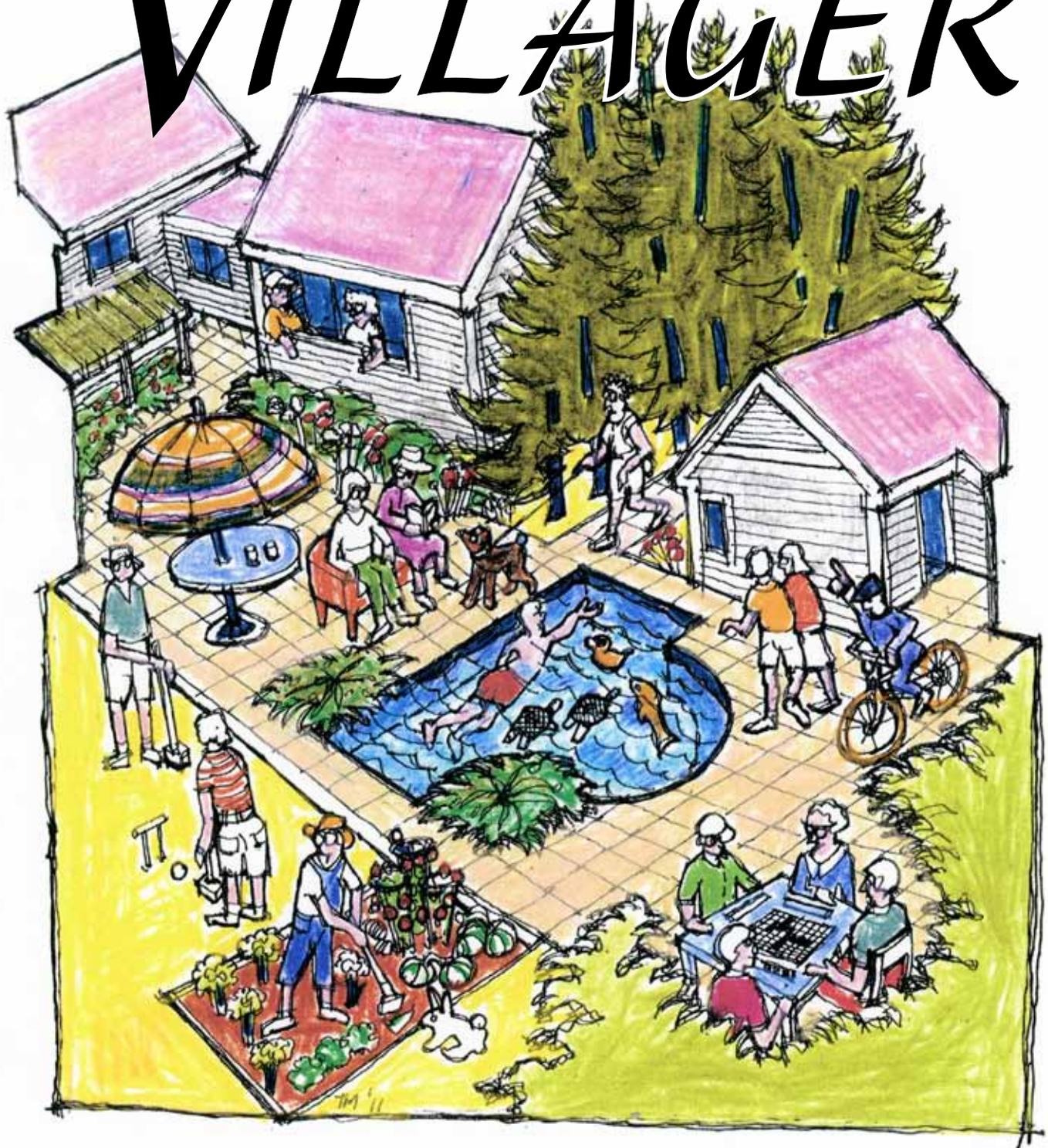




CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER

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

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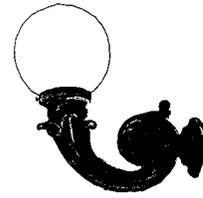
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# Editor's Corner



**F**urniture, china, jewelry for sale: we have been cleaning house, donating excess baggage to be sold in the biennial Carleton-Willard sale to raise funds for worthy causes. However, we have not thrown away some wonderful recollections from the past. In this "Special Summer Memory" issue we travel to such places as Osceola, Missouri, to taste pickled beets and across the pond to Carlisle Cathedral in England, where resident Audrey Fletcher and daughter made brass rubbings.

As this issue goes to press, Spring has finally arrived. It is a time of renewal with white hepatica poking through the pine needle cover along the Pine Path and hyacinths in our gardens in full bloom. The *Villager* is keeping step with the season. I am disappointed that Luis Fernandez-Herlihy and Edith Gilmore are leaving the board. Both have made unique contributions and will be hard to replace. Happily, Neela Zinsser and Mike Veidenheimer have joined the board and will be an integral part of the team preparing the September issue. In one further change, Sheila Veidenheimer is joining the circulation group, replacing Edith Noyes who is retiring.

We have already selected covers for the September and December issues and will announce the September theme after this issue has been circulated. We hope selection of a theme encourages both repeat and new resident contributions, and are happy to publish almost everything that is submitted. Our stories and profiles provide a cover to cover picture of our rich backgrounds and continuing vibrant life here in the village.



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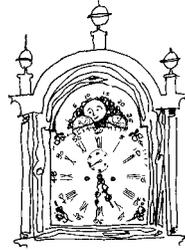
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## *From the Chief Executive Officer*



*The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.* – Napoli

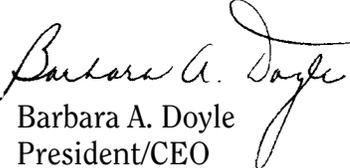
If sunset is any indicator, it's going to be a gorgeous evening at Great Point on Nantucket, though the wind has picked up and the crashing, waist-high Atlantic was officially "chilly" hours ago. No matter. I'm on a mission. I'm catching another blue before I leave this spot.

Surf casting for bluefish is definitely not the tranquil pastime one usually associates with fishing. You've got to be prepared for hard work. Looking out to where I last saw the blues break, I plant my feet shoulder-width apart, knees slightly bent. Elbow in place, I rotate my hips and shoulders, raise my custom-built ten foot rod straight back to ear-level, and shift my weight to my back foot. In one sweeping motion I hurl forward, casting as far as I can into the pounding surf.

If the blues are hungry (and they always are, these "wolves of the sea"), it won't be long before a familiar, violent tug tells me the battle has begun. Anyone who's caught bluefish will tell you they're tenacious, frenzied fighters who will absolutely wear you down, only to greet you with razor-sharp teeth when you finally get them to shore. Make no mistake this is a test of wills.

Did I mention I'm in heaven? The roar and spray of the waves. The relentless cries of the gulls. It gets to a point where, as they say, "the mind must command, and the body follow." If my body wins, I have to call it a day; if my mind wins, I've got a tasty dinner! It's terribly exciting, reeling in a blue, but you have to be strong. Focused. Resolute.

When I talk about my summertime blue fishing experiences, I always get a few raised eyebrows. Once, though, I had a colleague observe, "Hmm... sounds a bit like what we go through every day at work!" It never occurred to me, but both involve navigating through tricky, fast-changing political and economic currents. You need patience, determination, a good strategy—and, you need to keep your wits about you. So yes, the similarities are there I must admit—both have provided their fair share of adventures!

  
Barbara A. Doyle  
President/CEO



## A Summer Day in Moscow

It was a gorgeous 1996 summer morning in Moscow. Boris Yeltsin was embroiled in a hotly contested campaign for a second term as President of Russia, Russian-American relations had thawed, Muscovites and others were still disoriented following the collapse of the USSR and the eclipse of the Communist party. Ruth and I had decided to visit the Pushkin Museum that morning and to get there from our hotel via the famous Metro. Before traveling to Russia, and having been defeated by the Russian language, I had memorized the Cyrillic alphabet so that I could see what signs said, but not necessarily what they meant.

At the Metro station, we spent some time admiring its impressive elegance, cleanliness, and artwork. Our guidebook directed us to the appropriate train and track. It also indicated that at a particular station we would have to transfer to another train in order to reach the museum.

As the train moved out of the first station, I stood up to study the Metro map above the seats, trying to reconcile it with the guidebook. It was early morning and most of the seats were occupied by expressionless women who paid no attention to us. One of them, accompanied by a young boy, stood up and approached me. With a big smile she gave her son a little shove towards me. He asked me in hesitant but pretty good English if his mother could help us find our way. I told him where we were headed and he translated for his mother. She gave him instructions, but before he could give them to me, there was a chorus of vigorous “Nyet”s from the suddenly animated ladies on the seats. Apparently each of them had a different idea of how to get to our destination and they engaged the boy’s mother and each other in loud debate, while he stood by sheepishly in silence. After several minutes, consensus was reached, the mother spoke to her son, and he translated. The women, now thoroughly awake, continued to discuss the underground geography among themselves.

The mother told us she would let us know where to get off. In the meantime, the boy sat

down to chat with us. He said he was twelve years old, that he had been studying English in school for three years. His homework assignment for that morning was to write a letter in English to a friend in which he discusses US-Russian relations. He found it very interesting because he thought English was a beautiful language. Vacations were coming up soon he said and he looked forward to playing soccer and chess but he was not very good at the latter. He said his mother was a history teacher, but she did not speak English. He asked all about us and where we came from and said he would love to visit Boston. The mother followed our conversation with a proud smile, and soon the ladies of the chorus were also smiling with many Russian oohs and ahs as we and the boy chatted.



When we arrived at the station where we were to transfer, the boy said that he and his mother were going to get off the train with us so they could lead us to the platform where we could get the train that passed near the museum. Though we told them that was unnecessary they insisted and walked us all the way to the proper place. We parted with many bilingual expressions of gratitude and friendship all around as they returned to the former platform to resume their journey.

This was a delightful experience for us and for them also. How much better off might we all be if our relations with other nations were in the hands of the people and not the politicians?

*Luis Fernandez-Herlihy*



## There's the Rub

In the summer of 1969 we beguiled our teenage daughter, Suzanne, into a degree of interest in accompanying us on a trip to Britain by suggesting that she plan an itinerary to include brass rubbing. She did this with enthusiasm and came up with a route that included memorial brasses in both small and large churches throughout England.

In those days one could go into many of the churches and cathedrals, without appointment, and obtain permission to rub the original brasses. This is no longer possible. Since the early seventies most rubbings can be done only from reproductions of the originals in order to preserve and protect them from damage.

Upon arriving in London we visited an art supply store for instructions and supplies and purchased the appropriate paper, masking tape, and black wax crayons called heel balls. The first stage of the trip was to go to Edinburgh by train, then rent a car to tour the Scottish Highlands. Following this interesting and scenic drive we were ready to head south to England to begin brass rubbing. Our first stop was the large and imposing cathedral in Carlisle. Begun in the twelfth century and rebuilt several times over the centuries, this cathedral's most significant feature is an enormous and intricate East Window, fifty-one feet high, in place since 1350, and the largest in England in the elaborate decorated Gothic style.

We entered and asked permission to rub the brass of the 1496 Bishop Bell. The canon warden led us right up the main aisle, directly under the magnificent East Window and high altar, and rolled back an oriental rug. There in the floor was the tomb covered with a large brass showing the bishop in full vestments, with mitre and crosier, *and he was large*, almost five feet long!

Totally in awe of the grandness of the setting and nervously aware of our inexperience, we taped down the paper and began our first ever rubbing. We soon found a sort of rhythm and were all three working away when we looked up

from our various hands and knees and crouching positions to see that we were completely surrounded by a large and silent circle of spectators. I remember feeling, for a minute, absolutely trapped and panicky. However, the watchers were friendly and interested, and so we were able to ignore them somewhat and, although feeling very much on display, finish the large rubbing. The next day, for a change of pace and to stretch some complaining muscles, we drove to, and hiked along, sections of Hadrian's Wall.

After side trips through the Lake District and into Wales, we headed to Acton Burnell in Shropshire to find the renowned brass commemorating Nicholas, Lord Burnell, 1382. This was a large knight in full armor, but with no audience in this quiet church we soon had him on "paper."

Driving on through the Cotswolds we came to Northleach, an important center of the wool trade in the Middle Ages. The beautiful church of St. Peter and St. Paul had been magnificently restored by the wealthy wool merchants and had inside many elaborate brasses of these merchants and their wives and children, often with the symbolic wool sack at their feet. We stayed to do several rubbings there.

Perhaps the strangest location on our trip was the little village of Clyffee Pypard in Wiltshire where we searched through a small, seemingly deserted church for the brass listed in our daughter's itinerary. Finally found, it was a small knight low on the north wall in behind an old pump organ. With only space for one person to get to it, it took Suzanne three hours to do a fine rubbing of the brass.

Several other churches on our route had brasses situated too high up on the walls to be reachable, but our final stop was a find. All Saints Church in Odiham, Hampshire, was rich in brasses—civilians, knights, and clergymen. We chose to rub William Goode, Rector of Dogmersfield, 1408. He hung for many years after in our Lexington dining room as a reminder of a wonderful trip.





We returned home with our rolled up rubbings, clergymen, knights, and merchants, each from an interesting historical setting and each from the original brass. None, however, was quite so special and memorable as the magnificent Bishop Bell done by three beginners in the never-to-be forgotten setting under the great East Window of Carlisle Cathedral.

*Audrey Fletcher*

## To the Rescue

When my daughter, Cathy, was about ten years old she discovered a Robin's nest in a low bush in our yard, down near the pond, said pond having been the town reservoir in the late eighteen hundreds.

We cautioned her to stay away from the nest because it contained three eggs, and swore her to secrecy with her friends lest it be disturbed and deserted. She agreed and watched from afar, waiting to hear some peeping.

Our Sunday routine was to go to mass and return home for brunch. On this particular Sunday I headed for the kitchen, and my husband, Bill, headed for the Sunday paper. When we heard Cathy scream we both dashed outside expecting some dreadful tragedy, only to find Cathy down by the nest. "Oh Daddy, the birds jumped out of the nest," she cried. Bill recovered one and placed it back in the nest. Before he could get to the second one it had hopped into the pond. In he plunged, in his business suit and shoes, rescued the bird, dried it off, and returned it to its home. We never did see the third bird.

We were just returning to the house when Cathy cried out again, "Oh, Daddy, they're out again." With an expletive under his breath, "Sir Galahad" said, "That's their mother's problem." We returned to the house, never to know what happened, hoping mama Robin came to the rescue.

*Mary O'Meara*

## Nicky Noo

Nicky Noo was much loved by us all, but he sometimes made me very cross. When I dug my heels into his fat round belly he wouldn't budge, but with another dig and an encouraging pat on his furry, scratchy neck, he might condescend to plod slowly up the hill. With more whispered endearments into his twitchy ears I urged him into a brisk trot.

For a few precious moments that obstinate mule was my Pegasus, my white horse, while I (in borrowed jodpurs) was clothed in shining armor. The world was so big, and Nicky Noo and I so small as we rode up, up into the clear crisp air toward the Himalayan range. In my mind's eye we flew over mountains and valleys, high above tiny people clustered around tiny villages, and eventually flew down to the sea to watch dolphins playing with whales.

All at once the sure-footed Nicky Noo stumbled on a tree root and I, lost in thought, nearly lost my balance. I had also lost my way. The path was unfamiliar and the trees looked huge and menacing, but before there was time to feel very scared, we were found by anxious grownups. A leading rein was hastily clipped onto Nicky Noo's bridle and he, in protest, put down his head, laid back his ears, and tugged against the bow-legged *syce* who walked us slowly home—downhill all the way—while I, leaning backwards as I clung to the saddle, had to listen to scolding voices elaborating upon the virtues of discipline and obedience.



*Mary Cowham*



## Finding Jeanne

As many fellow Villagers know, I have been trying to write my memoirs since I moved here eleven and a half years ago, but there were always so many things to do, that I kept putting it off. Now I am back to work on my memoirs, and enjoying reliving my early life. I have not moved very far in time, having just started describing my adolescent years, beginning in seventh grade.

During this period of my life my closest friend was Jeanne, who was two years ahead of me in school. We first met when her family moved to our town. Our mothers were already good friends. My mother would always take me with her when she visited Jeanne's mother. Her family's first home was far enough away, across two busy highways, that the only time we were able to see each other was during those visits. Eventually the family moved to a house closer to mine and within easy, safe walking distance. With that freedom to go back and forth between our homes, we became as close as sisters. We both had much older brothers and no sisters, so finding each other was such a blessing.

Jeanne attended Girls Latin School starting in the seventh grade. Because of that her schedule was different from mine, still in the fifth grade, but we managed to maintain our close friendship through those two years, before I, too, started at Latin School. We would travel on the bus and streetcar together every day. I would often stop at her house and maybe do homework for a while, before I trudged up the hill to my house. I remember Jeanne's brothers. One was a superb jazz pianist. It was so much fun to listen to him play. (We did not hear much jazz in my house!)

Eventually, Jeanne graduated from Latin School and went to Radcliffe. This certainly changed our opportunities to be together, but we did stay in touch. Her life was suddenly much different from mine, and she no longer lived close by. It was inevitable that we would lose the attachment we once had. She actually fixed me up with a blind date my freshman year at Wellesley. That turned out to be a disaster. She was married soon after her graduation in a very small

intimate ceremony. I was her maid-of-honor. After that our contacts seemed to fade. Every once in a while I would try to find her, but with no luck.

Recently, as I was writing about Jeanne in my memoirs, I suddenly felt an overwhelming need to find out about her. Her family had a history of early deaths, so I did not hold out much hope. One of our residents, Holly Webster, a Radcliffe graduate, volunteered to call the Radcliffe Alumnae Office to see what she could find out. The only information Radcliffe would give Holly was that Jeanne was indeed still alive, and they told Holly her married name, Jeanne Frankel, which I had forgotten. On the computer "Switchboard" five people were listed in the United States with that name, and only one in her late eighties who had a middle initial matching her maiden name. I was suddenly so excited! It was sixty-seven years since we last communicated. Could this really be her?

Holly urged me to call her, but I chose to write a note. I was afraid she might be frail and might die of shock if I called. Of course, there was always the chance that this was not my long lost friend. I thought it was better to write a note.

Four days later the phone rang. Caller ID identified the caller as Jeanne R. Frankel. My heart started to pound! Could I really have found her? Perhaps this was another Jeanne R. Frankel calling to tell me she was not my friend. I picked up the receiver and said, "I can't believe it. Is it really you, Jeanne?" It really was.

We talked for fifteen minutes as though we had just seen each other. Of course, we only scraped the surface of the sixty-seven-year gap. We reminisced about the details of those few precious years from so long ago. I walked with a bounce that evening.

We have spoken again, and have now made plans to see each other sometime in June when she will be living in New York. I am a little nervous about that, yet I can hardly wait. Stay tuned.

*Esther K. Braun*



## Summer Memories

Each summer we would be transported to the summer house in Westport, Connecticut, and there two families would share a rambling summer house bordering what was known as the Mill Pond. The water in the pond was kept there by floodgates which on occasion would be opened and the pond drained, an incredible experience for residents whose homes bordered the water. The rest of the time the shallow water provided homes for shellfish, crabs, and adventures for us children who were free to roam the grassy flats and to row our boat over the vast shallow waters.

The boat had a set of ducks painted on its bow, representative of the five children for whom it provided our pirate-like adventures. The deep pond in front of our home had been dug to a swimmable depth by a dredge, now abandoned and left in a shallow part of the pond, and that too became part of our bounty.

The first kids up in the morning would breakfast and then race to the rowboat to be the owners for the day, and as we were all good swimmers, no adult seemed to worry about where we were or what we were doing. In retrospect there might have been good reason for a degree of concern. However, as in many adventures, it was great to be trusted.

On a windy day we would take the folded beach umbrella, usually gracing the small sandy beach, and open it as we got into the boat. Away we would sail using an oar in the stern as a rudder. Our only way to stop the boat was to run it up on a mudflat, then get out and turn it back into the water, and away we would go directed at yet another grassy flat. On a windy day we would go fast, and that was the exciting part of the adventure. On calm days we would row up to the whirlpools created by the fast flowing water as it headed over the closed floodgates and see how close we could paddle without getting caught. None of us knew what might happen if we had been caught in the fast flowing water. We just knew that we could do what we started out to do and nothing bad would happen. We all were strong swimmers and enjoyed staying dressed in our bathing suits

most of the day. We were required to put aside the bathing suits at dinner time, though dressing for dinner was not required; simple shorts and tee shirts were acceptable.

The float and diving board in the deepened pool in front of the house provided hours of water play. Our games of tag, distance races, and diving antics were numerous. A log had floated into the pond, so we each became expert at standing on and rolling the log for long periods of time. We would fill the rowboat by turning it over, sinking an end, and use it as a tub attempting to row it submerged. The games were endless.

When the adults went into town we were nominally left in the care of the maid who was inside the house. We occasionally sought out the Angora cat, Dolly Dimple, took her to the end of the diving board and dropped her into the saltwater to see how well she swam; she did swim much like a dog, doing a doggy paddle; it's a wonder she allowed us to pick her up.

I remember one day when my cousin and I decided to attempt to use the wandering streams within the marsh and row to the Long Island Sound outlet. We had not planned on the stream losing most of its water at low tide. We had to hike to a nearby house and call home to be rescued—a personal way to learn about marsh restrictions.

Crabbing within the Mill Pond was an activity we all engaged in and many a hard-shell crab meal was provided from our collective efforts at using the long-handled net to scoop up the very fast critters. Occasionally we would find molting



crabs and then delicious soft-shell meals were served. An eel trap was fastened to the end of the diving board and on occasion it would provide a



different meal. Looking at the eels might deter some from wanting to consume them; however their flavor was a nutty-like fish flavor and delicious. While they were being cooked, they still moved around in the pan, and one summer cook quit because she was convinced that the family was consuming reptiles. Family meals were served and consumed on the large porch that fronted the length of the house.

Once when there was a hurricane we had to leave the summer house and go inshore until it was over. We kids were thrilled with the thought of what might wash up on the shore when the storm had abated. The adults had different feelings. Going over the various bridges on our trip inland was exciting; the waters in the various rivers were rising quickly as the storm center approached.

The memories provided by those summer retreats and the skills of surviving in a waterfront setting were gifts of life, and these I treasure. Self-sufficiency, the knowledge that one was competent, and the desire to attempt new vistas were lifelong treasures bestowed by living in an environment of trust with many opportunities to explore self-knowledge as well as the waterfront environment.

*Ara Tyler*

## Ex-Pats

**T**here is always a fragile bond that exists, albeit briefly, whenever one ex-pat meets another ex-pat in alien corn, as I quickly discovered when still very new to Toronto.

I had asked a streetcar driver to be sure to let me off at the corner next to The United Cigar and Laura Secord, and was surprised to hear a ripple of laughter behind me when he asked, "Any one of 'em in particular, young lady, or are you looking to sample them all?" His cryptic response confused me, but after I'd given him the address of my new landlord someone obligingly explained that there were many branches of both tobacco and candy stores in Toronto and hundreds more all over Canada.

On arrival at my stop, Spadina and Bloor, a chorus of helpful fellow passengers pointed out both The United Cigar and Laura Secord stores, and as I was about to cross the street a hefty young man I'd seen on the streetcar grabbed my arm and jerked me away from the oncoming traffic. Rather shaken by the realization that I should have looked to the left instead of to the right, as in England, I had good reason to be thankful for his quick thinking.

"Och, you'll soon be getting the hang of it all," he said, with the unmistakable lilt of a North Country accent. After we'd crossed Bloor Street together at the traffic lights, he offered to take me home. "Home," said I with a laugh; "my new digs are just two blocks up the street." He then announced that his name was Ted, tucked my arm firmly under his, and a few steps later he stopped at the entrance of Pat's Bar & Grill and easily persuaded me that a pint would be good for my nerves.

Pat's Bar & Grill, as I soon discovered, was a favorite watering hole for a bunch of ex-pats. A motley crew of old-timers at the bar were "crying in their beer" to anyone willing to listen to their oft-told stories of betrayal and bad luck. Once past the bar Ted led me into a large and noisy restaurant in the back, and he was promptly greeted by a series of whoops and whistles, as someone called out "Whatcher, Geordie! Who's your lady friend?" a greeting that quickly confirmed my suspicion that my new-found friend came from Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

That Friday night it was obvious that most of the younger group were scouting out what, if anything, exciting might be happening over the weekend, such as a field hockey game, or a cricket match on Saturday afternoon that might lead to a date at another bar or, better yet, to an invitation to someone's house party. By the end of the evening I thought everyone I met was best friends with everyone else there, and I was almost ready to believe I might be one of their best friends too, except for Ted's insightful comment as he walked me back to my new digs, "Always remember that immigrants are like in-laws. You don't get to choose 'em, but you do have to get along."

*Mary Cowham*



## Waterlogged

My attraction to lake and ocean swimming did not evolve from my first deep water immersion from an offshore float at Camp Greyrocks on Newfound Lake in New Hampshire. After watching several other first timers jump in and come flailing back to the float, I held back in shivers, only to be pushed from behind into the water. Down, deep, I went and although the water was clear I somehow got tangled up in one of the chains linking the float to an anchor and in sheer panic made it to the surface, spluttering and coughing up mouthfuls of Newfound Lake. By the end of my first season at camp I had mastered the dog paddle and ingested even more lake water trying to learn the crawl.

After my early years in Winchester, Massachusetts, my family moved to the North Shore of Boston and in 1940 my older brother and I became regulars at the Magnolia Beach Club (now called the Manchester Bath and Tennis Club). The club was located on a protected beach and had a regulation sized swimming pool where my swimming skills improved under the guidance of a swimming instructor. Occasionally a group of us competed against other North Shore clubs and one competition took us to Gloucester Harbor. Twenty-five yard freestyle races were held for Midgets, Intermediates, Juniors, and Seniors. As a six foot "Midget" I joined eight others on a float, and at the command of "Take Your Mark" all of us moved to the edge of the float, thereby plunging the edge of the float under water. I tried to keep my balance and when the "Go" signal was sounded, I fell into the water ahead of the rest of the swimmers and somehow came in first. I had a double victory that day with a rare opportunity to lord it over my brother who took second in the Junior event.

Although the surf on the Magnolia beach was normally modest, an occasional off-shore storm would send large waves into the harbor and create challenging conditions. On those days both seasoned swimmers and novices would dive into the surf, swim out (without surfboards), and try to catch a wave to body surf onto the beach. One

day the waves were over my head, probably eight to ten feet, although with the passage of time estimates can be exaggerated. Timing was critical. You had to pick a time when you could run into the surf, dive headlong into an oncoming cresting wave, and then swim like mad to get out far enough to wait for the opportune time to ride in on top of another wave. After choosing an "ideal" wave, it was easy to start out with high expectations, only to swim too slowly to stay at the crest of the wave. With no hope of recovery, you would slip down the back of the wave and be caught in the crash of the following wave, plunged into the surf, and washed up on the beach with a mouth



full of sand and an occasional bruise. You suffered the same fate if you got out ahead of the crest and were caught in the wave's fury when it broke on the beach. One day sticks clearly in my mind, I stood up spluttering after being tumbled into the surf and looked up to see my mother on the club porch frantically waving her arms and yelling at me. I thought that something terrible must have happened and rushed to get within earshot. In her terrified voice I heard, "You are going to be killed. Stop that right now, come in and get dressed, and don't you ever do that again." Well I didn't, at least not in her presence.

As the years went by, I continued to love swimming in the ocean and Singing Beach in Manchester-by-the-Sea became a major attraction, not just the very fine sand that "sang" under foot, but the very attractive girls who



gathered at the beach. Soon a group of us would meet after completing our day jobs to swim and discuss the affairs of state: “Whose house shall we meet at tonight? Anyone for the movies in Gloucester? I thought we already agreed on a date for Saturday night.” Fast forward twenty years and my wife and I were passing our love for the sea onto our five young children, who first began swimming after being ducked in the water at Singing Beach. I still enjoy an occasional dip, even if it’s in the fifty-eight degree waters off the coast of Maine. Today it’s just a matter of keeping my head above water.

*Jim Stockwell*

## High Summer, Wells, Vermont, 1939

Hot sun pulsates warm  
to fragrant fields below.  
Bare toes splay as we peg sheets  
to the line.  
White shirts blouse in the breeze  
like sails luffing.  
Pines sway sideways echoing  
cows’ rope tails.  
Eyes liquid orbs of non-comprehension,  
they hiccup their cud.  
Heads lifted to the light,  
bent knees touching.  
We smile, nothing to say,  
Mother and daughter.

*Peggy Engel*

## Dad’s Camera

Late in his years my father, in a tone of voice that combined reminiscence with touches of pride and guilt, allowed that he was more interested in things than people. Having been a patent lawyer and a committed gadgeteer he surprised none of us with the confession. Examples confirming this proclivity stretched back to 1922, when he was the first person in our neighborhood to own a “motorcar.” It was a 1922 Franklin, with “streamlining.” In 1939 he had the first automatic-shift Oldsmobile. He always owned a camera—the latest, of course. In the early years it was a view camera, that is, a large sheet-film camera. Then came 35 millimeter cameras.

In 1937 he arranged for my older brother and me to join a group on a bicycle tour through Europe, and when in Germany we were to purchase a camera that my father had read about, the very latest design, the Contax III. This little gem of engineering had features that seem quaint in the digital age but gave you bragging rights in those



years. Then, you set your camera controls by consulting instructions that came with the film: full sun, partly cloudy, shade, snow, etcetera, and hoped for the best. The Contax had a built-in light meter that eliminated guess work, as well as a range finder for focusing, a delayed-action shutter release, and a lens the size of a golf ball for dark scenes. There was nothing like it.

Back in the U.S. we arrived at Boston’s South Station and being hungry parked our bikes and had a sandwich in a restaurant. An hour later we were home, where, after homecoming celebrations, we could hardly wait to present the precious new gadget to our eagerly awaiting father. Except—to my horror—it wasn’t in my saddle bag.



Gone. Stolen. Of course: easily snatched while we ate the sandwiches. My fault. I wanted to die.

I waited, paralyzed, for my well-deserved punishment. My father just looked at me. After the longest minute in my life he said, “Well, we’d better notify the insurance company so they can register the theft with the camera dealers’ association. It will show up when the thief tries to sell it. Come on in and have a rest; you must be tired.”

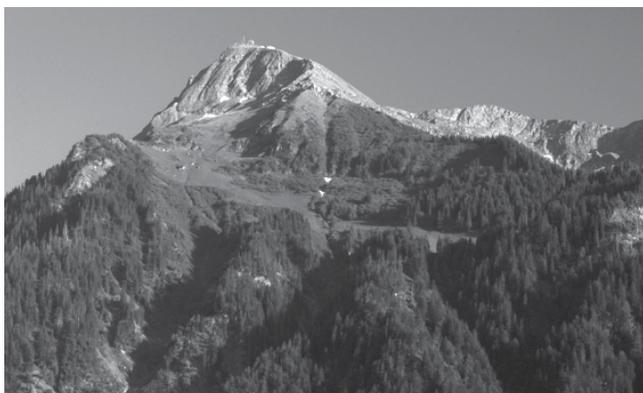
I learned a lot about my dad that day.

*Stuart Grover*

## Summiting

**T**he Niesen is quite an impressive little Alp in the Bernese Oberland.

On vacation in Switzerland in the summer of 1933, four of us decided to climb it. Starting early—it was already quite a distance to the base—we climbed till daylight faded, then bedded down on the floor in an abandoned shack with our blankets, too exhausted to worry about mice, the presence of which we were dimly aware. Morning brought a glorious view of the meadow around us, rich with gentians, wild rhododendron, and other wildflowers. We must have reached the summit around noon—high up in the sky!



The less adventurous climbers who had arrived by cog-wheel train seemed vastly amused by the sight of a girl in shorts—me.

As we sat relaxing, I was briefly enveloped by a passing cloud, a strange and exhilarating experience.

*Margaret Mendelsohn*



## *Welcome New Residents*

**Connie Hanley,**  
from Bedford, 2/18/13

**Janet Blake,**  
from Bedford, 2/19/13

**Howard and Deborah Hermann**  
from Newtonville, 3/1/13

**Annette Dykema,**  
from Brattleboro, Vermont, 3/3/13

**Susan Poverman,**  
from Cambridge, 3/22/13

**Marion Grabhorn,**  
from Concord, 4/10/13

**Miriam (Bea) Brown,**  
from Bedford, 5/3/13

**Betty Slechta,**  
from Bedford, 5/6/13

**Janet Lovejoy,**  
from Carlisle, 5/15/13

**Robert and Ann Mancuso,**  
from Venice, Florida, 5/17/13

**Frieda (Fay) Palmer,**  
from Arlington and Puerto Rico  
5/18/13



# Village

## On Stage

Entertainments captured our attention almost continuously in recent months, the highlight being a performance by Village Thespians of *Over the River and Through the Woods*, a play in which the leading rolls are Italian immigrants (appropriately, four grandparents); a play of such generous length that a full Italian buffet in the dining room was programmed as an intermission feature for the audience.



Musical performances included a concert by the Dixie Diehards, a seven-piece traditional jazz band, a flute and piano recital, and an unscheduled performance by two students of the New England Conservatory, 'cello and piano, whose musical skills were almost hard to believe, neither player having reached twenty years of age. The 'cellist, thirteen, played as if accurate intonation on his instrument was easy!

Paul Revere and his wife, Rachel, were brought to life vividly by Lee Reithmiller and Jessa Piaia, clad in period attire as they related stirring episodes in Boston's North End when America was still a British Crown Colony. We

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

learned that Paul grew from being a respected artisan to a successful industrialist, managing a rolling mill and a hardware store, but that his famous ride was not alone and the famous cry, "The British are coming," was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's, probably not Revere's.

The author of many books on flora and fauna, Peter Alden was convincing in his presentation to the Garden Club about the changes in the New England countryside. While some see global warming as a major factor in the decrease in ground species, he pointed out that the exponential growth of the deer population in New England is a major cause of the disappearance of such species as the Bobolink and Bobwhite. They are left with little cover for nesting and a drastic drop in food supply since the deer have consumed virtually all of the grasses and plants necessary for the birds' survival.

A wine tasting party introduced us to a new word, *locavore*, featuring wines that provide its definition. The term describes a person who is interested in locally produced food; all thirteen wines offered for our tasting were produced in small vineyards in Massachusetts. The number and variety of wines was impressive, and an outstanding presentation of hors d'oeuvres complemented the wines.





# Happenings

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

A tour of the Armenian Museum of America introduced us to the history and culture of this small and ancient nation in southwest Asia. The galleries, just off of Watertown square, have recently been restored from their original 1990 spaces to designs by the head designer at the MFA, and we found them as handsome and logical as those of any museum we have seen.

Armenia has had a troubled past with its neighbors, culminating in a genocide at the hands of Turks in 1918. That subject dominates Armenian history and the museum exhibits. But there are interesting and beautiful displays of illuminated manuscripts,



Մեր բանձար-կամջորեք շաբթի տանիք ճիւղահարկուհիներէ կեղեցոյն: Եւ ստեղծարցի հասցումն միջակործէն: Եւ սպայսան: Կտաստուէր կուտրոյ մեայ. կասեցարաւծս.

արդամ քառքեզայ ըտմէրոյ յի քիտր զաւրոմեանց որը զգազանն կապեցեր: Եւ դիւցի հանուծիւ նպատ սպարտեցեր: Մեծեղոտր. կանպատմո-սացելոցս բեզ Ը զկազարհանածո յիցքոց. Եւ զարհնայից. Ի ստորականի ա.բ.

ceramics, religious objects, and textiles, and a whole section devoted to the display of twenty-five photographic prints of prominent people taken by the famous Yousuf Karsh, donated by his widow. Here you can see the original of the noted portrait of the glowering Winston Churchill taken just after Karsh snatched the cigar out of his mouth.

## In the Gallery

Our art gallery recently featured “My Favorite Pets” and it was hard to walk by without stopping to see cat brothers Moxie and Sassafras staring out the window at nearby wildlife or to try and find AKC champion Wonderlyn’s eyes, hidden somewhere behind her beautifully



brushed coat. Whether adopted strays or champions, our dogs and cats provided unconditional love to us and our families. Fortunately, many of our resident dogs continue to comfort both owners and other residents, patiently interrupting their walks to be petted or stopping in at the Nursing Center to place a friendly paw on a patient’s bed.

*Stuart Grover*



## Bach and Mr. Bodky

My old teacher, Erwin Bodky, was so immersed in the study, interpretation, and performance of the keyboard music of Johann Sebastian Bach that he almost didn't exist as a normal person. When he talked about anything else, he seemed to be just waiting for an opening to return to his favorite subject, and bring you in along with him. You chatted with Professor Bodky at your own risk.

This is not to diminish in any way his importance in the musical universe, which was international. He is the author of a recognized reference on how to play Bach's keyboard works and the harpsichord on which you should play them. He himself was a virtuoso, and as I recall, his personal harpsichord was certified as a true replica of an eighteenth century instrument in a museum in Germany.

With these thoughts in mind, join me at a concert featuring Bach's Brandenburg Concerto Number 5 for strings, flute, and harpsichord, with Mr. Bodky at the harpsichord. In this piece



the harpsichord at first seems to function as mere accompaniment—*continuo* in musical lingo. But after a few measures the instrument is allowed to break free, giving the player an extended solo of virtuosic opportunity as the violinist and flutist take a rest. In this performance the violinist was a distinguished looking senior faculty member with a demeanor of superiority

as radiant as Mr. Bodky's devotion to Bach. He took the rest period leaning his head back, face fixed in an expression of divine understanding of this great music.

As we saw soon enough, however, he was in fact contemplating perhaps what wine to order with dinner. Whatever he was thinking, it was not about Bach's Brandenburg Concerto Number 5, because the harpsichord solo was nearing its end, approaching the point when the others were to re-enter to conclude the piece, and our violinist, expression still fixed in cultivated sublimity, deciding maybe on a good dry Burgundy, sat there with both instrument and bow resting in his lap.

To his credit Mr. Bodky was able to carry on his dazzling solo while at the same time noticing that the violinist wasn't awake to the call. He began looking at him with growing concern and trying to play louder to get his attention. The harpsichord, however, is not a piano; it sounds with one unchangeable volume. In frustration Mr. Bodky could only press the keys with increasing force, to the point where the sound of the keys hitting their stops could be heard above the music. The audience by now was in on the problem, and they were able to enjoy seeing the distinguished violinist finally awake from his fantasy with a start and scramble to catch up with Mr. Bodky.

Bach was saved, and Mr. Bodky, beet red and perspiring profusely, managed to acknowledge the generous applause, given partly, I am sure, in sympathy for his crisis management as well as for his artistry. He deserved both.

*Stuart Grover*



## Mrs. Roeder's Pickled Beets

You folks probably never heard of Osceola, Missouri. But if you have, you know it lies about seventy-four miles south of Peculiar, Missouri. Peculiar? Well hey, that's the name of the town: Peculiar. The story goes that when the town was first organized the leading citizens contacted the Governor of Missouri requesting a unique and peculiar name. He took their letter, circled the word, peculiar, and sent it right back to them, and it's been Peculiar ever since. Peculiar is about twenty-eight miles from Kansas City, Missouri. *Missouri*. Please get that straight. So the trip from Kansas City used to take about two hours or a little more, first on blacktop then on gravel roads (for the last thirty-four miles) to get to Osceola, county seat of St. Clair County, Missouri, population, nine hundred to one thousand, then and now. On the blacktop you might be able to make about fifty miles per hour. We used to try for sixty in between towns. On gravel it was more like twenty-five to thirty, and you ate all the dust from the cars in front.

There were no interstates at that time, so we went on the best road there was to Clinton, Missouri, and from there we went through Deepwater. Now I'm sure you all know that Gladys Swarthout was born in Deepwater. She was one of the favorite sopranos of the thirties and forties, and sang in the Met, movies, and all over the place. The King's Men Quartet that used to sing on the Fibber McGee and Molly show came from around there also, if I remember correctly. They introduced the famous song, " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas." So you can see that there region was quite cultural.

In the old days, when we were going down there a lot, the main road (gravel until you

reached the town square) went through the middle of the town, alongside where the St. Clair County Courthouse stood, sheltered by enormous elm trees. Along two sides of the square opposite the courthouse stood rows of stores that looked like those in movies of the Old West. Along the third side was an auto and truck repair shop from which came the continuous scream of some sort of electric machine. Next to the repair shop stood a rather dilapidated building that housed the St. Clair County Democrat, a newspaper published each week. Along the far side of the square, also opposite the courthouse, stood the office of the St. Clair County Republican, Osceola's competing weekly paper. Along the gravel road coming into town from the north was a row of stores including

the New Osceola Theater, an old store with a rectangular interior and a screen at the end, which was the town's movie theater. Oh, I almost forgot. On the way in from the north you crossed the track of the Frisco Railroad—one train per day going from Kansas City through to Springfield, Missouri, and one train going back. "Train" meant one old combination gasoline engine/passenger car dragging a combined passenger/mail car.

My mother grew up in Osceola in her grade school and high school years. My grandfather was the Presbyterian minister there until he retired and moved to Terrill, Texas. After my father

died when I was eight years old, my mother and I used to spend a lot of time in Osceola. We stayed with Mrs. Roeder, who was an older friend of my mother and was now living with her second husband in a house right in back of the auto repair shop and the St. Clair County Democrat. As soon as we would arrive in Osceola, I was out the door (faster'n a crawdad's snapper could snip your finger, as they used to say)





to go visit the places I told you about or to run around with the other boys, fishing, swimming in a muddy hole, or climbing to the top of the town's water tank. I learned the fundamental technologies of the day right there in that little old town: how to operate a linotype machine (at the "Democrat"), operate theater movie projectors, read telegraph code, and walk along the top of the dam; oh yes, and learned how the "automatic" telephones worked. You didn't really need to dial, you just spoke the name of the party you wanted, and you got that person, along with a lot of other people who wanted to catch up on the gossip.

Mr. Roeder sort of protected Mrs. Roeder after her first husband died. His police dogs (that's what we called them in those days), Chief and Buddy, guarded the place and watched over Mr. Roeder while he fished below the dam. It was to the Roeders that I retreated at the end of the day to get my ration of pickled beets. There was a hole with a door on it in the back yard that served as the refrigerator in which Mrs. Roeder stored an ample supply of homemade pickled beets and tomatoes in anticipation of our visit. But it was the pickled beets that got me back early in the afternoon when, before dinner, we sat around a table in the kitchen, the adults 'sputed about town news and politics, and I gobbled pickled beets.

Now I can't tell you folks the exact combination of herbs, fragrances, spices, vinegar, beets and other stuff that Mrs. Roeder used to make my favorite dish, or describe my EC-STA-CY in eating them, but I can tell you that Mrs. Roeder made pickled beets without rival in the entire USA. And there is no way I can tell you all about the downright learned conversations that took place around that bowl of pickled beets. It was Roosevelt versus Hoover, the CCC, and who was best, Democrats or Republicans, and how Chief and Buddy rescued Mr. Roeder one night when he was fishing and had a heart attack and fell right off his flat bottom rowboat into the water, and they came and dragged Mrs. Roeder down to the shore below the dam to help bring him

home. Then there was the time the first automobile was brought into town. It had no roof, and everybody, including my mother, a young gal at the time, piled in. The driver started up and right away lost control, and the car plowed right through the chicken coop and headed for the barn accompanied by a large excited crowd of cackling chickens. The car knocked down the barn wall, went straight through the barn, dropped about seven feet on the other side where they usually unloaded hay, and continued around the yard until someone managed to stop it. They figured the drop must have damaged the tires, so they took them all off (never looking first to see if they were flat), pumped them up again, and put them into a large barrel of water to see if they leaked. They sure knew a lot about tires.

Oh, yeah, about those pickled beets. I have to make 'em now. I reckon I've gotten close to Mrs. Roeder's flavor, but not all the way. Here's the way I do it: I take that old bottle I bought something in a long time ago, put enough white vinegar in it to come up about one quarter of an inch above the bottom of the old label, put in three tablespoons of sugar, several pinches of whatever stuff's sitting around on the spice tray, and a can of whole beets (no juice). Let them meditate together with themselves for at least a couple of days. Then, who could ask for anything better, except, perhaps, for a little more vinegar!

*Kay Barney*



**Louise Stires Curtis**  
205 Badger Terrace, October 14, 2012







## Miniature Golf Mayhem

Our two sons are twenty-three months apart in age. About the time the younger one was eighteen months, I read that two years difference in age is optimum time for sibling rivalry. By then I knew that truth without need of outside research.

Each of the boys was likeable, fun to be around, happy and fairly bright as long as they were apart. Together it was pandemonium of screams of “He did it!” “He stole my Halloween candy,” “I was reading that book!” It was especially wild in the summer when there was no school to keep them out of each other’s orbit. The surprising thing was that whenever they worked together on a plan, they were a good team.

When Bill was about nine and Tom, seven, they hatched their best scheme. On a beautiful summer day I was suddenly aware that I had not heard any of the usual brotherly ruckus. I strolled back through the yard to see what the silence was all about. We lived on what had once been a farm. The house lots were fifty feet wide and four hundred feet deep. In the near back yard, below the deck,

there were flower borders, lots of rhododendrons, azaleas, and lilacs surrounding the grass. Further back there were more trees and way in the back a small woods leading to a stream.

Just before the woods took over there was a big tree with a tire swing hanging from one branch. It was under this tree that I found my lads busily digging holes and conferring over what came next. I dared to ask what was happening and learned they were building a miniature golf course. An old set of clubs that had once belonged to their grandmother was at the ready. Thrilled with their ingenuity, I told them to carry on and the neighbors and I enjoyed a delightful noise free afternoon.

When their Dad returned from work that evening they could proudly show off some clever holes. Only two can I remember well enough to describe. One involved the tire swinging from the tree branch. The golfer had to shoot through the tire to score, a difficult shot especially if someone just happened to start the tire moving. But, for the



most imaginative shot, Tom held a child’s wheelbarrow flat against the ground. The golfer shot the ball into the barrow and Tom tilted the barrow up and pushed it to the next hole, where he carefully tried to pour the ball directly into the hole. We refrained from commenting that success on that play seemed to depend more on Tom than on the golfer.

For the next day or two all was peace and tranquility except for yells of adulation for good plays. Hoards of children, all of their regular buddies and many kids I had never seen before, scurried into the back yard. The third day the doorbell rang at about seven a.m. I opened the door to see a tiny boy holding out a coin in his hand.



"I have my quarter. Is it ok if go play miniature golf?"

"A quarter?" I said, in amazement. "Is that what they are charging?" "Yep, OK if I play?" I told him the boys were still in bed and to come back in an hour. Soon the happy entrepreneurs appeared, eager for another day's business. But first they had to deal with Mom who announced that they were charging way too much. Highway robbery, I think I called it.

"Well, that's what we decided on and that is what we are going to charge," Bill announced rebelliously. "Really?" I said. "Well, your Dad and I own the land you are using and if you are going to charge your customers more than three cents a game, then we are going to charge you five dollars a week rent."

"Mom, that isn't fair!" "No," I said. "It probably isn't but it sure doesn't seem fair to demand a quarter!" Their Dad, a business reporter and editor, luckily had already gone to work and didn't have to be a part of this discussion of equitable profit margins. Since I was the landowner, and more important, the Mom, I won: three cents admission. But some of the magic seemed to go out of the game. The kids kept coming but even with the great reduction in fees, the numbers seemed to dwindle. Could something that cost only three cents be worth much? And certainly the businessmen lost some interest as they saw their profits dramatically reduced.

So soon we were back to backyard bickering and I was holding my hands over my ears. Since then I have wondered many times if I destroyed their innovative instincts, if they might have become another creative team like the Wright brothers if I had left them alone. On the other hand, I've thought maybe they would have become like those supermarket brothers who were always suing each other for more and more of "their share." The dialogue over profit goes on and on.

What I do know is that while they are still competitive and tease each other a lot, each "boy" is at the ready to help if the other has a need. For that I'm very thankful. But I still do sigh whenever I see a miniature golf course.

*Peggy McKibben*

*In Memory*

Eleanor Hanright	February 3, 2013
Ann Willard	February 10
Henrietta (Bourque) McElhenny	February 21
Margaret (Peggy) Patterson	February 22
Gordon Smith	February 27
Carmen Proehl Hennings	March 1
Richard Stanley Smith	March 4
Doris Doran	March 24
Phyllis Tuckerman Jacobson	April 17
Lee Blenner	April 22
Robert Bryant	April 22
David Cushman Twichell	April 24
Carol Boswell	April 26
Florence C. (Visconti) Lombardi	May 4
Helene L. (Johnston) Nolan	May 10



## The Joys of Reading

I recently asked some keen users of our library what reading means to them, and why they enjoy it so. "Please write me a few lines about your love of reading and how you came to it." The responses have been intriguing, and I want to share a few here. Clearly books engage us, and they mean different things to different people at different points in life.

Many who responded told of their early exposure to books as children. A Badger Terrace resident says, "Fortunately for me, both my parents were lifelong readers. They read to my brother and me from earlier than I can remember, and books were birthday and Christmas presents from toddler-hood. Coming from a small town, I did not have access to a good library until I went to college, but I read almost every book in both the elementary and high school libraries. I realize now that I was a precocious reader, because I had already read *Gone with the Wind* when I was eight or nine."

Another resident tells of her early book life, "It goes back to the beginning; mother reading to us and later having a book going, sometimes two, all of the time. Older brother John loved to play school which meant reading to me, and then I was reading too. He was soon into the classics, and I couldn't wait to follow."

There is certainly a change in the kind of books we read over the years. One person reports, "My youthful reading was largely about animals, wildlife, and the outdoors. In secondary school I was introduced to Shakespeare and some of the great British and Russian authors, and this interest has persisted. My reading since has been largely historical non-fiction. I read about one book a week."

Retirement brings a new approach to books, as one reader affirms, "During my working years, I read for work; now that I am retired I read for pleasure and what a pleasure it is! Though I read some fiction, I prefer non-fiction: biography, memoirs, history. I have learned a lot of history from biographies and a lot about human behavior from memoirs."

One of our Library Committee reports a different kind of transition, his growing appreciation of style in writing. "In my youth I read voraciously and perhaps indiscriminately. Everything was new to me; the world was full of wonders. Reading was a magic carpet carrying me near and far in solitary silence above the clouds. As I aged, texture became as important as text. The well-turned phrase, concise writing in simple words, the appearance, the feel, even the smell of the book, all elicit a gentle thrill. They make up the totality of reading pleasure. Only a library of books provides me with that total."

It is interesting how many people speak of books as friends: "Reading is vital to us all in our family. It sustains us, and we are never alone. Books are our friends." Another resident is frank about her own history: "I enjoy reading because as an only and lonely child books became friends to me. They increased my interest in people. They brought me to faraway places and introduced me to people I would never have met, who shared with me their thoughts and philosophy. Most times I am a bit lost after finishing a book, rather like saying farewell to a friend with whom I have shared time and thought and caring."

I am impressed with the summary statements about reading from a book enthusiast in Winthrop Terrace: "For a full life, reading is as necessary as breathing. One keeps the mind alive; the other the body. If I listen to a lecture or view a film or play, the ideas come at the speed and in the accent of the speakers. When I read a book, I choose the setting and the pace. I have the freedom to pause for reflection or repetition, and use my imagination to see the scenes portrayed and *hear* the spoken words. I play an active, not a passive role. Reading enlarges my world, enriches my experience, widens my circle of friends, deepens my understanding of myself."

After considering all these comments I would say the pursuit of books is alive and well at Carleton-Willard. Our library has an important role to play for many of us.

*Louis W. Pitt, Jr., Chair*



## Some Current Book Offerings

**Walking Home: A Poet's Journey** by Simon Armitage

Armitage walks the entire two hundred and sixty mile Pennine Way in Britain stopping to give poetry readings as weather permits.

**Midnight in Peking** by Paul French  
How the murder of a young Englishwoman in 1937 haunted the last days of Old China.

**Shouting Won't Help** by Katherine Boulton  
A deaf New York Times editor writes in detail about the affliction she shares with fifty million Americans.

**A Week in Winter** by Maeve Binchy  
Binchy's last novel before her death is set in an old inn on the cliffs of western Ireland.

**Seeds of Hope** by Jane Goodall  
A love letter to the plant world with a call to arms about habitat destruction and the risks of genetic engineering.

**The Rebellious Life of Mrs. Rosa Parks** by Jean Theoharis  
Parks was born to her important role in the U.S. civil rights movement in the 1960s.

**The Wrong Blood** by Manuel deLope  
The story of two remarkable women whose lives are drastically upended by the Spanish Civil War.

**Absolute Beginner's Guide to Computer Basics** by Michael Miller  
This book is recommended reading in computer classes at the Bedford Council on Aging and here at C-WV.

**Fever** by Mary Beth Keane  
Compelling novel about legendary "Typhoid Mary" Mallon, the Irish-American immigrant who unknowingly infected New York City in the early 1900s.

**Leaving Everything Most Loved** by Jacqueline Winspear  
Maisie Dobbs investigates the murder of two Indian women in Britain and learns a great deal in the process.

**Wedlock** by Wendy Moore  
True story of a woman in 1770s England who makes a disastrous marriage ending in a remarkable divorce.

**Sugar in the Blood** by Andrea Stuart  
We learn about both slaves and their masters in this vivid history of the author's sugar producing family in Barbados.

**Elder Affairs** by Carol Howell  
The setting is a continuing care facility with its joys and pains, stresses, and friendships not unlike our own.

**Benediction** by Kent Haruf  
An indelible portrait of a small town in Colorado—the suffering, the compassion, the humanity of its inhabitants.

*Louis W. Pitt, Jr.*



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Biography

David, Deirdre	Fanny Kemble
Greenlaw, Linda	Lifesaving Lessons
McGrory, Brian	Buddy
Moore, Wendy	Wedlock
Nasaw, David	The Patriarch
Rollyson, Carl	American Isis
Sotomayor, Sonia	My Beloved World
Stuart, Andrea	Sugar in the Blood
Theoharis, Jeanne	The Rebellious Life of Mrs. Rosa Parks
Uglow, Jenny	The Pinecone

### Fiction

Beaton, M. C.	Death of Yesterday
Binchy, Maeve	A Week in Winter
Binchy, Maeve	A Week in Winter (*)
Brennert, Alan	Moloka'i
Carson, Robert	The Golden Years Caper
Chevalier, Tracy	The Last Runaway
Chiaverini, Jennifer	Mrs. Lincoln's Dressmaker (*)
Clark, Mary Higgins	I'll Walk Alone
Clark, Mary Higgins	The Lost Years
Coben, Harlan	Six Years
De Lope, Manuel	The Wrong Blood
Engelmann, Karen	The Stockholm Octavo (*)
Ewan, Chris	Safe House
Faulks, Sebastian	A Possible Life
Grafton, Sue	Kinsey and Me (*)
Grafton, Sue	T is for Trespass

Griffiths, Elly	A Dying Fall
Hammett, Dashiell	Return of the Thin Man (*)
Harman, Patricia	The Midwife of Hope River (*)
Haruf, Kent	Benediction
Henry, Sara J.	Learning to Swim (*)
Howell, Carol Z.	Elder Affairs
Hunt, Andrew	City of Saints (*)
Joyce, James	The Dead
Kanon, Joseph	Istanbul Passage
Keane, Mary Beth	Fever
Keller, Cynthia	An Amish Christmas
Kincaid, Jamaica	See Now Then
King, Lisa	Death in a Wine Dark Sea (*)
Leon, Donna	The Jewels of Paradise (*)
Mallery, Susan	Three Sisters (*)
Malliet, G. M.	A Fatal Winter (*)
Masterman, Becky	Rage Against the Dying
Miller, Andrew	Pure
Monninger, Joseph	Margaret From Maine (*)
Moran, Johanna	The Wives of Henry Oades
Morse, Eleanor	White Dog Fell From the Sky
Munro, Alice	Dear Life (*)
Munro, Alice	Hateship, Friendship, Courtship, Loveship, Marriage
Ning, Tie	The Bathing Women (*)
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