



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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Co-Editors' Corner



This issue's theme was partly inspired by this issue's cover, an architectural drawing by resident and renowned architect, Morse Payne. Paul and Martha Lawrence, former Carleton-Willard residents, had challenged him to design a summer retreat which would blend seamlessly into its County Kerry setting. This cottage is their dream realized, and where they spent each summer of their remaining years.

At this writing, Carleton-Willard's building project has been underway for ten months. We are living in the midst of a dream on the way to realization. Our redecorated Main Street is bright and elegant. Though actually no wider, it seems more spacious - an inviting and convivial space. The Bistro and the new Victoria Café are recognizable though not yet functional, and the Village Centre is at last taking shape as a building, no longer merely a construction site. Throughout, there has been a minimum of disruption to our activities and a maximum of updates on progress to keep us "in the picture", and our sidewalk-supervisor curiosity satisfied. We marvel that so large a project could be carried out in a fully occupied, active community

The Villager is pleased to welcome several new contributors. Ed Sheldon writes of achieving his dream; Sonja Strong has second thoughts about hers! There are complementary articles about visits to Cuba decades apart, written by Robert Schmalz and Sheila Veidenheimer. Art Milliken takes us fishing, and Meredith McCulloch issues a timely call to civic involvement. We welcome submissions from old friends and new.

We hope for all of us that March's early spring will bring the promise of growth and brighter months ahead.

Alice Morrish *Peggy McKibben*

Co-Editors



Contents

Theme – “Realizing a Dream”

Cover – An Irish Cottage • architectural drawing by Morse Payne

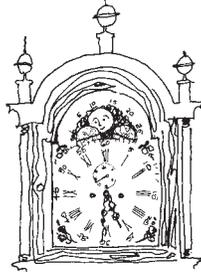
Sketches – by Constance Devereux, Anne Schmalz

Inside Front Cover Co-Editors’ Corner • Peggy McKibben, Alice Morrish

- 2 From the Chief Executive Officer • Barbara A. Doyle*
- 3 Realizing a Dream • Ed Sheldon*
- 4 Construction Site • Sue Hay*
- 5 Civics Lesson • Meredith McCulloch*
- 6 A Fishing Story • Art Milliken*
- 7 Profiles • (profiles are not made available in this edition)*
- 11 Eine Kleine Bildungsroman • Howard T. Hermann*
- 12 Two Old Ladies on the Loose in Cuba • Sheila Veidenheimer*
- 13 Four Young Law Students Visit Cuba • Robert Schmalz*
- 13 Welcome New Residents*
- 14 Village Happenings • Edwin Cox*
- 16 In Memory*
- 16 Heard and Seen in the Locker Room • Wally Campbell*
- 17 The Shell Game • Sonja Strong*
- 17 My Unregistered Banana • Bill Stern*
- 18 My First Paying Job • Robert Sawyer*
- 19 Written in Water • Craig Hill*
- 20 My Reading Dreams • Peggy McKibben*
- 22 More than Just a “Dud” • Stephanie Rolfe*
- 23 Weather Report • Lois Pulliam*
- 23 A Walk with the Elderly • Wally Campbell*
- 24 Narcissus - A Genus With Many Species • Anne Schmalz*
- 25 Facts from the Stacks • Katherine F. Graff*
- 26 Among the Newest • Louis W. Pitt, Jr.*
- 27 Recent Library Acquisitions • Katherine F. Graff*



From the Chief Executive Officer



"It has never been my object to record my dreams, just the determination to realize them." –
Man Ray

When I was in college, a new technology was capturing the imagination...almost literally. It was the Norelco Compact Cassette Recorder, a little bigger than a hardback book and considerably heavier. You would pop in a plastic cassette tape, and with a full set of C batteries, you could listen to a whole hour's worth of music.

This is way before you would keep your entire record collection on your phone. Being able to take your favorite music with you was considered "cool"! You could even record your own voice and play it back! Magic!

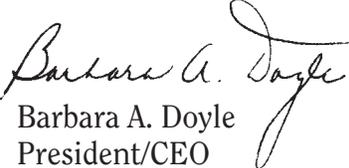
It wasn't long before someone got the idea that this technology could help you become a new-and-improved you. The concept was simple: get a cassette of something of interest - learning Italian, mastering public speaking, gaining self-confidence or my personal favorite, *"Passing Mrs. Gears' Final English Exam"*. When you went to bed you'd pop in the tape, stick the recorder under your pillow (a rather thick one needed for comfort), press "Play" and drift off to sleep. That's it! In the morning, you'd be instantly smarter, happier and more well-adjusted.

That was the theory. Of course, it never worked as advertised. Still, the concept always intrigued me. I imagined that one day, perhaps, there'd be a bedside box in every home that could make you expert in just about anything overnight or could allow you to program your dreams as you might watch a movie.

Well, it seems the dream-world tech-gadget race is on, with companies in the US and around the world competing to be first on the market with devices to help you control your dream time. Some gadgets aim to help you be more receptive to external programming (like my old Norelco). Others are designed to help you gain control of deep (REM) sleep - to make you aware that you're dreaming so that you can direct your own nighttime adventures.

The medical community has taken notice, as technology like this can open up new doors to psychotherapy, treat sleep disorders - even help restore lost memories.

A new age of realizing dreams is around the corner!


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Realizing a Dream

Every generation has a style of music that thrills and delights them. And the generation coming of age in the late 1930s/early 1940s was lucky, I think, because it had swing music by big bands as its special thing. Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Harry James, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra, Will Bradley and Larry Clinton are some of the names that come to mind. Not to mention the sweet bands such as Guy Lombardo and Orrin Tucker. It was a wonderful time musically, even though the Depression and World War II were far from wonderful. But then, they may have been the catalyst that made it possible for such great music to be created.

This is the story of two people born in 1928, Mike Fossier and me. We were great fans of big band music though we did not get a chance to really perform it until we were in our late forties. But before telling how the dream was realized, let me first provide some backstory.

I came from a small town, Mansfield, Massachusetts (population 7,000). I started playing alto saxophone in junior high. The pool of young musicians was rather small and the older musicians were all at war. Thus, those of us who could play were in great demand. Jeff Fuller formed a band in Mansfield and Bob Crockford started another in Foxboro. In my senior year at Mansfield High (class of 1945) I led a band which played some gigs at Mansfield High and a regular Saturday night gig at the Legion Hall in Attleboro.

These bands were generally small: piano, drums, maybe a guitar, two or three saxes and

one or two trumpets. But they played mostly from big band charts (75 cents per song). Most of these charts had a standard format: 1) an intro, 2) a simple repeated chorus for the rhythm section, but written in double staves for the instruments, the trumpets usually had the first chorus on the top line and the saxes the second chorus on the bottom line, with the bridge swapped, and 3) a second page with more difficult scoring, trombone solos and other exotica. Sad to say, we seldom got beyond the double chorus on the first page.

In my college years (MIT class of '50), I played sax in local bars (\$10 a night) usually with piano and drums and sometimes a trumpet. After college I started my career as an engineer

and stopped playing the sax except on rare occasions when my brother, who played the piano, and I got together and played duets, usually saxophone solos with piano accompaniment. I was an engineer with



Moonlighters 1982: Mike Fossier (Leader, standing out front), Don Gillespie (at piano), and Me (middle of the sax section)

Raytheon for forty years, ending as a consulting engineer.

Mike Fossier was from New Orleans, and I've been told was a relative of Eddie Miller, the famous tenor sax player. Mike graduated from LSU at age seventeen, earned two advanced degrees by age nineteen, and had an illustrious career at Raytheon, where he became a vice-president in 1965. I do not know Mike's musical history, but when we met, musically, he was an excellent reedman (sax and clarinet).

The first step in the realization of the dream starts in 1974. My daughter, Joy, was in Lexington High School and playing my saxophone in the high school band. Anticipating the 200th anniversary of the Battle on Lexington Green, the



decision was made to start a Bicentennial Concert Band under the direction of Don Gillespie. My daughter (and my sax) were in the band's inaugural concert, and soon thereafter I bought another sax and joined the band for the rest of the inaugural season and for more than twenty years thereafter.

At this time Mike had written some sax section charts based on big band recordings. He invited me and a couple of others to his home to play them. After we played the charts I told Mike about the Bicentennial Band and suggested that he join. He did. This was my key contribution to the dream realization: recruiting Mike Fossier for the Bicentennial Band.

The members of the concert band were dedicated amateur musicians and played all the essential instruments needed for a classic big band. It did not take long before Mike and Don assembled a swing band from members of the concert band. Mike was the leader on clarinet (like Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw). Don was on piano and I, in a realization of my dream, was on lead alto. Mike named us the "Moonlighters".

At first we used some stock arrangements, but Mike, who had an excellent ear and memory, started creating charts, some original, but most covers of big band numbers. Over time he generated close to two hundred charts, at first by hand, 'til the mid 1980's when he switched to composing on the computer. Some of the well known charts in Mike's *oeuvre* were "Moonlight Serenade" (Glenn Miller), "Let's Dance" and "Sing, Sing, Sing" (Benny Goodman), "Sunny Side of the Street" (Tommy Dorsey), and "April in Paris" (Count Basie). One of Mike's originals was "Sweet Georgia Brown", a great arrangement that we always enjoyed playing.

My favorite, "Memories of You", was based on a trumpet solo by Sonny Dunham with the Casa Loma Orchestra, but Mike scored it for the alto sax (and in hindsight, especially for me.) Today, I still look back fondly at how much I enjoyed playing that solo. In addition, it had a sax section chorus which was also delightful.

My enjoyment was much more than just the solos. I remember being in the middle of the sax section, with the trombones behind the

saxes and the trumpets behind the trombones and thinking how lucky I was to be there as I listened to all the great sound we were creating. Sometimes as we were playing a sax chorus, I could hear each of the saxes individually as well as ensemble.

The Moonlighters played two or three gigs a year into the mid-nineties. I can truly say that I "realized a dream" when I played lead alto for so many years with the Moonlighters.

It is clear that Mike, who died in 2015, also realized his dream, because his obituary states: "He was also the bandleader and music arranger for the Moonlighters, a sixteen piece swing band, which he called "the experience of a lifetime.""

Ed Sheldon

Construction Site November 8, 2016

It's early morning and the crew,
Hard-hatted and in yellow vest,
Have come again prepared to do,
What we all know they do the best!

I watch them through my window pane.
The engine starts and with a roar,
Up goes the slender, lofty crane.
Higher up it seems to soar.

First left, then right and then I see
It dip, and after minutes pass,
Pull up its load, what can it be?
Huge, and square, a weighty mass.

I hold my breath, but do not fear,
I watch it swing, (majestic arc)
O'er the roofs of buildings near,
To disappear and reach its mark.

Sue Hay



Civics Lesson

Every morning newspaper has at least one medical bulletin. A team of scientists has found a clue, a step forward or even a breakthrough on a disease. I long for another kind of breakthrough: an immunization against the assault of cynicism on our body politic.

I was given partial immunity in my seventh-grade civics class, and in spite of disillusioning wars and political scandal, I have never caught the disease. (Well maybe, I had a mild episode here and there!)

The immunity came from Miss Swanson, a tall, angular woman with graying red hair. She taught our seventh-grade civics class in Nashville, Tennessee. Every Tuesday and Thursday, from 11:10 to noon, while our stomachs gurgled in anticipation of lunch, she taught us to love our country.

“Here is Mr. Harvey’s ballot,” she would say, holding up a blank sample ballot for the upcoming election. We knew whom she meant, for Mr. Harvey was the owner of Harvey’s Department Store, the largest store in Nashville and the first building in town to boast an escalator. “Here is Mr. Harvey’s ballot,” she would say, and, holding aloft the twin of the first, “Here is yours. Or it will be yours when you are twenty-one.” “Your vote is as important as the richest man’s in town, and you must always use it.”

“Now, before any election you should write down each candidate’s name and his positions on the issues,” Miss Swanson commanded, taking us through the exercise for the current race. “Look at each candidate, read about his ideas in the newspaper. Don’t just read the *Nashville Tennessean* but also the *Banner*. You need more than one. See which candidate you agree with the most. Only then are you ready to vote.” Miss Swanson would never have abided sound-bite decision making.

Miss Swanson loved the Bill of Rights. “Because you are an American,” she would say, looking over barely distinguishable degrees of Baptist, Church of Christ and Methodist in our Bible Belt America, “no one can tell you what

church to go to. If you want to go to the Baptist church on the corner, the government can’t stop you, and the government can’t make you go, either.” The choice of corner church was serious business in the South then.

She explained that the First Amendment also protected our freedom to speak our minds. “The Constitution allows any of you to complain about your Congressman or the President. That is your right.” Many of us had heard plenty of complaining about Harry Truman at home. Thank goodness he couldn’t put the complainers in jail or issue a death warrant against them. She described the Supreme Court. We saw the justices as black-robed angels standing guard to protect our rights and the Constitution.

Miss Swanson’s immunization has kept me a believer. It compels me to read the newspaper every day because it is my responsibility to know what is going on. It puts me out there practicing curbside politics, holding a sign for a favorite cause or candidate. Those who drive by with rude shouts of “get a job”, “get a life” or worse, obviously never met Miss Swanson.

Today our political cynicism has reached epidemic proportions. We are in desperate need of both prevention and cure for our loss of political faith. Let’s build a crackerjack team of junior high civics teachers to spread out across the land. Let them teach that compromise isn’t unethical, but is the art of good politics. Let them admit that power corrupts, but that the best protection for the people is a balance of power, even when both sides are tainted by corruption. Let them teach that a Congressman’s change in position can be political calculation, but also may be an act of political courage. Let them proclaim that in a democracy we must seek the common good. Now, more than ever, we need for the pendulum to swing back, to reclaim America’s idealism. Perhaps the best place for these seventh-grade teachers to begin is at Capitol Hill and then to head straight down Pennsylvania Avenue.

Meredith McCulloch



A Fishing Story

Since my grandfather taught me to fly fish in 1943, I have loved fishing. I have taken many fishing trips, one as recently as last autumn, but few as memorable as one in February 2007.

I met up with Bob and Rick in Puerto Montt, Chile, 1000 kilometers south of Santiago. Grant, our skipper, flew in from Ushuaia more than 3000 kilometers further south the following day. The immediate goal was two days of trout fishing as a prelude to three weeks cruising north on Grant's ninety foot boat, the Whale Song, from the tip of Tierra del Fuego back to Puerto Montt at the top of the Chilean Fjords.

Fishing headquarters was the Fundo El Salto Lodge, an hour from the airport and twenty minutes from the river. Having met our young local guides, Pedro and Jose, we set out for the river. A unique launching method, using a cable whose main purpose was to transport cattle from one side to the other, got us into the water. Soon we



were drifting downstream casting Woolly Buggers for Rainbow Trout. Pedro, our guide, was skilled in his job but knew little English beyond "left", "right", and "strip faster", whereas Jose, Rick and Bob's guide, was proficient in English and from him we learned a little about their life which revolved around guiding when possible and working in the copper mines when not.

Fishermen would know that there are no native salmon or trout south of the equator. All such fish have been imported from North

America or Europe to South America, Australia and New Zealand. Patagonia is among the most productive areas for trout. Each of us got plenty of action with Rainbows, not big but feisty. At the end of the day we pulled the drift boats up on the beach and Pedro and Jose loaded them on trailers.

Our second day we fished a new section further downstream with one added challenge. We landed the guide boats at the mouth of a small stream, known to fishermen everywhere as a spring creek. Some readers may have fished spring creeks like the ones that flow into the



Yellowstone River, downstream of the park. In this case the stream formed pools as it flowed through a meadow, and Pedro headed for the pools, having picked up some dead bugs, like horse flies, from the bottom of the boat. We got close to the stream and, at Pedro's direction, I threw one of the hard-bodied bugs like pellets into the stream to see if a trout would rise; one did and luckily I cast right into it. Wham, a big strike, a good-sized fish in a small stream and we landed it!

Back at the lodge we asked the manager how the two young guides became so proficient. He replied that they learned the river and how to attract the fish as poachers. "We trained them to be guides, to use their skills with clients and to keep them out of jail." A happy finale to two great days of fishing and a prelude to the trip on the Whale Song.

Art Milliken











— — — — —

Eine Kleine Bildungsroman

When I consider
When I consider,
That I consider

How life is spent,
I ask, “who then, doth spend it?”

Had war’s chaos wasted winds on me?
Or did I merely spin in winds,
Yet thought myself so free?

Did I finally age, fear lost the trail.
Only to know, strength yet avail...

Yes, exhausting climb, but view sublime:
Not just leaves in flutter, but spanse so vast
. . . so utter.

Come then, you and I,
While life’s evening is stretched across the sky,
Hold my hand for we shall walk a nigh.

Howard T. Hermann



Two Old Ladies on the Loose in Cuba

My trip to Cuba in December of 2016 started in Toronto with a friend of mine dating back to nursing school in Vancouver in 1953. My Canadian passport came in handy as there is more redtape going into Cuba from the United States. The flight landed on time and we joined a two to three hour queue to change our money which cannot be done outside of Cuba.

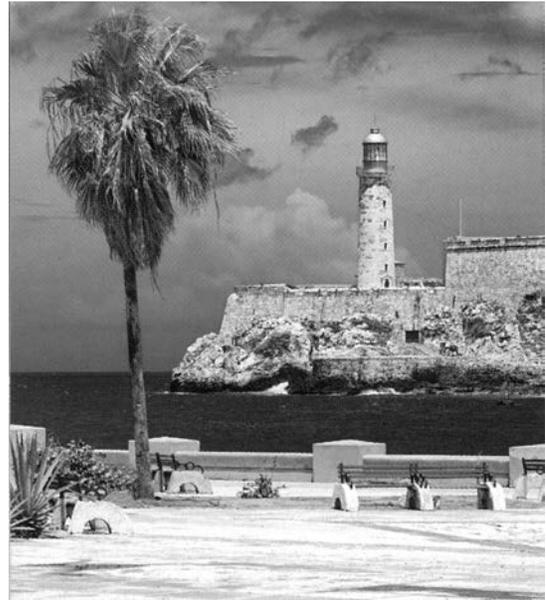
The hotel that was part of our package tour was in the central square of the historic district but was only just adequate with low water pressure and no amenities such as toilet paper or hand soap. The food was good and the bar served great mojitos. Pork and chicken were the mainstays of dinners. These were cooked with plantains and other mystery ingredients but we enjoyed them. One night we had an excellent shrimp paella - expensive but well worth it. Breakfast was a full buffet with eggs cooked to order. Our favorite waiter invited us to his home for dinner, but he lived outside the city and we were nervous about the driving. We later walked through two new hotels which were very modern and clean -- definitely preferable.

We walked and walked through the city. Once elegant buildings lay crumbling behind Corinthian columns, but renovations and restorations were going on everywhere. Plazas are being restored, and are sought out by tourists to enjoy lunch, a beer and great music. Street musicians are everywhere. We found the museums great and the ballet we enjoyed on Christmas Eve was wonderful.

We had a four hour city tour the day after we arrived which oriented us. It was given by a guide who spoke only fair English but we could see that the city streets were very clean. Havana is tidy and European in appearance. Antique car buffs would delight in the 1950's Chevrolets and Oldsmobiles used as taxis. There are also much cheaper tiny motorized and bicycle-powered taxis as well as buses. The markets are lively and colorful with cheap jewelry, leather goods, t-shirts and other things. Very little English is

understood. Most people seem proud and happy but appear to be very poor .

A day trip to Valley de Vinales, 131 miles southwest of Havana was very interesting. It offered beautiful landscapes, bright green grass and free-standing, flat topped, sheer sided rock formations named Mogots. We visited a tobacco farm and were shown how to roll cigars and then visited a rum distillery. Farmers were driving along the roads in their horse-drawn buggies, and working the fields with oxen and plow. The town of Vinales is beautiful with a wide main street flanked by tile-roofed houses and rows



of colonnaded arcades painted in various pastel colors. This town is a National Monument and a UNESCO World Heritage Site. On our visit they claimed to have the world's smallest humming-birds but we didn't see any -- perhaps because they *are* so very small!

The government provides housing, health care and education. Tourism is their bread and butter. We saw mostly Europeans and a few Japanese but very few from the United States. Tipping and gifts such as Bic pens, granola bars, bars of hand soap, packs of Kleenex and samples of perfume were gratefully received and sometimes produced hugs from the recipients.

We both enjoyed exploring together and have good memories and no regrets.

Sheila Veidenheimer



Four Young Law Students Visit Cuba

In the spring of 1959, fifty-eight years ago, my room-mates and I, then in our last year of Harvard Law School, attended a speech by Fidel Castro at Sanders Theater in Cambridge. Earlier that year Fidel Castro and his revolutionary forces had successfully overthrown the dictatorship of Reuben Batista. We were impressed by his passion and eloquence. He promised that he and his revolution would bring freedom to the people of Cuba. He invited all of us to come to Cuba to see for ourselves the transformation of his country.

This was shortly before our spring break from law school and we decided to take up that invitation. We drove from Cambridge directly to Key West in two days. After a short flight to Havana we spent the day visiting historic sites. We then took a train to the port of Batabano on the south coast of Cuba and then an overnight boat to the Isle of Pines.

Our goal was to visit the prison where Reuben Batista, the deposed dictator, and his ruling group were imprisoned. We rented a car with a driver to take us around the island. We first visited a black sand beach where we enjoyed the sun and swimming. Later we drove to the prison where a young warden - close to our age, but a veteran of the fighting - showed us around. He said the prisoners were well taken care of and were not mistreated. We saw no evidence that such was not the case. The warden's warmth and enthusiasm were contagious. Everywhere we went we were treated with friendliness and smiles.

We left the island the next morning and began our trip back to Cambridge. We were convinced that all was well with the new prospects for freedom for the people of Cuba. Alas, the honeymoon did not last long and there has been only hostility and confrontation for many years until the recent change in relations.

Robert Schmalz



Welcome New Residents

Mrs. Meredith McCulloch
from Bedford, 10/25/16

Mrs. Frances "Fran" Bronzo
from Medford, 11/10/16

Dr. and Mrs. Gibb
(Samuel Peter and Barbara)
from Wayland, 11/17/16

Mr. and Mrs. Swartz (Merlin and Hilda)
from Bedford, 11/28/16

Dr. Alan Kaitz
from Bedford, 12/1/16

Mrs. Emily O'Hara
from Bedford, 12/28/16

Mrs. Patricia "Pat" Pease
from Concord, 1/10/17



Village

Fruitlands Museum

On a clear day at the height of the foliage season, residents visited the Fruitlands Museum in Harvard, MA, site of Bronson Alcott's 1843 experiment in communal living. Following a talk and tour at the Alcott farmhouse, we visited other buildings on the site, including the Shaker and Native American museums. The Art Museum featured "Finding Metacom" (King Philip of the Wampanoag), an exhibit of works in various media by two members of the faculty at Rhode Island School of Design "in dialogue with the Fruitlands Native American Collection", which includes King Philip's war club. Lunch offered a respite with a panoramic view rich with fall colors.

Great Decisions Discussions

Using material created by the Foreign Policy Association, residents took part in four hour-long meetings, each focused on a major issue in contemporary U. S. foreign policy. The topics were Cuba and the U.S., Climate Change, Migration, and Middle East Alliances. Following a twenty minute video providing detailed background on the issue, the resident leading the session offered thoughts to update the video and set the stage for participation by the audience. In each case, a vigorous discussion followed. Gratiified by the strong show of support, the leaders plan to follow up with a new series in 2017.

Lesley University

Professor Anne Larkin, recently retired from Lesley University, led fellow residents on a visit to Lesley in Cambridge. As we sat at tables in the Lesley "Makerspace", Anne and her colleagues led us in creating LED throwies, bristle bots, and draw bots. The experience taught us how, as they make these small, battery powered machines, elementary school students discover their powers to imagine and create. Following "lunch hour", we moved on to Lesley's Lunder Arts Center, where we enjoyed a guided tour of "Beyond Beauty", an exhibition of works by American photographer Irving Penn from the Smithsonian American Art Museum.

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



Marcelo Knapik Exhibition

Marcelo is known to many residents as a kind and helpful member of the staff in the fitness center. We were delighted to learn that he is also an active photographer, as demonstrated by the fall exhibit of his work in the art gallery. Using his Nikon 5100, and occasionally his iPhone, Marcelo takes mainly outdoor shots, often of small animals, around the Boston area. He evidently enjoys being outdoors in winter. Two shots made in Israel reflect his love of travel. A pencil sketch of the Quincy Library and a watercolor suggest the breadth of his interest in other media.

Crèches on Epiphany

Residents brought together on Epiphany a varied collection of eleven crèches. Each resident explained the history of their crèche, and the personal significance it holds for them. A skilled native artist carved The Rev. Louis Pitt's crèche when he was Dean of the cathedral in Zambia. The Cox's six year old son helped his parents make the very simple stable and figures for theirs. Bob Schmalz's pastor father carved the elements of the family crèche. The Thornes bought their highly detailed and colorful crèche from the Peruvian artist who made it. Janie Stephenson used her skill at needlepoint to create two quite different crèches. All agreed it was a delightful way to observe the closing of the Christmas season.



Happenings

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

The Importance of Being Earnest

The Village Thespians, directed by Sheila LaFarge, brought us a hilarious evening with their presentation of this classic Oscar Wilde comedy, subtitled “a trivial comedy for serious people”. Jack/Ernest (Tim Martin) and his friend Algernon (Stuart Strong), after much confusion and a remarkable discovery by Lady Bracknell (Sandy Wieland), become engaged to Gwendolyn (Sibyl Martin) and Cecily (Anne Larkin). As events unfold, the village Vicar, Dr. Chasuble (Tom Larkin) agrees to christen both men Ernest, only to learn that Jack was born Ernest, who ends the play aware of “the importance of being earnest”.

CWV Singers

On a mid-November evening, the eighteen Carleton-Willard Singers opened their richly varied program with Aaron Copland’s “Simple Gifts”, words that could stand for the concert, ranging from Schubert to Show Boat, from Battle Hymn of the Republic to the Beatles. Stefan Schatzki brought the house down with his solo, “I Love Life”, while Kay Barney’s Village Voices joined in to take us down Memory Lane with the complex and lovely “Lyda Rose” from “The Music Man”. Director Robert Lague introduced each piece informatively and with humor, calling the musical feast “a bevy of genres”. Finally the full cast and audience sent “God Bless America” to the rafters.

A Hill Family Concert

Resident David Hill and daughter, Judy, brought great cheer to a late November evening by singing some thirty songs from five 1940s Broadway musicals. Right away they proved that “There’s No Business Like Show Business” (from Annie Get Your Gun). Soon everyone felt “Almost Like Being in Love” (Brigadoon). David introduced the first of two “guests”, his classmate, Dean Thomas, to recreate songs they had performed years ago at Indiana State University. David’s second guest, our own Gail Hatfield, lured the audience to South Pacific waters with “Bali Ha’i”. With CW’s lively music director, Bob Lague, at the piano, this tuneful, toe-tapping hour was truly “Some Enchanted Evening”.

Nature in Photos and Haikus

Bill Gette, retired Audubon sanctuary director and frequent visitor to Carleton-Willard, shared his new interest in haiku. Bill showed a series of his amazing nature photos, each associated with a haiku he has written. Haiku is a Japanese verse form, consisting of three lines, with five syllables in the first and last lines, and seven syllables in the middle line. For example, to accompany a photo of a massive brown bear in Denali National Park in Alaska, Bill wrote, “Seeing you approach, our excited voices rose. You found us boring.” His inspirations are moments of beauty, nature and seasons, and poignant experiences. He encouraged residents to try their hand at haiku.



Crop Circles

John Root, naturalist and educator, discussed crop circles, sometimes called terraglyphs. These are *patterns* on the ground that some feel are supernatural in origin. The complex designs are created, often overnight, in croplands, snow or ice. Usually found in Southern England, they have appeared with growing frequency in the past three decades. Aerial photographs of crop circles often show stunning detail. Scientists all over the world have tried to explain their origin and the electromagnetic effects they may have on the land, animals and people. Is it significant that crop circles are often near age-old sacred sites? “The Majesty and Mystery of Crop Circles” was a fitting title for this talk which left many in the audience in bewildered awe.

Edwin Cox



Heard and Seen in the Locker Room

In Memory

Shirley Bernstein October 29

Frederick Bird November 13

William Lauten November 25

Nancy Campbell December 4

Edward "Ned"
Thomas December 15

George Herlihy December 18

Barbara Dewey December 22

Richard Downes December 23

Albert Wilson December 24

2017

John Rheinstein January 10

Eugene Soulard January 13

References in recent news to "Locker Room Talk" have goaded me to be more aware of just what is going on in the men's locker room at my health club. This is a large busy operation with a lot of traffic in and out of the locker room.

Recently I was changing into my workout clothes at one end of the locker room. There were maybe seven or eight of us changing. Not a sound. There rarely is. Finally someone said, "See ya" to one of the guys. After my workout it was a different story. It was late in the afternoon and there was just one other fellow and myself getting dressed. Not a sound. Then he said, "Upton Sinclair". I looked at him for an explanation. "Elmer Gantry", he said, "great book". A little taken aback I said, "Burt Lancaster". It was his turn to look puzzled. "Movie version", I explained.

Visually it is more exciting. Tattoos make all the difference. Surprisingly there are a lot of men, young and middle aged, with tattoos, mostly in strange places. One hefty muscular man has a serpent curling around his right arm from shoulder to wrist. Another conservative looking fellow has a large medallion tattooed on each shoulder and two other big ones on his thighs. He routinely dresses in formal business attire so no one can see them.

The tattoo that most puzzles me is on another young man. Completely naked, on his way to the shower, I have had an opportunity to look him over. Nothing. Not a blemish, mark, scar - nothing. Except, on the calf of his left leg he has the tattoo "Thank you" in script. What does this mean? Who ever sees it? Strange.

All of which makes me wonder. Should I be thinking along these lines? Perhaps a Campbell tartan might be a bit much, but maybe a small ant or fly inconspicuously placed? Any ideas?

Wally Campbell



The Shell Game

The photo on the brochure cover had me hooked: a lovely large shell on a beautiful stretch of sandy beach. The brochure detailed a three-day business conference at Marco Island in Florida. My husband Jon and I would attend as we did every year at different venues. One of the afternoon side trip possibilities this year was “shelling on an uninhabited island”. Wow. I have long been fascinated by beaches and my shell collection is substantial. Going to an uninhabited island would be a dream come true . . . a kind of mecca for me.

As we prepared for the trip, arranging child and pet care and making plane and hotel arrangements, I was completely fixated on the idea of “shelling on an uninhabited island”!!! This would certainly be a once in a lifetime experience. I counted the days until The Day of the side trip.

Well. Silly me. It turned out that three hundred and fifty conference attendees planned to go on that same trip. My sense of humor came in handy: of *course* others would like to do this, and at least *some* of the others chose to play golf at the resort instead of coming with us. Jon and I and three hundred and forty-eight others loaded onto five coaches to travel to the marina where we boarded ten hydrofoil boats to go to the uninhabited island, a thirty minute ride through the mangroves. But ... wait! Something was wrong with the motor on our craft! Ours was delayed, and nine other boats got to the island before ours arrived. Worse, we had seats in the back so we were last off the boat and last to arrive at the island.

In front of us was the uninhabited island, just as promised, but not as I had imagined. There were fleets of lounge chairs lined up on the beach with box lunches waiting for everyone. But first everyone was eager to see the shells. There were bodies walking parade-fashion, bent over with the famed “Sanibel Stoop” ahead of us. Every shell that Jon and I saw on that beach had been *rejected* by the three hundred and forty-eight fellow travellers ahead of us!

Once again, a sense of humor saved us. We laughed as we looked at the various treasures others had found, and thought of the boxes of seashells in the attic at home. It would have been fun to find a “dream shell”, but even better, we had a great story to share with friends, and I learned a lesson in evaluating brochures that promise to deliver dreams.

Sonja Strong

My Unregistered Banana

This incident took place in the 1970's. We lived in Lexington. I needed to go to New York City on business and return the same day. So, my wife Helen packed a sandwich and a banana for me to eat on the Eastern Airlines shuttle flight to LaGuardia Airport. I put the sandwich and banana in my briefcase, planning to eat a quick lunch on the plane. At Logan I waited for the aircraft boarding to start, got in line and proceeded to the baggage inspection x-ray scanner. There I placed my briefcase on the conveyor belt. The briefcase came out the other end of the scanner. I was reaching to retrieve it when a large hand suddenly appeared and held my hand back. The scanner operator had signaled to the police officer that the scanner screen showed something resembling a hand gun in the briefcase. The officer brushed me aside, and very carefully opened the briefcase. Lo and behold! That handgun was actually my banana. You may picture the sheepish looks on the scanner operator's and police officer's faces. Okay. I enjoyed my luncheon flight. And I may hold the record for carrying the only unregistered banana aboard an aircraft.

Bill Stern





My First Paying Job

When I was about seven or eight years old, my brother and I started to get a weekly allowance. For the allowance we had to do chores. These consisted of bringing in the daily five quarts of milk for the family in a wire milk carrier, bringing in the kindling wood for the stoves and fireplace, shoveling snow in winter and mowing the lawn in the summer. We thought mowing the lawn was fun; we imitated the adults making hay. Neither one of us was strong enough to push the lawnmower by ourselves so my brother pulled it on a rope and I pushed the handles. After mowing, we raked the grass into windrows and piled it into haystacks. We then loaded it on our coaster wagon and carried it away. For this we were each paid twenty-five cents a week. When my Dad went to the bank on Fridays we deposited it in our savings accounts. When I became ten I got my first paying job on the farm, paid a dollar a day, big money in those days.

I started out sweeping the barn floor, not as simple as it sounds. There were fifty stanchions for cows on the main floor in two rows, eight stalls for horses at one end of the barn. At the other end were box stalls for cows and pigs. There was an ell to the barn, almost as large as the barn itself. Here we had room to store ice cream cones, ice boxes and big container boxes and room for a panel delivery truck. Delivery wagons were stored in an attached shed. Another room on the first floor, the former creamery, was used by the delivery men for accounting.

When the calves had been weaned, they were staked out to eat grass. We used a crowbar stuck in the ground and a ring with a chain on it. By this time the calves were strong and it was a struggle to get them tied down.

On the second floor, above the cows, was where the hay was stored, enough to feed them all winter. The second floor of the ell housed the old machinery and a bedroom, kitchen and bath for the teamster who drove a team of large Perche-

ron horses on the farm. He was a Polish émigré who, during the Depression, was broke. The other workers consisted of a foreman, a graduating student from the Essex Agricultural Institute and other pickers and farmhands during appropriate seasons. They came to work on a streetcar.

Back to farmwork. The season started with calculating and planning the garden from which we sold vegetables at a roadside stand. We had large strawberry beds and patches of both above-the-ground vegetables and root vegetables. One of my jobs was weeding the garden, so I had to learn the difference between plants and weeds.

I helped fill the manure spreader with cow manure that had been maturing all winter. It smelled a lot better in the spring.



The next job was plowing the corn and potato fields. Being in New England, an important job was picking up the stones which came up annually and loading them into a dump cart. After harrowing and fertilizing, my next task was leading a single horse on a straight line so the foreman could plant the seeds.

Next came the haying season. My job was to operate the one horse hay rake. At first I was not heavy enough to dump the hay rake without jumping on the treadle. One of the exciting parts of raking hay was raking up a nest of ground bees who attacked me and the horse, so I had a chariot ride across the field.

We loaded a couple of two-horse wagons every day. Hay was pitched by hand into the wagons; the next morning we pitched it into the hay loft. This was called a "chore" before we went to



work. When the lofts were filled, we used a horse drawn hay fork to move the rest of the hay up into the attic. My job was to lead the horse who pulled the rope attached to the fork.

After the hay season came harvesting the corn and potatoes. The horse drawn corn cutter laid the corn on the ground and we had manually to load the corn into wagons. There was a cutter and blower next to the silo operated by a huge one cylinder gasoline engine. This and the milking machine were the only machines on the farm that were not horse-drawn. The potatoes were dug by a two horse digger which laid them on top of the ground where they had to be picked up by hand -- a back breaker.

Next came the apples. We had a hundred trees. For that harvesting season we had extra help, hired by the day. The apples, potatoes and root crops were stored in the unheated basement under the house. The basement was then banked with straw, which was covered with boards and rocks.

In the winter, we had a horse-drawn V plow to do the driveways. After heavy snow, the milk was delivered on pongs -- double-runner sleds.

Wintertime was a slow season for me, doing inside work in the barn Saturdays and after school. One interesting winter job was making rope which the teamster taught me how to do. We made a rope walk on the upstairs ell of the barn, and made three strand rope out of binder twine.

We laid out three strands, one at a time, and laid out the rope by twisting in the opposite direction.

I learned quite a lot on that first paid job.

Robert Sawyer

Written in Water

No one predicted this flurry,
this spangled gift coming
so late as this, a week past equinox.
It's not like the winter snow,
that serious stuff,
small hard seeds of cold
that can germinate and grow

into landscape and season, no,
these huge flakes
though nearly the size of flowers,
are nothing but fluff
that can only decorate
this desolate interim.

For a moment though,
they seem much more,
as suddenly, they erase the view,
drive down hard,
in an instant fill all voids in the air
with their diagonal streaks,
as if a blizzard has hit, one
that could bury freight trains
and towns, leave farmers lost
between house and milking shed,
stranded forever.

But these have no such power,
they threaten nothing,
and suddenly relent, go slow, reverse,
become a drifting matrix,
find updrafts, float and stall
as if they had no need to fall,
until, at last, they do, all parallel,
and looking precisely spaced, as if on
chains reeled rapidly straight down
by hidden apparatus.

Though some of them, landing on grass
or bare tree limbs, may cluster intact
for several hours yet, locked
by their famous hexagons into
a throw of the most delicate fabric,
millions more of them fall on surfaces
the returning sun has warmed
the critical degree that was needed,
and at once they are gone,
their crystalline fuzz shrivels
to water again as they kiss
their rising reflections and melt
into a spectacular film, a dulled mirror,
that shows this brief white storm
coming down gray.

Craig Hill



My Reading Dreams

From the time I learned to read I've been a bookworm. Books bring me great joy. Looking back, I recently realized how many of those early books were about children in other places. I read many of the twin books -- oh, yes, the Bobbsey Twins -- but here I mean "The Swiss Twins", "The Italian Twins", "The Eskimo Twins" and the many others by Lucy Fitch Perkins that told of children of other lands.

All the girls in my fourth and fifth grade classes wanted to go to Switzerland because of "Heidi" and boys and girls alike became enamored of Holland through reading "Hans Brinker". All the Alcott books were in that unfamiliar part of America called New England. Even though George MacDonald's books including "The Princess and the Goblin" and "At the Back of the North Wind" were fantasies I knew they came from England. None of the books I read had heroes from Pittsburgh or West Virginia where I did my childhood reading.

So, the books whetted my dream of someday traveling to all those places my book friends inhabited. Well, I certainly didn't get to all of them but I was blessed to travel to many.

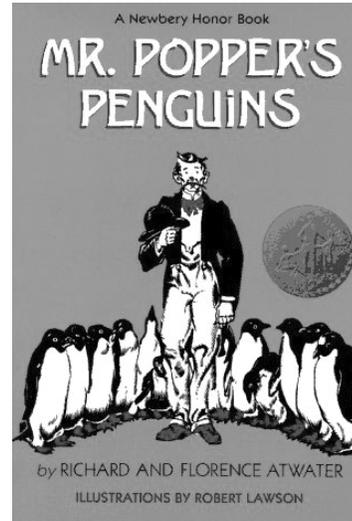
How did I manage that? I married the right man!

If anyone loved traveling more than I did it was Gordon McKibben and he, too was a reader. We met when we were both young reporters working in the Los Angeles bureaus of competing publications. Soon after we were married. I left work to become an at-home Mom.

Fortunately for both of us, his work took us to many places -- first to Palo Alto and the Bay area, then back to Los Angeles, by which time we had two little boys and our reading had taken on a new dimension, namely children's books. Granted, Gordon often read the sports pages or the editorials to the boys even when they were infants. But we both read books aloud often and with pleasure. I can still recite many pages of "Dr. Goat", a favorite Little Golden book.

To take away some of the shock of having to share life with a younger sibling, I took first-

born Bill to the library every week while Tommy napped or was read to by a babysitter. "Farmer Small" by Lois Lenski, "Pierre" and "Chicken Soup with Rice" from Maurice Sendak's Nutshell Library were favorites along with books Gordon's mom sent from his early reading, "Mr. Popper's Penguins" being my all-time winner.



But both boys had other readers. The main qualification for any babysitter was that she liked to read aloud. My mother visited often. The boys called her Hoo Hoo. She later said her strongest memory of Bill as a toddler, especially if she was holding Tom, was of having Bill at her knee demanding "Read, Hoo, read."

We moved to Toronto where, in addition to tobogganing and ice skating, the boys learned to read, but even then we read often as a family. Gordon's oldest brother and sister-in-law sent us the complete set of the C. S. Lewis The Chronicles of Narnia for Christmas. We agreed to read them when we could all be together. But Bill got into them and started "The Lion, The Witch, and the Wardrobe" on his own and was frightened by the fantasy. He announced that he did not want to hear that book. If his big brother was scared, then Tom didn't want to hear it either. So in January we sat on the sofa, Gordon and I each clutching a son with hands over his ears, and Gordon started to read. By the time he finished the first chapter each boy was begging him not to stop. That was a hard winter for us. The boys' best friend, daughter of our closest friends, was



gravely ill and a much loved older nephew died from a fall in the Alps. I think those stories of courage and love did more than anything to get us through that year.

We firmly believed in vacations. Every summer we would pile the boys into the car and take off, often through Ottawa, Montreal for EXPO '67, Quebec City and on to the Maritimes. When we visited Prince Edward Island, we of course toured Anne's Green Gables and the boys looked on in horror as their mother cried when the guide talked of Uncle Matthew and Aunt Marilla. Then we came to New England. I toured the Alcott house with every guest who came to visit. The Emerson house, Nathaniel Hawthorne's home and the Old Manse related more to my college reading but I enjoyed them greatly. In Gloucester I spotted a hill with Victorian houses circling it that seemed surely to have been the location for "Eight Cousins", the Alcott book I most loved. In Salem I was more interested in "The House of Seven Gables" than the witch museums, and visiting New Bedford and the Whaling Museum brought back great memories of "Moby Dick."

I think the last book I read aloud to a son was "The Trumpeter of Krakow", and that only because Tom kindly realized how much I enjoyed reading it to him even when he could easily have read it on his own. I never got to Krakow but it is still on my bucket list.

We first toured Longfellow's home with a visiting aunt whose passion for reading matched ours and took her to lunch at a place in Cambridge close to where the Village Blacksmith once worked. Many times we trekked around Walden Pond to the Thoreau cabin site and I spent many hours in Concord at the building then designated the Thoreau Museum.

Soon I was back at work part-time and the guys were involved in many activities and then, good grief, they were off to college.

I remember Bill giving his Dad a copy of a biography of W. B. Yeats by one of his college professors and Tom giving me a book titled "The Ladies of Castine". Then book gifts from the sons became regular offerings, sweet paybacks. When we visited Tom who was in Maine studying to be

a teacher, we were delighted that he was taking a course in Children's Literature and spent one of our happiest lunches ever discussing kids' books.

Then Gordon was assigned to be European Correspondent for The Boston Globe and we had two splendid years living in London while he worked mostly in Eastern Europe, where the Eastern Bloc was breaking up, and in Ireland where the "Troubles" were at high pitch. We were lucky to live in Chelsea which had easy access to buses and underground, and where there was a plethora of blue plaques for artists and authors. When I visited "Poet's Corner" at Westminster Abbey, I was thunderstruck by the plaques for Chaucer, Dickens, Shakespeare, the Bronte sisters, and on and on.

One of our London visitors felt sure there was a Beatrix Potter exhibit at the Victoria and Albert Museum. I thought she was mistaken but I called and inquired. "No, there is no current exhibit, but would you like to speak with the "keeper" of Mrs. Potter's work?" Intrigued, I answered "Fine" and the next day we were ushered into an office where the delightful keeper brought in scores of Potter drawings and manuscripts for us to look at and handle. You never know till you ask!

When I finally made it to Switzerland it was Geneva, hardly the setting for "Heidi" but I thought of her.

It was bitter cold in Vienna but we feasted on apple strudel and attended a wonderful performance of "La Boheme", another type of story.

When we drove through Southern Spain we stopped at the very first cork tree we saw to remember Ferdinand sleeping under a similar one.

When we returned to the United States we continued to read and to travel. On a trip to Stonington, Maine, Gordon and I drove through Brooklin and had no trouble spotting the former home of E.B. and Katharine Angell White and of course Charlotte, Wilbur and Fern. I was almost in tears.

And then we both started reading to the two grand-daughters who came along to bring us great joy.

Peggy McKibben



More Than Just a “Dud”

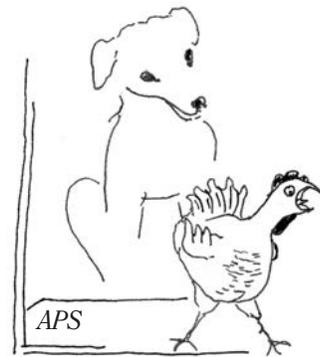
At the dog pound I had expected to meet various candidates for adoption, but the only one produced was a small black charmer who collapsed at my husband’s feet. In this otherwise empty room, the pup had decided we were his last hope. Limpid brown eyes swept up towards Ed’s face. Commitments were in the making as we became pet owners. It was love at first Sniff.

Pet training turned out to be a surprise. This little monster seemed to have an extraordinary sense of how he was expected to behave. So now let me introduce Sir Dudley Marjoriebanks, as a local know-it-all dog “expert” inaccurately claimed he should be named in honor of the Scottish founder of the Golden Retriever breed. Never mind that our pup was coal black and had various features resembling those of a healthy Labrador. Apart from having kleptomaniacal tendencies, one outstanding example of his abilities became apparent early on. Duds, as we called him to keep him humble, was intelligent far beyond his years. He was a Thinker Extraordinaire. When puzzled or confronted, he lay down, buried his nose between his paws, and contemplated a solution. Nothing stopped him for long.

As an established part of the family for a couple of years, Duds loved to go outdoors. There was no leash law in town, he could wander at will. When we heard his purposeful barking outside the door, he would dash in to us carrying in his mouth all sorts of “treasures” he considered essential to our well-being. Thus we inherited odd single shoes, magazines, children’s toys, strange garden tools, intimate articles of clothing grabbed from neighbors’ clothes racks -- too many things to mention here. Repeatedly, as he sat before us with tail wagging, we offered, in what we hoped sounded like a growl, a stern lecture on the sins of stealing. I admonished, scolded, grumbled, sometimes ending with “Of course you aren’t smart enough to grab something useful!” And Ed would add, “How about a bottle of Scotch?” He was such a help.

Evidently I underestimated Duds’ capacity to understand. One week, when there was

the usual disturbance at the kitchen door, with foreboding I opened it to find our large black dog guarding the shaking body of a terrified Rhode Island Red hen that clung to the door frame. Behind me I heard my husband laugh and exclaim, “Ha! That’s something useful.” I didn’t know the owner of the animal, and suffered prolonged embarrassment hawking this poultry refugee around the district to find its home. Fortunately there did not seem to be any damage done to its anatomy, but I wouldn’t speak for its or the owner’s state of mind. After I returned her livestock to her, I was glad to see that her poultry pen became more securely fastened.



I was surprised some weeks later, on a dusky snowy evening, to be met by our magnanimous dog holding out his evening gift. It was a tidily packaged, plucked, Ready for the Oven chicken. He dropped it at my feet and sat down. I won’t say he was smug but a smirk on his face betrayed that he was quite pleased with himself. I knew where to telephone by now, so I called and asked the familiar lady in the next lane if she had lost a Fully Dressed, Ready for the Oven chick. She gasped, then laughed. She admitted to having been shopping that day and as she struggled back into her house laden with groceries she hadn’t yet noticed the loss of the main dinner ingredient. It must have fallen out of her overloaded grocery bags and been buried in the snow. Just sitting there waiting to be dinner for us, courtesy of Dudley.

This was too much! From then on we vowed that no family member was ever to permit Duds to go out of the kitchen door on his own. Yet to our amazement he did. How then did he escape?



After hours of observation I managed one day to catch Duds poking around inside the kitchen door. When he thought he was not observed I saw him climb up on his rear legs to the round brass kitchen door handle, grasp it in his mouth, dig in his teeth and, with a clever combination of head/neck rotation and tugging, he managed to unlatch the door, pull it inwards with his jaw towards himself, making enough space to squeeze out. It was a manoeuvre I would have thought impossible for a dog to achieve, but once again I was outwitted. Perhaps I might persuade Ed to install bolts high up on all doors leading to dog freedom.

The next summer Duds began to rollick over to the nearby Hanscom Air Force Base, lured by the wind-driven smells of their cafeteria. Here the Air Force boys loved him, and they were unstintingly generous to our large black dog. When he had had his fill of steaks, those boys arranged to have him returned to us, sitting upright, like Royalty, on the back seat of a local police cruiser.

Where would Duds end up next? I hardly dared to think.

Stephanie Rolfe

Weather Report

If April showers bring May flowers, what about the snow?
 If spring is ever going to come, winter's got to go.
 No more crunchy crocuses or jonquils under frost;
 We must assume the weathermen have got their signals crossed.
 Of course we still remember the winter of the blizzards
 Where - if we braved the great outdoors -
 We stood up to our gizzards.
 In snow, more snow, and more snow still
 We soldiered on till spring.
 And so we're not complaining: we're just remembering.

Lois Pulliam

A Walk with the Elderly

Since moving to Carleton Willard Village, I have become aware that there seem to be a lot more old people than I ever noticed before. This is not really all good or all bad; just different and interesting.

Generally, I don't consider myself old. True, I *am* startled in the morning to see this old wrinkly guy staring back at me. (I really *must* get a better quality mirror). And I do notice some things that are different. Not quite as obvious as my reflection is that body parts occasionally hurt for no apparent reason. And my mind has become a problem: being interrupted and then, when I have everyone's attention, forgetting what I was going to say. When someone as self-effacing as I actually gets attention, that's bound to happen. Certainly nothing to do with age.

Eating is different, too. I used to eat anything in quantities sufficient to more than satisfy the appetites of several starving African tribesmen. Now I try to be aware of what I ingest, maintain a balanced diet, exercise regularly. Nothing to do with age, of course.

Many younger people (not all) seem to be right there to give a helping hand. A few years ago (well, maybe twenty-five or so), a young girl stood up in the subway car just after we left the station. Why? Peculiar. Except that she nodded at me and towards the seat she had just vacated.

Inwardly, I was aghast. Did I look that sickly? Nowadays when young females hold doors open and smile, I like to think it's because of the inner glow of my personality. Again, not my age.

I am more aware now. A bright shiny day, a nice rainy one after a long dry spell, an unexpected compliment, an unaffected genuine smile from one of my grandsons (no granddaughter yet) -- I notice them all. Never much of a demonstrative fellow, I enjoy hugging most females in my presence. They in turn don't seem threatened or put off as they might once have been.

Well, perhaps I am a little older than I think. But hey! with a new mirror and science, I may live to be one hundred and twenty!

Wally Campbell



NARCISSUS - A GENUS WITH MANY SPECIES

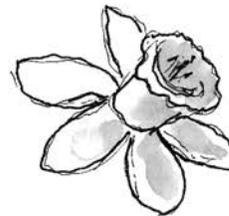
Miniature

Cyclamineus



Trumpet

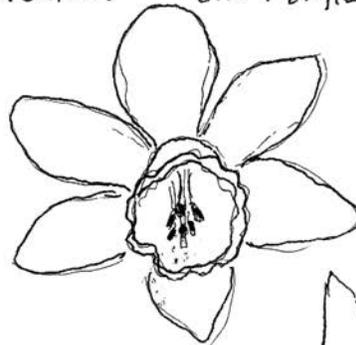
A perianth of 6 tepals* surrounds a corona holding 6 stamens and 1 style



Large-cupped



Jonquilla



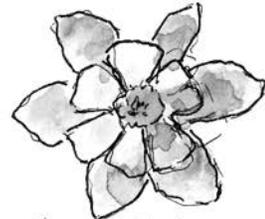
the ovary is below the flower on the stem.



Small-cupped



Triandrus



Split Corona



Tazetta



Poeticus



Double

A. Schmalz 117

* tepals are undifferentiated sepals and petals

HARDY · SPREADING · DEER AND RABBIT-PROOF



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

Large Print Books

The last two issues of the *Villager* have included articles on our regular print fiction and non-fiction collections. The articles were well received and many of our residents have taken advantage of our recommendations for good reading.

Now we turn our attention to our collection of large print books, as many of our residents look to these shelves as their eyesight becomes compromised.

The Library Committee has set up a special sub-committee to oversee our large print collection. We have a contract with Cengage Learning, agreeing to order seven new large print books every month at a considerably reduced cost. Monthly catalogues from Cengage are circulated among the sub-committee members, and the books with the most recommendations are ordered. More and more we are ordering recommended titles in large print that we already have in regular print. We want all of our residents to be happy readers.

There is no doubt that Cengage offers a wide variety of large print fiction titles. Finding good nonfiction titles is more of a challenge, but we are investigating ways to improve our offerings.

Here is a sampling of some of our most popular large print authors:

Classics: Jane Austen, Pearl Buck, Willa Cather and Agatha Christie.

History: Joseph Ellis and David McCullough

Mysteries: David Baldacci, Harlan Coben, Dick and Felix Francis, Sue Grafton, John Grisham, Robert B. Parker, Louise Penny, Anne Perry, John Sandford and Charles Todd.

Novels: M. C. Beaton, Maeve Binchy, Tracy Chevalier, Jennifer Chiaverini, Mary Higgins Clark, Patricia Cornwell, Elizabeth George, Sue Grafton, Donna Leon, Ian McEwan, Alexander McCall Smith, Lisa Scottoline, Patrick Taylor and Jacqueline Winspear.

In addition to our large print collection, Carleton-Willard Village has a recently renovated Media Room, separate from the Library, where residents can avail themselves of a good selection of audio books as well as music and films. This Media Room is organized and run by the Learning in Retirement office.

Good books, good music and good films go right along with the good food, good activities and good company here at Carleton-Willard. We are so fortunate to be here.

*Katherine F. Graff
Library Committee Chair*



Among the Newest

The Nine of Us by Jean Kennedy Smith
An affectionate memoir of the closely knit Kennedy family, where parents and siblings laughed and loved and learned about the world.

The Bookshop on the Corner by Jenny Colgan
A young English librarian moves to the highlands of Scotland where she creates a mobile library to help people find just what they seek.

The Eighty-Dollar Champion by Elizabeth Letts
An immigrant buys an unwanted nag and together they rise to national stardom.

Pilgrimage by Mark Shriver
This study of the development of Pope Francis leads us on a pilgrimage of our own with insight and humor.

The Girl From Venice by Martin Cruz Smith
Set in Venice in World War II, an Italian fisherman finds a young German Jewish woman floating in a lagoon.

Dreamland by Sam Quinones
A thoughtful investigation of our national opiate epidemic problem, fascinating and unsettling at the same time.

News of the World by Paulette Jiles
On a risky journey across Texas in 1870 an old news man bonds with a ten-year-old girl who has been raised by Kiowa Indians.

The Book of Joy by the Dalai Lama and Desmond Tutu
Eastern wisdom about the joy that is possible even in the hard places of life and about the way one finds it.

Small Great Things by Jodi Picoult
Racial tensions abound as a black delivery nurse is accused of neglecting the new-born child of white supremacists.

My Own Words by Ruth Bader Ginsburg
A compilation of powerful writings by the Supreme Court Justice covering the burning issues of our time.

The Elephant Whisperer by Lawrence Anthony
The author has his own herd of elephants in the African wild, and knows all about them as they whisper in his ear.

The Cornish Coast Murder by John Bude
A village vicar and village doctor join forces to solve a crime in a rugged Cornish setting.

Behind Closed Doors by B. A. Paris
A perfect marriage goes horribly wrong in this psychological thriller, amid the dark intentions of the husband.

Recessional by James Michener
A neglected Michener novel about life in a Florida retirement community where the residents are full of energy, whims and bright ideas.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

King, Ross Mad Enchantment

Autobiography/Memoir

Ginsburg, Ruth My Own Words

Bader

Nielsen, Dr. Jerri Icebound

Smith, Jean Kennedy The Nine of Us

Wagner, Robert J. I Loved Her in the
Movies (*)

Biography

Arlen, Alice The Huntress

Bergner, Daniel Sing for Your Life (*)

Byatt, A. S. Peacock and Vine

Quinn, Susan Eleanor and Hick

Shriver, Mark K. Pilgrimage

Thompson, Laura The Six

Current Affairs

Dickerson, John Whistlestop

Friedman, Thomas L. Thank you for Being Late

Hochschild, Arlie Strangers in Their Own
Russell Land

Quinones, Sam Dreamland

Singer, Peter Ethics in the Real World

Worth, Robert F. A Rage for Order

Drama

Shakespeare, William Twelfth Night

Fiction

Adelman, Michelle Piece of Mind

Archer, Jeffrey Not a Penny More, Not a
Penny Less

Atherton, Nancy Aunt Dimity's Good
Deed (*)

Atwood, Margaret

Backman, Fredrik

Balson, Ronald H.

Beaton, M. C.

Beaton, M. C.

Benedict, Marie

Bradley, Alan

Brooks, Geraldine

Bude, John

Burton, Jessie

Butler, Robert Olen

Callaway, Joy

Chabon, Michael

Chiaverini, Jennifer

Chiaverini, Jennifer

Child, Lee

Cobbs, Elizabeth

Colgan, Jenny

Connelly, Michael

Cornwell, Patricia

Correa, Armando
Lucas

Dev, Sonali

Doughty, Louise

Francis, Felix

French, Tana

Goodwin, Daisy

Goodwin, Daisy

Gregory, Philippa

Grisham, John

Groff, Lauren

Gunning, Sally Cabot

Hiaasen, Carl

James, P. D.

Jiles, Paulette

Hag-Seed

Britt-Marie Was Here

Karolina's Twins (*)

Death of a Policeman

Pushing Up Daisies (*)

The Other Einstein (*)

Thrice the Brinded Cat Hath
Mew'd (*)

The Secret Chord (*)

The Cornish Coast Murder

The Muse

Perfume River (*)

The Fifth Avenue Artists
Society (*)

Moonglow

Fates and Traitors (*)

Fates and Traitors

Night School

The Hamilton Affair (*)

The Bookshop on the Corner

The Wrong Side of Goodbye

Chaos

The German Girl (*)

A Change of Heart (*)

Black Water

Triple Crown (*)

The Trespasser

Victoria: A Novel

Victoria: A Novel (*)

Three Sisters, Three Queens

The Whisperer

Fates and Furies

Monticello (*)

Razor Girl

The Mistletoe Murder

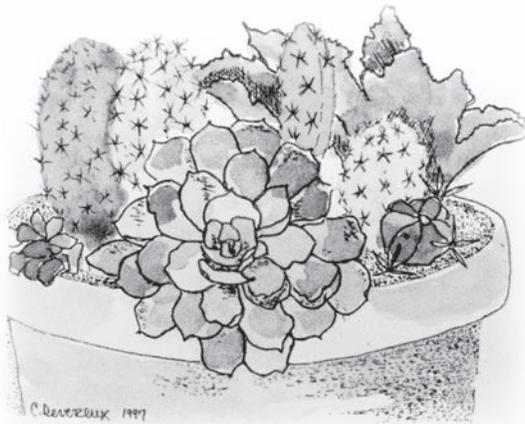
News of the World



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Jin, Ha	The Boat Rocker	Gibbs, Nancy and Duffy, Michael	The Presidents Club
Keillor, Garrison	The Keillor Reader	Macintyre, Ben	Rogue Heroes
Kelly, Martha Hall	Lilac Girls	Marton, Kati	True Believer
Livesey, Margot	Mercury	Mazzeo, Tilar J.	Irena's Children
Loigman, Lynda Cohen	The Two-family House	Millard, Candice	Hero of the Empire
Mayor, Archer	Presumption of Guilt	O'Reilly, Bill and Dugard, Martin	Killing the Rising Sun (*)
McCall Smith, Alexander	Precious and Grace	Preston, John	A Very English Scandal
McKenzie, C. B.	Burn What Will Burn	Sebba, Anne	Les Parisiennes
Michener, James A.	Recessional	Wilson, A. N.	The Elizabethans
Miller, Sue	The World Below		
Mizushima, Margaret	Killing Trail	Miscellaneous	
Moore, Liz	The Unseen World (*)	Warnick, Melody	This Is Where You Belong (*)
Morgan, C. E.	The Sport of Kings		
Notaro, Laurie	Crossing the Horizon (*)	Nature	
Novic, Sara	Girl at War	Anthony, Lawrence	The Elephant Whisperer
Paris, B. A.	Behind Closed Doors	Godfrey-Smith, Peter	Other Minds
Phillips, Caryl	The Lost Child	Letts, Elizabeth	The Eighty Dollar Champion
Picoult, Jodi	Small Great Things		
Robinson, Marilynne	Home	Religion	
Sanders, Neal	Deadly Deeds	Dalai Lama and Desmond Tutu	The Book of Joy
Sandford, John	Escape Clause		
Shapiro, B. A.	The Muralist	Science	
Smith, Martin Cruz	The Girl From Venice	Preston, Douglas	The Lost City of the Monkey God
Smith, Zadie	Swing Time		
Sullivan, Tara	The Bitter Side of Sweet	Travel	
Szalay, David	All That Man Is	Vietze, Andrew	Insiders' Guide to the Maine Coast
Todd, Charles	Proof of Guilt		
Tremain, Rose	The Gustav Sonata		
Ware, Ruth	The Woman in Cabin 10		
		(* indicates Large Print)	
History			<i>Katherine F. Graff</i>
Brands, H. W.	The General vs. the President		





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