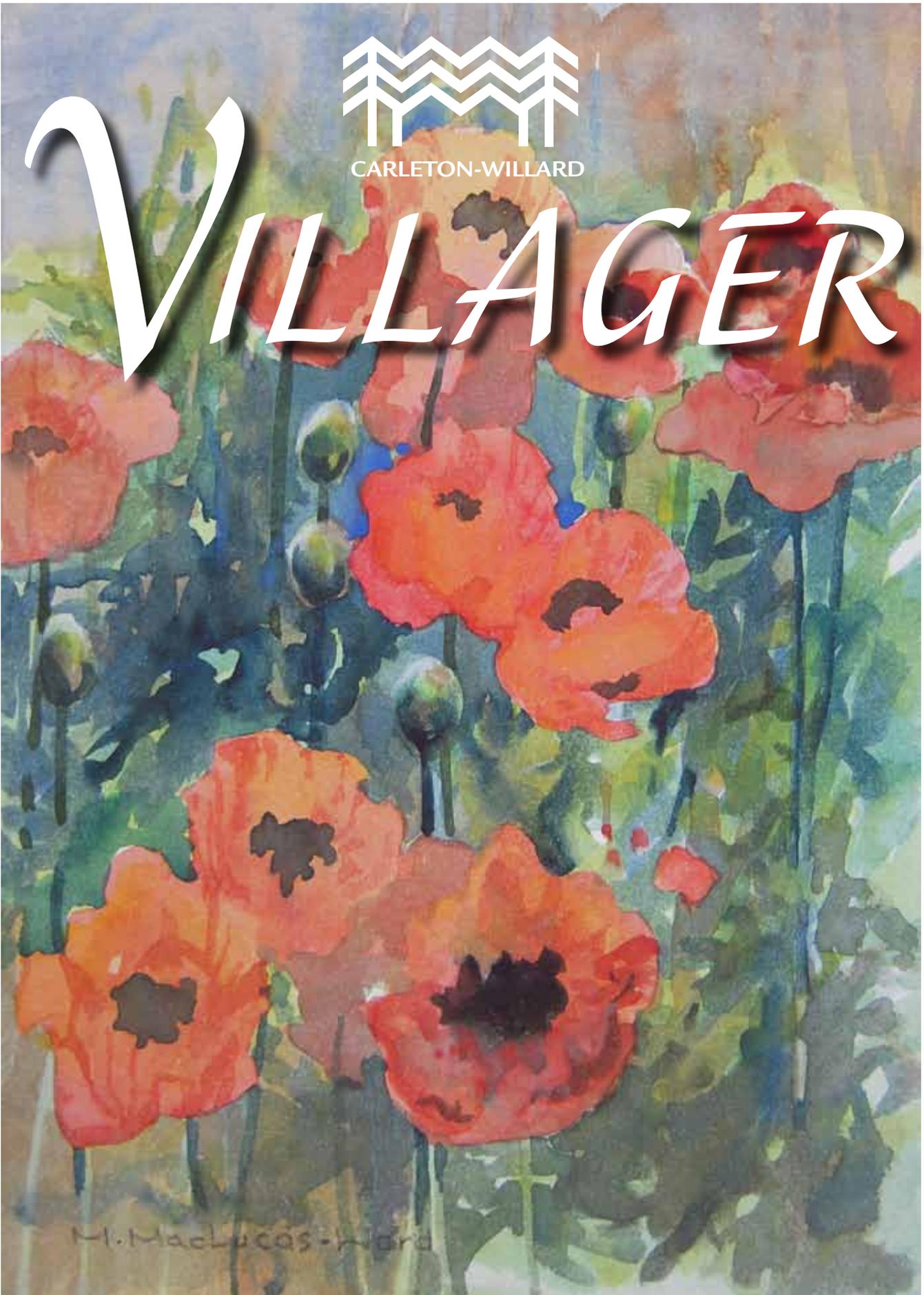




CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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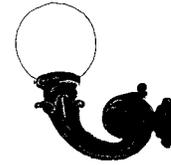
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Editor's Corner



They need us and we need them. In this issue our theme is "A Favorite Pet" and we have stories of loving relationships with our dogs, cats, birds, and a cat and a chipmunk. Our pets surprise us with their intelligence and give us love so often sought from childhood through our adult lives. Residents are continuing these relationships with the eight dogs and eight cats on campus and more to come.

We have dusted off family albums to pick out fifty-year-old pictures to accompany our articles, while other pictures have been borrowed from the Internet. Imagine Googling "Cat and Chipmunk Pictures" and instantly receiving a wide offering of relevant pictures, one of which was selected for "A Pet with a Pet."

For those of us who no longer have a pet, the campus birds and four legged creatures keep us company. Wild Turkeys cry for breakfast at dawn and rabbits scurry for cover at dusk. The statistics for our annual Spring Bird Count that took place on May 4-6 are included in the "Village Happenings" section. Habitat destruction from housing and shopping center development, use of pesticides, and climate change have contributed to a decrease in the number of songbirds in Massachusetts; but counts for common species were somewhat higher than 2010 and 2011. This year we found thirty species.

After a snowless winter and abnormally warm spring, we are prepared for a hot summer. While your air conditioner is purring, it's a great time to put together some thoughts for our September issue whose theme is "A Memory of Music." Revisit the dance floor at Norumbega Park, the Rainbow Room at the Waldorf Astoria, a jazz band on Bourbon Street, or Louis Armstrong at Castle Hill in Ipswich and share your stories with over five hundred readers who receive the *Villager*.



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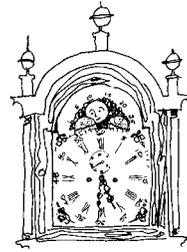
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From the Chief Executive Officer



“I hope to be the kind of person my dog thinks I am.” (Unknown author)

Let me tell you about Maddie.

Maddie may be only a tiny Cavachon puppy, but she's larger than life in my world. She's my comfy reading chair buddy, my neighborhood walk ambassador, my gardening advisor and cooking consultant, and my personal life coach. When I'm sick, she picks me up. When I have a stressful day, she calms me down. Maddie always knows what to do.

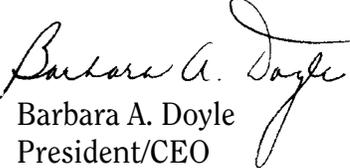
Maddie greets every morning with sheer joy. Sunny skies or menacing clouds, no matter; she can't wait to share the excitement of *one more day*. And when I get home at night, I am the center of her universe. Wagging tail a blur, tongue in hyper-drive, every ounce of her rejoicing: “Mommy is home!”

The poets and songwriters have it all wrong. Love is not a rose. It's not a river, an ocean, a symphony, a pearl, the starry sky, the golden sun or the deep blue sea. No. Love is a puppy. We've all heard that people with pets are happier and healthier. Their stress levels and blood pressures are lower. They are less prone to illness, and when they do get sick, their recoveries are faster and more complete. People with pets maintain more social and emotional connections. They have a more balanced outlook on life.

That's a lot for a little fur ball to give happily each and every day. It's no surprise, then, that Carleton-Willard Village loves pets. (And yes, cat people, we love those little jungle friends too!) Just talk to any Village pet owner. Pets are members of the family, faithful friends and companions. What would we do without them?

Pets play a unique role in our community life too. They have a way of bringing people together. If you have ever seen someone with a pet on our Main Street, you know what I mean. People stop and say hello. There's a pat on the head, a scratch behind the ears, a laugh or two. Twenty minutes and a couple of stories later, all's right with the world. Those little four-legged creatures—they're *magic*.

Pure, unconditional love. It's a rare and wonderful thing.


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



A Pet with a Pet

Snow had fallen most of the day, and was now beating against the sliding doors. Drapes were drawn, and hot coffee was nearby. Also keeping warm was Loki, the house pet cat, snuggling between us, awake enough to tweak his ears at any noise. My knitting needles clicked steadily while the electricity flickered and the TV threatened to quit.

We reminisced about last summer when we hosted a brash Blue Jay demanding food as he sat on the patio picnic table. How agile BJ was as he dined on any wayward crumbs. Before spring turned to summer BJ lingered in surrounding trees until it was time for snacks that we had for such post-picnic treats. A chipmunk so charmed us that Paul always had peanuts in a pocket. Chippy soon learned to climb into Paul's pocket.

It was quite a different scene as I relate events that night.

Comfortable as we were, we still wondered what was making scratchy sounds that we could hear as the wind relentlessly beat snow and ice pellets at the glass doors.

Unexpectedly, Loki jumped down from his warm spot, stretched, then crept to the glass, crouched behind drapes so that we could see only his switching tail. *Something's on the other side.* Curiosity finally won over comfort. Paul went to the door and pulled back the drapes declaring, "Oh, come. It's Chippy!" Snow-covered, whiskers frozen, he appeared near death and



was weaving back and forth from one end of the doors to the other. He seemed to know that heat and hope were possible if only he could find a hole.

Paul and I discussed our options. Outside Chippy would not last long; indoors, Loki would kill him. We chose the latter. Paul opened the slider a wee bit, and Chippy came in. True to our guess, Loki leaped, and I covered my eyes. Paul, braver than I, related what followed. Loki grabbed Chippy with his paws and pushed him under his chest, preventing any escape, and providing warmth. When I dared to peek, Loki was licking whiskers, then proceeded to lick off snow from Chippy's head, back, and feet that stuck out from under the cat's chest. Loki acted as though he was pleased to do this, and Chippy relaxed. Do chipmunks purr? It sounded so!

Chippy lived with us for several years. In warm weather he acted like an ordinary chipmunk with usual tunnels dug in the garden. One tunnel must have led into some deep spot in the basement, for he might appear on a rainy day, and if the vacuum missed any crumbs, they were soon gone. It was not unusual to find both creatures curled up together in a sunny place napping.

We do miss them both.

Juliette M. Hill

No Soap

A naughty young lady named Nola
who bathed in a tub full of cola,
remarked with a grin,
"When I dip my head in,
the bubbles go up my nosola."

Edith Gilmore



Hannah

This is a photo of our dearly beloved Hannah, a seven month old beagle-coonhound mix. Hannah was adopted from an agency that provided homes for deserted or unwanted animals. We guessed that she had experienced a terrible beginning, perhaps a cruel owner she had to placate. She didn't bark when strangers appeared. Instead she lay on her back before them, her legs spread wide. It took a long time before she greeted people she didn't know in a more "civilized" way. Hannah could be positively embarrassing at times.

We provided her with a "doggy" bed, but she preferred sleeping in our beds. She tried all of them, and we learned to expect that there is where we'd find her. Hannah was with us



for nine years and gave us much pleasure. She died on January 31 last year, surrounded by my daughter, son-in-law, and granddaughter, all talking to and gently patting her as the veterinarian inserted a needle in her paw. Nothing could be done to save her. The cancer was too far advanced.

So it is with life. We weep for those who leave us, but if we are left with happy memories we are enabled to go forward and perhaps find another Hannah.

Madeline Marina

Mouse Kitty

Our household has always been embellished by the ownership of a cat. I'm quick to correct the statement to read we have always thought that we owned the cat, however really acknowledged that each cat truly owned us but was subtle in claiming its ownership so that we caretakers rarely thought about the ownership issue.

One particular cat stands out. He was very small when we rescued him from the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shelter: a tiny blue grey handful with lovely green eyes. Holding him in one hand I remember thinking, "My, you really look like a mouse," and, as all our cats were named for something they did or looked like, this cat was named Mouse.

Like all cats, that tiny little mouse-like cat grew and grew and grew and finally reached a weight of fifteen pounds. He was intelligent, affectionate and smart enough to keep who owned whom to himself. Our adventures with him were many. As a house cat, at first he slept in our powder room, favoring the scooped out sink, then later a large box lined with a washable blanket. We were a working household, so kitty spent the day alone in his bathroom habitat. The window was fitted with a shelf so that Mouse could sun himself, which he did. Food and water were fresh each day, and we played with him when we arrived home at the end of the work day when he was allowed the run of the house.

Our backyard was fenced, as there was a pool, so Mouse was allowed to wander around that yard in the good weather. We made the assumption that he would be unable to jump over the twelve foot stockade fence, as he was declawed and in theory could not climb. The problem was that he did not know his limitations. Every so often he would simply jump up and over the fence, thus setting a chase in order. Sometimes just going around the fence and confronting Mouse with a strong voice was



sufficient to get him back in his own yard; other times a chase would ensue. Always, eventually he came back.

Mouse was a dependable pet. He played with a strobe light expending lots of his early kitten energy, and he was amenable to staying off table tops and the like. In all, we had a good time with him. When grandchildren came into the picture Mouse became popular with them, and they visited in order to play with him. At pre-school the boys often had to talk in front of their peers, a show and tell variety. Once when one told about his grandmother's mouse, the teacher corrected him saying, "Your grandmother has not got a mouse!" and Michael, placing his hands on hips loudly stated, "Mouse Kitty." From then on that was the cat's name.

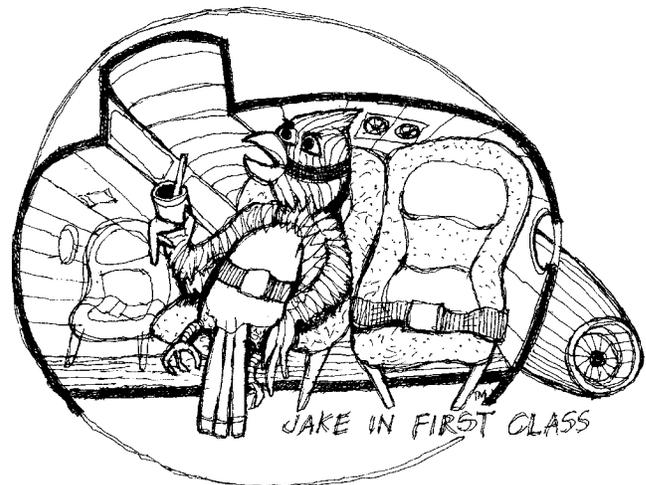
Mouse Kitty moved with us to Massachusetts and lived to a grand old age. My husband, who had never had a cat, believed that cats, like dogs, were trainable and insisted that Mouse Kitty lie across his lap in a particular direction if he wanted to be brushed. Each night the contest was in play, and Francis outwaited the cat, who really did want to be brushed. The cat turned and then got his brushing, a fun contest of wills to watch.

Sadly, in the end, Mouse Kitty went blind as well as developing a severe hearing loss. We could only gain his attention by stamping on the floor. One day he walked out of an open door and was never seen again. Probably, much like ancient Indians, sitting on the trail until the end came. Mouse Kitty was a cat's cat, and he exemplified what each of us hopes a cat will be: an incredible animal bonded to its humans for survival and affection and adding pleasure to each day's adventures.

Ara Tyler

Jake

Years ago, before it was illegal to keep baby birds, a neighbor's little girl brought me a featherless baby Blue Jay that she had found in the window well of her house. I had raised baby birds before, so decided to keep it and named him Jake. I kept him warm and fed him every half hour or so. Jake decided that I was his mother, as most baby animals or birds will do if a human takes over their care. A few weeks later in the spring, I flew to Colorado for the summer and took him with me. He still needed to be fed every half hour and I assumed that his cage would fit under my seat on the plane. But it didn't. The stewardess said she would put him in a safe place which turned out to be strapped in a first class seat. My seat was in coach, so every



half hour on the four- or five-hour trip, I would go up to feed Jake in his first class seat and then return to my coach seat. In Colorado, Jake grew up and learned to fly. He was loose outside all day but would come in to sleep at night. He and I had a fine summer in Colorado. I don't remember about the trip home.

He disappeared about a year later.

Robin Yates



Not One, But Two

As roofers replaced our cedar shake roof after a hail storm, one of the young men took every opportunity to sell me on the idea of getting a dog. Repeatedly I said I wasn't interested. "But I'm talking about a special dog," he said. He called the next Sunday to see if he could stop by with the dog. "Okay," I said, "but I will not keep the dog."

At first sight, I thought he was the ugliest little dog I had ever seen. His legs were too long for his small, thin frame, and he looked nearly hairless. He came with a sad story. The young man said that local breeders had purchased, sight unseen, this four-months-old male Italian Greyhound with a championship bloodline for nine hundred dollars from a well-known breeder in the East. When the pup arrived, the new owners were disappointed in his appearance and certain that they didn't want him as a stud dog. Not knowing what else to do, they took him to an animal shelter to be euthanized. The young man's girlfriend rescued the dog and took him home with her, but her apartment had a no pet policy. They needed to find a home soon for this little dog. When I took him in my arms, he cuddled up, and I said, "He can stay overnight."

We named him Roo. He loved to jump up on the sofa and sit beside me when I was making a quilt, or sit where the table lamp would shine on

him and keep him warm if I was busy. He could run almost forty miles per hour, and he loved to play Frisbee with our son, Bob. Roo was an easy companion and we became quite fond of him, but he *was* odd looking. One day when I was out walking him, a school bus went by and all the kids thought I had a pet kangaroo.

A couple of years later we adopted another Italian Greyhound and named her Katie. She immediately became one of the family. She became the protector and caretaker of Roo, who lapped it up. If Katie came in first after going outside, she would sit by the door and wait for Roo. If Roo came in first, he went to his favorite chair and went to sleep. At bath time, if Roo was bathed first, Katie sat nearby to see that it was done right. If Katie went first, Roo hid, hoping we would forget about him. If the doorbell rang, Katie went to see who was there. Roo stayed way back; if there was any danger, he let Katie handle it.

Legend says that Italian Greyhounds, the smallest of the breed, were companions for ancient rulers. These dogs are known for docility, not intelligence. Katie and Roo were very affectionate and gentle pets, and they brought pleasure into our lives. I was really quite fond of them. To think that I didn't want a dog.

Nell Johnson



Modest Moon

At six a.m. the moon was slowly traveling its passage. I was slowly awakening, aware that the brilliant light appeared to step on each slat of my blinds. So magic an effect it was that I asked that the shade be raised so that I could see the moon clearly. The modest moon disappeared behind clouds and I never saw the moon again.

Juliette M. Hill



Favorite Pet Stories

A beautiful spring day greeted my wife and me as we departed from Cambridge for two days at the Cape, leaving five children seven and under in charge of a first time baby sitter. When we returned late Sunday afternoon, we were greeted at the door by the agitated middle-aged sitter. My wife, paling at the sight, asked, "What on earth happened, was there an accident? Are the children all right?"

The answer: "The children behaved beautifully, ate all their meals, and stayed out of trouble. However, not long after you left I noticed that there was a drip coming from the fish tank that contains neon tetras, guppies, and angelfish. I put a pan under the tank to catch the water, and the drip increased. I knew that I shouldn't add tap water that might kill the fish. I stayed up almost all night Friday and Saturday, refilling the tank with the collected water. I think that I saved the fish, but I am exhausted and need a ride home right away. You better replace the tank this afternoon."

In our fifty-two years of marriage there were many household pets and favorite pet stories. A few years after the fish tank incident we took an overnight trip to the Cape and on our way home my wife spotted an ad in the Sunday Globe for recently weaned, AKC (American Kennel Club) registered, Labrador Retriever puppies. Our eight-year-old son had been pining for a puppy, and we stopped in Quincy to take a look. We walked up two flights and soon spotted a jet black "take home," quite in command of siblings in an open cardboard box home. I wrote out a generous check, we took the puppy and were promised AKC papers to follow. Of course the papers never followed, as the ad was, in retrospect, a come-on. AKC or not, the pup became an important part of our lives. When we arrived home, we happened to be greeted at the door by our son, and he gleefully picked up the puppy and ran around the large Victorian house screaming in delight. When he got back to the car he looked at us and said, "Mommy, Daddy, look what I have!" That was a moment to treasure, and since we returned on Sunday, that became the dog's name. Sunday was with us for

seventeen years and was loved by each and every child. They dressed her up on special occasions and shared secrets, tears, and "don't tell Mom" stories with her.



Sunday was followed by a succession of dogs acquired from the MSPCA (Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) and other sources. Thursday was recycled after a short stay, Roceisco came from a pizza parlor where our youngest daughter worked; Snowflake, a large White German Shepherd, appeared at our doorstep after apparently being abandoned on the Cape by its owners; and Crystal, Tara, and Roscoe came from the Cape branch of the MSPCA. My wife and I shared a large double bed, and Snowflake was an invited guest, sleeping on the outside next to my wife. The first night that Crystal arrived from the kennel she decided that she would sleep on my side of the bed. As soon as she jumped up on the bed, I tried to scold her and kick her off. She immediately was at my throat barking and taking charge. I dove under the sheets, never again quite bonding with Crystal, who for better or for worse became my dog.

After Snowflake died, Roscoe became my wife's favorite. Roscoe looked like a white Eskimo dog, but was probably a mix of Malamute and Shepherd with a very large, white fluffy tail. He had unending energy and kept us on our toes, eager to chase FedEx or UPS trucks if ever let off the leash. Before my wife died, she asked that I find a nice home for Roscoe, and the first hands that were raised were by my son and his family



in Sweden. Trying to train Roscoe to stay in a crate in preparation for our overseas trip was an enormous challenge. He joined Rocky, a lab mix, where he happily lived out his life running along the back roads and fields with our grandchildren.

Jim Stockwell

Broccoli

During World War II I served on minesweepers clearing harbors around the Mediterranean. In the fall of 1944 we swept the harbor at Palermo, Sicily, then sailed up to Sardinia and Corsica and cleared the entrances to Cagliari and Ajaccio. Next, orders came in directing us to the French Riviera. That sounded promising.

We swept the harbors at Toulon and Marseilles, meanwhile discovering that the Riviera was cold and closed tight; no wonderful day or night life at all. Of course—there was a war on. Presently we moved up the coast to Nice, swept that harbor, and tied up to a pier. One morning when I had the watch I noticed two men in business suits walking purposefully down the pier to our gangway. Something about their manner was intriguing, so when then they asked to see the captain of the ship I gave them a good look over and called the captain.

Captain Nixon was a great skipper; he had been a football coach at Georgia Tech and knew how to get the best out of us with a big, easy-going personality and a personal touch. I had no hesitation in getting him involved. In fact I looked forward to his involvement with these strangers and their undisclosed purpose.

When the captain appeared the French gentlemen became animated, solicitous, and with a show of gracious hospitality invited him to join them to discuss a business proposition, gesturing toward some offices at the head of the pier. He seemed interested and invited me to join him. I turned my duty over to another officer, and we followed the men back up the pier to a small, unused office. After we were offered chairs, from the otherwise empty desk a bottle of brandy and glasses were produced, and with great decorum a toast was offered, probably to *la France libre*. Formalities and *politesses* followed, more brandy was served, and finally they got down to business: broccoli.

That was the reality in southern France in wartime: No gasoline, little meat, few cigarettes, chocolates, or bananas, but—plenty of wine and fresh vegetables, neither of which U.S. Navy supplied us with. I don't recall whether the captain was a broccoli-phobe or a broccoliphile, but realizing that the crew probably would not thrill to this vegetable, we purchased one modest bag and offered to buy anything else they might bring on another day. Our French acquaintances were clearly disappointed at this result of their solicitations, but the brandy bottle wasn't yet empty, so we raised our glasses to toast that hoped-for event with suitable formality and bid the gentlemen *merci et au revoir*.

Sorry to say, we sailed to our next assignment in Malta before the anticipated second vegetable delivery could take place, but I'll not forget how that touch of civility in the stern ambiance of war, brief as it was, lifted the spirits of me and my captain.

Stuart Grover





Words and Their Meaning

Ask any immigrant, be it twenty, thirty, or forty years after his or her arrival in this country, and they'll still remember their eventful first few weeks. They will also have a tale to tell about some misunderstanding of the American language.

English is my native tongue and I thought I'd have no problem so long as I said "zee" and "skedule" instead of "zed" and "shedule." But all too soon I ran into unexpected difficulties, not only with pronunciation and spelling, but with the use of words. For example, my first boss inexplicably upbraided me for having been rude to a customer. What had I done? Eventually, I learned he was annoyed because I cheerfully claimed I'd "spoken to" a customer when confirming that his order had already been shipped. It seems that he thought I should have "spoken with" rather than "spoken to" the customer, and it took a while for me to convince my boss that I had in no way intended to scold a valued customer. Thereafter I made sure that I relayed all telephone messages with special care.

In my early budget-conscious forays to the local supermarket, I assiduously avoided anything marked "on special." To me, being special implied that it must be exceptionally good – and, by extension, expensive – until I realized I'd been missing out on all the weekly bargains. Also, in this land of superlatives, I found it hard to buy goods in small quantities. Items like cornflakes, tissues, toothpaste, and soap powder were packaged in regular, large, jumbo, and even in giant economy sizes, but almost nothing was advertised as being small.

Another surprise came on my first visit to a restaurant. Impressed as I was by the endless options offered on a menu that was larger than a legal sized document, I was especially intrigued to learn that all the salads were "garden fresh," the veal "milk-fed," and the liver came from "baby beef." Best of all, it was reassuring to know that the omelets were made with farm-fresh "plump" eggs.

Mary Cowham



Welcome New Residents

Gordon Greer,

from Belmont, 3/22/12

Sheppard and Emily Holt,

from Winchester, 3/23/12

(Verla) Pat Eston,

from Newton, 3/27/12

Stefan and Virginia (Ginny) Schatzki

from Lexington, 4/10/12

Mary Cady,

from Youngstown, NY, 4/12/12

Heather Hill,

from Lincoln, 4/17/12

Frances Pedroli,

from Lexington, 5/16/12

Rose Muggeridge,

from Watertown, 5/24/12



Black Cat

One day four-year-old Robin came home with Snowy. He was the blackest cat I had ever seen and he had been turned away by everyone in the neighborhood because he was deemed mangy, diseased, and a troublemaker.

It was Dee who really looked at the cat that August day. "Mom, that cat's starving!"

He had a gigantic head and a body like a broom handle. His tail was bent in two places, like lazy lightning, and patches in front of each ear were fur-less, raw and diseased looking. Raw sores were everywhere; not a cute little kitty that you wanted to cuddle.

"If you feed him he will never go away." I heard myself repeating this old line.

"But Mom, he's *starving!*"

Dee fed Snowy, but kept her distance. Even she didn't want rabies or mange, or to mess with the drool. When the cat ate, drool like rubber bands hung from both sides of his mouth. At first we saw him now and then. Then we had him now and then. Then Snowy was ours.

While he was eating we Q-Tipped antibiotic salve on his sores. He was too happy with the food to care, and just a wince would let us know that he was hurting. Dee got a pair of work gloves so she wouldn't be contaminated as she put food into his cut-off milk carton bowl. Snowy could never wait, so most of the food dropped on his head. Dee therefore made two milk carton bowls and switched from one to the other, trying to keep ahead of the hungry cat. He ate down to the last crumb, always. No finicky cat there.

On hot days Snowy liked to sleep in the shade of our shrubs, and one day he attacked my calico cat, Kitty, as she sauntered down the steps. I heard the two of them screaming as they rolled into the bushes, and while she had no visible marks from that encounter, Snowy added yet another scar to his collection. That battle won him the shrubs on hot days and Kitty gave them up without another sound. She lived to be fifteen but always peered into the backyard with caution before leaving the house.

Snowy slept on the lawn or driveway on cold days, well positioned to catch the sunlight. When not sleeping under the shrubs or in the grass, he was sitting on a stump, waiting for dinner (or supper or breakfast or a snack). He sat, for all his sad appearance, like the most expensive china cat; paws together, tail wrapped around his hindquarters, and head erect. No witch ever had a more perfect Halloween companion.



Snowy never opened his eyes wide. Much of the time he didn't open his eyes at all. When he did his eyes looked like magnets, very yellow and very sinister. About the time we began to notice that Snowy was putting on weight, we found a few other changes. How do you suppose his tail got straight? We don't know, but it did get straight. Also, once the sores were healed his head got smaller and his body got bigger. Dee said he wanted to be loved, and food alone wasn't enough. She promised she would not bring him inside, or touch him. Now what!

Three weeks later Snowy took his first ride to the vet, not on a broomstick but in our old gerbil box in the back of Dee's car. Other than worms and fleas, the vet gave Snowy a fairly clean bill of health and guessed that he was about four years old. He also told us what we called mange



was caused by cat fights, and Snowy probably couldn't hunt because three of his eye teeth had been broken off.

"Tomcats aren't very nice to each other," he continued, "but they're mighty nice to people. I love it when they come to me. They make my day!"

I have to admit, Snowy had personality. In spite of every objection, and I had many, I found myself peeking out of the door to see if he was waiting, and he never missed the fact that I was peeking, even with his closed eyes. He would stretch and yawn, showing a big red cavity in this all black creature called Snowy, and head for the house. Within three months that starved stray had become a fat cat with enough love to satisfy the entire neighborhood.

So that he could weather the winter Dee built a house for him. It was a Styrofoam cooler tipped on its side, complete with a door and a pine needle mattress. It looked for all the world like the White House under his own spreading yew.

I loved Snowy in spite of myself, and I adored my Dee for the time and love (and money) she invested in a sad creature that was no longer sad, but just a happy and contented tomcat.

Seven years and three months later it was a cold and snowy day. Somewhere along the way in a time not noted or since forgotten, Snowy became "Boo." It fit him so well that when it happened it stuck and no one noticed! Boo soon decided our house was warmer than his White House, and nearer to the refrigerator and microwave from whence all good things came. Boo took a liking to house plants; he ate them. Boo sharpened his claws on rugs, oriental rugs. Boo was spoiled rotten, but Boo spoiled us with his love. We were his willing slaves.

Dee has since married so Boo has moved to Connecticut. He comes to visit now and then but gets carsick and moans a lot. Boo has a father now who spoils him too, and loves him the way all big black tame toms should be loved—and spoiled.

Mariwood (Woody) MacLucas-Ward

Eliza Louisa

Family legend has it that in the mid-nineteenth century my great-great-grandfather, Alexander Hawthorne, left Scotland for the City of London. There he established a tailor's shop near St. Paul's Cathedral and quickly gained a reputation as an excellent craftsman. He was however a poor businessman, as his twelve-year-old daughter painfully discovered after the death of her mother.

Eliza Louisa not only had to leave school to take care of her younger siblings but soon realized the necessity of becoming a self-taught bookkeeper, as many of her father's customers conveniently adhered to the "country custom" of deferring the annual payment of all bills until after harvest time. Once, when she thought she had successfully persuaded her father to hand-deliver an invoice to one of his more delinquent customers, he came home in triumph with a case of Greek wine that he'd accepted in lieu of money. To add to her fury, he told her to bake a fancy fruit cake to accompany the wine for the delectation of his friends and neighbors.

Eliza Louisa married Henry Barnet, who was a proofreader at a nearby print shop. More important, he was also a male alto in the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral for forty years. Every weekday he stepped across the street to sing at Matins and Evensong, and on Sundays he walked from his father-in-law's shop, on the other side of the cathedral, in time for the Sung Eucharist as well. It was Eliza Louisa's decision that they should live behind the tailor's shop because she felt the need to keep a sharp eye on both her father and his chief cutter. She also made sure that her three children – Arthur, Amelia, and Ada – learned how to sew buttonholes at an early age, a skill that proved to be useful after the death of their grandfather.

Arthur was just eighteen when he became nominally in charge, but with his mother always ready (behind a screen) to whisper advice as to what to charge a customer and which bolts of cloth he should recommend, the family business gradually became sufficiently prosperous to enable my grandmother Amelia to graduate from a teacher's training college and for my great aunt Ada to have private singing lessons.



My father was too young to remember having a meaningful conversation with his grandfather Barnet and rarely spoke about his grandmother. He did however recall giggling at his uncle Arthur's claim that his old man was so stingy that he carved the Sunday roast so thinly that it was possible to read the newspaper through every slice of beef that he served. My own most vivid memory of my great-grandmother is of a day when she kept calling, "Ada, Millie, Nora! Ada, Millie, Nora!" At ninety-four she rarely came downstairs until just before lunch, and I was told to run up and ask Grandma what she needed. Well aware that my grandmother and her daughter were known to the grownups as Millie and Nora, I came back to the kitchen and gleefully announced, "Grandma wants to know if *Millie* remembered to put salt in the potatoes," whereupon Aunt Ada huffed and puffed as she lifted a casserole out of the oven and Granny gave me a rueful smile.

Mary Cowham

Housework

Back and forth and to and fro,
the work must be exhausting.
If labor with materials counts,
how much could this be costing?

But bluebirds do not think this way;
they have one thing in mind,
and that's to build a comfy nest
in which to raise their kind.

Stuart Grover



Cinders the Opportunist

Who was Cinders? Cinders was a black and tan registered dachshund pup that Sybil and I acquired in 1953; she was as black as coal, hence the name. Neither of us had grown up with the breed, but Sybil had lived with a family who bred them while she was working after college, hence the choice.

Her cost at the time was three hundred dollars which was quite a challenge as I had just started out as a young as yet unproven faculty member in Boston University Medical School. To recoup the expense, we bred her to a Kennel Club sire, and she delighted us with six gorgeous little puppies, each one of which we sold for three hundred dollars!

Cinders was our pride and joy; nothing was too good for her. We really loved her and took her everywhere. One weekend about a year later, we were invited to join the family of my late chief in a beautiful old sea captain's house in Wellfleet, Cape Cod. We brought Cinders with us of course. It was a hot July evening and a beach party had been planned at Newcomb Hollow, to celebrate the birthday of one of the daughters-in-law. A huge extravagantly decorated birthday cake had been prepared as a surprise and we were asked to transport the cake to the beach just as dusk was descending.

There was a problem, as we had purchased a used Austin-Healey, a very low-slung sports car with a ground clearance of three and a half inches. On opening the tiny trunk we could see that there was enough room (just enough) to accommodate the precious cake so we slid it in very carefully. We were the last to leave for the beach so we went back into the house to find Cinders and bring her along. By now it was near dark, so we closed the door and went back to the car; to our horror there was Cinders walking all over the cake trying to figure out how to get out of the trunk! Horror struck, we lifted her out and brought the cake back into the house to see if it



could be salvaged. Sybil, and another daughter-in-law who had come back to look for us, very deftly smoothed out the messed up decorations with a spatula.

With the cake back in the trunk of the Austin-Healey and Cinders safely on Sybil's lap, we hurried down to the beach where everyone was having a good time. When it was cake time we were given the nod to bring the cake to the party; it was dark now, and the beach fire was burning down, so we carefully placed the cake on a blanket.

The cake was divided up into generous slices, and all agreed that it was the best birthday cake ever!

Stuart Strong

Haunting Memory

A winsome old widow named Lizzie
complained, "I am kept in a tizzy.
My husband's a ghost
who drops in for toast
and coffee whenever I'm busy."

Edith Gilmore

Seeing

To see the busy bird flash its plumage
is to see the marvel of flight,
set free in the precious blanket
that shields us from
the cold vacuum of outer space.

To watch the honey bee
tirelessly fulfilling its
never-ending role of provider
is to see life committed
to the giving of life.

To raise eyes up to a tree
is to see a vast realm
of green outstretched,
capturing for us the essential energy
that streams from our star,
ninety-three million miles away.

To peer down into dark water
where silvery shapes glide silently,
is to be reminded of our origin
in far distant time.

To observe the tiniest insect,
a grain of sand,
making its way across the page,
walking, seeing, feeling, being,
is to be filled with wonder
that stays the hand poised above.

To see dim dots pricking the night sky
is to feel an almost
mystical oneness
with other worlds
sharing this universe.

To see the sunset's flaming colors
is to be assured that our lonely sphere,
protective mother
of its teaming creations,
will turn its face obediently,
to give us tomorrow's sunrise.

And to see these things
is to know
that in the natural world
we have been given
all of the richness we need
to find fulfillment
in what we already have.

Stuart Grover



Village

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

Walt Whitman

A lively five-part series was led by Stephen Collins, a literature-major graduate of U-Mass Boston who left a career as salesman to pursue his real interest. He delved into the life and work of America's beloved poet, starting with a look at his life and the forces that influenced him. Numerous poems were examined, including an entire session on the Civil War poems from *Drum Taps*. We learned that Whitman saw and wrote of America as "a teeming nation of nations," and wanted to help us understand our past and present and anticipate our future.

War Memories

The purpose of this resident-organized project is to systematically capture and preserve the recollections that our residents have of their experiences in the time period around World War II, while serving in the armed services or otherwise. The means of recording are chosen by individual preference and include written essays, personal interviews, and small group sessions, the idea being to make the information available via DVDs to a broader audience, particularly children and grandchildren. We thank the Bedford Historical Society and Bedford Local Access TV who have collaborated with the project committee to produce videotaped interviews. They will be stored in the Society's archives as well as the Carleton-Willard Village office of Learning In Retirement.

Appreciating Music

These classes are designed to enhance our enjoyment and understanding of classical music, listening to different composers and hearing how they put together their familiar and beautiful compositions. In March it was "The Music, Life, and Times of Claude Debussy." Donna Gross Javel led the discussions and provided examples on the piano.

Visiting Chefs

Residents partook eagerly of the offerings of five chefs from the Piscataqua, Maine chapter of the American Culinary Foundation, who joined our own chefs to present a feast of samples for our delectation. Many of us had visited places like the York Harbor Inn and Bintliff's Restaurant in Ogunquit, and now we had a chance to meet and thank the executive chefs for bringing their talents to the Village.

Rose Art Museum

Following an ample lunch at the popular Chateau Restaurant in Waltham a group of art lovers toured the Rose Art Museum at Brandeis University. On view in the refurbished galleries was their small but choice collection of American art of the nineteen fifties and sixties as well as innovative (and sometimes challenging) contemporary works in several media.

Fun With Watercolor

Marilyn Levitt, insisting that her class was about having fun, urged her participants to enjoy the act of painting, the feel of the brush to paper, the surge of color. She allowed that any masterpieces would be accepted with pleasure, but none were reported. By all appearances, this set the tone for a pleasant creative experience for all the aspiring artists.



Happenings

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

Bird Census

Each spring members of the Nature Group and other interested residents fan out to the best viewing spots on the Village campus and count bird species. The records are tallied and compared to note any trends in bird populations. We have six years of counts so far.

Here is a sample of averages:

	2009	2010	2011	2012
Chickadee	2.4	1.3	1.7	1.8
Crow	2.7	2.1	1.9	2.9
Goldfinch	2.6	2.3	2.0	2.3
Canada Goose	2.0	3.0	3.8	2.0
Grackle	2.4	2.3	3.3	3.9
Hummingbird	1.2	1.0	2.3	1.0
Robin	1.5	1.2	1.9	2.0
House Sparrow	2.6	3.0	3.4	3.2
Starling	2.5	1.0	1.8	2.0
Titmouse	1.5	1.7	1.7	1.4
Wild Turkey	2.0	1.5	1.0	4.0

Family Folk Chorale

This is a group of more than sixty singers and instrumentalists committed to the resurgence of ensemble-based folk music performance. It makes good its name by including individual voices in solo and small groups along with harmonically rich, full group refrains.

The group displayed informal appeal, ranging in age from five to seventy-five, dressed in their favorite street clothes, and featuring a drummer and a violinist, both seven years old, who played with charming self-assurance and real talent. The music, drawn from traditional and contemporary sources, along with compositions and arrangements by director Chris Eastburn, was enjoyed by a large audience, who rewarded them with extended applause.

Stuart Grover





The Dog Who Came to Dinner

(with apologies to Kaufman and Hart)

Rosie was a Shepherd mix, but really predominantly German Shepherd. She was my son's dog and the puppy of a dog belonging to a couple who were good friends of his from Oberlin and lived nearby. Peter lived with other recent Oberlin graduates in a house not far from us in Lincoln. He was going to graduate school while earning money doing a variety of odd jobs. Lincoln did not have a leash law, and still does not, so Rosie and her pals roamed the countryside. Rosie adored Peter. She had eyes only for him, always sitting or lying near him and staring at him with soulful eyes.

After achieving a master's degree in education, Peter could not find a job to his liking, due to the decrease in elementary school enrollment across the country. What a shame! A male teacher, especially Peter, would have been such a wonderful experience for young children. He decided on applying to a law school which specializes in health law, an interest he had developed at a summer job as an undergraduate. He was accepted at Franklin Pierce Law School in Concord, New Hampshire, and found a small apartment in a private home, where he could leave Rosie tied up while he went to class. Poor Rosie objected strenuously to this sudden loss of freedom.

As the weather grew colder, Peter did not want to leave Rosie outside, so he left her in the house, hoping for the best. As far as Rosie was concerned, that was the last straw. One crisp fall weekend, Peter and Rosie arrived at our front door. "Mom, would you mind if Rosie spent the fall and winter months here at your house? And Dad, do you think you can repair this door frame? It is obvious that Rosie cannot stay locked up inside my apartment."

We already had at least one cat as well as Thane, a Golden Retriever, who was diabetic and had to remain inside while I was teaching in the local school. I certainly could deal with another dog, since she would be able to spend the day outside running free. I was not sure how receptive Thane would be, although the two seemed

to get along when Peter and Rosie had visited in the past. In those visits, however, Rosie hardly paid any attention to anyone except Peter. The two dogs and the cat did get along famously. Rosie's longing for Peter gradually subsided, and those soulful eyes were redirected at me. When I walked Thane, as I had to, Rosie walked right along with us. The only problem was that Rosie assumed the role of protector and let other dogs know to stay away in a less than gracious manner.

As spring approached, we began to wonder when Peter would come to take Rosie back. We soon discovered that he had adjusted quite nicely to the arrangement. He saw that Rosie was happy, and actually gave him only a passing glance when he visited. It also appeared that neither my husband nor I seemed the worse for wear. So Rosie became the dog who came for dinner and stayed for fourteen years. Eventually, she became the only animal in the house, and my continuous shadow.

Esther K. Braun

An Unusual Pet

My father named him "Snow White," because there wa"s no white" on him. A soft, fluffy bundle of black, he was about the size of a tennis ball in the palm of her hand when my sister discovered him and picked him up from the road. He had most likely been pushed out of his nest.

Brought home, coddled and catered to, he became a full grown crow and an unusual member of the family that summer. Of course he imprinted on my sister, who raised him on a mixture of beaten eggs and bread. He thrived. His baby squawk resulted in more eggs-and-bread several times a day, first from a spoon, then from a bowl—like a baby human. Unfortunately, he never learned to find food for himself but always demanded to be fed by us. This was very unnatural, but in most other ways he acted like the crow he was, with a few individual characteristics.



Refusing to Proceed



When he was able to fly, he flew up to the ridge of the garage where he could monitor the movements of the family and any other interesting activities going on. He knew when we took the car to the beach, and would fly onto its roof and go with us, a trip of a few miles. Like all crows he had exceptionally sharp vision and was attracted to all bright things. If a guest came with a diamond ring or red painted toenails (we were prone to the latter in summertime) he would swoop down suddenly, perhaps land first on the person's head, then peck at the attraction. This could be startling.

To rouse us all in the morning, he learned to perch on the bar that held the casement window open, and run his beak up and down the screen. I still remember the sound. I also remember that he never learned to caw like a wild crow; he kept his baby-crow chirp. This was undoubtedly because he had not been brought up by crows.

All in all it was quite an interesting experience and one which had to come to an end. We had to go back to the city in the fall. What to do with Snow White? He could not come with us, and he certainly couldn't fend for himself. With apprehension—yes, and guilt—we arranged for a neighbor to look after him.

What had we done? We had rescued a baby bird, raised him, and enjoyed his foibles. Out of empathy, curiosity, or something else? Snow White was not the first wild creature we had taken in.

Sue Hay

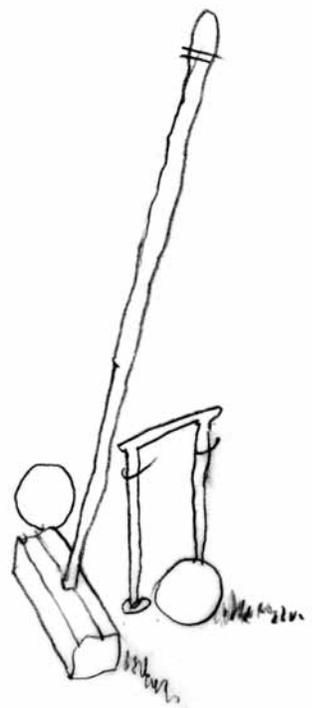
I do not like my little car.
Although it takes me near and far,
I sometimes reach—which makes me sore—
a place I was not headed for.

A stack of books was overdue.
I took the car. It took me to
the pet shop. There the engine died,
sat silent till I went inside,
returning with a bird.

I needed cheese and tea and bread.
I got to Uncle Joe's instead,
the car refusing to proceed,
till I had helped my uncle weed
his vegetable bed.

"Oh, sell your car," was his advice,
"but set, perhaps, a modest price?"
I will! And also to complete
the deal—free gift!—one parakeet.

Edith Gilmore





Vicky

He was a secondhand dog. My husband, Bill, had once had a Cocker Spaniel named Betsy, of whom he had been very fond, so when an ad for a registered three-month-old Cocker Spaniel appeared in our local paper, we inquired. The owners told us that it turned out to be harder than they expected to keep the puppy in their second floor apartment. They had purchased him from an outlet on a busy highway nearby with official AKC registration papers from a breeder in Kansas. But Vicky sold himself. His fur was a golden beige color. When fully grown, he was somewhat larger than most Cocker Spaniels, and he might have been an English Cocker Spaniel. Whatever tail he may have had had been removed or cut to almost nothing, but he was quite capable of expressing himself without it. Bill proposed the name Vicky because he was so quick and lively.

It turned out that Vicky had an intestinal disorder, which eventually was successfully treated. Dr. Hall, the vet, warned that at this stage it would be hard to train him to always go outside to relieve himself. We realized that if he were to be trained, it was essential to be consistent, and we always let him out when he “spoke,” or barked loudly, at the door. One winter night he “spoke” around 2 a.m. We did not want him to wake our quiet neighborhood by barking loudly when he was ready to come in so I tried to caution against his usual demanding tone by seriously repeating, “Don’t speak” as I let him out. Shortly after there was a subdued and muffled “woof” at the door. I was thrilled to realize that

this tiny puppy both understood and wanted to do what I asked. He could let us know what he wanted us to do too. I always think of Vicky at the time-change in the fall; when his evening meal did not appear at the accustomed time, he would get behind me and manage to herd me toward the kitchen.

Once, Bill and I raised our voices in an argument. Vicky dashed off and shortly returned noisily chomping on his squeaky toy. This distraction soon ended our dispute. Afterwards we occasionally faked arguments to see Vicky go for his squeaky toy to restore harmony. We could always count on his doing this, even when it meant he had to go downstairs to fetch his toy.

He liked to come with us in the car, and seemed to have an instinct about when it was possible. He would station himself at the door until invited to come. Besides being with us, his objective seemed to be seeing other dogs. He would lie quietly between us in unsettled areas, but he would sit up and look

around intently in more populated areas where there was a prospect of seeing other dogs. This was before leash laws were generally in effect. He never resisted going to the vet’s office or to the health department inoculation clinics. He always approached such occasions with enthusiasm as if he were going to a dog party.

Vicky considered himself the defender of our home. He barked ferociously whenever men emptied garbage receptacles in adjoining yards. They did not need to open the gate to our fenced-in yard as we had a garbage disposal. However, they were aware of Vicky’s hostility as they moved through the neighbors’ yards





and we heard that Vicky had quite a reputation in the Sanitation Department. Surely Vicky believed that it was his furious barking that prevented our being invaded. He was, however always cordial to visitors who came to the house. We had taught him not to jump up on people, so his greeting was to fetch his squeaky toy and perform a kind of welcome dance in the hall.

Once Vicky decided to spend the night in our room instead of on his bed downstairs. His tags jiggled noisily as he moved. Bill was a light sleeper and said that would keep him awake. I therefore led Vicky downstairs but the following evening when we went up to our bedroom Vicky was already ensconced under the dresser. He gave me a look as if to say, "Did you really expect to get ahead of me?" Again I escorted him downstairs. He did not protest but showed his reaction the following morning by going to Bill and ignoring me, as he retired under the dresser. When I left the room without speaking to him, he appeared surprised, but I went to him a few hours later and we were friends again.

When Vicky had an inflammation on his rear end Dr. Hall prescribed a salve and advised that I make a cardboard collar so that Vicky could not lick the area. I found a large piece of cardboard, and cut it in a circle with a hole in the center for his neck. It was flexible so that Vicky could lie down comfortably. He did not seem to mind wearing it. On the contrary, he seemed to consider it a mark of distinction. When Dr. Hall asked if Vicky had to be held to put the collar on, I held the collar in front of him, and Vicky immediately thrust his head forward into it, which demonstrated how he felt.

In spite of questionable beginnings, Vicky's true qualities revealed themselves. We knew that we were very fortunate to have had him with us for over fifteen years.

Libby Patchell

Alfie

My favorite pet joined our family in 1936 when I was eleven years old. One of my father's patients gave him a dear puppy in return for medical care given to the man's family. Money was scarce in those days. Mother named the cute little bundle of fur Alfred Landon. Perhaps you remember the name—he was the unsuccessful 1936 Republican candidate who ran against Franklin Delano Roosevelt. He was also the father of Nancy Landon Kassebaum who was elected to the Senate in 1978. My parents were loyal Republicans in those days.

Alfie was a genetic mixture of unknown proportions. He loved everyone in the family, but I always thought I was his favorite. Every school day he would wait for me at the entrance to our driveway on High Street. As soon as he spotted my bike, he would start wagging his tail and barking his greetings. I would stop beside him and give him a hug. Then, I would get back on my bike and say: "Ready, get set, go!" Off we would race down the hill to our house. The only times I won were when I disqualified Alfie for starting too soon.

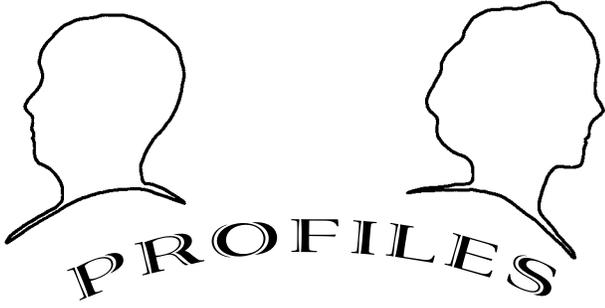
Win or lose, we loved the game and we loved one another.

Ruth Fernandez-Herlihy

Doggone It

We had a black lab named Carmen, our favorite dog of all time. Donny and I were going on a trip to the Galapagos. He brought our suitcases down from the attic in Maine. He put mine in our bedroom, but left his open on the floor in the living room. Carmen realized we were going away when she saw the open bag. She went and got her favorite bone, a rather large one she chewed on, and put it in the bag—she packed her bag! Unfortunately we couldn't take her, but knew how much she wanted to go with us.

Connie Parson









You Have Got to Be Kidding

Let me begin by stating that I love animals. At the Larkin home, we have had three dogs and many cats over the years. Our yard was filled with wild turkeys, squirrels, raccoons, and field mice, and our trees had every species of birds. After the demise of all our pets, either due to traffic accidents or old age, I made the decision that we should no longer have pets. I had grown much attached to each one, with careful attention to their well-being, including vet visits, shots, good nutrition, exercise, and nurturing. And, after the death of each one I was very upset, and felt the loss for a long time. Tom and our three boys were also saddened by the loss of our pets, but they seemed to get over it rather quickly.

Well, one day Tom took the boys out for their regular Saturday outing so that mom could get all the household chores done and relax for a while. Upon their arrival home they excitedly entered with an animal that to this day is very difficult to describe. “Mom,” they shouted, “look what we brought home, isn’t he great, and he was free.” They told me that there was a sign outside of a house that read, *Free Dog. We are moving out of state and need someone to take him.*

Now here is an accurate description of the poor creature that entered our home. He was a boxer, about eighty years old (in dog years), blind in one eye, had only three legs, and drooled constantly. I could understand the children’s innocence in all of this, but Tom! He never made eye contact with me, and probably felt I would be temporarily upset, but could not disappoint the boys. Wrong. No way was I going to take on this new challenge. I stared at each one of my sweet boys and my strange husband with dismay and disbelief. Then, I slowly announced, “Boys, I truly feel badly for the dog, but I really feel that his family should have made other arrangements for him. The dog would not be comfortable in a strange home after living with the same family for many years. And I added that Mom cannot possibly handle a dog that would need so much care. I am sorry, but here is the deal. I



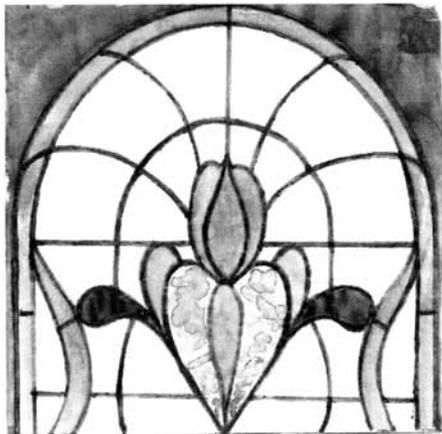
am going out to do the food shopping. When I return, I want you to have returned the dog, and explained that your mother could not deal with this kind of responsibility. Now, the bottom line is this; it's either me or the dog."

I left, and I watched their faces, not knowing how they would handle this situation. To be honest, on my way home from shopping, I thought, would they choose the dog, and not me, and then who would do the cooking, cleaning, shopping, going to all their school events, helping with homework, etc.? When I arrived, the house was quiet. The dog was gone, and the boys were *not* talking. I am sure that Tom tried to explain to them about the problems that we would all experience, especially mom, taking on this kind of task.

The boys were rather "cool" towards me for a few days, and I was rather cool towards Tom. But, after a few days, things were back to normal.

It's not easy being a "mother."

Anne Larkin



<i>In Memory</i>	
Ruth McPhee	March 5, 2012
Thomas L. Connors, III	March 18
Sheldon S. Sandler	March 21
Edith Harrington	April 5
Marcia Rightmire	April 16
Mary Ekstrom	April 18
Lorraine Johnson	April 20
Ceevah Blatman	April 22
Eleanora Brooks	April 25
G. (Gertrude) Marie Ryan	April 29
Eleanor (Ellie) Childs	May 2
Thelma Bonzagni	May 8
Ann Colucci	May 18



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

Behind The Scenes in the C-WV Library

Our library at Carleton-Willard Village is completely resident run, and we are very proud of it. Our goal is to provide a steady stream of new books that satisfy the wide variety of interests that our residents bring to the village. Over thirty volunteers work at various tasks to keep things running smoothly. We are ably led by Louis Pitt, Chair of the Library Committee.

Book selection: Between twenty and thirty books are added to the library every month. Regular print books are chosen by the Library Committee, large print books are chosen by a special committee, and donated books are carefully chosen by a Small Donations Committee. Volunteers process the new books, type and file the catalog cards, and add the titles to a computer catalog using an Excel spreadsheet. This software enables us to sort the collection by author, title, category, and date added to the library.

Tracking circulation: Residents sign books out and in at a desk just inside the library, and a cart of books is taken to the Health Center once a week. A corps of volunteers records each book taken out in the library computer, using Quicken software. At the end of each month the list of books taken out is printed and checked against the Excel spreadsheet to identify and correct any errors, and reminders are sent to any residents

who have kept a book for over a month. A small group of volunteers works to track down lost books.

Weeding the collection: Every summer, a list is printed of all books taken out over the last three years. Each member of the Library Committee is assigned an area of the library to check against this list, to identify books that have not been taken out and to determine if any are candidates for removal. Since we add between 250 and 350 books to the collection every year, it is necessary to remove approximately the same number of books every summer. Volunteers remove the books from the card catalog and the computer catalog, and the books are donated to the C-WV staff, the Bedford Public Library, and the Bedford Council on Aging. The weeding project also helps to identify books that need mending, and these are passed on to yet another small group of volunteers.

There are many details seen to in running a library, and the volunteers take their work seriously. Teamwork is the name of the game, and there is always someone to lend a hand if a volunteer is away or ill. Would you like to be a library volunteer? If you would, please get in touch with Louis Pitt. There are many jobs waiting for enthusiastic and dedicated workers.

Katherine F. Graff



Among the New Reads

Death of a Kingfisher by M.C. Beaton

A mystery set in the majestic Highlands of Scotland with some ecoterrorism and murder thrown in.

The Partnership by Philip Taubman

Five former Cold War mavens have become totally committed to nuclear disarmament and banning the bomb.

The Starboard Sea by Amber Dermont

The tale of a boy in a New England boarding school struggling with his freedom and identity, coming of age.

The Lost History of 1914 by Jack Beatty

A thorough consideration of the varied events that led to the catastrophe of World War I.

You Know When the Men Are Gone by Siobhan Fallon

Poignant stories about military families in the Middle East War, chosen as Bedford's Book of the Year 2012.

Harvard Square: An Illustrated History since 1950 by Mo Lotman

A fascinating picture book of familiar ground seen in unfamiliar ways.

Defending Jacob by William Landay

Legal thriller: a district attorney is appalled when his own son, Jacob, is named as a murder suspect.

Noel Coward Reader

A chance to relive some of the great plays of the Twentieth Century, including *Private Lives*, *Blithe Spirit* and *the Vortex*.

The Odds: A Love Story by Stewart Onan

An exploration of older love as a desperate couple goes to Niagara Falls in an attempt to save their marriage.

Elizabeth the Queen: The Life of a Modern Monarch by Sally Bedell Smith

A microscopically detailed portrait of the reigning queen of England.

The Quality of Mercy by Barry Unsworth

Three connected stories from the days of slavery, the prosecution of mutinous sailors, and its wide-ranging effects.

The Puppy Diaries by Jill Abramson

An editor of the New York Times is the voice of a golden retriever revealing the mysterious connection of dogs and humans.

Hellbound on His Trail by Hampton Sides

The assassination of Martin Luther King and the relentless manhunt for James Earl Ray by the F.B.I.

Behind the Beautiful Flowers by Katherine Boo

An unforgettable portrait of India's urban poor, human beings in the throes of a brutal transition.

The Beginner's Goodbye by Anne Tyler

One man's journey through grief is a meditation on marriage, community, and the power of love.

Wild: From Lost to Found on the Pacific Crest Trail by Cheryl Strayed

A candid, inspiring narrative of the author's physical and psychological journey hiking alone from California to Washington.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Madigan, Mary Jane Steuben Glass

Biography

Brauen, Yangsom Across Many Mountains (*)

Giffords, Gabrielle Gabby (*)

& Mark Kelly

Keaton, Diane Then Again

Matteson, John The Lives of Margaret Fuller

Nies, Judith The Girl I Left Behind

Shadid, Anthony House of Stone

Smith, Sally Bedell Elizabeth the Queen

Strayed, Cheryl Wild

Wentworth, Ali Ali in Wonderland and Other Tall Tales

Current Affairs

Acemoglu, Daron & Why Nations Fail
James A. Robinson

Boo, Katherine Behind the Beautiful
Forever

Brzezinski, Zbigniew Strategic Vision

Ghonim, Wael Revolution 2.0

Taubman, Philip The Partnership

Drama

Coward, Noel The Noel Coward Reader

Essays and Letters

Avlon, John, ed. Deadline Artists

Franzen, Jonathan Farther Away

Fiction

Abramson, Jill The Puppy Diaries

Ahmad, Jamil The Wandering Falcon (*)

Beaton, M. C. Death of a Kingfisher

Bowen, Rhys Naughty in Nice (*)

Camilleri, Andrea The Potter's Field (*)

Clancy, Tom Locked In

Coben, Harlan Stay Close

Crais, Robert Taken

Cumming, Charles The Trinity Six

De Rosnay, Tatiana The House I Loved (*)

Dermont, Amber The Starboard Sea

Dodd, Charles A Bitter Truth

Draine, Betsy & Murder in Lascaux
Michael Hinden

Englander, Nathan

What We Talk About When
We Talk About Ann Frank

Eugenides, Jeffrey The Marriage Plot (*)

Evanovich, Janet Lean, Mean, Thirteen

Fallon, Siobhan You Know When the Men
Are Gone

Gallagher, Stephen The Bedlam Detective

Gardner, Lisa Love You More

George, Alex A Good American

George, Alex A Good American (*)

Gruen, Sara Flying Changes (*)

Harbach, Chad The Art of Fielding

Ivey, Eowyn The Snow Child

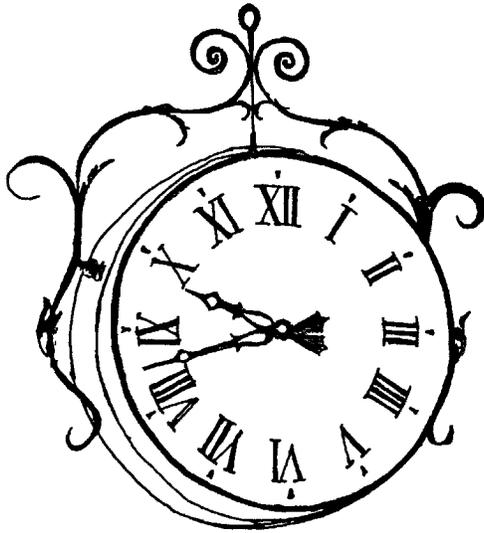
Johnson, Adam The Orphan Master's Son

Landay, William Defending Jacob

Leon, Donna Beastly Things

Livesey, Margot The Flight of Gemma Hardy

McCann, Colum Let the Great World Spin





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