use. But if you have a proper winter, pick a nice cold day, pull on your biggest boots and arctic jacket, and march out into the weather. (Better check first on the current astrological influence of Sagittarius.)

Assume a casual air, however implausible, and stroll about to find the right icicle. It should be about six inches long, and might perhaps give off a faint glow. Snap it off, rush it home, wrap it in plastic and stash it in the freezer. Label it if you wish. But I don't suppose you will get it mixed up with a packet of frozen peas or a leftover piece of cheesecake.

Pursue your regular course of life, however mundane and undistinguished. Wait expectantly for the day when summer officially begins. You might hum Frosty the Snowman as you approach the freezer cautiously.

Get your car or rent one, fetch your icicle and slip it under the driver's seat.

You might want to pack a light lunch! Don't take stuffed olives or cauliflower past its prime. (Cell phone? Laptop? I-pod? Oh, you might as well.) Head for anywhere as long as it's northwards. Don't let a little snow on the windshield upset you; use your wipers. Keep your eyes open for anything a trifle bizarre, lest you miss the crucial encounter.

For instance, you might see a hitchhiking Eskimo by the roadside. A sullen-looking chap with a scrofulous husky beside him. The fellow will be carrying a spear, an ice axe or possibly a boombox.

Should you offer him a lift? Or simply take the next Exit, and maybe check out the sale at Homegoods?

Well, lotsa luck and thanks for your patronage.
Your Well Wisher,
And, just in case, Goodbye.

Edith Gilmore

Spirits, Be Gone!

Over the years my husband Bill and I entertained frequently in our Connecticut home. In those days we were not wine drinkers, so dinner parties included cocktails and appetizers before dinner and a liqueur afterwards. Due to the variety of our friends' tastes, we maintained a substantial liquor supply in one of our lower kitchen cabinets.

Several years after Bill's death, I decided to clear the cabinet of all the bottles containing spirits left behind. So, placing two cushions on the floor, I knelt down and proceeded to pull out the bottles, one by one. As the bottles accumulated it occurred to me that I needed something to put them in. But as I tried to get up to find a container, my legs would not cooperate. I could not get up.



At the time I was wearing a "life call" device and almost pushed the button. However, as I considered using it, I realized what the scene would be when help arrived. I could picture an old lady on the floor surrounded by liquor bottles and imagine the whispered "No wonder she can't get up!"

At this thought, the adrenaline surged through my body and I sprang to my feet, rapidly shoving the bottles back in the cupboard for my daughter to take care of on another day.

Mary O'Meara



Village

Village Thespians

On an early spring evening, we enjoyed the Village Thespians' banquet of music, poetry, and plays, "All You Need is Love". Sally Rabinowitz's Cupid tripped in to set a festive tone for the show, which opened with songs by Rodgers, Kern, Porter and Romberg sung by Ara Tyler, Harry Hoover and Stefan Schatzki. Paul Wiggin stirred us with a poignant "Danny Boy", and Kay Barney's Village Voices set feet stomping with "Li'l Lize" and "Chattanooga Choo Choo". Poems read by cast members limned shades of love, while dramatic scenes offered humor and pathos. Finally, the full cast and audience sang "Try to Remember", capping another "unforgettable" evening by producers Anne and Tom Larkin.



American Antiquarian Society

Isaiah Thomas, born in Boston, was a printer and publisher before, during and following the Revolutionary War. After moving to Worcester, he played a key role in developing the cultural life of the early years of our nation, including founding the American Antiquarian Society in 1812. James Moran, Director of Outreach for the Society, headquartered in Worcester, brought us the story of Thomas and the vital role he played during and following the Revolution. The Society is home to an outstanding collection of printed books, pamphlets and documents produced in the colonies and during the century following the start of the Revolution.

Paul Grabhorn Presentation

Paul Grabhorn, son of resident Marion Grabhorn, offered an inspiring talk on "Seeking Light: Portraits of Humanitarian Action in War". A professional

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

author and photographer, his presentation featured photographs taken during his missions for the International Committee of the Red Cross in countries ravaged by war - Chechnya, Bosnia, Croatia and Somalia. They illustrated the day-to-day work of compassion done by ICRC workers alleviating hunger, illness, homelessness and isolation, as they offer help and hope in the wake of war and devastation. His commentary confirmed that war continues to be the worst stain on the human condition.

Mass Horticultural Society

Members of the Carleton Willard Garden Club enjoyed an enlightening talk on "Slow Food: Sustainable Garden" by John Forti from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. John praised the efforts of local gardeners and farmers to promote the growth and use of organically produced food, in particular historically important foods that thrive in New England. Numerous foods grown by our ancestors, and essential in their diets, have disappeared, as have naturally growing plants they harvested and ate. He encouraged everyone to support famers markets and to increase the use of locally grown food in our diets.

Harvard Art Museums

An enthusiastic group of residents enjoyed a visit to the recently opened new home of the Harvard Art Museums. Following a \$350 million, six-year renovation, the Fogg, Sackler and Busch-Reisinger Museums are now consolidated into a six level building designed by Renzo Piano. The building incorporates the historic Quincy Street façade and the Calderwood Courtyard, highlighted by a five level atrium topped by a glass roof. Led by our individual interests, we explored exhibition galleries, visited the art study center, viewed the conservation center, and stopped by the shop. The trip concluded with a delightful lunch at the Red House restaurant in Harvard Square.



Happenings

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

Piano Concert

On a cold winter night a large group of residents was treated to a concert of piano works for four hands, presented by Bonnie Anderson and Andree Robert. They combined in a program of works by Bach, Barber, Chopin and Schubert. In a lighter mood, they played Camptown Races and Wayfaring Stranger, in arrangements for four hands by Robert Muczynski. While appreciating her musical talents, many residents reminded Andree Robert of their appreciation of her talents as long-time executive chef of Maison Robert, a fine Boston restaurant owned by her family in years gone by.

Barbara Hills' Art Exhibit

With winter's colors - white and grey - dominating the outdoors, it has been a pleasure to see the colorful exhibit of Barbara Hills' art in the gallery. A wide variety of subject matter and the predominance of acrylics characterize her current work, but in the past she used pen and ink and graphite as well as oils. Four graphite portraits recall an early class with Joseph Coletta in Lexington. The cool colors of her water scenes contrast with the bright colors in her flowers and the head of a parrot. Barbara may venture into watercolor as a future challenge..

Bedford Town Election Candidates

A few days before the Bedford Town Election, resident Tom Larkin hosted a "Meet the Candidates Forum". Before introducing the candidates, Tom asked residents to describe their personal experience in municipal governments. The response revealed many and widely varied offices and responsibilities represented. The candidates for town offices then introduced themselves, described the position they seek, and the qualifications they will bring to the job. Both candidates running for the only contested office, on the Bedford School Committee, attended and made strong presentations. Resident

Bob Schmalz, running unopposed for a spot on the Bedford Housing Authority, drew enthusiastic support. Candidates for Selectman and Library Trustee also spoke.

Rio Grande Lecture

Bill Gette, Director of the Audubon Society's Joppa Flats Education Center, offered an illustrated lecture on the scenic Rio Grande Corridor in Texas and New Mexico, emphasizing the rich variety of habitats and bird life in the region. Extending north from El Paso to Albuquerque, the corridor includes desert, riparian areas along the river and mountain forests. His magnificent pictures captured the scenery, as well as the varied bird populations, including shorebirds



and desert birds, and tens of thousands of Snow and Ross's geese. The trip began at an altitude of 3700 feet in the Chihuahuan desert and ended at 10,678 feet atop Sandia Peak near Albuquerque.

Harpist Rebecca Swett

Harpist Rebecca Swett offered an entertaining evening of music, featuring a variety of popular songs and pieces by classical composers. Opening with "Autumn Leaves", and including "The Impossible Dream", the popular section concluded with "Somewhere Over the Rainbow". Midway through her concert, Ms. Swett explained the history of the harp, how the instrument is played, and how she manages to transport it wherever she performs. The evening concluded with a classical section, opening with Debussy's Claire de Lune and ending with a medley of Irish melodies composed for the Celtic Harp, in recognition of the day of the concert, St. Patrick's Day.

Edwin Cox



Sights, Sounds and Smells of My Childhood

The wooden screen door slapping behind me.
Fresh sawdust from sawing logs.
Clay-y mud in the pond.
Flies buzzing - no other sound.
Dad's car coming down the road from work.
Corn silk when shucking.
Fresh paint on the fence.
Baiting worms on a fishhook.
Feet sucking muck in the pond.
A canoe paddling in the water.
Wood crackling in the fireplace.
Cucumbers in vinegar.
Priming the pump in the sink.
Wild strawberries.
Cold, clear water from the spring.
Roman Candles over the pond.
Crows cawing me awake.
Rain on the "guesthouse" roof.
Rolling cigarettes for Dad in the Cigarette Roller.
Scratchy 78 records on the wind-up Victrola.
Kerosene lamps.
Gas lamp mantles.
Fresh-picked berries from Dana Howland's.
Slapping a wet bathing suit to your body.

A warm, fresh doughnut rolled in the sugar bowl.
Mom's mince meat pie (deer meat).
Hamburgers frying on Grammy's hot wood stove.
The shake of corn in the fireplace corn popper.
Burgess' shoe store (leather and rubber of Bass shoes).
Mom at piano. Dad on banjo.
Jim on organ. Dick on trumpet.
Dancing on Dad's feet.
Static electricity at Aunt Inez's.
Aunt Mary's Baked Alaska.
Snow sliding off the back roof.
Sheets on the line, stiff with ice.
Lawnmower start-up attempts.
The lilac bush in May.
Indian paintbrush.

In Memory	
Nancy van Loon	February 5, 2015
Rosalind Conner	February 16
Earl Harrison	February 22
Jane Crawford	February 27
Pam Smith	March 4
Anne Zwicker	March 16
Ruth Nilssen	March 16
Mary Jane Harvey	March 17
Antoinette (Toni) Neal	March 26
Helen Healy	April 8
Martha Lawrence	April 14
Eric Kula	April 20

Dad's rose garden with silver gazing globe.
Dad's world-class tuberous rooted begonias.
Putting the oars in the oarlocks.
Raising the flag.
Licking the vanilla pudding from Nina's double boiler.
The nest of flycatchers under the eaves.
The kingfisher in the dead elm.
Unguentine and Absorbine Junior.

Madelyn E. Armstrong



Winter Wondering

Where did all the song birds go?
Don't you want to know?
Don't their feathers
Keep them warm
Even in the snow?
They soar up in the air
And seem without a care.
They flit and fly.
I don't know why.
We watch and wonder as they fly --
Up and down
In and out -- round about!
The sky is their home.
They are God's toys!
God gets our attention
With His inventions --
The birds, the bees,
the flowers, the trees.

Helen Kilbridge





Voulez Vous Parler Francais? Non!

In 1987 I was lucky enough to accompany my husband to Geneva, Switzerland. It was unforgettable for many reasons, one being an embarrassing incident on my part.

While my husband was working, I spent a long and happy morning touring the Cathedral of St. Peter, the Roman Catholic Church which became a Protestant Church in 1536 and where John Calvin preached from 1536 to 1564. Under the present church, archeological digs have found worship sites dating from the 4th century. Using my guides and maps I toured for several hours till I suddenly realized I was both exhausted and hungry.

Strolling out to the street I found a small neighborhood café with booths as well as a counter where several customers were eating a late lunch. I motioned to one of the booths and asked "okay?" to the man behind the counter. He said something in French that I did not understand and I was embarrassed by my abysmal lack of knowledge of French.

Nonetheless I was hungry and tired so I sat down in the booth, smiled and said "Sandwich". I could see people at the counter grinning, and the waiter frowning and rolling his eyes. Finally he threw a menu down on my table and seemed to indicate a section where I could order. Concerned but hungry I pointed to an item and went back to studying my guidebook. Soon a beautiful sandwich arrived, I was enjoying it when a man walked in the door and the waiter repeated the same word that he had several times said to me.

Only this would-be customer shrugged, turned around and left. Again I could see the others grinning. Finally the word came through to me: "Fermé, Fermé" he had said, and then I remembered ... "Fermé ... CLOSED!" I had arrived too late for lunch and too dumb to realize it. I was mortified by my "crazy American" error and wanted to disappear. But I had also greatly enjoyed my sandwich and was rested to boot. So I flashed my biggest smile, said "Merci, Merci" and handed him a large bill. From the bills he returned, I handed a couple back and I must

have been generous for he finally smiled as did the other customers.

Unforgettable to me but I don't think I jeopardized international relations too greatly and the sandwich really was good.

Peggy McKibben

Night Recipe

Here are the means which (possibly) may lure those weighty dreams to come, the kind that cure the body, soul or spirit of its pain.
Your fate foretold and mysteries made plain.

First, bedtime invocations. You intone
a few obscurely mystic Celtic charms.
(And, by the way, your nightwear should be sewn
in Greece, by lonely girls on rocky farms.)

Next, underneath your pillow you must tuck
a gemstone scarab from a desert hoard.
This talisman (you hope) will bring you luck
from some Egyptian god or mummied lord.

You now entice your cat to share your bed,
and, as a final rite,
caress its bony little head.
Put out your bedside light
Who knows what next?
At least expect an interesting night.

Edith Gilmore



Surprised by Meghan

The telephone rang on January 12th. It was a call we had been expecting from our son, David. He sounded very excited. His first words were "Hurry up, Mom. The baby is coming." I knew this meant I should get to Holliston as soon as possible. Our newest grandchild was coming and I was needed to care for Corey, our grandson.

I started out and soon realized it would be a slow drive. It was snowing and visibility was difficult. It took longer than I should have liked. When I arrived I was surprised to see an ambulance still in the driveway and an EMT walking up the drive to meet me. Helping me down the drive he said not to worry, that everything was under control.

At the house I found Corey and a neighbor, Lew, calmly playing in the family room. Lew told me that the baby was coming too fast to leave for the hospital, and that my daughter-in-law, Eileen, refused to have the baby beside the road. Instead the baby was born on the bathroom floor. This was the master bath and quite large. It was only a matter of minutes before we heard a baby crying. Someone called down that it was a girl and that mother and baby were fine.

A short time later, David came downstairs with a swaddled baby and introduced me to my granddaughter, Meghan. She looked right into my eyes and a bond was formed immediately.

Meghan's birth was special for a number of reasons. While there were two EMTs and a policeman present, none had ever delivered a baby. (David had helped with Corey's delivery two years before.) It had been at least twenty-five years since a baby had been born in Holliston; the town could not find a birth certificate to fill out for her.

After this traumatic entry into the world Meghan and her mother went by ambulance to the hospital where they were placed in isolation since the birth had been in an unsterile environment.

This was truly an unforgettable experience and one I would not trade for anything. Meghan is now sixteen, a great joy. She continues to meet life at her speed, which is fast forward. She is truly an awesome granddaughter.

Myrtle Cox

SOLD to the Little Lady in Yellow

I think my fondness for our Excess Baggage Sale has its origins in the thirties when summer weekend entertainment often featured a country auction. Something about the thrill of the chase, the possibility of treasure and the satisfaction of a bargain has stayed with me.

In those days, auctions were convivial, neighborly affairs. They predated the invasion of big city dealers, let alone cell phones and long distance mystery buyers. One arrived early to take advantage of the "viewing hour." An early morning chill lingered, the grass was dewy. Children of all ages roamed about, largely unsupervised. Dogs, too. Benches, rickety chairs, were scattered about the farmyard. On a lucky day the farmer's wife stood behind an oilcloth-covered table of sorts (planks on sawhorses) dispensing lemonade for a nickel, doughnuts for a dime.

The auctioneer was often our neighbor Mr. Wharf. He knew most people there and chivvied, encouraged or scolded them to liven the action.

My mother regularly spotted treasures. "Golden Oak" was in vogue at the time; mahogany and cherry passé. Thus she acquired a Duncan Phyfe dining table at a fraction of its worth. My favorite chore for years was polishing it, especially its lovely legs ending in claw feet.

While largely a fascinated observer of the scene, I was attracted to the "job lots" of unspecified items which arrived in cartons towards the end of the sale. (Shades of my first Baggage Sale job on the Receive and Sort team.) Often there was a star item, a farm tool or kitchen necessity to tempt bidders. On one occasion there seemed nothing to highlight so bidding in the thinning crowd was lackluster and I saw my chance. "Twenty-five cents" I yelled. "SOLD" bellowed Mr. Wharf. "to the little lady in yellow."

And the contents? A fine mason jar, just the thing for the Black-eyed Susans growing wild in the meadow across from our house, a bag of sea shells, two slightly battered saucepans, and a woven pot holder on which the mason jar of flowers could sit to protect the Duncan Phyfe table. You see? A treasure trove and a bargain.

Alice Morrish



Camping at Cinnamon Bay

Told to arrive at daylight we reached our destination, Cinnamon Bay Campground, at nine p.m. in total darkness.

The trip had been planned by my good friend, Jan, who had been given a tent rental by her sister for Christmas. One afternoon a few weeks after Christmas the phone rang and it was Jan. "How would you like to join me and two friends from Fairfield for five days of camping on St. John's Island?"

"I'll have to think about it," I said. "See if I can get a sitter." It was 1966 and my children were still young. "Maybe I'd better not, though I'd really love to go." Austin, overhearing the conversation, said "C'mon Mum, go for it. You'll have fun." So, I agreed to go.

Two months later our foursome met at JFK. I had packed shorts, tee shirts, bathing suits, sneakers, snorkel gear, sun screen and mosquito repellent. I was dressed for camping in my shorts. Jackie, one of the new friends arrived in a Lilly Pulitzer. I noticed she had not a hair out of place. Ann, the second new friend, wore an orthopedic collar around her neck. She had had polio and could not raise her head nor her arms.

As we boarded the jet, Jan announced "I was cautioned to arrive in daylight but we will be a little late." We arrived in St. Croix as the sun was sinking, grabbed a taxi, stopped at a grocery store for the essentials of life: food, liquor, and toilet paper, and arrived at the ferry dock to cross over to St. John's as darkness fell. Jan, intrepid as always, marched off to find a jeep and directions to the campground. The island appeared to be in total darkness, an occasional street light and dim glow from native houses was the only light. The route was winding and precipitous, and we clung to the jeep's sides in fear of slipping off the road. After several wrong turns, we bumped along a dirt road and there in front of us was the dimly lit campground headquarters. No one was there, but we could hear the beckoning sound of surf. Finally a young man arrived, "You were supposed to arrive in daylight," he said reproachfully. Then reluctantly, "Follow me and I'll lead you to your tent."

Our tent was in a grove of trees among other tents. The others seemed to be inhabited by families with young children who were being tucked into their beds for the night.

We pulled back the tent flaps and entered. There were four Army cots along the four sides of the tent. A rope across the center of the tent held a bunch of misshapen wire coathangers stretched between the tent poles, a bare light bulb hung from the roof, a shelf was shoved against the back wall. Outside, in front were a picnic table and two benches, a kerosene stove and small refrigerator.

We drew straws for our cots, unpacked our duffels and changed into more suitable clothing. Ann and I donned another pair of shorts and tees. Jan, a long hostess skirt which dusted the dirt floor, and Jackie, to my amazement, after removing her wig, placed it on the wig stand she took from her bag, put on another wig and another Lilly. Jan then prepared the evening meal. The other tents were silent as all the other campers were snug in their beds. With the combination of fatigue and drink and the prospect of days of discomfort our voices and our laughter became louder and louder accompanied by pleas for quiet, "shhs" and even impolite suggestions.

Before we turned in we went in search of the john. Our flashlights picked out two behind wooden doors and open to the stars. The shower hidden by a mildewed curtain was close by. It was activated by a string which released water from a large bucket on a shelf above. No warm water showers here.

We trudged back to our quarters and climbed into our cots when, much to our dismay, we realized the tent flap had to be left open because Ann could not raise her arms to untie the flaps to exit during the night, a frequent need. With the flap open we were going to be dinner for every winged creature on the island and serenaded by the hum of mosquitos. There were also mongoose who traveled freely at night. Though I loved Rikki Tikki Tavi I didn't want to share my bed with him. When I lay down I discovered an iron bar awarth my cot which dug into the small of my back. The days ahead did not look anything but dismal.



As always the light of day brings clearer, brighter vision. After breakfast we felt gayer and looked forward to exploring the island and swimming in the clear aqua water. Jan conducted the tour. With her straw hat plunked on her head she became Miss Jean Brodie and we her girls. We followed a steep road to the top of a hill from where we could see in all directions: the bright turquoise water circling the island broken by curves of which Cinnamon Bay was one, white sandy beaches, and almost obscured by the green forest, an old and abandoned sugar plantation.

Down below us was a small cove which looked ideal for swimming. "Let's drive down there and have a swim," I suggested. We were disappointed to find the dark rim around the cove was not coral but a colony of sea urchins.

There was no safe way to wade through them. Disheartened we returned to camp and swam in our own bay which was delightful. There was a trail which led snorkelers through a maze of bright colored coral and fish of all kinds, sergeant majors, blue and yellow angel fish, groupers, etc.

In the afternoon after a post lunch nap we met our neighbors. A little boy said to me in a menacing voice, "Do you own this place?" He had refused to use the latrine because of the odor. I had solved that problem by wearing my snorkel mask with a eucalyptus twig hung below my nose. Waiting in line for a shower we met an ex prizefighter with a cauliflower ear and several young men and women on spring break, unshaven young men with long straggly hair, both men and women in the fad of the times, ragged sawed off jeans. They were friendly and full of advice about where we should go and what we should do.



After dinner that night, we decided to go for a walk on the beach. The air was soft and the water enticing so we decided to go skinny dipping. We left our clothes in neat piles and dove into the luscious phosphorescence filled water. After paddling around in the "quick silver" water for awhile, we noticed a man emerging from the jungle onto the beach. He looked at us, then at the piles of clothes and disappeared into the trees. Soon he reappeared, this time stark naked. He dove into the water toward us. As he came up he snarled "Sometimes I hunt barracuda, but sometimes I hunt other things." We shrieked, hurried out of the water, squeezed our wet bodies into our clothes, and fled. As we were leaving, we recognized our accoster. He was the young man who had led us to our tent the previous evening.

After that, we settled into a routine of shopping and exploring in the morning, a nap after lunch followed by swimming, snorkeling and relaxing with our books on the beach.

The last day we put on our best clothes and drove to Caneel Bay, a

Rockefeller resort for the rich and famous. What a difference in accommodations! We walked along the raked beach admiring the small haciendas, the palm thatched gazebos, the cabanas, the variety of sea craft for the use of guests, etc. We had a delicious lunch in an outdoor pavilion overlooking the sea.

That night we packed for an early morning departure. Five days of discomfort and laughter had forged lifetime friendships.

Nancy Smith



HOW TO BUILD A NEST

For many creatures the nest is a complex structure - species-specific - the construction of which is not learned but part of their genetic inheritance.



Baltimore Oriole
deciduous tree
Woven of grasses
small twigs, soft
downy fibers
[Instructions*]



Paper Wasp
fibers from plant stems
and dead wood mixed
with saliva
water resistant
hexagonal cells

Eastern Grey Squirrel

called a "drey"
base of damp
leaves and moss
on a platform of woven twigs
spherical shell of woven leaves
soft inner lining,
may have two chambers
some have simpler summer
dreibs



These nests provide:
space for raising young
protection from predators
and weather
use of local materials
easily repaired

* Build an Oriole's nest: <http://www.learner.org/jnorth/tm/oriole/BuildNest.html>



FACTS from the STACKS

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

Book Selection

Anyone who steps into our library here at Carleton-Willard Village notices that it is a very popular and active place. Residents are browsing the shelves, signing books in and out, reading the newspapers and doing the daily puzzles. Volunteers are shelving books, entering circulation data into the library computer and processing new books. There is always something going on.

REGULAR PRINT BOOKS

The real heart of any library is its collection. The main mission of our eleven member Library Committee is to keep the collection current and interesting. To that end the committee meets once a month to discuss policy and to select new regular print books. We use a variety of book review sources: the New York Times Book Review, The New York Review of Books, Book Page from our local library, and subscriptions to Kirkus and Booklist.

Each committee member is asked to bring two book suggestions to each monthly meeting. We choose between fifteen and twenty regular print books, with an eye on the balance between fiction and non-fiction titles, and keeping in mind the reading tastes of our residents, we also keep a short list of titles to be previewed before a decision is made. Our new regular print materials are ordered from Amazon and usually arrive in two days.

LARGE PRINT BOOKS

New large print books are ordered from Cengage Learning, and selections are made by a special sub-committee. Each month we receive the Cengage catalog and this is passed around so each sub-committee member can make suggestions. The chair of the Large Print sub-committee then chooses seven titles to be ordered. Our order arrives in about ten days.

DONATIONS

The residents of Carleton Willard Village often donate books to the library, and another sub-committee meets once a month to decide which donations to accept. We have set our standards high, due to the limited shelf space, and accept only recently published books in good condition that are of interest to our readers. The donated books that we choose not to accept are taken to the Bedford Public Library. We request that residents review each possible donation to ensure that the book meets our criteria.

BOOK REQUESTS

Residents are heartily encouraged to recommend books for inclusion in our collection. They should fill out a card for each recommended book, giving their name, the author, title, publisher and publication date of the book, and a brief description of its content. Special cards for recommendations are kept in the library desk, but a 3x5 index card can also be used. Recommendations will be presented at the next meeting of the Library Committee.

The members of the Library Committee encourage all residents to bring in their comments and recommendations and we are always happy to provide a guided tour of our library. We are very proud of it!

*Katherine F. Graff
Library Committee Chair*



Among the Newest

The Nightingale by Kristin Hannah
Engrossing tale of two sisters and their bravery in occupied France during World War II.

Hissing Cousins by Marc Peyser and Timothy Dwyer
A double biography of Eleanor Roosevelt and Alice Roosevelt Longworth, two strong, intelligent, and very different women.

Leaving Time by Jodi Picoult
All about elephants and a strange disappearance at an elephant reserve in New Hampshire.

A Kim Jong Il Production by Paul Fischer
True Story of the North Korean dictator's kidnapping of two South Korean movie stars in the hopes of outdoing Hollywood.

One Plus One by Jojo Moyes
Love story involving a chaotic family, with a single mom faced with a quirky stranger.

H is for Hawk by Helen Macdonald
The author, a longtime falconer, finds emotional healing as she raises and trains a young goshawk.

The Stranger by Harlan Coben
The stranger whispers secrets in one's ear and then disappears, leaving you to pick up the pieces of your shattered life.

Dead Wake by Erik Larson
Factual and personal account of the last and fatal crossing of the Lusitania during World War I.

The Court-Martial of Paul Revere by Michael Greenburg
After his famous midnight ride, Paul Revere failed as a military leader in the naval battle of Penobscot Bay.

A Dangerous Place by Jacqueline Winspear
Maisie Dobbs, nurse turned private investigator, becomes embroiled in a murder case on Gibraltar as the Spanish Civil War begins.

Welcome to Subirdia by John Marzluff
City suburbs surprisingly have greater bird diversity than forests, and we are given ten ways to enjoy and preserve such a gift.

Travels in Vermeer by Michael White
Going through difficult times, the poet finds solace and reassurance by studying Vermeer paintings at home and abroad.

At the Water's Edge by Sara Gruen
Love story about the awakening of a privileged young woman in the Scottish highlands during World War II.

Leaving Before the Rains Come by Alexandra Fuller
Vivid memoir about the disintegration of colonial Africa (Rhodesia) and of the author's family there.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Bell, Julian	Van Gogh: A Power Seething
Finlay, Victoria	The Brilliant History of Color In Art
Grabbhorn, Paul	Seeking Light
Lemaitre, Alain & Lessing, Eric	Florence and the Renaissance
Raynes, John	Human Anatomy for the Artist
Wilmerding, John	Andrew Wyeth: The Helga Pictures

Autobiography/Memoir

Fuller, Alexandra	Leaving Before the Rains Come
Galpin, Shannon	Mountain to Mountain (*)
Jansson, Tove	Sculptor's Daughter
Kim, Suki	Without You There Is No Us
Storm, Morten	Agent Storm
White, Michael	Travels in Vermeer
Zakaria, Rafia	The Upstairs Wife

Biography

Anand, Anita	Sophia
Hobbs, Jeff	The Short and Tragic Life of Robert Peace (*)
Peyser, Marc	Hissing Cousins
Wick, Steve	The Long Night

Current Affairs

Barcott, Bruce	Weed the People
Chayes, Sarah	Thieves of State
Eagleton, Terry	Across the Pond
Lewis, Michael	Flash Boys
McGraw, Seamus	Betting the Farm on a Drought

Osnos, Evan

Schieffer, Bob

Age of Ambition

Bob Schieffer's America

Essays and Letters

White, E. B.	Essays of E. B. White
Winfrey, Oprah	What I Know For Sure (*)

Fiction

Atwood, Margaret	Stone Mattress (*)
Binchy, Maeve	Chestnut Street (*)
Camilleri, Andrea	Game of Mirrors
Coben, Harlan	The Stranger
Coben, Harlan	The Stranger (*)
Ephron, Hallie	Night, Night, Sleep Tight
Fanning, Diane	Scandal in the Secret City
Fesperman, Dan	Unmanned (*)
Fielding, Joy	Someone is Watching
Gruen, Sara	At the Water's Edge
Hannah, Kristin	The Nightingale
Harrod-Eagles, Cynthia	Star Fall
Hawkins, Paula	The Girl on the Train
Hepworth, Sally	The Secrets of Midwives (*)
Higashino, Keigo	Malice (*)
Hoag, Tami	Cold Cold Heart (*)
Hooper, Emma	Etta and Otto and Russell and James
James, Miranda	Arsenic and Old Books
Kava, Alex	Breaking Creed (*)
Krentz, Jayne Ann	Trust No One (*)
Lehane, Dennis	World Gone By
Leon, Donna	Falling In Love
Moraes, Richard	The Hundred Foot Journey (*)
Moyes, Jojo	One Plus One
Nath, Fred	The Cyclist



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

O'Reilly, Sally	Dark Aemilia	History	
Parmar, Priya	Vanessa and Her Sister	Cahill, Thomas	How the Irish Saved Civilization (*)
Pearlman, Edith	Honeydew	Croke, Vicki	Elephant Company (*)
Perry, Anne	The Angel Court Affair	Fischer, Paul	A Kim Jong Il Production
Picoult, Jodi	Leaving Time	Greenburg, Michael	The Court-Martial of Paul Revere
Pritchett, Laura	Stars Go Blue	Horn, Jonathan	The Man Who Would Not Be Washington
Reza, Yasmina	Happy Are the Happy	Larson, Erik	Dead Wake
Robertson, Imogen	The Paris Winter (*)	Russell, Jan Jarboe	The Train to Crystal City (*)
Runcie, James	Sidney Chambers and the Shadow of Death	Tuchman, Barbara	The March of Folly
See, Lisa	China Dolls	Nature	
Steinhauer, Olen	All the Old Knives (*)	Hugo, Nancy Ross	Trees Up Close
Toibin, Colm	Nora Webster (*)	Macdonald, Helen	H is for Hawk
Tyler, Anne	A Spool of Blue Thread	Marzluff, John M.	Welcome to Subirdia
Tyler, Anne	A Spool of Blue Thread (*)	Stavrinides, Liz	Miracle Dogs (*)
Walls, Jeannette	The Silver Star	Science	
Weaver, Ashley	Murder at the Brightwell (*)	Barrie, David	Sextant
Winspear, Jacqueline	A Dangerous Place		
Health and Wellness			
Hindman, Jim	Was Blind But Now I See		
Mace, Nancy & Rabins, Peter	The 36-Hour Day		
Nearing, Helen	Light on Aging and Dying		

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff





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