



CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

## VILLAGER

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

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## Co-Editors' Corner



For each issue of the *Villager* the Board selects a "theme". This can be a tortuous process as collectively we muse and mull, suggest, chew over, reject, or possibly amend. We repeat these deliberations until we have a number of possible candidates. Finally we take a vote, from which emerges the theme subsequently announced in "Bits and Pieces".

We do not view the theme as an assignment, not like the first week back at school when we all yearned to have something exotic to report in "How I Spent My Summer Vacation". Rather we hope the theme is a nudge to memory or imagination, eliciting quite different responses in would-be contributors. In this issue, first time contributor, Harriet Hathaway, views A New Leaf quite literally with a horticulturist's eye. Her husband, David, examines the challenges of downsizing from a large house to smaller quarters and a different lifestyle in a retirement community. And Madelyn Armstrong's response to the new leaf theme is to celebrate An Old Leaf! Our intention is that any theme will liberate, not constrain.

Further, we take this space to remind contributors and readers-not-yet-contributors that we enthusiastically welcome non-theme-related material as well.

We are sorry to report that Meredith McCulloch, one of our Board members, is retiring. A longtime commitment in her Bedford community creates an unmanageable scheduling conflict. We shall miss the experience and wisdom of her contributions to our discussions, but were comforted when she said she would continue writing for the *Villager* "when and if inspired".

We were delighted when inspiration struck sooner than expected. You will find the result as the lead article in this issue.

Happy reading! Welcome spring!

*Co-Editors*

*Alice Morrish Peggy McKibben*



# *C o n t e n t s*

**Theme** – *A New Leaf*

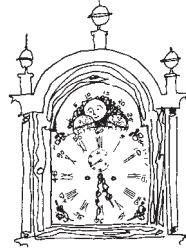
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## *From the Chief Executive Officer*



I'm noticing stories everywhere on comfort zones. "Get out!" they universally and urgently insist. "All the good stuff happens outside of your comfort zone! Ditch them and realize your true potential! Do it today!"

I'm not so certain.

Now, to be sure, I believe in broadening one's horizons. As the great architect, inventor, designer and futurist Buckminster Fuller often said, "You cannot learn from experiences you do not have."

But me? I like my comfort zone. It's where I'm the most "me". I believe our comfort zone is where we do our best work. It's where we're centered, where we've figured out what works and what doesn't. It's the place where our intuitions are the strongest, where our essential truths and values reside. And, it's the place where we've built up a lifetime of skills that we can apply most competently to life's challenges and opportunities.

It's often said that a great athlete, when performing at the highest levels, is "in the zone".

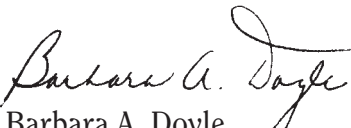
Exactly.

Interestingly, organizations can have their own highly effective "comfort zones" too. And no surprise, I believe Carleton-Willard Village is a perfect example. Since our inception, we have continually imagined what a retirement community could and should be. Such an expansive strategy is, to my mind, not so much "getting out of our comfort zone", but more a steady commitment to an ever widening one.

Innovations along the way have, perhaps, occasionally been part experiment and part leap-of-faith. But very quickly, those ideas have become part of our core capabilities - well "within our wheelhouse".

We see this continuing today. Our beautiful new Village Centre, a host of new services and resources for our Residents, and the future Arlington Court are but three expressions of an organization very comfortable in its strategic progressive approach.

It takes hard work to create a solid comfort zone. And that brings me back to our own. Perhaps the secret to personal growth is not so much getting out of it, but simply expanding it!

  
Barbara A. Doyle  
President and CEO



## News Crazy or Crazy News

*"If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed; if you do, you are misinformed."*  
- Mark Twain

I'm afraid I have a long-term addiction. Sometimes I even suspect that my friends are planning to stage an intervention. My minister has expressed his concern.

Maybe my mother first got me hooked. She was often at the kitchen table reading aloud from the newspaper before I could read it for myself. We never visited a new city or town without buying the local paper. Mother saw it as a trove of information about a new place. She often talked about old news: the Lindberg baby kidnapping, the fate of the Romanovs, the abdication of Edward VIII, Eleanor Roosevelt at the United Nations, and the Truman/Dewey election.

With the arrival of a television set in our home, as a latch key kid, I didn't dive into soap operas or game shows, but followed Army/McCarthy hearings, the Rosenberg trial, political conventions, 60's riots and later Watergate. It is not surprising that I volunteer for a local online newspaper.

These days there is no end of drugs available for the news addict. The world is more complicated and the areas of concern extensive, now worldwide. There is a stream - no a deluge - of news sources, many of them right on my computer. *The New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Boston Globe*, *The New Yorker* and *The Atlantic* are mainstays of venerable pedigree. Then I move on to newer, but also honorable sources - *Talking Points Memo*, *Politico*, *Axios* and *Vox*.

Going on, there is TV news, podcasts, political comedy etc. (You may already have guessed that among my favorite movies are *His Girl Friday*, *All the President's Men*, *Spotlight* and *The Post*.)

Still the beat goes on and on.

Sometimes I attribute this addiction to what I learned at my mother's knee, a need to know, to be informed, to be a good citizen. I like to say it is a way of taking control, staving off the anxiety of our turbulent times. But like many addicts, I sus-

pect there is a deeper, more serious underlying cause. It could be that I am not really addicted, but simply searching for, hoping for, even praying for basic justice and the unblemished survival of the American way.

Is that crazy?

*Meredith McCulloch*



### *Welcome New Residents*

**Mr. William Schoendorf**  
from Bedford, 11/1/18

**Mrs. Sophie Rapaport**  
from Cambridge, 11/2/18

**Dr. Byron Roseman**  
from North Chelmsford, 11/15/18

**Mrs. Carole Tule**  
from Mashpee, 12/15/18

**Mrs. Charlotte Brown**  
from Falmouth, Maine, 1/7/19



## Surviving Disaster --Luck or Skill?

**THE BIG DUMP TRUCK** - Our seventeen room, hundred year old house was set back from the narrow country road. We had a long dirt driveway sloping down to the road. One summer day we were taking turns riding a low four-wheeled cart down the driveway, sometimes going into the road. The road had very little traffic, only an occasional car or truck, so no big deal.

When it was my turn for a ride, I lay down on the cart, my head facing forward. I headed down the driveway, picking up speed. None of us saw or heard a very large six-wheeled dump truck coming down the road from the left. The dump truck and I got to the intersection of driveway and road at the same time. The driver never saw me and did not slow down. I was horrified to see the dump truck right in front of me. I went under the truck between the front and rear wheels, and came out between the rear double wheels because I could steer a little. OMG!

A fraction of a second's difference and I would have been killed.

A bit of luck, some skill - and fast reactions.

**THE BB GUN BATTLE (I WON)** - Dave Lincoln and I often took long walks through nearby woods and fields. This day we both had our BB guns and walked down an old dirt road that led to Mine Brook. We stopped at a spot where the road was recessed with banks on either side. A sand pit was on the right and an open bluff on the left.

"Someone" suggested that we have a BB gun fight. Dave took the sand pit and used a hole in the wall of the sand pit just large enough for his gun barrel to fit in with an inch to spare. Very protected spot. I took the open bluff across the road, facing Dave - no real protection but a bit higher than Dave's position.

We started our fight. I could hear his BBs pinging off the bushes near my head. The only way I could get to him was to put a BB down the narrow opening next to his gun barrel. Well, I finally did just that. Dave yelled in pain and threw his BB gun in the air. My BB had hit him on the eyelid just under his eye. Close call - painful but no damage. Contest over.

Luck or skill? We'll never know.

**LEGS RUN OVER:** On our chicken farm, we used a 1930 Ford Beach Wagon as a truck to carry food to chickens out on the range. The rear seats and rear doors had been removed. I had a hand crank to start it. It was called a Beach Wagon because in earlier times people would take it to the beach. Later it was called a Station Wagon because it would be used to meet trains at the railroad station to transport passengers and their luggage.

It was great sport for friends of my brother and me to come to our farm and ride all over the Beach Wagon driven by our hired man, Frank. By "all over the Beach Wagon" I mean kids on the hood, the fenders, the roof, the running boards, etc., all laughing, yelling, having a great time.

One day I was standing on the rear end of the Wagon's left metal running board. The wagon had several hundred-pound bags of grain for the chickens. The running board was wet and slippery. When we hit a bump my feet slipped off and my legs went under the left rear wheel. The narrow rear wheel ran over both legs. Ouch! Fortunately, the ground was damp and soft and my legs were squished into the soft ground. Both legs were sore for a couple of days but were otherwise okay.

Luck because of the soft ground, but no skill involved - just carelessness.

*Bob Anderson*





## My Grandmother

Whenever my grandmother's name is mentioned, every cousin of my generation starts to laugh, and then asks *Do you remember ...?* This was especially true of her children, our parents. Her sense of humor was spontaneous and clever. For example:

When my parents were in their forties they applied for passports in preparation for a trip to Europe. My mother had no problem but my father was told by the New York City Passport Office that he had no birth certificate. We figured that my grandfather had had a great fear of authorities, even American authorities. Since he was AWOL from the Russian Army when he arrived in New York, he did not register his son's birth for fear the Russian government would find out where he was. The solution to the problem was for the unregistered person (my father) to get a signed, notarized statement from someone who knew him. The logical person was his mother, my grandmother.

One of the questions was "On what authority do you base your statement that the above-named applicant was born in the United States and is a United States citizen?" Her answer, "I was there at the time."

Grandma was fourteen when her sister, *Channah* (pronounced with a guttural *Ch*) wrote asking her to come to America to help her in her boarding house in New York's lower East Side.

I suspect that Grandma was in high school, but she did not continue her education when she came here to work. My grandfather was a boarder at Channah's place. He and Grandma would meet on the rooftops of the tenements and soon fell in love, much to the consternation of my

great aunt. With encouragement from the family in "the old country", Grandma and Grandpa were married "before something happened!"

The young couple had little money. They lived in a three room apartment in a four story walk-up in the lower East Side. Some income came from rent a tenant paid for one of those three rooms, and Grandma ran a little candy shop on the ground floor. Grandpa earned a

small salary as an apprentice to an upholsterer. Soon my father arrived and then a brother who had a misshapen foot. My grandparents were told that Boston was a much better place to live for the medical treatment needed for the baby, so they moved to Orient Heights just north of Boston.

From this difficult beginning came the wonderful family I recall. Both of my grandparents spoke English, but with a Russian/Polish/Yiddish accent. Education was stressed. My grandmother learned right along with her children. One of my uncles was an English major in

college. Grandma would read the plays of Shakespeare with him as he studied, and became an expert, with her own opinions and interpretations. She could quote whole passages.

I do not remember my grandfather as well. He passed away when I was eight. I do remember how much they adored each other. He was a quiet, loving man and was the king of the household in Grandma's mind. By the time he died, he was the owner of a successful furniture factory, a long way from the apprentice upholsterer he once was.

I was fourteen when Grandma died. Her funeral was in the temple, an honor not usually given to a woman. I was told it was because she was such an honorable woman.



*Esther K. Braun*















## A New Leaf - Always an Adventure

For a horticulturist the words *turning over a new leaf* require a literal and realistic examination of the dozens of new leaves that come our way. New varieties and hybrids of indoor and outdoor plants are constantly appearing. They come in all sizes from the barely visible to huge, in shapes from pointed blades to perfect circles, in textures as sharp as needles to furry lambs' ears and in colors from the common green to the unusual flamboyant red.



Besides the excitement of new and unusual leaves during the thirty years I worked at the Information Desk at Lexington Gardens, a full scale year-round nursery and garden center, many customers asked me to check for insects or problems on the leaves of plants they brought to me from home.

Out would come my high-powered magnifying glass. Each leaf would be turned over. Most often everything was fine but occasionally, *oh dear*, those white cotton masses were greedy mealy bugs, those scampering creatures ravenous spider mites, those sticky hard beige shells were famished scales, or those throngs of little green monsters were wicked aphids bent on destroying every leaf. Remedies needed to be suggested. They ranged from a dash of mild soap on a Q-tip to *quick, let's dispose of this before it affects any other plants*.

Turning over a new leaf is always an adventure.

*Harriet Hathaway*

<i>In Memory</i>		
2018		
Sandra Masson	October 31	
Harold Roeder	November 8	
Beth Dawson	November 16	
Mary Welch	November 22	
Marguerite Wright	November 27	
Jacqueline Berwick	November 30	
Alice Kiernan	December 1	
Betty "Gigi" Temple	December 12	
Mary Siphron	December 16	
Larry Graff	December 22	
2019		
Barbara Mercer	January 3	
Donald Senna	January 6	
Morse Payne	January 9	



# Village

## Plaza Suite

Laughter filled the Auditorium when the Village Thespians presented two acts from the Neil Simon play, set in Suite 819 of the Plaza. Karen Nash (Arlayne Peterson) and her husband Sam (David Hathaway) had spent their wedding night in the suite, but on this visit Karen learned that Sam is now involved in an affair with his secretary Jean (Peg Rendl). Later, Roy Hubley (Tom Larkin) and his wife Norma (Anne Larkin) find their daughter Mimsey (Elizabeth Flemings) has locked herself in the bathroom, refusing to proceed with her wedding to Boden (Bob Schmalz). Mimsey is deaf to all her parents' pleading, but comes out smiling when Boden shouts "COOL IT!"



## Hedy Lamarr

"The Most Beautiful Woman in the World" visited on a fall evening to share her life story with us. Portrayed by Judith Kalaora, founder of History-at-Play, Ms. Lamarr told us about her childhood in Vienna, her early film career in Europe – including nudity in *Ecstasy* – and Fritz, the first of her six husbands. Hired by Louis B. Mayer at \$500 a week, she began her Hollywood career in Algiers with Charles Boyer. Her favorite film was *Samson and Delilah*. Working with composer George Antheil, she invented "frequency hopping", a technology used in cell phones, Wi-Fi, GPS and Bluetooth. She won an "Oscar" for her invention, but not for her acting.

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

## CWV Jazz Trio

A lunchtime crowd gathered on Main Street to revel in the opening concert of the CWV Jazz Trio. Residents Alan Kaitz on piano and Ed Sheldon on sax and clarinet were joined by guest bass player Peter Tillotson for an exciting hour of popular music from the American Songbook. Hips swayed and fingers snapped as one familiar tune followed another. Who among all of us head-nodders hadn't waltzed to Irving Berlin's wistful "Remember", or jitterbugged to Gershwin's enticing "Oh, Lady Be Good"? The Trio plans a much welcomed "jam session" in front of the Brass Rail every three months from 11:00 AM to noon.

## Perkins School for the Blind

An enthusiastic group toured the Perkins Institute for the Blind, the oldest such school in the US, founded in Boston in 1829 before moving to Watertown in 1912. Through our excellent guide we learned that Perkins serves 170 students ages five through twenty-two, and that the school taught both Laura Bridgeman, the first deaf-blind child educated in the US, and Helen Keller. While we were unable to visit with students, we did visit the 90,000-book library and an amazing "tactile library" of thousands of architectural and natural models used in teaching. A delicious lunch at John Brewer's Tavern in Waltham capped an unforgettable day.

## E Pluribus Unum

On the afternoon of Election Day, a group gathered in the Auditorium to share in a time of reflection and prayer. Led by staff and residents, lay and clergy, through times of silence and hearing the spoken word, participants considered the meaning of the day and the decisions being made across the nation. Readings included "One Today", by Richard Blanco, read at President Obama's second inauguration, "Passing Strange" by John Masefield, a prayer of St. Francis and selections from the Old and New Testaments. After singing "America the Beautiful", the group departed in silence.



# Happenings

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

## Traces of the Trade: A Civic Issues Program

The Civic Issues Group hosted Dain and Constance Perry, who led residents in a discussion following viewing of the film "Traces of the Trade: A Voyage of Realization and Reconciliation". The film portrays a journey taken by Dain and other descendants of the DeWolf family of Rhode Island, who profited from the slave trade in colonial days. Their journey took them to Cuba and West Africa, where they experienced rich interactions with people and places relating to the origins of the slave trade. The discussion, focused on residents' one-word reactions, centered on the prevalence of racism in contemporary society.

## Veterans Recognition Luncheon

On an early November day, thirty-six residents who had served in the military were honored at a recognition luncheon. They were joined by guests serving on active duty, participants in the Leadership School at nearby Hanscom Air Force Base. The veterans represented all branches of the United States military, and the Royal Air Forces of Canada and the United Kingdom. Those on active duty included members of the Air Force, Marines and Coast Guard. Lively conversation led to sharing of memories and learning about current experiences in the service. Singing songs of each branch of the military brought the celebration to a close.

## Concord Women's Chorus

Jane Ring Frank, accompanied by pianist Scott Nicholas, led the Concord Women's Chorus in a timely and wide-ranging program of music from various regions and periods in celebration of the holiday season. Highlights included works by several composers who had set lovely new music to such traditional themes as The Holly and the Ivy, The Birth of the Holy Child and Shepherds Piping. Second pianist Judy Bose joined the merry festivities for the finale, a resounding ALLELUIA, followed by an enthusiastic audience singing three hymns with the chorus, thus concluding a truly joyful morning.



## Winnie-the-Pooh

A sold-out trip to the Museum of Fine Arts on a clear, cold winter day provided an opportunity to visit the Winnie-the-Pooh exhibit. Written by Alan Alexander Milne and illustrated by Ernest Howard Shepard, the 1926 book is one many had read to us and later read to our children. Featured in the show were original drawings of Christopher Robin (modeled on Milne's only child), Pooh (modeled on Growler, a toy bear belonging to Shepard's son), Piglet, Eeyore, Tigger, their friends, and the settings for their adventures. After shorts visits to other exhibits and the museum's book and gift shops, we travelled to Concord for a splendid lunch at Fiorella's.

## The Music of Poetry

Inspired by Voltaire's thought "Poetry is the music of the soul", the Village Thespians offered an evening of poetry, spoken, acted and sung. The mood ranged from hilarious social commentary by Dorothy Parker to somber memories of war in "Green Fields of France" by Eric Bogle. Derek Till offered lines from Hamlet and Henry V in elegant Shakespearean English. Elizabeth Flemings and Spike Thorne acted "King John's Christmas" from A. A. Milne's "Now We are Six". The evening ended with everyone joining Arlayne Peterson and Anne Larkin in Clement Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas", ending with a rousing "Happy Christmas to all and to all a good night".

*Edwin Cox, Harry Hoover*



## A Visit to the Giant Ice Caves

The recent horror news about the boys trapped in an almost inaccessible and flooded cave space brought to my mind the experience of descending into the giant ice cave high up in the mountainside of the Dachstein peak in Upper Austria. My mother had planned this challenging excursion for my brother, aged thirteen, and me, aged eleven as a special break during our annual summer stay at the family farm in Spital-am-Phryn.

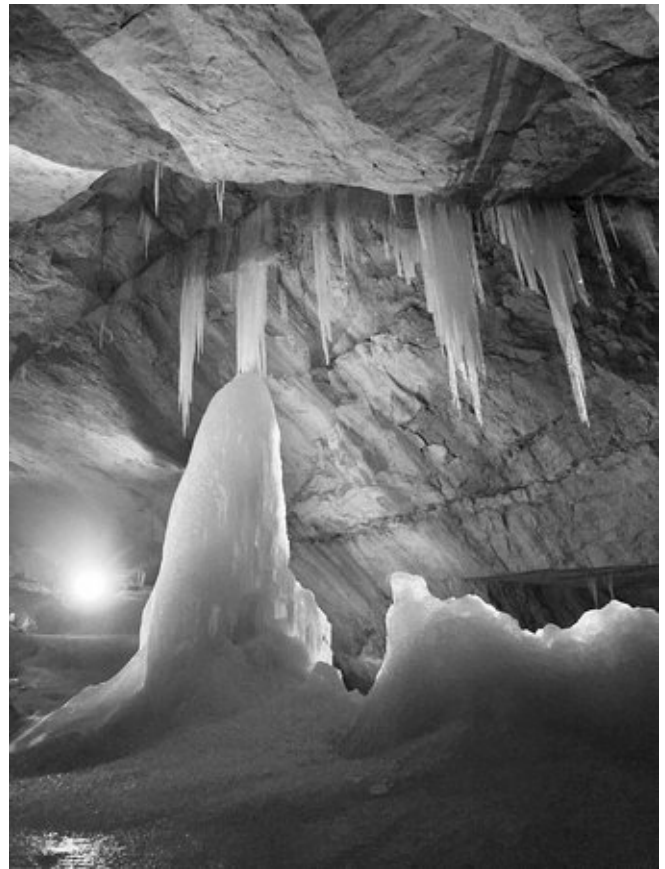
It took about two hours up a steep, well-kept trail to reach the rather insignificant cave entrance which was enhanced by an Austrian flag, a small table with a register of all visitors, and a cash box to keep the modest fees collected by the cave guide. He wore the native garment of Lederhosen with Loden gray wool jacket trimmed with green lapels and green and red oak leaf accented pockets. We had enough time to cool down after the sweltering climb, munch lunch and have a drink of water. We put on warm jackets as the cave is really chilly inside.

Once passed through a dim narrow passage, it suddenly opened up into an ice palace of rich red rock in sharp contrast to the thick monstrous icicles and veins illuminated into translucent green by hidden electric sources. The cave had wooden walkways with hand guard rails throughout. Nevertheless, it was scary as the walkways were installed high up midway over much deeper rock formations far below, increasing the sensation of floating in a different world.

After some time walking, stooped, through some smaller tunnels, we suddenly emerged into a huge dome-like chamber. At the opposite wall a tremendous frozen waterfall, at least two stories high, of stunning beauty, left us speechless while the guide's voice, his deep somewhat unfamiliar local dialect, reverberated above the eerie silence in the enormous cave. The following tunnels were not nearly as remarkable and led back over softly lit walkways to the bright daylight at the mountainside cave entrance.

There we warmed up, stuffed the jackets into our rucksacks and started our descent to the railway "special request halt" at the trail en-

trance for the ride to the town of Hallstatt. Alas, about halfway down one of my knees gave out completely. This is a well known condition called "Kneeschackerl" among hiking folks in Austria, which means "knee hiccups". It is brought on by prolonged stress on a downhill descent. My brother Willy had to carry all three rucksacks. Mutti told me to get up onto her back with my arms around her neck, and she carried me all the way down the steep trail. As she needed frequent rests, it took much longer than expected and we had missed the only train. By then it was long after sunset and I felt spooky at the deserted



tracks. However, Mutti was not dismayed. With my leg somewhat recovered, she led us walking along the level terrain in the direction of Hallstatt, our planned destination, at the far side of the lake. Along the weary way, her steady comforting voice kept us moving forward as she related how Hallstatt was founded by the Romans at the time of Marcus Aurelius, and how they had built the pipelines to extract valuable salt from the nearby hollow rock formations. These pipelines were still in actual use. The area was rich



in Roman findings such as those displayed in the town museum. Also people occasionally found little treasures such as Roman coins while hiking along the pipeline route.

At this point, old local folkways came to help us out of our weary situation. A little light appeared through the trees in the darkness, Soon we found a fisherman's shack at the lakeside. Inside, a sleepy old man had a small rowboat for hire. Mother gladly made a quite reasonable deal with him, and we embarked, much relieved to be rowing our way over the lake to our destination, guided by Hallstatt's lively lights in the distance. Willy and Mutti did the rowing, and I controlled the wooden rudder with a rope in each hand. Gliding silently over the smooth black water surface under a sky with millions of twinkling stars is an unforgettable dreamlike experience for me. But still, I had to be aware enough to steer the boat safely past several rocky spots, After they rowed an exhausting while later, I saw a lantern held on the arm of a man, then the dock he stood on. My heart was thumping with relief on landing and when he helped me get out onto the dock. After a few words of greeting and some money had exchanged hands, we stumbled along the bumpy path to the inn, where an empty reserved room awaited our belated arrival. At the first sight of a bed, I climbed on top of it and fell, exhausted, asleep.

*Daisy Illich*

## A Diamond in the Rough

**“M**om! The diamond is missing from your engagement ring!”

Sure enough, the beautiful engagement ring I had worn for thirty-five years had a gaping hole between two sapphires. I had just arrived to babysit for a grandchild, having had a “housewife morning” with many errands. The Wayland landfill had been the first stop of the day, followed by the typical round of dry cleaner, drug store, post office, etc. I left word with all the shopkeepers I had visited that morning.

The pavement at the landfill is rich with shiny mica and littered with tiny bits of broken glass. Alas! so many sparkly things! Nevertheless I told the landfill employee of my situation “just in case of a miracle” and the diamond was found.

The diamond had been in my mother-in-law's engagement ring so there was special sentimental value to it. My wonderful husband, Jon, and I decided to let a few weeks go by to hope that somehow this diamond would be found. After two weeks, we agreed to meet one Wednesday evening after work and go to a jeweler to buy a new diamond. But no, this was not to be. My car developed a flat tire on Route 9. Before cell phones, it was a bit of a trick to alert Jon that I would not be at the train station on time. . .not a good omen for a new diamond, to say the least.

As sometimes happens in families, a different family crisis developed in the next few days which meant we decided to stay home and await an important phone call on Sunday morning. This meant skipping church, something we did not do very often, but it seemed the right priority in our lives. We thought God would surely understand.

While I waited indoors for the phone to ring, Jon kept busy cleaning up a bit in the garage. He swept the winter's sand into a pile near the rubbish bins. As he reached for the dust pan, a ray of sunshine chose to come through the small garage window at just that minute and shine directly onto the pile of sand. There, on top of the sand, shining like nobody's business, was the diamond. . . truly a diamond in the rough.

This is a true story, and today that diamond is being fashioned into a new ring for my son's fiancée. May it have a long and vibrant life.

*Sonja Strong*





## New Leaves

Ruth, the girls and I share an addiction to Rguacamole, especially the one I made by my mother's recipe, its heat adjusted to the ladies' delicate palates. Several years ago I read an article about how to grow an avocado plant indoors as a decoration. It sounded like fun and I thought we all might learn a bit of botany in the process.

The next time I had an avocado, I prepared my "guaca" as usual, but my focus was on that strange, fat seed in its center. Following instructions, I inserted four toothpicks into the sides of the seed, each at ninety degrees of separation from the others, near the narrow end of the seed. Then I suspended the seed by its toothpicks in the mouth of a large jar filled with enough water to cover the lower third of the seed. I placed the whole structure on a kitchen table where it would be exposed to plenty of sunshine. All of us gazed at this arrangement expectantly but patiently because the article warned that the growth of the plant would be slow.

And slow it was. Our first bit of excitement came two or three weeks later when a small green stalk broke through the narrow end of the seed. We redoubled our efforts to ensure that our seed was getting enough sunshine and water. The stalk continued to grow taller. It was so tall and straight that we called it General MacArthur, who was much in the news at that time. A few more weeks of growth, and our anticipation of the appearance of the first leaf reached a fever pitch. But a couple of weeks later, our excitement turned to worry: was there a genetic defect impeding the General's leaves from sprouting? Perhaps something wrong with our tap water, or was it getting too much sun? What was I doing wrong? Even at work my thoughts turned to General MacArthur.

One evening, as I came home and walked into the kitchen, I stopped -- something was different: the General had sprouted leaves, five of them! I asked Ruth to come and look and she was as excited as I was. The girls thought it was "neat". I thought nature was amazing: in a matter of hours five leaves had appeared where there had been none that morning.

After dinner I went back to examine the General. A gleam at the attachment of the leaves caught my eye, and I found that each leaf was scotch-taped to the stalk. That monkey, Ruth, had set me up, then feigned excitement when I was taken in. The girls thought it was hilarious. Eventually I did too, but I should have known better: my dear wife was given to an occasional gentle, harmless trick, sometimes with the connivance of the girls. Trust but verify.

*Luis Fernandez*

## An Old Leaf

It was not a New Leaf but an Old Leaf that I Icoveted. I know, I know - thou shalt not covet. But I did. It was an old drop-leaf table that my mother had lovingly refinished. I didn't have a place for it in my condo. I already had a dining room set and no hallway to put it in either. But when my mother died thirty years ago and we divvied up her stuff, my otherwise extremely generous brother, who, to be honest, with his wife had unselfishly devoted hundreds of hours to her care and comfort since they lived nearby, took the drop-leaf table and gave it to his oldest daughter!

Never mind that I got all her good silver and wedding china which I still use every day. Oh yeah, and the piano and so much more. That's not the point! That was the table I opened up and set for dinner, adding a leaf or two if we had company. I put out the placemats - or her crocheted or embroidered tablecloth for special occasions. I put out the silverware - nothing formal, just a dinner fork on the left, a knife and spoon on the right. We had salad forks, but I don't remember their being a regular part of the place setting. Glass above the knife. I always felt uncomfortable about that because both my brothers and my father were left-handed. Shouldn't their glasses have gone on the left above the fork? Or maybe even the fork on the right and the knife and spoon on the left?

Everyone was expected at dinner every night. Remember, this was in the 1950s. Mom serving at the end on my left, Dad at the other end on my right. I got my own place at one side and my two



brothers sat side by side across from me. I never thought to ask what the seating arrangements were before I was born. Did the boys sit one on each side? Probably. I must ask my older brother who, with me, is the only one left of the immediate family.

Saturday was cleaning day. How many times I polished that table - across the top, down the leaves, around the legs. Mom had taken a furniture refinishing class when she was in her fifties, along with painting classes. I still have several pieces of furniture - a chest and several chairs that she did and stenciled. Nothing intrinsically valuable - most picked up at garage sales I suspect.

But all precious to me still.

Just wish I had that old drop-leaf table. But where would I ever put it?

*Madelyn Armstrong*

## Turning a New Leaf

When we moved to Carleton-Willard Village, it meant cleaning out a basement, attic, two-car garage which was really a “shop”, four bedrooms, two living rooms, dining room and kitchen. Where to start?

It is not where, it is WHEN, and the answer to that is three years ago if you have accumulated a lot of STUFF. Less if you could put it all in suitcases. First, figure out what you need to take to your new smaller home. Next, mark the items which will go to a possible summer home, and then let your family, starting with your children, identify what they could use. Then the grandchildren. After that have an appraiser look at all that is left to see what is worth selling. You might have something that your neighbors could use before you consider a yard sale or donation to one of the many charities around town who will come and pick up STUFF.

If you are moving from a distant location, you need to start changing doctors, dentists and the folk you depend on for the many activities you enjoy: church, organizations, pleasures, sports, music, drama et cetera. Keep in mind that your move to a new location will mean meeting many

new friends to add to your old friends.

If your new home does not have garages, you may need to rent storage space for items which won't fit in your home: sailboat, trailers, motorcycles. Or, if you have good friends as I had, you might find one willing to store a motorcycle (but don't ask them to store two motorcycles).

Your new, smaller home may have an attic, but make sure you do not plan to store much up there! You may not be allowed to lower the attic stairs, for fear of not being safe on them. Then you will be dependent on busy staff to take things up and down.

The NEW LEAF brings a change in life style. The wife now has only to fix breakfasts and lunches. However, the husband should be able to do that, so that is point number one. Second, you are going to have to learn to eat differently. Usually dining rooms are serving such good food that if you do NOT plan your eating strategies carefully, you will gain too much weight. I found that I ate too much - probably too many rich desserts - and gained ten pounds, which took ten weeks of summer work in Maine to lose. Plan ahead, leave out the desserts!

Next, you need to reschedule your life, saving time for your former activities. If you only move to the next town, that can be difficult. You will want to join your neighbors in the activities available at your new home, as well as keeping up with the ones you enjoyed before you moved. On the other hand, if you were getting tired or bored with some of the former activities, this is the obvious time to TURN A NEW LEAF.

Since you will make many new friends in your new home area, you will want to join them in pursuing the many opportunities to TURN A NEW LEAF and study music, art, gardening, or even just people. One thing everyone can do is to start any kind of exercise regimen and thus keep up with those who will be around for a nice long time!

n.b. The idea of publishing this article is mine, but all the ideas belong to my wife, Harriet.

*David Hathaway*



## Should I Follow the Directions?

I should say right up front: I don't follow directions well. But I really do try.

Resealable plastic packages with sliced cheese tell me to tear across the top of the package where the notch is. I have never, ever, been able to do it. Scissors are the only recourse. Even then, resealing the contents is difficult because the resealable seals never seem to work very well.

On my small plastic water bottle they admonish me "Empty and replace cap". I really wouldn't have thought of it, but I suppose neatness does count.

My underarm solid gel deodorant is encased in heavy plastic. If any of the gel is swallowed get medical attention right away. Any child, or adult for that matter, strong enough to open this encasement would have to be awfully hungry. I have used brute strength to remove "pop-off" covers and medicine bottle covers when the suggested fingernail wouldn't do it. Imodium capsule containers, when the need suddenly arises in the middle of the night, require more than a fingernail to penetrate the sealed package. I use my flat-bladed screwdriver.

I have a bottle of 100% pure maple syrup for my waffles. The directions tell me to refrigerate after opening. There is nothing like ice cold syrup for toasted waffles or pancakes. Would maple syrup really go bad after a few weeks in the cabinet? Their directions indicate "Best if used by 8/28/21". That's close to my life expectancy. Gee, it's only a small bottle.

All of which brings me in a roundabout way to an important point. I would just love to sit down with the executives of some of these companies and let them try to open some of their own products. Meanwhile I will keep a sharp pair of scissors, a paint scraper, a set of pliers and my ever-faithful screwdriver in my kitchen utility drawer.

*Wally Campbell*

## Good Grief! Gnarled Leaf!

A couple of years go, two kind friends gave me a splendid hibiscus plant for my June birthday.

Beautiful apricot blossoms and glossy green foliage. It was in a lovely pot and came with its own metal stand. I enjoyed its many lovely blossoms immensely. It eventually stopped blooming but I assumed that was its normal cycle and continued to admire its leaves.

I brought it into my apartment for the winter, hoping it would bloom indoors. No such luck.

Again, beautiful foliage but no blossoms. Come spring, it was out on my Winthrop patio again.

I have no idea why one day I took it off the stand and carefully placed it on the patio floor. I left it there overnight and let out a shriek when I looked out the next morning to see that some critter had chewed many leaves and even branches! As my Mother would have said, "I was fit to be tied!" It's a good thing I did not spot any varmint that might have been guilty!

I shaped it as well as I could with my shears, probably apologizing as I worked for such neglect. I put it back on its stand, of course, where any small animal could not reach it. I felt both sad and angry each time I looked at it.

But, in a week or so I was astounded to see a couple of blossoms forming and the foliage regaining its form. Obviously that plant desperately needed to be trimmed and some squirrel or chipmunk or even a brave deer had taken care of it while having a midnight meal,

Nature obviously knew best and I need to study up on my horticulture!

*Peggy McKibben*





## Written in Water

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

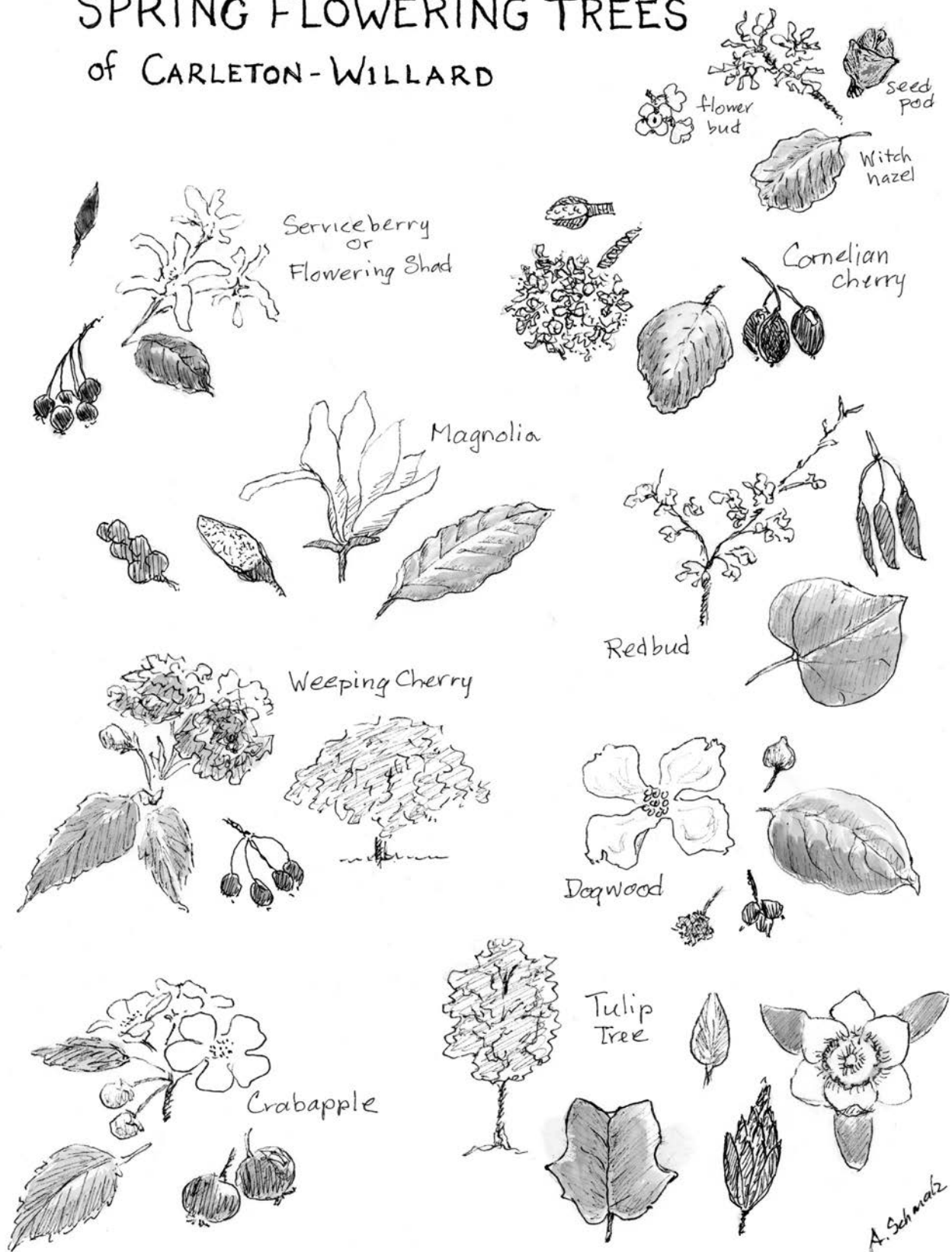
Though some of them, landing on grass  
or bare tree limbs, may cluster intact  
for several hours yet, locked  
by their famous hexagons into  
a throw of the most delicate fabric,  
millions more of them fall on surfaces  
the returning sun has warmed  
the critical degree that was needed,  
and at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

*Craig Hill*





# SPRING FLOWERING TREES of CARLETON-WILLARD





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

## 2018 in Review

As the Carleton-Willard Village library turns over a new leaf and begins a new year we have the opportunity to look back over the previous twelve months and to appreciate all that has been done.

2018 was a banner year for the library. Thanks to the generosity of the General Store we were given a book budget of \$5400 and were able to add a total of 370 books to the collection, 176 regular print, 84 large print and 110 donations. Book selection took place once a month, which guaranteed a steady stream of new reading material enthusiastically received by all of our residents.

In order to make room on the shelves for all of this new material, the collection had its annual weeding project during the summer months. 323 books were removed and donated to the CWV staff, the CWV Health Center, the Bedford Free Public Library and the Bedford Council on Aging. Every book that we removed found a new home.

Circulation continued to be brisk. Over the course of the year 3,026 books were signed out, 2,199 regular print books and 827 large print books.

Favorite fiction authors in 2018 were David Baldacci, P.D. James, Donna Leon, Susan Elia MacNeal, Alexander McCall Smith, James Patterson, Louise Penny, Anne Perry, John Sandford, Charles Todd and Jacqueline Winspear. Favorite non-fiction authors were Joe Biden, Doris Kearns Goodwin, Michelle Obama, Nathaniel Philbrick and Bob Woodward.

2018 was indeed a very busy year and a very successful year, due to the dedication and hard work of our thirty resident volunteers. Now we have turned the page and are working hard to make 2019 even better. We do love our library!

*Katherine F. Graff  
Chair of the Library Committee*



## Among the Newest

*Bridge of Clay* by Marcus Zusak

A tear jerker, as five brothers bring each other up after their father's disappearance.

*American Dialog; The Founding Fathers and Us* by Joseph Ellis

Ellis sees many connections between our messy history and contemporary America.

*The African Queen* by C. S. Forester

The story of a hazardous escape from Africa by missionaries in 1914 – a classic made famous by the 1951 film.

*The Library Book* by Susan Orlean

History of our public libraries and the mysterious Los Angeles Library fire of 1986 in particular.

*Holy Ghost* by John Sandford

An apparition of the Virgin Mary in a local Catholic Church attracts thousands of visitors and mysterious random shootings.

*Unsheltered* by Barbara Kingsolver

Two stories, taking place in Civil War days and the present, relate political uncertainty and family conflict.

*Living With the Gods: On Beliefs and Peoples* by Neil MacGregor

An elegant, comprehensive tour of the world's religions, tracing commonalities and differences – a feast for the eyes and spirit.

*Milkman* by Anna Burns

Unique stream-of-consciousness novel about borders and barriers, physical and spiritual, presumably set in Northern Ireland.

*The Clockmaker's Daughter* by Kate Morton

Set in England from 1860 to the present, a tale of murder, mystery, and theft – of art and love.

*There Will Be No Miracles Here:*

*A Memoir* by Casey Gerald

A gay young black man from Texas, educated at Yale, Harvard and Lehman Brothers, writes about himself and his world.

*Tony's Wife* by Adriana Trigiani

In the Big Band era of the 1940's, two guys dream of fame as pop singers and marry accordingly.

*Heart: A History* by Sandeep Jaubar

In beautiful prose, this cardiologist describes actual surgical cases in which we learn about the heart.

*Where the Crawdads Sing* by Delia Owens

Part history and part ode to nature, our heroine who lives in the Outer Banks of North Carolina becomes suspect in a murder.

*Handel in London: The Making of a Genius* by Jane Glover

A young German composer follows his master to London and stays for the rest of his life.

*Louis W. Pitt, Jr.*



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Art

Welton, Jude

Monet

Archer, Jeffrey

Arikawa, Hiro

Heads You win (\*)

The Travelling Cat

Chronicles (\*)

### Autobiography/Memoir

Bernstein, Jamie

Famous Father Girl

Baldacci, David

Long Road to Mercy

Chung, Nicole

All You Can Ever Know

Beaton, M. C.

Dead Ringer (\*)

Gerald, Casey

There Will Be No Miracles

Belfoure, Charles

The Fallen Architect (\*)

Here

Boyd, William

Love is Blind

Brackston, Paula

The Little Shop of Found

Hepburn, Katherine

Me

Things

Kahn, Khizr

An American Family (\*)

Burns, Anna

Milkman

Obama, Michelle

Becoming

Carlisle, Kate

Buried in Books (\*)

Skaife, Christopher

The Ravenmaster (\*)

Child, Lee

Past Tense

Smarsh, Sarah

Heartland (\*)

Clark, Alexis

Enemies in Love

Connelly, Michael

Dark Sacred Night

Dempsey, Joan

This is How It Begins

Carter, Stephen

Invisible

Edugyan, Esi

Washington Black

Glover, Jane

Handel in London

Ellicott, Jessica

Murder in an English

Village (\*)

### Current Affairs

Andres, Jose

We Fed an Island

Forester, C. S.

The African Queen

Farrow, Ronan

War on Peace (\*)

Fowler, Therese Anne

A Well-behaved Woman (\*)

Harari, Yuval Noah

21 Lessons for the 21st  
Century

Francis, Felix

Crisis

Hilsum, Lindsey

In Extremis

Frazier, Charles

Varina (\*)

Lewis, Michael

The Fifth Risk

French, Tana

The Witch Elm

Meacham, Jon

Impeachment

Galbraith, Robert

Lethal White

Miller, Greg

The Apprentice

Grisham, John

The Reckoning

Sanders, Bernie

Where We Go From Here (\*)

Harvey, Samantha

The Western Wind

Woodward, Bob

Fear: Trump in the White  
House (\*)

Hiaasen, Carl

Squirm

Jansson, Tove

The Summer Book

Jewell, Lisa

Watching You

Kingsolver, Barbara

Unsheltered

Laurin, Nina

Girl Last Seen

Lupica, Mike

Robert B. Parker's Blood

Feud

### Essays/Letters

McPhee, John

The Patch

Macomber, Debbie

Any Dream Will Do

### Fiction

Alexander, Tasha

Death in St. Petersburg

Mason, Daniel

The Winter Soldier

Archer, Jeffrey

Heads You Win

McCall Smith,

The Colors of All the Cattle

Alexander





## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

McCall Smith, Alexander	The Colors of All the Cattle (*)	<b>History</b>	
Monroe, Mary Alice	Beach House Reunion	Bacon, John	The Great Halifax Explosion
Moriarty, Liane	Nine Perfect Strangers	Bedford Historical Society	Communitywide Historic Properties, Bedford MA
Morris, Heather	The Tattooist of Auschwitz	Beschloss, Michael	Presidents of War
Morton, Kate	The Clockmaker's Daughter	Colt, George Howe	The Game
Owens, Delia	Where the Crawdads Sing	Ellis, Joseph J.	American Dialogue
Paris, B. A.	Bring Me Back	Fagone, Jason	The Woman Who Smashed Codes
Penny, Louise	Kingdom of the Blind	MacGregor, Neil	Living With the Gods
Penny, Louise	Kingdom of the Blind (*)	Orlean, Susan	The Library Book
Perry, Anne	A Christmas Revelation	Orlean, Susan	The Library Book (*)
Perry, Anne	Dark Tide Rising (*)	Philbrick, Nathaniel	In the Hurricane's Eye
Perry, Thomas	The Burglar	Rogers, Alan & Lisa	Boston: City on a Hill
Rankin, Ian	In a House of Lies	Vincent, Lynn	Indianapolis
Salinger, J. D.	The Catcher in the Rye		
Sandford, John	Holy Ghost	<b>Nature</b>	
Serle, Rebecca	The Dinner List (*)	Blakeslee, Nate	American Wolf
Sittenfeld, Curtis	You Think It, I'll Say It	Montgomery, Sy	How to be a Good Creature (*)
Steel, Danielle	Happy Birthday		
Thomas, Wilcox	Esse Quam Videri	<b>Travel</b>	
Trigiani, Adriana	Tony's Wife	Fallowes, James & Deborah	Our Towns (*)
Zusak, Markus	Bridge of Clay	Fox, Porter	Northland (*)
<b>Health/Wellness</b>			
Jauhar, Sandeep	Heart: A History		

(\* indicates Large Print)

*Katherine F. Graff*





*C.D.*



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