



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



Mary Deane
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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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Co-Editors' Corner



Anticipation is the mood of March, expressed in Mary Devoe's cover of bright blossom to come, as well as the theme of this issue. Writers have variously anticipated a first child, a walking holiday in Tuscany, a new bride from a far country and a bride-to-be sailing to a far country. Giving the theme a twist, one story tells of an anticipated journey which fails to pan out as planned.

As always, we are pleased to publish articles and poems on topics quite unrelated to the chosen theme. You will find peanut butter cookies, a dog named Pat and an heirloom dining room table among these. We hope that the range of subjects and styles which you find in these pages will inspire you to write your thoughts and experiences and submit them for publication. Trouble getting started? Any member of the Editorial Board would be pleased to chat with you to start you on your way!

In tune with our theme, Carleton-Willard as a community is anticipating a massive construction project: the new Village Centre and Bistro. As our Chief Executive observes, while there will be some months of disruption, committees and interest groups, artists, dancers and ping pong players among others may all look forward to enhanced facilities for their activities.

And the Bistro will offer an intriguing alternative to the Abbott Dining Room. All of us are curious and will await developments with great interest.

Sadly, Ruth McDade, our long-serving Chair of the Circulation Team, died shortly before publication. We honor her memory, grateful for her dedication, reliability and skillful recruitment and training of new team members. One of these, Janet Kennedy, has graciously agreed to serve as Chair. Many thanks, Janet.

As of this writing, winter has us firmly in hand, but let us all anticipate the joys of spring, and the amenities we can envision in the coming Village Centre and Bistro!

Alice Morrish *Peggy McKibben*

Co-Editors



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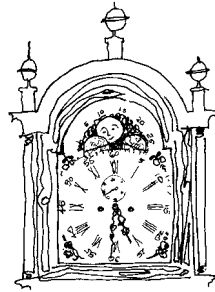
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From the Chief Executive Officer



We do not rest satisfied with the present -- Blaise Pascal

We are not far into the New Year, and I am already well down my “To Do” list for 2016. I can’t help it as this is going to be an exciting year.

I am especially eager to embrace the long-awaited construction of our new Village Centre & Bistro. We have planned groundbreaking for April 4, with completion in early 2017.

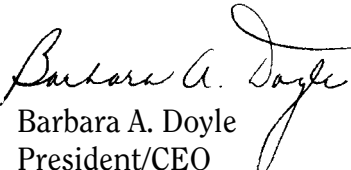
On January 27, the Residents were given a preview of the project. The expansion, in a word, is spacious: a two-story complex that extends Main Street with a dance studio, aerobics studio, artists’ studio, computer lab, billiards room and ping pong room. The new space will also include a spa, with manicure/pedicure stations and treatment rooms for other alternative treatments.

The Centre will feature an interactive technology wall as well, continually updated with Village activities and upcoming events. We’ll soon be enjoying tasty fare at the new fifty-five seat Bistro off Main Street, with views overlooking the Croquet Court and Putting Green.

The Village Centre & Bistro project has been an inspiring challenge. Our Board and management have always believed it essential to anticipate the future needs and desires of our Residents. Not surprisingly, we have put in a considerable amount of preliminary work -- five years of strategic planning and architectural designs, with ongoing input from Residents. Today, we believe we’re about to create the most impressive evolution of Main Street since its original construction.

To see our efforts finally taking shape is like Christmas, birthdays and the first day of summer vacation, all at once.

Anticipation is a joy!


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Worth Waiting For

What does a ten year old little sister know about love, especially when it has afflicted her big brother, ten years older than her? He was only twenty in the summer of 1936 when he sailed off to Europe on a traveling fellowship. I read his frequent letters to the family. I barely picked up the clues.

Bill's letters home, which I still have, were like a diary. After an ocean voyage in August and a month of traveling in England and France, he arrived in Zurich, where he was going to spend a semester studying math at the *Technische Hochschule*, known as the *ETH*, the Swiss equivalent of MIT. He later told us that, on the first day of class, the students, all young men, were clustered together in the back of the lecture hall, except for one, a young lady sitting alone in the first row. He thought it only polite to sit down next to her. That caused a noisy reaction among those in the back! He considered that unbelievably rude. He had been unaware that in this modern country women were still considered second class citizens.

The custom in speaking German was to address a stranger with the formal "Sie" for "you", so he was careful to use only that form when he tried to open a conversation. He found out that her name was Ida (pronounced Eeda) Roettinger, but of course he addressed her only as Fräulein Roettinger. He told her of his interest in music, by which she assumed he meant American "Chazz". She was shocked and pleasantly surprised that he meant classical music and that he had brought his violin with him. And then class began.

A couple of weeks later, Bill heard the students talking about a fancy ball at the *ETH*. Although he was interested in going, he knew no one to invite. One of his fellow students, perhaps as a joke, suggested he ask Fräulein Roettinger. Much to Bill's surprise she accepted.

In his letter he mentioned the Poly Ball and that he had invited that young lady he had met the first day of class. He did not mention that they had been together almost daily since that first day.

A week or two later, Bill wrote that he had been to a Goethe play with a friend and found it quite enjoyable. He did not say that the friend was the same young woman nor did he say that they held hands and he could not remember a thing about the play, nor that he started addressing her with "du". He also did not say that he started to call her "Idy" ("Eedy") as her family did, and that morphed into "Heidi". In his letters, Bill reported musical evenings he spent playing violin and piano sonatas with "a friend". He also failed to mention that they were deeply in love and that Heidi had agreed to marry Bill and live with him in America.

In a letter dated December 21, Bill wrote: *Thursday evening I visited a young lady friend and played violin and piano music. She plays very well. . . After the music we did some reading together -- first in English and then some German.* From a letter on December 28: *The only music of the week -- i.e. ensemble music -- was some violin and piano music with the girl with whom I had played several times before. Our playing has improved . . .* References to the "young lady friend" kept appearing in the letters. I don't remember noticing the increased frequency, but I am sure my parents did!



Finally he could not contain himself any longer. Unknown to me, Bill wrote to our parents about Heidi and their hopes to be married. Heidi wrote to them in a separate letter. How brave of



her! Their response to her was warm and cordial. Luckily, our parents had already planned an ocean voyage to Europe to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary so they rearranged their itinerary to include Zurich. Heidi's parents were certainly aware of the love between the two and presumably were resigned to their only daughter going so far from them.

I knew nothing. Bill probably wrote to my oldest brother with whom he was very close, but no one told me anything!

At the end of February Bill left Zurich to travel for several months in several countries where he had made arrangements to see some well-known mathematicians. His letters home were full of his experiences but of course the young lady in Zurich was not mentioned. I know now that they had a lively correspondence and suffered from the separation.

There must have been private correspondence between Bill and my parents, but I never saw it. A letter dated May 12 to my other brothers and me from Naples, Italy, written as Bill awaited my parents' arrival, referred to Heidi by name. By that time the "friend" had been identified, although I have no letter to prove it. So, Bill had a Swiss girlfriend and her name was Heidi. How appropriate! This was getting interesting!

In June my parents met Heidi and her parents in Zurich at the Roettinger home. Things did not go well for the lovers. Convinced that this so-called love affair was a youthful fling by a homesick twenty-one year old, and the added worry that this would be a "mixed marriage" of different religions, both sets of parents persuaded my brother to wait until he had been back in the United States for the following year completing his doctorate. They were convinced that the flames of love would die and that a catastrophe would be avoided. Poor Bill! Poor Heidi!

Bill lived at home that year, 1937 - 1938, where he shared a room with Leonard, the oldest brother, who was finishing law school. I found out years later that poor Bill poured his heart out to Leonard, who was a wonderful support. Little sister was only peripherally aware of the heart-ache, although Bill did talk a great deal

about Heidi. In June, Bill announced he was returning to Zurich to marry Heidi. They had kept their side of the bargain and it was no use, they could not be parted.

Now twelve, I was thrilled at the prospect! I was about to gain a "sister" when Leonard and his girlfriend were to be married in June. Now there was the excitement of a mystery "sister". How will she fit into the family? How will she treat me? I went off to camp hardly able to contain myself. Bill left for Switzerland in August. I counted the days until he would be returning with Heidi. They were planning to stay with us at our summer home in Scituate until they left for Bill's first teaching position in Houston.

Finally their arrival day in Boston was here. After their ship docked in New York, they boarded a train for Boston. My brother Robert and my father met them at the train, while I stayed home with my mother who was not well. Much though I wanted to go, there would have been no room in the car.

And there she was! We hugged and I said, "*Willkommen*, Heidi." We hugged again. She was as warm and wonderful as Bill had said. Their marriage lasted sixty-seven years until her death in 2005.

Esther Braun

A Recipe for Happiness

Recently, expecting a family visit, I made peanut butter cookies. For me, this is an exercise in nostalgia as much as baking. Reaching for my *Fannie Farmer Cookbook*, I realize how I love to do this.

I have always been impressed by the huge cookbook collections of some friends. At this stage in our lives, I have basically two: a battered, now unused *The Art of French Cooking* and *Fannie Merritt Farmer's Boston Cooking School Cookbook*.

My copy of *Fannie Farmer's* was given to me by my grandmother when I was engaged to be married in 1962. The copyright page tells me that it is the second printing of the Tenth Edi-



tion, and that as of then the total copies of this 1896 book were 2,964,500.

Fannie Merritt Farmer was born in Boston in 1857. Her education was curtailed due to a stroke when she was sixteen, but she became interested in cookery and provided such excellent meals at her family's boarding house she was encouraged to enter the Boston Cooking School at age thirty. The curriculum was that of the Domestic Science Movement which focused not only on cookery but sanitation, chemical analysis, and convalescent nutrition as well. She stayed on there and in 1891 became the school's principal.

Little, Brown and Company published the first Boston Cooking School Cookbook in 1896, but seeing little reason for its success, this was done at the author's expense and only 3,000 copies were printed. Farmer's most important innovation was the use of standardized measuring tools such as teaspoons and cups. As a lecturer at Harvard Medical School she stressed the importance of nutrition for the ill and in 1904 her *Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent* included a detailed chapter on diabetes. She believed her reputation would be for this work. As time passed, Fannie Farmer's original cookbook became the classic for many cooks and for the cooks in my family. Its usefulness has continued long after her death in 1915.

In her preface to the original edition Miss Farmer quotes someone as saying, "But for life the universe were nothing: and all that has life requires nourishment." To that I would add, "and no more satisfying nourishment than a good peanut butter cookie".

My copy of Fannie's book became so tattered that a friend who bound books for the New Haven Public Library carried it off one day to repair it. To my relief, she did not alter one delightful trait. If I set it down on its binding, it automatically falls open to page 423 and the recipe for Peanut Butter Cookies. The paper is stiff with splashes of oily residue and finger prints and there are even grains of sugar in the crack between pages 422 and 423.

Butter, peanut butter, sugar (brown and white), egg, vanilla and flour. How simple and how delicious. There is a simple illustration of

how to mark the cookie surfaces with a fork. How many times did we use this recipe to fill the cookie jar?

Memories come back of the children from the neighborhood who trooped in for milk and cookies after school. Raiding the cookie jar was a common activity – even among my son's high school friends. We went through at least a gallon of milk a day in those days. Now, when too much whole milk and sugar are frowned upon I am still happy for those memories, and that *Fannie Farmer Cookbook* has pride of place in our Carleton-Willard kitchen.

Anne Schmalz

Off the Square

In the hotel courtyard, as evening comes on,
The wind is worrying the umbrellas.
You can see them over the empty tables,
Shaking their little fringed skirts,
Provocatively, inviting customers.
The trees above the umbrellas
Get in on the act. They too
Respond to the wind,
Fluttering their new leaves,
Which they are not yet used to,
And making hard-to-interpret gestures
At passersby, who ignore them.
These keep their collars up, their gazes down
As they stride to possible trysts
Across the hotel courtyard,
Long-haired young women, various men.
It grows darker and darker. At last, only
The burning tips of two furtive cigarettes
Are visible, doing a ritual fandango,
Until, somewhere off stage, someone
At last remembers that the trees
Are costumed in small lights that now
Are suddenly switched on, revealing
Around the trees two platoons of tulips,
As yet unopened, greenly awaiting
The rumored momentary appearance of
The moon's impossibly thin, gilded
False fingernail.

Craig Hill



A Happy Rewarding Connection

One of the unexpected pleasures of living in a friendly retirement community such as Carleton-Willard is making surprise connections with other residents. For example, several years ago I became acquainted with a new resident, Madeline Marina, who had moved here from Santa Barbara, California to be near her daughter who lives in Lexington. I soon discovered that Madeline's deceased husband, Miguel, was a Basque, and they had lived in the Basque area of Spain at one time.

I grew up in the small town of Buffalo, Wyoming in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains, where we had a large and active Basque colony. I keep track of events and festivities in Buffalo as I have many family members still living there, so I often pass on clippings and stories of the Buffalo Basque to Madeline.

The Basque first came to Wyoming as single shepherders in the 1880's. They knew how to take care of sheep and were excellent herders as they did not mind a three-month stay with a band of sheep in the mountains while living alone in a sheep wagon -- seldom seeing another human during the whole summer. The Basque immigrants were hardworking and thrifty. The Homestead Act of 1862 enabled them to acquire 160 acres each; by careful management they acquired more acreage, brought Basque women over to marry, started families and became important citizens of the county.

They have integrated themselves into the community effectively, serving in important positions in the county and on the hospital board. They have preserved their strong Catholic religion and their native festivities, often giving dance and skill performances. When my father died, a Basque family bought my family's house. Their daughter and her husband later acquired my grandmother's house next door. In that yard the Basque wife built a kiln, makes beautiful pottery and has a well-known shop in Buffalo.

So my connections with Madeline have been interesting and stimulating. This past summer her granddaughter, a student at Harvard, spent

eight weeks in the Basque region of Spain doing research, intriguing because the Basque language is not related to Spanish, Latin or French.

Madeline's husband, Miguel Marina, was a well-known artist in the Basque country. This past fall the Spanish government sponsored an exhibit of his work in Bilbao, Spain and invited Madeline and her daughter and family to attend the opening. All of us who are her friends here followed developments with great interest and excitement, a real vicarious adventure for us.

Mary Hastings

Return to Bilbao

My relationship with the Basque people began sixty-six years ago when I met my husband, Miguel Marina, a refugee from the Spanish Civil War. He was from Bilbao, the heart of the Basque country, a part of Spain that was totally against the Franco insurrection. At the age of twenty-one, he volunteered to fight on the side of the Republic, and after the fall of the legitimate government, he fled to France. From there, with eight Basque fisherman, he crossed the Atlantic to land in Venezuela. He didn't see his family again for fifteen years, but that's another story.

He returned to Spain with me and our three-year-old daughter in 1955, and what a reunion that was! This was the time when Joseph McCarthy held sway in the U. S. Senate, and we had a difficult time proving that Miguel, having fought against Franco's forces, was not a Communist. It took almost two years to clear his name. We settled first in New York City and then for forty years in Santa Barbara, California, where we lived until his death.

Largely a self-taught artist, Miguel first painted seriously in New York City, apprenticing with the Spanish painter, Julio de Diego, and later working as fellow exile Jose Vela Zanetti's assistant on a massive United Nations mural, "Mankind's Struggle for Lasting Peace." Most of his paintings were done in Santa Barbara where he had a number of exhibits at the Esther Bear Gallery, as well as some in the Los Angeles area.



A year ago, Professor Anthony Geist of the University of Washington informed my daughter and me that he wished to produce an exhibit of Miguel's work in Bilbao. His efforts were realized when the Basque government notified us that they planned to honor Miguel with a special show of thirty-five paintings of his memories of his happy childhood in Bilbao.

"Icons of Memory" opened on October 21, 2015. It was a great occasion with more than one hundred guests, speeches, hors d'oeuvres, lots of wine and many kisses on both cheeks. (I left my hearing aids at home because I knew I would lose them from the fierce hugs that went with the kisses.)

About a month before I was due to leave I was hospitalized and feared I wouldn't be able to make the trip. Fortunately, I received great care from the clinic and am extremely grateful for that help which enabled me to go. I have returned with wonderful memories of my reunion with my eighty-eight-year-old Basque sister-in-law, Esperanza, a host of nieces and nephews, their children, and their children's children.

One final note about this trip. In a discussion with one of the heads of the Basque government, I mentioned that a close Carleton-Willard friend, Mary Hastings, came from Wyoming where there is a Basque colony. "Oh yes," he said, "that's Buffalo, Wyoming and they are French Basque." Small world.

Madeline Marina

Anticipation of a New Name

It was November 1952, when I was finally going to set foot in Turkey. My husband-to-be and I had met at Purdue University, where he and a brother were studying. He had to do a year of officer's training before we could get married so I had a year to get prepared.

At that time, Turkey was still feeling the effects of World War II and a depressed economy, but we both knew that things would improve -- especially after I arrived!

The summer prior to my sailing was spent in assembling my shower and wedding gifts, clothing, books, some small household items -- and a small portable Singer sewing machine which came with a dress form made to my exact torso shape and clothed in pink jersey. It just fit into a foot locker which was then stuffed with such "necessities" as embroidered linen face towels, doilies, table linens, etc.

Seven suitcases and six assorted trunks were put on the train in Fort Wayne, Indiana, traveled to New York City, were put on my ship and went with me to Iskenderun, the only port of call in Turkey for that particular month. It was a wonderful trip with stops and brief tours along the way in Barcelona, Marseille, Naples, Cairo and Beirut to offload freight.

We had first class service -- all eighty-eight passengers -- and really enjoyed mostly good weather, good passengers and good guides. Finally the arrival day came, November 14, 1952. At that time Iskenderun was a sleepy port. The captain said that a boat would be sent out into the small harbor to pick up my gear and me.

Yes! I could see my fiancé standing in a small boat and then he came aboard and helped get me and my luggage off the ship and into Turkey.

The captain had the inspector come aboard to inspect my stuff, which was arranged in a big circle by the bursar's office. The customs official had brought along a crew of "hamals" -- porters who were strong but probably not too experienced with carrying ladies' belongings.

As the inspector went around the circle okaying things, everyone was looking to see what this young woman was bringing. As he raised the lid on the foot locker with the dress form, a gasp went up all around -- at first glance it looked like a body.

Explanations quieted everyone. My fiancé and I were taken ashore to the official's office for the necessary formalities. The customs official was so excited to be welcoming a new bride-to-be and her fellow that he told us to wait a minute and he had his secretary go out into the little garden and pick a bunch of roses for me. The sun shone and so did we.

Donna Argon



Welcome New Residents

Mr. Wadsworth Stone
from Natick, 11/20/15

Mr. Steven Hastings
from Lexington, 12/10/15

Mr. and Mrs. Bard and Mary Ellen Turner
from Lexington, 1/15/16

Dr. and Mrs. Peter and Hildegard Fritze
from New Jersey and Rhode Island, 1/18/16

Where Is the Real You?

Almost four hundred years ago, Descartes reached a profound insight: the most fundamental proof of our existence was our ability to recall and recognize our thoughts. “Cogito, ergo sum” (I think, therefore I am). We are only just beginning to comprehend what this Latin sentence actually implies.

By your reading these words, your brain now connects to my brain. In fact, in my brain is a presumption that in your brain, you sense an experience correspondent to my (hyper) consciousness of my present writing: specifically you grasp the *meaning* of what this writing conveys. (I presume we share approximately the same *contextual* background hidden in your subconscious mind.) In my last note, I traced out elements of what neurophysiologists record in your brain when it hears speech. Now we consider visual

communication in particular and communication between *minds* in general.

I now ask you to visualize Rodin’s marvelous sculpture, “The Thinker”. Where is this image in your mind? We could say, “in your visual cortex, plus your parietal cortex, plus your tactile, touch-sensory cortex, plus your frontal lobes, plus your insula etc. etc.” All these might evince neurophysiological activity. Alternatively, we might imagine a tiny region in your brain observing a virtual, neural visual screen (the distributed regions of the neural projections of your retinae). But if that were the case, you would be crammed into your virtual homunculus staring at a virtual screen in the brain of your homunculus. We have conjured an impossible, infinite hall of screens and homunculi. So if we are not in our imaginary homunculus, just where are “we”? The answer I proposed was that our mind creates standing wave functions. This standing wave of excitation (poetically called music) maintained throughout the brain, I termed “hyperconsciousness”. The standing waves are you. At least it is the “you” that talks to the surgeon who might be exploring your brain, or the you who is reading this. Of course, most of you is lurking out of sight, lying low in your (sub/un)conscious to be summoned to the deck as needed (albeit this may arrive tardily in the middle of the night). So you (i.e. your mind) are distributed throughout much of your brain; this distribution represents neural circuit *predictions* (*maps of anticipated neural echoes*) of what any real or imagined action will encounter in the resulting feedback of information from its internal state sensors as well as its periphery/external-state sensors.

I am not the first to suggest something like this concept; Karl Lashley in his 1950 summary of principles of brain organization, described the effects of successively removing small portions of the mouse cortex. However randomly he removed them, elements of the conditioned memory, albeit weakened, persisted in the behavior of the recovered mice. Such memory traces Lashley termed, *engrams*.

In 1968, Stanley Kubrik re-imagined this experiment in his famous motion picture, “A Space Odyssey”. Dave’s serial removals of Hal 9000’s computer brain modules shows Hal gradually weakening, much like Lashley’s mice. What I am suggesting



now is that our sense of internal and external reality is based on the capacity of our brains to anticipate/predict the sensory consequences of acts or intentions to act. If you think it is there; it is there. To the degree that our neural ‘modules’ are impaired or are missing, so is our sense of ourselves.

So how do we test this hypothesis? Optogenetics offers an exciting possibility. Whether we observe the twinkling signals emitted by active neurons in Zebra fish as they move about and sense their environment (Scheier etc.) or some other large scale action detector, neuron activity may provide answers.

So where does that leave us? The wave function, however evanescent, mathematically states the *probability* distribution of its projections: how likely is it that some sensory/motor state is “there”? At a higher mental mapping level, topological invariance pro-tem collapses the probability function; “yes, it is there”. Reversing Nekar cubes and similar visual patterns provide excellent examples of such transient collapses. Phantom limb experiences and their experimental removal are another (Ramachandran). Basically, we gamble that the world is how we have formerly mapped it; if we are wrong, the mismatch is experienced as potentially catastrophic. (Kurt Goldstein WW I research)

N. B. Several hundred million years ago vertebrate brains resembled those of modern Zebra fish. Ontogeny repeats phylogeny; we all pass through an embryonic phase in which we, as embryos, are yet fish-in-process. When scientists turn their dissecting microscopes on young Zebra fish, because the Zebra fish brain lies beneath a translucent membrane, they can actually see individual neurons sparkling in action (via optogenetic imaging). If we could unfold the adult human brain such that it retained its earlier embryonic continuity, it would resemble a large, pancake version of itself as a matured embryo. (This ‘pancake’ is topologically identical.)

Imagine activity peaks as pools of activated neural networks and nodes as areas of quiescence. Activity peaks, communicate reversibly to appropriate multisensory associative regions as described in our previous note.

H. T. Hermann, M.D

Sufficient Unto the Day . . .

Kindly friends often ask, prior to my departure to England for my annual visit there, “Are you excited?”. To this my disappointing answer is “No, I’m not”. Even when I am strapped securely in my airplane seat I am not excited. I feel satisfied that weeks of pre-planning have got me there, but no great anticipation of what lies ahead.

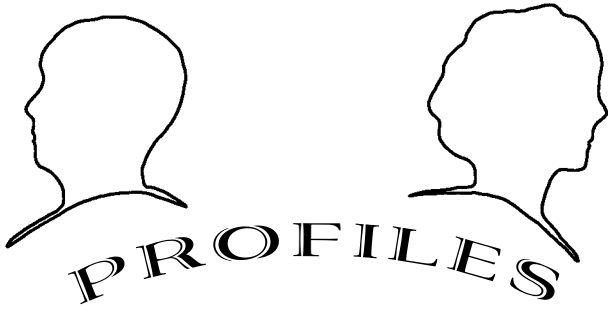
Contemplation of this *Villager’s* theme has compelled me to realize I am deficient in the capacity for joyful anticipation. As a child I thoroughly enjoyed all the pre-Christmas activities and trappings including the ritual letter to Santa. This I penned as meticulously as I could, carefully placing it up the chimney. But it was the task itself that I relished; I recall no excitement of anticipation. Nor did I stay awake, or waken adults at early hours, impatient to see what gifts were forthcoming from stocking or tree. On the day, I unwrapped slowly and with care, taking enormous pleasure in each unanticipated present.

As an adult, I find the day I am in more deeply satisfying than the thought of future delights. It’s not that I don’t plan or prepare, but it’s those activities themselves which gratify me, not the distant goal. Perhaps I don’t entirely trust the promised future to be as I’d hope it to be; best to relish the process of getting to where I can look it straight in the eye.

There’s another less giddy side to anticipation. I’m better at that. “Don’t borrow trouble” mentors used to tell me, as I could be a champion, anticipating the worst possible outcomes from a visit to the dentist, the path of a hurricane, or a social occasion, to name but a few possibilities. It has taken decades of conscious effort to do what comes so naturally in other situations: to plan and prepare however much is possible but leave the unknown alone until we come face to face.

Sufficient unto the day, no matter what.

Alice Morrish









West Coast Anticipation

After finishing high school in 1939, I enrolled at an aircraft trade school in Los Angeles. I went from Haverhill, Massachusetts by Greyhound Bus, a three day trip with a layover in Cincinnati making it four days.

The school put us up in local homes and we had our meals in a nearby boarding house. I was assigned a roommate, Jack Armstrong from Chilliwack, British Columbia, Canada. The school was located on Highway 5, San Fernando Road. We lived across the road in Glendale.

I had brought fifty dollars with me in anticipation of buying a bicycle for inexpensive local transportation. "Oh NO", said Jack, "we need a car; distances are too great in the west for a bike."

We searched for a car within our very limited budget. It was no go. Jack then recruited another student from Iowa. We found a 1929 Model A Ford. As they say in California, it had been chopped and lowered to look like a hot rod. A hot rod it was not. The engine was pretty sick but we were all acquainted with engines and figured we could repair it over time. We figured out a payment scheme. I would make the thirty dollar down payment and they would make the four monthly payments of ten dollars a month. I would register the car in my name. We would share operating expenses. All this because they were each taking a twenty-five week course and I was taking two courses for a total of fifty weeks. At the end of their term I would have the car. We eventually fixed it up with the help of the Pep Boys auto store.

Our favorite car trip was to Santa Monica beach. There we could body surf in the big waves and rent a sailboat for the afternoon. The location was across from where Whitey Bulger hid out many years later.

Our route to the beach led us through Hollywood's main drag and we sometimes modified the trip, going by the Brown Derby and Ciro's looking for movie stars. We never identified any.

Another route took us through a fancy new development named Bel Air.

I did not give up bike riding just because we owned a car. A friend and I often rented bikes

to sightsee. It was a more convenient way to go. There were no parking problems. We often rode over to Griffith Park where we would ride up the mountain to the Observatory, the highest point in Los Angeles. Here you could see all the way to the Pacific Ocean. There were lots of traffic-free roads in the park, the tenth largest municipal park in the nation. We often took a shortcut home which involved fording the Los Angeles River in its semi-circular viaduct.



At the end of the year I sold the car for fifty-five dollars.

Robert Sawyer

Woodman's

If you haven't been there, GO! If you aren't a driver, find someone who is.

Take 128 North to Exit 15 onto School Street. Turn left onto Rte. 132 and follow 132 to Woodman's. Their address is 121 Main Street in Essex.

Now hang on because this will be some treat! You could get lobster, but most people get fried clams and French fries with little cups of catsup and tartar sauce and a cold glass of beer. This has got to be the best feast of the season!

Once you get home you might notice that you're a bit smelly. Throw your clothes in the washer and yourself in the shower and treasure the memory.

Constance Devereux



Village

Bach, Beethoven and Beyond

Introducing themselves from the stage without a printed program, three instrumentalists from Indian Hill Music School, Andrew Eng, viola, Angelia Cho, violin, and Shay Rudolph, cello, offered music written or arranged for string trio. The evening opened with two movements from Beethoven's trio, Opus 9, Number 3, followed by performance of two dance movements from Bach's suites for solo violin and cello. Referring to her upcoming recital, the cellist affably enlisted her audience to be her "guinea pigs". The trio concluded with twelve contrasting movements from Bach's Goldberg Variations, blending passion with superb ensemble playing. The audience responded heartily to an extraordinary musical evening.



Memories of the 50's

The Village Thespians delighted us with their show "Memories of the 50's," a clever blend of songs and stories from Broadway musicals of that era, re-enactments of memorable historical moments, and shared personal memories. At two standing room only performances, the cast thrilled us with their energy, talent and full-throated singing. Throughout the show, related images were projected during each segment, recalling Broadway performers, historical figures, newspaper headlines and advertisements thoroughly familiar to all who lived through the 50's. Audience and cast expressed hearty thanks to the many who contributed to the success of the show, including fellow residents, friends and staff.

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

Wenham Museum and Tea House

At the height of the fall foliage season, residents enjoyed a trip to Wenham to tour the 1690 Claflin-Richards House, visit the museum, and end with lunch at Wenham Tea House. The guide explained how the Claflin-Richards House grew in size over the years, and changed as building styles and materials changed. The Wenham Museum featured a temporary exhibit of twenty-three sculptures by Nancy Schon, creator of the family of ducklings in the Boston Public Garden. The permanent exhibits feature fashions, toys and tools in use from the 17th century to the present time. Lunch proved the Tea House deserves its fine reputation.

Working for Ted Kennedy

Residents and guests were privileged to hear from political consultant Scott Ferson. A member of Senator Kennedy's staff in Boston from 1990 to 1995, Ferson served as press secretary and Massachusetts issues director and worked on the Kennedy vs. Romney 1994 Senate campaign. Calling Kennedy "the best boss I'll ever work for", he stressed the senator's loyalty, desire to learn all he could about an issue, ability to learn from his mistakes, and emphasis on working across the aisle. Asked how to improve government, Ferson replied "Encourage better people to run for office," citing the successful campaign of our Congressman Seth Moulton, which he helped run.

War on Drugs Forum

A large audience welcomed State Senator Mike Barrett and State Representative Ken Gordon to a discussion of issues related to the causes and consequences of the nation's outrageous incarceration rate, the world's highest. Launched in the 1970's, the "War on Drugs" has failed to achieve its goals, while exacting a massive economic and human toll, especially on the lives of young, black men. In their presentations, and a lively question and answer session, our elected representatives outlined the actions being considered to address the problem in Massachusetts and encouraged us to play an active role by supporting these actions.



Happenings

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

Kennedy Institute Visit

Senator “Ted” Kennedy believed there should be a place for people to learn about the history and work of the U.S. Senate. The Edward M. Kennedy Institute for the U.S. Senate was created to be that place, and a visit confirmed that his dream has been fulfilled. A full scale replica of the Senate, and Ted’s office, along with interactive displays allow visitors to be “senators for a day”. Residents took on identities as senators, heard a bill debated, spoke from the floor, and voted on the bill. Then, our work completed, we adjourned for a hearty lunch.

A Journey with the Flute

Flautist Wendy Rolfe returned with her frequent accompanist, pianist Deborah DeWolf Emory, to take us on a journey with the flute through music history. Wendy performed wide-ranging music spanning three hundred years on seven different flutes, including piccolo, to show how the instrument has evolved, from a keyless Renaissance flute using stop-holes through 19th century versions of crystal and Jamaican ebony, to fully keyed modern versions. Offering music contemporary with her respective flutes, from the Baroque through Debussy and Schubert to the delightful concertino of Cecile Chaminade, Wendy captivated her audience, including her mother, resident Stephanie Rolfe.

Beauty in Watercolor

In our “Art for Fun” gallery, we enjoyed seeing the work of two resident watercolorists. Joan Stockard’s exhibit featured wonderful coastal views that caught her skilled painter’s eye. There were glaciers, seascapes, and rumbling waterfalls, complemented by trees, flowers, quarried walls and landscapes. Remarkable was the portrait of a large, brown paper bag – ready for a Carleton-Willard take home dinner. Mary Devoe’s exhibit concentrated on recently picked bright and perky flowers. They were arranged in an imaginative array of unusual receptacles – an olive jar, a Mason jar, a tuna can, and a Coke bottle. It took an artist to achieve this successfully.

John La Farge Exhibit

A group travelled to the McMullen Museum of Art at Boston College to view the exhibit “John La Farge and the Recovery of the Sacred”, works by one of the most famous artists of the nineteenth century. The highlight, a triptych of religious figures, features the opalescent glass for which the artist is famous. Among the more than ninety items are oils, watercolors and prints. Our docent set La Farge’s work in the context of his time and his relationships with famous contemporaries including Tiffany, William James and Winslow Homer. Resident Sheila La Farge, the artist’s great-granddaughter, enriched our visit with family stories.



Washington Crossing the Delaware

Art historian Lucretia Giese shared an evening focused on the iconic history painting, “Washington Crossing the Delaware” by Emanuel Leutze. This work, painted in Germany in 1851, now fills a massive space in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Featuring a heroic Washington, standing perilously in a shallow, narrow boat, overloaded with a dozen people, on an ice-filled river looking more like the Rhine than the Delaware, the scene brings many questions to mind. Where are we? Who are these people? What time of day is it? Which direction are they heading? Dr. Giese, sister of resident Harry Hoover, led a stimulating discussion of the painting.

Edwin Cox



Travels with Dodgem

What an achievement! Dodgem, our borrowed 1923 Humber car, had safely brought us from London to the Dover docks. Top speed, downhill with a high wind behind us, was about 30 mph. Loaded with camping gear, personal baggage, and an array of car tools, our antique two-seater was taking us on a romantic journey to revisit the French countryside. My husband, Ed, was anxious to introduce his bride to his Free French parachutist friends with whom he had recently served in World War II. After months of delay with British postwar regulations, we had finally received the documents required to allow the car to travel in and out of England for one round trip journey.

As soon as we met the Dover port official we were devastated to discover “Your boat set sail an hour ago. Didn’t anyone notify you of the new schedule?” We were totally crushed.

Taking responsibility for the error, this official worked hard to find a solution. “Great news, there is a ship leaving soon for Ostend”, he later announced. “From there it’s a short drive to Calais; you will be in France before you know it.” We handed over our special departure papers and set sail. Our troubles were over?

We were admitted to Belgium. Dodgem was not. Her papers stated that she was to go to France. She had no business being here. Unloaded to the quay, she was a great attraction for all the longshoremen who clambered over this rare car, oblivious to the scene going on in the office. There we were engaged in arguing over the decision to impound her overnight and ship her back to England the next day. After we had fought over the issue for a long time we saw Dodgem

being driven away en route to lockup. The docks were closing down. The officer in charge wanted to go home for dinner. Grudgingly he permitted us to make one short phone call to the British Consul who informed us, with stiff upper lip, that he could provide no help. “You must return to Dover under Escort, and since you have no Belgian currency, you will pay your extra fares in England.” Denied any access to our luggage, and with dockyard gates shut tight, we set out to walk to the City. After a long search we found a small

hotel and offered to wash dishes in return for a bed. The manager declined our labor but with extreme secrecy he smuggled us into a staff room beyond the kitchens, insisting that we be invisible, sleep quietly, forego bathroom use, and leave before sunrise. As hungry refugees we searched our pockets. Ed’s jacket yielded one small orange. It would serve as our missed lunch, and dinner and breakfast to come.

At dawn we crept out and returned to the docks. A terrible sight met our eyes. High on a rickety platform, dangling from an array of ropes, Dodgem was being lifted off the quay. A few yards beyond the shoreline she was dumped on the deck of a dingy little freighter.

We and our Escort were to go on board and remain sequestered below. A pleasant fellow, the Escort had no concerns over his prisoners. When we landed in England he accompanied us to our bank, was reimbursed for all the fares due, and accepted our invitation for a hearty restaurant meal. Dodgem was then reunited with us and quite ready to amble home at “top speed.”

As we left someone called out, “How was your vacation?” With his usual good humor, Ed replied “Not quite as anticipated, but the food was something to die for.”

Stephanie Rolfe





Awaiting Our First Child

I was told it would be about forty weeks. That seemed acceptable. By the time thirty-six weeks rolled around we began to count down. Would it be on the “due date”, February 9, Aunt Bea’s birthday? The two grandmothers-to-be, experts full of experience and maternal knowledge, agreed that I definitely looked like I was ready. My back was hurting, my belly was huge; my baby was very active. I was ready! Happy Birthday, Aunt Bea. But sorry, we have no special announcement!

Perhaps it would be on Abraham Lincoln’s birthday, only three days late. It’s not an exact science, you know, say the grandmothers. It won’t be long; we can tell. Take long walks. We’ll come over and walk with you. We walked and walked. My center of gravity was way off with all those extra pounds concentrated in my front. It was not fun! It was also February and the streets and sidewalks were covered with snow and ice. Please be careful, everyone says.

This was in the before-cell-phone era. I had to check in with the father-to-be regularly. Happy Birthday, Abe came and went. What if this went on to Washington’s Birthday and beyond?

What a frightening prospect! I walked and walked but I could not sleep. That child never rested, kicking all the time it seemed. It’s definitely a boy, say the grandmothers. (This was pre-ultra sound.)

Washington’s Birthday came. NO CHANGE. I begged the doctor to DO SOMETHING. I cannot take this any longer. I did not sign up for forty-two weeks and counting. Enough! He agreed and admitted me to the hospital, selected because it was closest to where we lived. It turned out to be a relic from the Middle Ages. I was placed in a semi-private room with a mother who had already given birth. How distressing that was for me. Women in labor were on stretchers lining the halls. That was not an encouraging scene. I was given a pill and told to keep walking.

For three days I walked past those writhing patients. When my husband called, he was told,

incorrectly, that I was in labor. I was still just walking! Finally, I really was in labor. I had been completely anesthetized, so I have no memory of that long drawn out event. The new father had a glimpse of his son through a glass window and was horrified. After that long period in the birth canal the baby’s head was long and pointed. The nurses failed to reassure my husband that the baby would look normal within a short time.

The most amazing thing about pregnancy and delivery is that they are soon forgotten. Otherwise, there would be only single-child families! The happiness of being a parent overrides all that came before.

Esther K. Braun



And Yet

Cars, trucks, vans, gray with
Encrusted salt, dash
Pell-mell down Route 2,
Spray sand and salt against
Headlights and windshields.
The gray highway powdered
By salt blown into swirling eddies
Is brightened by the red glow of brake lights.

The roadside’s edge, piled with
Filthy frozen slush, spewed and
Sprayed by passing plows,
Channels the rushing traffic.

Beyond, a fragile, ghostly veil
Of trees
Clad for winter, dipped in silver frosting,
Shimmer and sparkle.
Limbs reach skyward, their whitened twigs
Holding on their silver tips
A promise of spring.

Nancy Smith



My Friend, Chuck

What? I haven't told you about Chuck Curtis? Why, he was one of my best friends at "after the war" Northwestern U., as opposed to the "before the war" Northwestern. It really does make a difference, you know. We met coming back from the war to the same fraternity house. He had about five years more service than I, which meant that he was much wiser and more experienced than I was. Chuck was studying Mechanical Engineering while I was working on an Electrical Engineering degree but that was all right. I didn't hold it against him. Many mechanical engineering students are great people! He was due to graduate a year before me. We slowly discovered we had many of the same interests in music, plays and other cultural things, and we got along real well together right from the beginning. In fact we roomed together for a while to make sure we checked up on each other's study habits and took corrective actions when necessary.

Chuck, also known as Chauncy (he said one of his forbearers was a president of Harvard, that eastern school, you know), came to call me "Bueno", the word Mexicans use to answer the telephone, instead of "Hello" as you and I would do. I guess this was because I was trying to learn Spanish better, and would try out a phrase or two on anybody handy now and then, just for practice. (Many of the rest of the guys in the house called me "Boom Boom" because I was trying to teach them a barbershop song that used boom boom in the bass line.) I once took Chuck down to see a Mexican movie in a little movie theater on South Halstead Street in South Chicago, about a block from Mother Cabrini's Mission home. After the show he said he understood only six words which he thought meant, "To be or not to be." We laughed about this for years after, since the real meaning was "you were a real-- of --- of ---- etc."

We used to double date frequently. On one of these dates Chuck showed up with a real beautiful girl, Laura, an interesting and friendly coed, whom, he told me later, he met through A.J. Hallenbeck or someone with a middlewestern

name like that, I don't really remember for sure. At any rate, A.J. was a guy who had just passed Laura along to Chuck because he was now dating someone else. After that first evening I asked myself, "Why the hell didn't A.J. pass her off to ME instead?" Well, though my envy lasted a long time, Chuck and Laie, as she was known, would double date with me and my date of the moment a lot, and we always had a great time. I ultimately forgave A.J. in my own mind, because I later met Marian, my wife of sixty-two years.

Laie came from a middle-sized town down in central Illinois, and wouldn't you know it, in her high school class was a guy named Dick van Dyke. This was no nickname. He REALLY WAS Dick van Dyke. She said Dick was a nice guy but that he was the real cut-up of the class, and always had the funniest stories and acts to put on. After high school she lost contact with him and was bowled over when he suddenly appeared on TV and in movies. By the way, in the class behind her was a guy named Gene Hackman. His family had moved east to Danville from San Bernardino, California for some reason, and he ended up in Laie's high school. She said that everyone picked on Gene because he was so little and tried to pull off the things that Dick did so easily. WELL, he sure showed THEM all up!

Near the end of his senior year, Chuck asked Laie to marry him. She said "Yes" and that did it, because, you see, I secretly hoped they would get tired of each other so I could start dating Laie. They asked me to be their best man, which was great, and that straightened things out a lot.

After they married, Chuck took a job up in Michigan, so I didn't see them any more until one day, I was on a train coming back to Evanston from Ann Arbor. The train stopped for some reason, and there, right in front of me by the track side, were Chuck and Laie standing next to their parked car and staring at the train. I pounded the window like mad but to no avail. They never looked up and the train pulled out, so I had to tell them about it in a letter (remember those?) We kept in touch, of course, and Marian and I invited them and their kids to share cottages with us and our kids for a couple of weeks one summer out at Chatham on Cape Cod.



(The Hornes' cottages are still there as homes or condos, but the water line is way away nowadays.) We had a great time, and the picture stamped in my mind is in a movie I made of Chuck looking through the front window of the candy shop, licking his chops, and the gal making candy is offering him a spoon full of goo from inside. The candy shop is still there!

(But the gal is not!)

We rarely saw each other after that. Our East Coast and Midwest paths just never did cross. We did stay in close contact with letters and telephone calls. One Christmas we got real bad news. Chuck said he was failing due to Alzheimer's or something like that. He felt certain of this because he had been volunteering for some years in an Alzheimer's clinic and recognized the symptoms right off. We hustled out to Michigan to visit them in March. Chuck was still very clear in conversation, but told us he didn't drive any more since he couldn't handle left and right directions or the rest of the traffic. He mentioned that he had willed his brain to the University of Michigan for research.

Not long after our visit, Laie told us she couldn't trust him to go to the mail box any more, since he often wandered off from there, aimlessly. She finally had to move to Richmond, Virginia to live near their daughter and to place Chuck in an Alzheimer's facility. We visited Laie occasionally when driving to Florida, and one time she told us that Chuck's personality never turned sour as some do, but that he kept a great sense of humor, if you can call it that, and was a great hit with the nurses. On what turned out to be her last visit to Chuck, she kissed him good-bye, and he looked at her with a twinkle in his eye and said, "You know, I have a wife who lives just up the street from here."

Well, there you have it, the story of one of my best friends in college. Oh and by the way, it turns out that upon analysis by the folks at the University of Michigan Chuck didn't really have Alzheimer's at all but something like it which gives the same symptoms. It shows you can't be sure of anything these days.

Kay Barney

<i>In Memory</i>	
Donald Noyes	October 21, 2015
Virginia Hands	October 26
Lillian Finer	November 10
Dorothy Brauneis	November 12
Barbara Bass	November 17
Caroline Murray	December 2
Eleanor (Peggy) Carman	December 10
Phoebe Liebow	December 20
Phyllis Roberts	December 28
Dorothea Verner	January 1, 2016
Norma Jane Whittinghill	January 2
Martha Freedman	January 4
Sally Morrison	January 13
Jean Slingerland	January 25
Ruth McDade	January 26
Janet Buckingham	January 31



Preparing Pays Off

“How would you feel about taking a walking trip in Tuscany next year in September?” my husband, Gordon, asked one evening in May 1985? I looked up from my book. “Walking or hiking?” “It says walking”, he replied, looking down at the Stanford alumni travel brochure he had just received. Hearing it was over a year away, I replied “Sounds good!” Anything that is more than a year away always sounds feasible to me.

Even though he sent the reply back the next day, we soon learned that we were eighth and ninth on the waiting list, bad odds for getting to go. But, soon, came a letter saying there had been such an enthusiastic response for the trip that an earlier one was being planned for May and would we be interested? Gordon was delighted and I was left realizing we now had only a year to prepare. That sounds like a long time but while Gordon was a lifelong hiker and I liked to walk, something told me this was going to take major preparation for me. About twenty-three of us would walk from inn to inn in the hilly Tuscan countryside, about eight miles a day, carrying small day packs while our luggage was moved by jitney.

Right away I called on the help of my Lexington Walking and Talking Club. We were five friends who regularly walked together. Valiantly they agreed to make our walks longer and tougher and to always include Loring Road, the steepest hill in our neighborhood. We started referring to it as Mt. Loring, though to compare it to hilly Tuscany was like comparing our CWV Fire Road to Mt. Monadnock.

Gordon’s brother and sister-in-law, both classicists who had lived in Italy, were delighted we were going and sent us Italian tapes. So, while I peeled potatoes or shaped meatballs, I listened to the dulcet refrains of Signor Rossi instructing in that lovely language. I was not a quick learner but figured *ciao*, *buon giorno*, *buona sera*, *grazie* and a big smile would take me a long way.

Nonetheless, I grew more and more nervous. Would the other walkers be twenty year olds? Would I break a leg and embarrass us both? Would I even remember *ciao*? Anticipation was

turning to dread. And in December 1985 terrorists with machine guns hit the Rome airport with an attack that left nineteen dead including the terrorists. We decided to go as planned. Only one person dropped out because of the violence.

Finally the date in May 1986 arrived and we were off to Florence for a three-day pre-trip visit where we stayed in an old and grand hotel right on the bank of the Arno, a few miles out of town. At a cocktail gathering and dinner that night, we met the other walkers, a hardy laid-back group, mostly in their fifties as we were, though there were a few older excellent hikers as well as one or two younger ones, almost everyone from California. The setting for the *al fresco* dinner reminded me of a favorite John Singer Sargent watercolor. I was immensely happy.

There followed three days of art viewing in Florence under the direction of the art historian who accompanied us. Trying desperately to remember which church had which chapel, and where each masterpiece resided, we had a glorious feast of art and history.

But we were there to walk so on day four we took a jitney into the hills where each of us received a mimeographed route for the day. We were admonished not to lose those and were sent off to find our way, following directions which might read, “Follow the vineyard rows to the end and take a right turn at the farmhouse where there may be barking dogs. Continue on that road past the cemetery and into the medieval town of . . .” We were always on country roads or paths - no asphalt. The sun was shining, the sky was blue, the red poppies we had hoped for were indeed in bloom and, as an unexpected bonus, the wild iris were also flowering in profusion. Rose bushes, often at the end of rows of grapevines, added more color. The countryside was like a picture book and when you are walking you really see it.

Because of the earlier airport violence, there were few tourists in Italy that spring and we were heartily welcomed everywhere. Villagers however often looked bemused as we straggled by. One group of farm wives, who were shelling beans together, pointed shyly to the railroad tracks in the valley below. We smiled and trudged on.



After coffee latte, fruit and rolls, we were off each morning, usually in groups of five or six depending on our pace, carrying our lunch, water bottles, cameras, sketching pads in light backpacks. Did I fall down? Oh yes, on a very steep grassy path that had been added to the first day's itinerary when the route was changed after a farm was sold and the new owner refused passage through his land. Was I embarrassed? Of course. Was I injured? No. Did others fall? Yes, but no one was hurt except our favorite older hiker who fell and knocked out his front tooth but kept right on smiling and walking. We did acquire blisters and became experts in the proper placement of moleskin.

Usually by mid to late afternoon we reached our destination inn, each one of them comfortable and most of them delightful, where we would shower, change clothes and feast on Italian antipastos, leghorn chicken, "bifsteak", wild boar, pasta, mushrooms in olive oil, Italian bread, tiramisu and other delights. Chianti and other wines as well as bottled water, both with and without *gaz*, were available in quantity. We consumed huge amounts of food and wine but because of the rigors of our walking we gained no weight -- neither did we lose any!

A Stanford historian and an art lecturer walked with us and gave frequent evening lectures on Italian art and culture. On several days we met at wineries at noon-time for a wine tasting and lunch, and one day we had a tour of a very modern winery behind the doors of a medieval town.

We had a rest stopover in Siena, a wonderful medieval walled city that my husband and I especially loved. Siena's Piazza del Campo must surely rank high on any list of the world's most beautiful spaces, ringed as it is by ancient buildings and outdoor cafes.

The Palazzo Pubblico, constructed from 1297 to 1310, is still the seat of city government but also houses an art museum with paintings by Sienese artists. My favorite "The Good and Bad Government" could well be studied as we face this election year. The black and white Duomo is one of the great Tuscan Gothic cathedrals, and Siena's winding streets were an enticing invitation to urban walking.

Another milestone was San Gimignano, the hilltop town sometimes called "the Manhattan

of Tuscany" for its towers built to pour hot pitch down on invaders during medieval city/state battles. We could see the town and its remaining thirteen towers long before we reached it. As we started our final climb toward it, I was huffing and puffing along with a group of other walkers and wondering where my husband was. I finally spied him way ahead of us, laughing and taking pictures as we struggled to the top.

But what a town! After passing through the main gate, the cobblestone road led to the Plaza della Cisterna with the original 13th century cistern in the center surrounded on all sides by mansions, towers and palaces built in soft golden limestone. Our hotel was right on the square, built into one of the old palaces. Even though we arrived exhausted, after showers and short rests everyone was in great spirits and ready for another dinner feast in a restaurant looking out over the town and countryside. And that night we certainly toasted ourselves for that climb with plenty of the town's wonderful white vernaccia and other wines. Next day we stayed put and toured the town including the Collegiate Church which is entirely frescoed with religious scenes creating a colorful picture Bible for illiterate medieval worshippers. The Palazzo del Popolo, built between 1288 and 1323, still serves as the town hall as well as the civic museum and art gallery. Among its art treasures are delightful frescoes of domestic scenes including the first depiction of two lovers in a hot tub.

We could hardly bear to leave San Gimignano but our last day took us to Volterra, the ancient Etruscan city, well established in the third century BC. Etruscan art depicts a society that truly appreciated women. I loved the funeral sculptures that show husbands and wives lying in bed facing each other contented in eternity.

That night we had our farewell dinner, toasted our guides and lecturers, each other and ourselves for a truly memorable and happy excursion. Next morning a big bus took us back to the Rome airport. My husband and I always agreed it was among the very happiest of our many journeys and I remain grateful to those walking friends who helped me get ready.

Peggy McKibben



A Memoir

I

My name is Grandmother Sarah's Dining Room Table. I am made of Honduran Mahogany and have eight chairs and six leaves. My first Thanksgiving was in a New York brownstone, a dark room with heavy red draperies. I had two leaves and one high chair. It was 1910.

II

My next Thanksgiving was in a Long Island brownstone in the 1930's. Grandmother Sarah had moved to the suburbs. I had a lovely view of a neighboring church, an open fireplace and usually all my leaves and a high chair.

III

It is now 1951 and my dining room is in a white clapboard rectory where Grandma Sarah's oldest son lives. I have a lake view and lake trout is often served. Usually I have two leaves and one high chair.

IV

I am now in Lexington, Massachusetts in a Federal house with many windows but a small dining room, belonging to Grandmother Sarah's oldest granddaughter. All of my leaves are in use and it is hard to get around the table without squeezing. Everyone drinks a toast to Grandmother Sarah who has passed away.

V

I am now in a large dining room in Groton, Massachusetts where Grandmother Sarah's oldest great-grandson lives. It is 2015. I have an open fireplace and a lovely chandelier. The baby is not yet old enough for the high chair. There are some toasts for Grandmother Sarah and some much remembered dads, and the use of familiar platters and bowls. I am sad, however, that my beautiful damask tablecloth is packed away and I am forced to use placemats, but I love it here and hope to stay a long time.

Louise Curtis

Traveling with a Dog Named Pat

My dog Pat seemed to be tuned to the sound of ice cubes dropping into our igloo cooler filled with food that people (and dogs) liked to have on picnics. Pat carefully checked every car window. It was clear that we were traveling westward to Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. It was in Kentucky where my favorite Uncle Pat lived and where my dog, his namesake, would have another dog to play with.

When we were ready to leave we couldn't find Pat anywhere! As my dad was whistling for Pat to come, the milkman told us he saw Pat over in the new neighbor's yard. Armed with that information, Daddy went in search of Pat. Our 4:00 a.m. departure time was slowly being delayed. While my dad was searching the neighbor's bushes, two police cars arrived. One went to talk to our neighbor and the other went to question my dad. It was soon realized that this was no burglar; it was just Harvey searching for Pat.

Our dog had just decided to pursue the new female scent in the neighborhood. But while we were all searching the area, Pat had sneaked back to the car, climbed under his blanket and was waiting to go! After apologies to our neighbor and thanks to the policemen, we were all set, dog and people included. On our way, a half hour late, but happily together.

Juliette Hill



As the days get longer and warmer we look for signs of Spring.



Red-winged Blackbirds
call in the
marsh

When the ice melts
we hear the
Spring Peepers



Pussy Willows
bloom



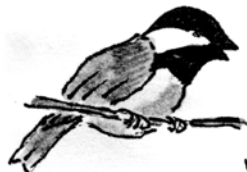
Flocking birds
begin
to pair
off.



Orioles
come back
and eat the crab apple flowers



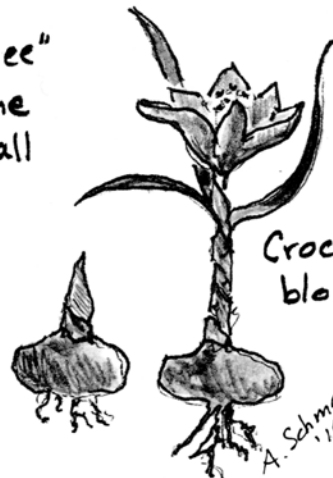
The song
"chic-a-dee"
becomes the
mating call
"phoebe".



House Wrens
may move into
the wren house
near the entrance
to the lower meadow
from Falmouth Court



Crocuses
bloom



A. Schmalz
1/16

and lo! SPRING is here!



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

Looking Back and Looking Forward

It is early January and the New Year is young. At our house in Bedford Court the sun is shining brightly through the pine trees and the temperature outside is 8 degrees. The bird feeders are surrounded by hungry birds and a chickadee is splashing about in the heated birdbath. Life here at Carleton-Willard Village is good.

2015 was a busy and successful year for the CWV library. Four new residents joined the Library Committee and are already making a difference. A group of thirty volunteers performed the wide variety of tasks that have kept the library running smoothly and efficiently. 367 new books were added to the collection and over 400 books were removed and donated to the staff, the Health Center, the Bedford Council on Aging and the Bedford Public Library. Book Circulation was brisk, with between sixty and seventy books signed out each week.

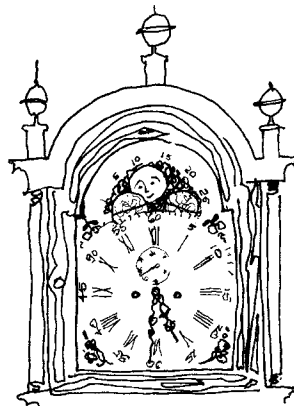
We have a great deal to look forward to in 2016. Construction of the new Village Centre and Bistro will present some challenges but will also

bring positive changes to our life here. There will be more room for meetings and activities, there will be a highly awaited art studio, and the new Bistro will add a new dimension to our eating experience.

2016 may bring a variety of changes at Carleton-Willard, but one thing will remain the same: the library will always be open, new books will be added to the collection each month, and the reading room will provide a quiet and comfortable environment for reading, perusing the newspapers and doing the daily puzzles.

Every evening as my husband and I come into the main building for dinner, I glance through the windows into the library. The lights are on, the bookshelves look neat and colorful, and there are always several residents reading or looking for books. What a warm and inviting place!

*Katherine F. Graff
Library Committee Chair*





Among the Newest

Pirate Hunters by Robert Kurson
Modern search for a legendary pirate ship, Golden Fleece, sunk in the Caribbean about 1700.

Rogue Lawyer by John Grisham
A lawyer whom other people won't go near, Sebastian Rudd, is a colorful, outrageous, vividly drawn character.

Furthest Field by Raghu Karnad
India's role in World War II, narrated through the lives and deaths in one family 1939 - 1945.

The Secret Chord by Geraldine Brooks
A fictional novel about the biblical King David, a man of great ambition, strong emotion and deep contradiction.

The Last of the President's Men by Bob Woodward
From Nixon's papers and a Nixon aide, Woodward draws a new and complete view of the Nixon White House.

The Mare by Mary Gaitskill
A Dominican American teen discovers the world of horses and one abused horse in particular with whom she bonds.

Pacific by Simon Winchester
Silicon chips and surfboards, coral reefs and atom bombs, brutal dictators, fading empires and the coming collision of superpowers.

The Diamond Caper by Peter Mayle
Sleuth Sam Leavitt and his girlfriend investigate a theft of diamonds on the Riviera and get into big trouble.

Saving Capitalism by Robert B. Reich
Keen analysis of our economic state; rising inequality, poor economic performance and a desperate need for reform.

Mrs. Engels by Gavin McCrea
Portrait of a woman pursuing her own instincts and goals in contrast to those of her Communist husband.

The Witches by Stacy Schiff
The story of Salem in 1692 told with great care, wry humor and an eye for peculiar yet illuminating facts.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Confidante by Susan Elia MacNeal
Eleanor Roosevelt's secretary goes missing and Maggie Hope, a famous British spy, is assigned to help her.

Two Years Eight Months and Twenty-Eight Nights by Salman Rushdie
A modern fairy tale about an irreligious Jewish girl encountering Muslim fundamentalists and a wise Muslim philosopher.

Notorious RBG by Irin Carmon
A portrait of Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, with fascinating detail about her childhood and her personal and professional life.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Bowen, James	A Gift From Bob (*)
Forsyth, Frederick	The Outsider (*)
Jefferson, Margo	Negroland
Judt, Tony	The Memory Chalet
Oates, Joyce Carol	The Lost Landscape
Park, Yeonmi	In Order To Live (*)
Price, Trudy Chambers	The Cows Are Out
Sacks, Oliver	Gratitude
Steinem, Gloria	My Life on the Road
Vining, Elizabeth Gray	Being Seventy

Biography

Carmon, Irin	Notorious RBG
Meacham, Jon	Destiny and Power
Norris, John	Mary McGroary
Stiles, T. J.	Custer's Trials
Taliaferro, John	All the Great Prizes
Williams, Kate	Young Elizabeth (*)
Wulf, Andrea	The Invention of Nature

Current Affairs

Clinton, Hillary Rodham	Hard Choices
Ephron, Dan	Killing a King
Pope Francis	Laudate Si: Praise Be To You
Reich, Robert B.	Saving Capitalism
Warrick, Joby	Black Flags: The Rise of ISIS
Winchester, Simon	Pacific

Fiction

Albom, Mitch	The Magic Strings of Frankie Presto
Allende, Isabel	The Japanese Lover (*)

Atwood, Margaret	The Heart Goes Last
Black, Cara	Murder on the Champ de Mars
Balson, Ronald H.	Once We Were Brothers
Beaton, M. C.	Dishing the Dirt (*)
Bowen, Rhys	Away in a Manger (*)
Brookes, Adam	Spy Games
Brooks, Geraldine	The Secret Chord (*)
Brooks, Geraldine	The Secret Chord
Burke, James Lee	House of the Rising Sun (*)
Chiaverini, Jennifer	Christmas Bells (*)
Child, Lee	Make Me
Cleeland, Anne	Murder in Hindsight
Connelly, Michael	The Crossing
Cornwell, Patricia	Depraved Heart
Cunningham, Michael	A Wild Swan
Dennison, Hannah	Deadly Desires at Honeychurch Hall (*)
Donati, Sara	The Gilded Hour
Ferrante, Elena	Those Who Leave and Those Who Stay
Finch, Charles	Home by Nightfall
Flynn, Gillian	Gone Girl
Francis, Felix	Front Runner
Gaitskill, Mary	The Mare
Galbraith, Robert	Career of Evil
George, Elizabeth	A Banquet of Consequences
Grisham, John	Rogue Lawyer
Groff, Lauren	Fates and Furies (*)
Hilderbrand, Elin	The Rumor
Hill, Susan	The Risk of Darkness
Horowitz, Anthony	Moriarty (*)
Hyde, Catherine Ryan	Take Me With You
Irving, John	Avenue of Mysteries
Karnad, Raghu	Farthest Field



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Karon, Jan	Come Rain or Come Shine (*)	History	
King, Laurie R.	Dreaming Spies	Beard, Mary	SPQR
Klaussmann, Liza	Villa America	De Waal, Edmund	The White Road
Klaussmann, Liza	Villa America (*)	Erickson, Carolly	The Girl From Botany Bay
MacNeal, Susan Elia	Mrs. Roosevelt's Confidante	Harari, Yuval Noah	Sapiens
MacNeal, Susan Elia	Mrs. Roosevelt's Confidante (*)	Hoffman, David E.	The Billion Dollar Spy
Maguire, Gregory	After Alice	Karnad, Raghu	Farthest Field
Mayle, Peter	The Diamond Caper	Kurson, Robert	Pirate Hunters
McCrea, Gavin	Mrs. Engels	Lowenstein, Roger	America's Bank
Mortimer, John	A Rumpole Christmas	Neff, James	Vendetta (*)
Mosher, Howard Frank	God's Kingdom	O'Shaughnessy, Andrew Jackson	The Men Who Lost America
Moyes, Jojo	After You	Schiff, Stacy	The Witches
Moyes, Jojo	Silver Bay (*)	Wheeler, Esther Howe	Nature: A Thoreau Country
Patterson, James	14th Deadly Sin	Wooding, Jonathan	The Vikings
Patterson, James	The Murder House	Woodward, Bob	The Last of the President's Men
Rushdie, Salman	Two Years Eight Months and Twenty-Eight Nights		
Sanders, Neal	Murder Imperfect	Miscellaneous	
Shapiro, B. A.	The Muralist (*)	Shea, Ammon	Reading the OED
Sheers, Owen	I Saw a Man		
Smiley, Jane	Golden Age	Nature	
Smith, Alexander McCall	The Woman Who Walked in Sunshine	American Horticulture Society	Container Gardening
Smith, Alexander McCall	The Woman Who Walked in Sunshine (*)	American Horticulture Society	Houseplants
Stewart, Amy	Girl Waits with Gun	Rosenfelt, David	Lessons From Tara (*)
White, Karen	The Forgotten Room	Winn, Marie	Central Park in the Dark
Winspear, Jacqueline	A Lesson in Secrets		
Winspear, Jacqueline	An Incomplete Revenge	Poetry	
Witting, Amy	Isobel on the Way to the Corner Shop	Tennyson, Alfred Lord	Selected Poems
Health and Wellness			
Arnold, Scott	Soul Fruit		

**Resident Authors**

Giese, Lucretia Breaking Ground
Hoover and Hoover,
Henry B. Jr.

Religion

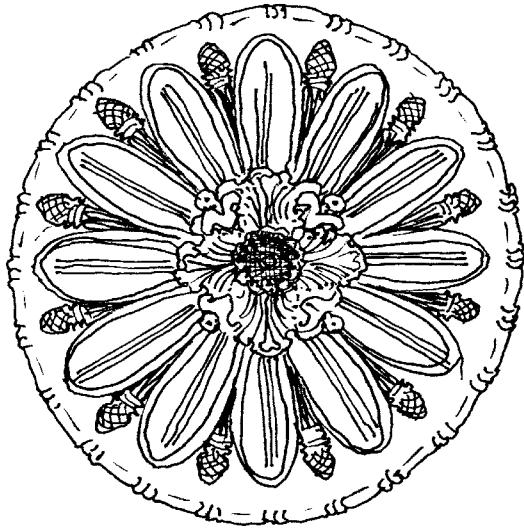
Day, Malcolm A Treasury of Saints
Dues, Greg Catholic Customs and
 Traditions
Zondervan Holy Bible, New Revised
Publishing Standard Version

Science

Cox, Brian and Wonders of the Universe
Cohen, Andrew

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff





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