



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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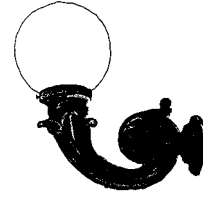
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Editor's Corner



Our Assistant Editor, Mary Cowham, has given real meaning to The March of Time, our theme for this issue. She has just finished compiling an index of all the authors, artists, and articles published in the *Villager* from 1983 to 2010. Although we have considered reprinting some of the articles from these nearly one hundred issues, no one has stepped forward to pick out the best by reading through more than eight hundred articles, and we are continuing to follow a policy of publishing new original work by resident authors and artists. Although there are a few turndowns, we publish almost everything that is submitted. We are often deluged with material at the last minute, but sometimes when the deadline for submissions approaches we get nervous and ask board members to pitch in to fill the gaps. That's why some board members have more than one article in some issues.

Esther Braun, one of our loyal authors with twenty-eight articles so far, has decided to retire after spending ten years on the board. She is going to devote more time to writing her memoir and overseeing a project to record World War II resident experiences. We thank her for her many contributions to the *Villager* including a brief period as Co-Editor when she and Mary Welch put together a history and very complete editor guidelines for future editors.

Esther's place has been taken by Luis Fernandez-Herlihy who has been published in two issues and appears again in this issue to explain how he arrived at a hyphenated last name. Marilyn Hamilton has also joined us as part of the circulation team.



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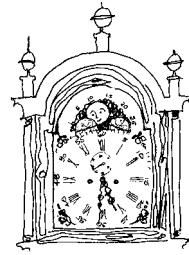
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From the Chief Executive Officer



March of Time

On August 2, 2012, Carleton-Willard Village will be thirty years old.

My goodness. *Thirty years.*

It's hard to imagine what was going through the minds of the trustees of our two founding entities, Elizabeth Carleton House and Frances E. Willard Homes. Both had long served the Boston area, with roots dating back to 1884, but a century later, it was clear that the organizations would have to take a new approach if they were going to successfully address the increasingly diverse needs of older adults and remain viable.

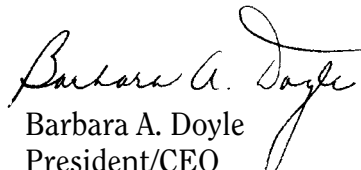
A bold plan was developed in 1975 to marry the two organizations. While the merger itself may have been nothing revolutionary, the concept behind it was far-reaching: a self-sustaining facility for older adults needing any level of support, from independent living to round-the-clock skilled nursing and rehabilitative care. Even more, the plan aimed to recreate the kind of safety, security, social interaction and camaraderie one would experience in any close-knit neighborhood. And, it would be built on sixty-five acres of woods in Bedford to both reinforce the aesthetic of "home" and actively assist the rehabilitative goals of the new organization.

In other words, *a true community.*

To say the new venture was ambitious is an understatement—especially in light of the fact that few examples of such a community existed anywhere in the country. But that's the thing about people with vision: they can see what is possible almost as clearly as others see what already exists. Perhaps the details are a little fuzzy, perhaps the pathway is not completely understood, but the possibilities are tangible, very possible, and absolutely necessary.

In 1982, Carleton-Willard Village opened its doors—the first community of its kind in New England providing a comprehensive spectrum of care for older adults. For thirty years we've earned a reputation as a champion of innovative senior care. Looking back objectively, we can see this as quite an accomplishment. I'm not sure anyone—our trustees, or even Elizabeth Carleton or Frances Willard themselves—could have envisioned that we'd be the vibrant community we are today.

Then again, maybe they did.


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



The March of Time

Each of us can look back in the mirror and note the changes that the march of time “hath wrought.” We can also gaze about our homes, looking at an accumulation of possessions that celebrate our past, read records of past events, or simply let our minds wander and savor rich memories, social and professional, that reflect our personal yesteryears. We all have them.

My apartment walls are covered with travel pictures. I have only to look at one to recall and relive an adventure in a different time and culture. Over the kitchen sink is a painting of a riverboat plying the Mississippi River, a reminder of the Mardi Gras we attended just after hurricane Katrina: a very special Mardi Gras performed in a wounded city by citizens determined to get on with their lives. On other walls are pictures of the aurora borealis trip in the wilderness beyond Yellow Knife in the Northwest Territories. A winery painting at Stellenbosch, South Africa brings back memories of a safari with the contrast between civilization and the world of animals. The outback of Australia is represented by aboriginal art, a story told in pictograms as their culture has no written language. Above that are designs on parchment from the Fiji Islands. Along the hallways are a series of collages: Antarctica with its penguins and Zodiacs splashing past the beautiful ice formations of already calved icebergs, and photos of us in the required red jackets, standouts against the white snow.

Further down the gallery are pictures of ancient Roman walkways, grape arbors, boats anchored in a harbor alongside a steep cliff, that evoke memories of a walking tour along the Cinque Terre in Italy. One spectacular collage of the Arab Emirates trip taken in 2007 displays lines of Mercedes vans waiting shipside to escort us to the palace of the emir for tea and an audience followed by a desert picnic. At the university young women wearing the required burka over blue jeans and sporting their cell phones were eager to talk with us Americans and yet were loyal to their own culture. One picture shows a trip to the Soviet Union just after it had

collapsed; the common people were eager to share their lives. Conversation was enhanced by references to English-Russian travel dictionaries. When we were being served tea in a pig farmer’s house his son used the English he was studying.

Another set of pictures illustrate a People-to-People expedition to China to share early childhood research with the students at the University of Beijing. The streets were filled with bicycles; at that time only the ruling communist officials had cars. Many residents on the street came up face to face asking, “May I practice my English?” The Tiananmen Square uprising had just occurred and military personnel were everywhere. We were feted at a ceremonial banquet in the Great Hall with our Chinese counterparts who shared our interest in early childhood development; a fascinating immersion in a different culture.

Yet another wall features memories of Great Britain, countries in Europe, Central and South America, as well as Canada, Labrador, Greenland, and Iceland. I am about to travel to India with a friend who has a well-phrased comment: “Travel can never be taken away from you. You can revisit a trip at will. The memories of times past will always be there to enrich and entertain your life.” This has been true for me. Some of my memories produce smiles, and some elicit, “You didn’t really do that!” There are many places I have yet to visit and my intent is to continue exploring this vast earth until it is no longer possible for me to march with time as it passes.

Ara Tyler

Make a Joyful Noise

When I was eight years old my parents and I had a meeting with Herbert Leigh-Lye, M.A., Headmaster of Hollylea, a prep school in what was to be our home for the next three years, Liverpool, England. The meeting was notable for a sudden change in my name. In accordance with usual Spanish custom, my name was Luis Fernandez-Herlihy, a combination of my



father's family name, Fernandez, and my mother's maiden name, Herlihy. Following that same custom, because his mother's maiden name was MacGregor, my father was Luis Fernandez-MacGregor, so my parents were Mr. and Mrs. Luis Fernandez-MacGregor. Mr. Leigh-Lye, a tall, very rotund and imposing but kind man thought this was interesting, but he feared that because of the difference in names, some might detect an unacceptable whiff of divorce. He suggested that I should be Luis Fernandez-MacGregor, my parents had no objection, and thereafter I was MacGregor to the Headmaster and everyone else at the school.

Another decision was reached that day, but I have no recollection of who brought up the subject. Morning service, before the start of classes each day, was a Church of England affair, so that I, with an aura of Roman Catholicism, would be excluded, no matter that my parents and I were non-communicants.

Thus it was that I met the identical Shaffer twins, Peter and Anthony (Tony). They had been born in Liverpool to orthodox Jewish parents. The three of us were the same age, but they had entered Hollylea a year before me. Although we were in different classrooms, there was a daily half-hour period that we spent together. For reasons similar to those in my case, they did not attend Morning Service. The latter was a simple ritual—the recitation by the Headmaster of a few verses from the Book of Common Prayer, with responses by the assembled boys, and loud singing of wonderful hymns accompanied by a pianist.

The service took place in the dining hall, located at a lower level in the building, and reached by stairs leading down from the classrooms upstairs. During this time, Peter, Tony, and I sat near the bottom of the stairs, made the responses and sang the hymns, all of which we knew by heart, along with the rest of the school, and had a marvelous time.

I never knew if Mr. Leigh-Lye or any of the boys knew about our eclectic behavior—nothing was ever said to or by us—we thought of it as an escapade. When the service ended, and just before the boys stormed up the stairs to their first

classes, Peter, Tony, and I were already seated there, waiting patiently.

My parents and I left England for Holland after three years, and I lost track of the Shaffer twins. Many years later, after a fascinating odyssey, they had achieved fame as playwrights. Peter was renowned for his plays *Equus* and *Amadeus*, and Tony especially for his *Sleuth*, which ran about twenty-five hundred performances in London, and more than two thousand on Broadway. It was also made into a popular movie with actors Michael Caine and Lawrence Olivier. Peter was knighted by Queen Elizabeth II, Tony died in 2001 at seventy-five. I am Luis Fernandez-Herlihy again.

Thank goodness for the innocence and lack of cultural entanglements of children.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy

A Tale of Two

Two women, wiggling toes in the sand of a Cape Cod beach, were pleased with the pleasant day and our rambling conversations. We each claimed aunt-hood to a pre-teen girl. Wouldn't it be fun if Carol and Barbara could join us for our remaining vacation week? Impossible! Well, maybe.

Together we fashioned actions that in time became known as The Plan. After much telephoning (long before cell phones) ideas and times fell into place; things looked promising in spite of our doubts. With considerable bravado, some daring-do, plus faith on which to lean, The Plan just might work; our confidence grew.

Imagine a hot sweaty August Saturday in New York, actually in the bus terminal in that busy city: two men, unknown to each other, each with a daughter in tow; also unknown to each other, all seeking the others. Somehow it happened! The men were relieved to see the girls disappear into the bus, which was scheduled to arrive in Hyannis at three-thirty that afternoon. No doubt the men asked the driver to keep an eye on the girls.



Carleton-Willard's Greatest Generation

Within Carleton-Willard Village is a treasure trove of memories of life during the Second World War, not only for US citizens, but also for those who were living in other countries during that time. We certainly have our brave veterans who were in the military, but there are others who also contributed to the war effort in a myriad of ways, either on the home front or in auxiliary service, even those who were quite young then. A small group of residents was discussing this at dinner many months ago when we all agreed that it would be a great project to try to record those valuable memories. It would bring to life for future generations personal experiences which paint a vivid picture of what it was like to live in that unique period of history.

We have a mutually satisfactory arrangement with the Bedford Historical Society. With little in its archives on World War II, the Society was eager to remedy that shortcoming. The president of the Society offered to video-tape and edit interviews conducted by committee members either at Bedford Local Access TV or here in the interviewee's home. The final tape will be the property of the Historical Society, but a DVD will be given to our committee as well as one to each resident who was interviewed. So far we have completed interviews with eight residents either in their homes or in a small group in the TV studio. Nine more are in process with many more to come. Each story is fascinating. Some residents have preferred to write about their experiences, rather than be video-taped. That is certainly an option. The important thing is to have it recorded.

This is also a wonderful collaboration between the town and Carleton-Willard Village. We are grateful for the time and effort already given by the Historical Society and they are delighted with the addition to their archives.

Esther K. Braun

James P. Who?

In February, 1943, in lower Manhattan, "The Village," I was nosing around late in the evening looking for entertainment. In those days the Village was where jazz was—not big-band swing, but old, traditional jazz, 1920s style. I was in town waiting to ship out to Navy duty in the Mediterranean. My friend and I just sauntered down the old, narrow streets looking for anything promising; and presently here was a little nightclub, a walk-down into a dark, smoky room with almost nobody in it except for four musicians playing a restrained, personal style of old jazz. We sat down, doubling the size of the audience as we did so.

On a card at the table we learned the names of the musicians. I'd heard of them: pianist, James P. Johnson, clarinetist, Pee Wee Russell,



a trumpeter, and a drummer. James P. Johnson is not a name that many of us recall, we who danced to Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey in the ballrooms of the big-band swing era. By that time Johnson had been playing professionally for twenty years. In 1917 he made piano rolls; in 1921 he cut what historians say was the first disk of jazz piano music. He is credited with bringing ragtime piano over into jazz, making it freer and open to improvisation. He wrote small and large compositions. He became an artistic father figure to Fats Waller and Duke Ellington, to whom he was "Jimmy."



None of these details was known to me that night. All I could think of was that I wanted a chance at those drums, because back home I had been drummer in a couple of jazz bands, amateur level of course. I began working up the nerve to ask Mr. Johnson if I could sit in for a number. It seemed like a presumptuous idea, out of the question, really. After all, these were famous men.

My companion and I settled in to enjoy the playing, now paying attention to Pee Wee Russell, whose unique, reedy clarinet embouchure was widely admired. Eventually it came time for me to excuse myself for natural reasons, and I left the table during a pause in the music. As I stood in there, someone came into the room behind me and took up position beside me. After a discreet pause I turned my head to see—James P. Johnson!

Before I could think, he returned the glance and exclaimed in a booming baritone voice, “Howr y’doin, man?” The downright friendliness in his voice was overwhelming, and I blurted out, “Any chance I can sit in on the drums?” I realized, even as I asked this, that I was unfairly taking advantage of his good nature, but I said it, and waited for the polite decline. Instead I heard him say, “Why sure,” and he took me by the arm with, “C’mon.”

We walked back into the club together, and he told his drummer to take a break. I sat down at the drums and played, not one, but three numbers with two of the most famous musicians in the early history of jazz.

Stuart Grover

When is Old?

Since I was born in twenty-three,
You’ll know how old that makes me be.
At what age does “old” begin?
Well that’s your call.
Inside I don’t feel old at all.

Mary Semon



Welcome New Residents

Barbara Kimball,
from Newtonville, 11/15/11

Mary Clare Ahern,
from South Weymouth, 11/29/11

Ward Chamberlin,
from Westport, 12/12/11

Richard and Sherrell Downes,
from Brookline, 12/16/11

Rebecca Ann Woessner,
from Louisville, CO, 12/18/11

Margaret Shea,
from Concord, 12/21/11

Samuel (“Brown”) and Lois Pulliam
from Bedford, 1/13/12

Katherine McLaughlin,
from Belmont, 2/7/12



The Love Affair

She always kicks me.

Does it hurt?

No, most of the time it's just a gentle kick.

How long has this been going on?

Oh, we have been together for over two years.

Does she get mad at you?

Not really. We get along fine most of the time.

Do you think it has anything to do with her diet?

No. We are both pretty much vegans and I don't think it's a diet issue.

Well, do you kick back?

Oh, I'd find that very hard to do.

Where do you think this relationship is going?

I think the pluses outweigh the minuses. We have our highs and lows and when we are done she is very kind, gives me a gentle neck rub, and pats my hair.

Are all the kicks the same?

No. Once in a while she gives me a sharper kick.

Well, if this is really bothering you, I think I have a solution. The next time she gives you a sharp kick just take off and gallop as fast as you can and scare the daylights right out of her!

Jim Stockwell





My First Teaching Job

Long ago I was a kindergarten teacher. My first teaching job was in Centerbrook, Connecticut, during the 1947-48 school year. It was a four-room brick schoolhouse with four teachers. The principal taught seventh, eighth and ninth grades. I taught seventy children a day in kindergarten, thirty-five in the morning and thirty-five in the afternoon. We did a lot of singing and a lot of marching around the room, and we worked in clay and drew pictures. One time I took them to visit a real farm, which even then wasn't so easy to find.

The children were wonderful, and they said some pretty surprising things. When we were talking about brothers and sisters one day, one little girl said, "I heard my daddy say, no more kids." One boy's mother died, so he was out for two weeks. Before he came back, I told them all to be particularly nice to him, and one boy piped up with, "My father says it's a hell of time to die, with funeral prices so high."

But the children had nothing on their parents. One mother stopped by to say, "Bobby won't be coming to school tomorrow, because I'm having both my kidneys out, but I'll bring him the next day." I read to the children a lot, and I wanted to read them *Heidi*, which they loved, but the principal objected, on the grounds that it was third-grade level. The only other time I made the principal cross was when I hung a map of the beet industry, which I thought was colorful but she thought was a bit too commercial.

Generally, however, the principal was lots of fun, and she loved giving parties for the other teachers. She even gave a dinner party at her home to match me up with a local sculptor. He was called away at the last minute, however, so I never got to meet him. On Halloween the principal came by the place I was staying. I didn't even recognize her in her costume until she took off her mask.

I lived with another teacher, her husband, and their two teenage sons. We had some fun in the evenings, but they were odd. The husband was principal of another school, but he didn't

have a degree, so they made him go to teacher's college. The teacher would sometimes misplace her pocketbook and would find it later in the refrigerator. The house was prefabricated and was warmed by one heater in the middle of the room, which made it kind of cold in winter. I paid for board, but often there wasn't much to eat, so I lived on circus peanuts.

I loved the children so much that when the end of the year came around, I couldn't say goodbye. I made the principal do it, while I went upstairs and cried.

Ann Holton

My Impossibly Perfect Grandmother

My paternal grandmother had been headmistress of a church elementary school ever since her mid-twenties, at which time she was left a widow with two babies to take care of. As a result she was very disciplined and orderly in the way she treated us, her five grandchildren. We would have welcomed a little fun, or even a kiss and a cuddle now and then. Instead we felt more like her pupils, especially when it was our turn to stay, for one night only, with Granny, Great Aunt Ada, and Great Grandma. We used to lay bets, in advance, as to what chore we would be assigned. Sometimes we had to do some weeding, mow the lawn, or polish the silver. Once, when it was my turn to help my great aunt pick up all the snails on the lawn after a rain storm, Granny was very put out when Aunt Ada and I cheerfully threw a bucketful of snails over the neighbor's fence. The following morning she was even more annoyed to see a squiggling mass of snails that had been dumped on the Welcome mat outside her front door!

We were often reminded that as a girl Granny had been given books as prizes for being "Never Absent, Never Late" throughout the school year. It was no surprise therefore that she always came to my aunt's house promptly at two o'clock every Tuesday afternoon without fail. But on one occa-



sion, she was a few minutes late and a little flustered as she was carrying a rather large package under her arm. But once she had unwrapped two long scrolls, made of dark brown polished cotton, she was obviously proud of herself for having inscribed the names and dates of all the kings and queens of England from William the Conqueror to George V, in white ink and in her beautiful copperplate handwriting. After the scrolls had been duly admired and hung on either side of the playroom fireplace we were expected to thank Granny for these helpful “presents.” Worse still, we were expected to memorize all the monarchs, in their right order, by the time she came to tea the following week.

There was a softer side to my grandmother. I’ll never forget the day we all went over to her house just after my father came home on leave from India. After an absence of five years there were lots of hugs and kisses in the hall; then we all happily traipsed into her familiar drawing room. Suddenly my father stopped dead in his tracks and exclaimed, “Mother, what will the neighbors think!” The look of anxiety on Granny’s face was almost comical as he circled the room and started slowly counting, “One, two, three, four, five ...” all the way up to “... thirty five.” Plastered on every wall and table in Granny’s drawing room were photos of my father; on a bearskin rug, with golden ringlets and in a little Lord Fauntleroy suit, on graduation from school and college, as a cadet, private and lieutenant, at his ordination and marriage, with his children, plus dozens more of him in India, in a car, on a horse. All at once, I had a new awareness of all those photographs that we had grown accustomed to.

In later years my father told me how, as the only boy in a houseful of women, he had felt burdened by the responsibility of being “the man of house” from an early age. As I tried to imagine what it must have been like for him whenever his little sister, mother, aunt, grandmother, and great aunt—and even the maid!—sought his advice, I grew to have a better understanding of the closeness of the bond that can exist between a widowed mother and her son.

Mary Cowham

Don’t Drink Absorbine Jr

Yes, many of us remember our younger days, like the 1950s, and we remember having a bottle of Absorbine Jr in our medicine chest and massaging sore muscles with it. And we knew not to drink it. Didn’t we? So herein lies the story.

Helen and I and two other couples planned a weekend ski trip to Ligonier, Pennsylvania. Good snow, good ski facilities, good time. So we skied and enjoyed, but one of the young ladies injured her ankle, so off we all went to the local hospital, and the medics did their thing. She had to stay in bed in the hospital.

The next day she was feeling better and requested her fiancé to bring her a martini. He decided to smuggle a martini into the hospital for her by disguising it in an Absorbine Jr bottle, thinking that if questioned by the

authorities the Absorbine Jr was an acceptable lotion for a massage for her sore muscles. So he purchased a bottle of said liquid, poured out the Absorbine Jr, rinsed the bottle thoroughly, poured a martini into it and off we all went to see her.



She was drinking the potion from the bottle when suddenly a doctor came into the room, saw her drinking Absorbine Jr and rushed out to get emergency help to expel the drink from her stomach. You can picture us running after the doctor, stopping him, explaining the situation, and calming him down.

There was a reasonably happy ending. She recovered, and we all returned home from our ski weekend. And then we used some Absorbine Jr properly—massaging some sore muscles.

Bill Stern



From the Ground Up

As a teenager, my grandfather found work in a livery stable in Somerville and through a stroke of good luck became Walworth Barbour's regular driver for daily horse-and-buggy rides into Boston. Mr. Barbour became his friend and sponsor, financing his education at MIT and then providing financing for a foundry, machine tool, and instrument business in Cambridge called Barbour Stockwell Company (BSCO). When Mr. Barbour died in 1901, my grandfather took over the fifteen-year-old business, and through growth and acquisition placed BSCO in a leadership position in the Cambridge business community. Following his death, my father became president. Due to my early interest in things mechanical, I went to MIT, where my courses included foundry and manufacturing practices, metallurgy, and management. I hoped to succeed my father, and my training began during summer vacations.

My first job was at a drafting table producing detailed drawings for a soap drying machine for Lever Brothers. I worked in a first floor room with two others. In the hot summer months the heat radiated off Broadway's macadam, and temperatures soared into the nineties by midday. It was impossible to work without drips of perspiration falling onto a drawing, and as a beginner, I could not control the flow of the black ink in the lettering pen. It was a long summer, since my proofs were regularly returned with big red circles around the mistakes. Memories of that summer may have spurred on my interest later in life in producing some of the first systems for computer-aided design.

My second summer job was in the instrument department, a department that I felt had promise for expansion and improved profits. The principal products were tachometers and speedometers, instruments that could convert the speed of a moving part like a rotating shaft into a readout that displayed speed and distance traveled. Almost all incoming orders were for small lot specials; the design approach was "let's try modifying that model that we made last year."

If available, gears were selected from inventory. If not, special gears were ordered, and if those didn't work the process was repeated until the right combination of gears produced the desired result. Observing the inefficiencies of the design practice, I spent all summer preparing a manual to spell out exactly the right combination of gears for any incoming order; my fatal mistake was to not involve the longtime designer in the project. When I returned in the fall to see if there were any unforeseen problems using the manual, I found it carefully tucked away in my desk drawer. The lesson "not to go it alone" has served me well in future life adventures.

A competitor went bankrupt, and my father saw an opportunity to broaden the instrument line by buying the inventory. The purchase resulted in truckloads of parts being transferred to the factory. My third summer job was to oversee, with the help of a very patient helper, cataloguing the parts. What should have been a straightforward project turned into a nightmare, as we tried to sort through hundreds of thirty pound boxes. Many boxes and parts were not numbered; there were no assembly drawings, and no way to connect the pieces to make a viable instrument. It was like trying to put a jigsaw puzzle together with one quarter of the pieces missing and no picture to refer to.

The purchase was a total waste of money. Instead of trying to make a good impression by diving in and measuring progress based on the pounds sorted, I should have relied on the problem solving techniques that were being drilled in to me at MIT. I am happy that I was given a chance to learn from the ground up. Unfortunately eight months after I took up full time employment in the factory my father died of cancer, and the company's assets did not cover the liabilities. The good news was that I got a job in the burgeoning electronics field and put my lessons learned to work co-founding and later running an early stage computer company.

Jim Stockwell



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

Gobble, Gobble

In the spring of 2011 it was a startling sight, but by Thanksgiving we simply enjoyed watching wild turkeys roaming our lawns, pecking and scratching for seeds and nuts. Some residents put out cracked corn; scatterings from bird feeders also give them a porch or patio to tidy up, clucking musically all the



while. One was seen flying up easily into one of our miniature crabapple trees to give its diet a little variety. The tom was in charge; the six hens gave him plenty of room. Just after sunset they would all fly up into the pine trees behind Concord Court to roost for the night. The sudden pass-through of a large hawk gave the turkeys a chance to show their mettle; as soon as the raptor found a low perch they lowered their heads in aggression and charged. He exited as fast as he had come in.

Along came January 8, 2012, the approach of the mating season and—surprise!—three of the six hens turned out to be toms, and began with full court displays to challenge the boss.

By happy coincidence Maya Ruetzger-Cruciana, our visiting naturalist, also had these big

birds in mind in a recent lecture. She confirmed what we already were seeing: a dramatic display of feathers and colors by the toms to announce their intentions.

Ben Franklin, we learned, thought the turkey ought to be our national bird, not the eagle. He wrote, “[The Eagle] is a Bird of bad moral Character. He does not get his Living honestly. He watches the Labour of the Fishing Hawk; and when that diligent Bird has at length taken a Fish, and is bearing it to his Nest for the Support of his Mate and young Ones, the Bald Eagle pursues him and takes it from him.”

Once hunted to near extinction, wild turkeys have been imported into Massachusetts with mixed results over the years, and now number an estimated fifteen thousand birds. We know we’ve got seven of them.





Happenings

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

Fred and Ginger

Featured on the front cover of this issue are two of C-WV's popular mascots, our turtle couple, who spend the winter protected from New England's worst, but return in the spring together with the colorful carp into the courtyard pool. Our photographer found that they are shyer than turkeys, requiring all the telephoto power he had to get the picture before they escaped into the water from their favorite sunning spot.

And a Special Mammal

K-9 Dasty, a beautiful German Shepherd, visited Carleton-Willard and impressed the audience with his drug detection skills. Within minutes of entering the auditorium he discovered and guarded a packet of drugs hidden in advance by his trainer, Officer Mike Hogan of the Arlington Police Department. K-9 dogs are imported from breeders in countries like Germany and Hungary, where the breed has been kept pure. Officer Hogan described the months of rigorous training that Dasty needed to learn commands, to recognize danger, and when to attack. He is not a warm fuzzy pet; we were forewarned not to pat him unless Officer Hogan said it was OK.



To the Stamps Museum

Tucked away in Weston on the Regis College Campus, the Spellman Museum of Stamps and Postal History was a trip destination that is only one of two such in the country. It engaged us in displays of stamps that record travel, history, geography, science, politics, and the arts. Built in 1962, it comprises galleries, a library, a research center, a store, and, yes, a post office. The historic Wayside Inn welcomed us for lunch afterwards.

Music

We enjoyed plenty of holiday music, including carolers and a visiting chorus. On the highest professional scale was a return visit of the Bay State Winds, an Air Force ensemble of four clarinetists playing marvelously contrasting and difficult compositions with consummate precision.

On a different level a local high school senior, Eagle Scout candidate, and budding pianist, Nicholas Vafiades combined his need for performance experience with our love of music by playing popular classical compositions as we strolled by. It was a wonderfully appropriate and useful exchange of favors.

For Technical Dummies

Slava Heretz, president of a technology education company, continued his series of presentations aimed at courageous seniors who want to get smart with the new communication and computer inventions. A recent revelation: "What is a Smart Phone?"

Stuart Grover



Cattle Drive

My first assignment in the Army Air Corps during World War II was with the 31st squadron in the 89th Troop Group in Austin, Texas. I was a corporal and member of the ground crews. Our group, headed by an engineering officer (a captain), trained classes of flight school graduates, first and second lieutenants, who had learned to fly fighters and bombers, but needed to be retrained to fly C47s and C46s. Future bonds between ground crews and their pilots would become very strong, since the pilots depended on the ground crews to keep their aircraft in top condition. However, at this early stage in their Air Corps careers, enlisted men and officers mixed like oil and water.

At the end of one of the first training sessions, the captain decided that our class needed more basic training and suggested to the adjutant that we take a twenty-five mile hike. The adjutant reminded the captain that if the enlisted men did it, the officers would have to do it too.

All of us went by trucks to a site near the Colorado River where we set up two-man tents on a well grazed site under a power line. The pilots' tents were set up at one end of the grazed land and our group of privates, corporals, and sergeants split up into two groups and tented at the opposite end of the open area, with cattle grazing in between the two sites. In the afternoon after the tents were up, we all went down to the river. The Texas Secretary of State came along with his speedboat and surfboard and we had a lot of fun, but someone overheard one of the officers remark that with six good men they could throw the whole bunch of us non-coms in the river.

After we had gone to bed my tent mate and I were awakened and told to cross under the power

line where several cattle were grazing and pass a message to the other half of our group. We were met by several men led by a tech sergeant and we passed the message that we would join them to start a stampede of all the cattle towards the pilots' tents. With Guadal, our dog named after the island in the Pacific, my tent mate and I followed the charge with cattle mooing and Guadal barking and we mowed down the pilots' tents.

At the end of this prank, the captain ordered all the men to come out of their tents and fall into formation. The squadron commander arrived and spoke to us and said that the new, younger officers didn't understand the camaraderie that would eventually bond enlisted men and officers. He said that he was sure there were no bad feelings toward the officers. This was only



a prank and we should forget the whole thing and go to bed. The next day about noontime a large truck arrived and on board was enough beer for every man to have two bottles. It made a fine ending to our brief "more basic training" program.

Calvin Cumings



Slighty Flighty

A Matter of Taste

A horrid old man in Peru,
who ate only pizza and glue,
explained, “Oh, I hate
to eat food off a plate,
but it’s nice from a smelly old shoe.”

Lots of Corn

Puffy Peter
liked to eat a
peck or two of popcorn every
time he saw a flick.
Then emerging
after splurging,
he would totter
from the theatre
feeling faintly sick.

Peter crunching at a western,
but the popcorn very soon
felt just like a large balloon
settling in his belly, warning,
“Peter, better stop!”

No, he merely munched the faster,
till the ultimate disaster.
When the noisy movie ended,
so did Peter, with a splendid
thunderous reverberating pop.

Too bad he did not mend his ways—
the mopping up took days and days.

Releaf Needed

My ivy in its little pot
was looking faint and sickly.
I very sweetly begged it not
to die. I talked to it a lot.
The plant recovered quickly.

But now I wish I could recall
just what on earth I said
to make it grow so fast so tall,
to spread itself from wall to wall,
to soar above my head!

Oh help! Does anyone know how
to coax the thing to stop?
It’s up inside the chimney now
and heading for the top.

Moreover, which upsets me too,
the wretched plant is crawling through
the windows to the lawn.
And if it does refuse to shrink,
the neighbors may begin to think
that maybe something odd is going on?

Hexvex

Poor Dora, the dumbest of witches,
keeps all of the others in stitches.
She can’t do much harm
with a spell or a charm
which always have one or more glitches.

My remarks about Dora don’t suit her.
She yells, “I will hex your computer!”
Wen I now rite a vers,
my speling’s mutch wors,
but the pome is purhaps sumwat kuter?

Edith Gilmore











Time Well Spent

The Carleton-Willard writing class instructor, Barbara O'Neil, recently gave us an assignment to write a brief essay about paper. Paper! What a dull subject! But this was my assigned job, so I wrote. There's wallpaper, wax paper, waste paper, shelf paper, fly paper, wrapping paper, tissue paper, carbon paper, toilet paper, crepe paper, notepaper, newspaper, and recyclable paper. There are paper towels, paper napkins, paper dolls, paper money, paper bags, paper clips, papier-mâché, as well as the paper that is in books, insulation, cardboard, and kites, but enough, enough.

Aside from the one paper frequently used every day, my favorite paper is the newspaper. The first thing I do every morning is read my newspapers. If I get up before they are delivered (6:30 to 7:30 a.m.), I go back to bed.

Newspapers keep me aware of the wonderful and interesting worldwide happenings. I read about the gruesome murders and suicide bombings. I learn about the devastating and destructive forest fires, sandstorms, snowstorms, hurricanes, tornadoes, and floods. I am amazed at the weak presidential candidates with their bitter and hostile debates. I become fearful reading of the expected continuing economic downturn. It is disgusting to read of the conspiracy that allows sexual molestation of young people. I scan the fraught-with-helpless-advice advice columns. I avoid the silly comics and the false horoscopes. I check the obits to see if friend or foe is listed. After working the time consuming puzzles, I have finished the newspapers and I have had my fix for the day.

I then put the papers with other recyclable papers and expect that they will be returned to me some day. But will they? My newspapers seem to have fewer pages every week. Today new technologies deliver the news and classified advertising. Fewer reporters are writing stories as newspapers cut jobs and costs. More stories are recycled from a few large competitors, limiting our access to different perspectives.

As time marches on, I wonder if newspapers will become as obsolete as carbon paper. I hope not. I would miss the experience of reading the morning paper—even the ink on my fingers.

Nell Johnson

<i>In Memory</i>	
John Margon	November 14
Edith (Bowker) Howe	November 17
Judith Reed Emmons	November 28
Daniel Sargent Cheever	November 29
Mary R. McDonough	December 8
Frederick William Nesline, Jr.	December 30
Lawrence H. Gordon	January 5
Judith Ann (Colpak)Temme	January 9
Frieda Bles Stegerwald	January 13
Robert O. Saisi	January 24
Elinor Cann	February 11
Alice Draine	February 15



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

The Library Committee is pleased to point out two current improvements, one physical and one a matter of timing. Both should benefit readers in the days ahead.

As you must have noticed, purchases of new books up to now have been infrequent and in large batches. We used to go to the New England Mobile Book Fair in Newton on shopping sprees four times a year, suddenly providing readers with a wealth of book choices, but all had to wait for those sprees. Now that we are buying books on line, things are simpler. We have realized that we can make savings in time as well as money.

New books are now purchased monthly. The Library Committee meets on the first of each month to make its selections, and those can be ordered and delivered in a matter of days. We will produce a handout every month listing all acquisitions of that month including donations, perhaps twenty-five to thirty books in all. Resident readers can then be as up-to-date as they want to be!

Incidentally, our committee welcomes suggestions by residents of books to be purchased, but those suggestions need to be made on the special card provided in the desk drawer which calls for some detail. We cannot make a helpful judgment about any book if it is recommended simply as “a great book” or “well reviewed.” We need informed, personal recommendations.

The other improvement soon to appear in the library will be a new piece of furniture for a special purpose. We have a fine collection of art books on our shelves, but they are largely neglected because there is no place to look at them, to spread them out and enjoy them. Table space is at a premium in all libraries, including ours.

The Village administration recently removed the enlarging machine which used to be behind

a screen in the reading room and was no longer being used. In that space there will soon be a handsome new table where one may sit and look at art books under a good light. We hope this will provide another leisure activity for residents. A few books at a time will be displayed and changed by the committee as needed.

We ask that the new table be used for this purpose only, not for newspaper reading. Do not disturb someone who is having an art feast, and please leave the seat at the table free for someone who would like to do so.

Our collection of “coffee table” books is wide ranging. There are picture histories of art through the ages as well as volumes devoted to a single artist such as daVinci, Monet, Rembrandt, Degas, Frank Benson, and Winslow Homer. We also own handsome books of travel photographs from Scotland and the U.S. National Parks, and another about the glass flowers at Harvard. One new acquisition is a beautiful volume, *Flower Arranging the American Way*, recently given to us by Ruth Crocker, wife of trustee Robert Crocker.

We hope you will take advantage of these two improvements in the library—a more constant supply of the newest books and a place to sit and enjoy our volumes of art.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr., Chair



What's New to Read

Catherine the Great: Portrait of a Woman by Robert Massie

The remarkable story of an obscure German princess who travelled to Russia at fourteen and rose to become one of the most powerful women in history.

Death Comes to Pemberley by P.D. James

A murder mystery written as a sequel to *Pride and Prejudice* in a modern approximation of nineteenth century prose.

War Room: The Legacy of Bill Belichick and the Art of Building the Perfect Team by Michael Holly

This fast-paced insider's account of how he evaluates football players will please both casual and ardent fans.

How It All Began by Penelope Lively

Graceful tale about how the mugging and recovery of an English woman changed the lives of acquaintances and strangers alike.

The Viral Storm by Nathan Wolfe

Biologist Wolfe traces the evolution of modern viruses and changes the way we think about them for the future.

The Litigators by John Grisham

An entertaining romp as two lawyers try to get rich by taking on a giant pharmaceutical company.

Gabby: A Story of Courage and Hope by Gabrielle Giffords and Mark Kelly

This personal story of last year's tragedy rings with optimism and the healing power of deeply shared love.

Nanjing Requiem by Ha Jin

As Japan overwhelms China in the 1930's an American missionary establishes a refuge for ten thousand women and children.

Into the Silence: The Great War, Mallory, and the Conquest of Everest by Wade Davis

As much a social history of 1920's Britain as a tale of adventure and tragedy on the slopes of Everest.

Mozart's Last Aria by Matt Reese

Drawing on his own musical background Reese blends intrigue and mystery with a timeless love story.

Rin Tin Tin: The Life and the Legend by Susan Orlean

Follows the long and curious trail of the celebrity dog born on a World War I battlefield to become an international icon.

Forever Rumpole by John Mortimer

A collection of fourteen of the best of Mortimer's Rumpole cases including the last one before his death in 2009.

Turn Right at Machu Picchu: Rediscovering the City One Step at a Time by Mark Adams

This lively account of Hiram Bingham's expedition to Peru will be a pleasure for armchair archeologists and travelers alike.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Roberts, Keith Degas

Biography

Adams, Mark Turn Right at Machu Picchu

Ali, Nujood I am Nujood, Age 10 and Divorced

Barry, John M. Roger Williams & the Creation of the American Soul

Belafonte, Harry My Song

Cryer, Dan Being Alive and Having to Die

Geniesse, Jane Fletcher Passionate Nomad

Giffords, Gabrielle & Mark Kelly Gabby

Hingson, Michael & Flory, Susy Thunder Dog (*)

Isaacson, Walter Steve Jobs

Malcolm, Janet Reading Chekhov

Parkhurst, George Adams Small Town Kid

Reynolds, David S. Walt Whitman's America

Rhodes, Richard Hedy's Folly

Current Affairs

Friedman, T. L. & Mandelbaum, M. That Used to be Us (*)

Lessig, Lawrence Republic, Lost

Lewis, Michael Boomerang

Drama

Shaw, George Bernard Saint Joan

Environment

Barnett, Cynthia Blue Revolution

Lovins, Amory Reinventing Fire

Essays and Letters

Danticat, Edwidge & Robert Atwan, eds. The Best American Essays of 2011

Scottoline & Serritella Best Friends, Occasional Enemies (*)

Fiction

Abbott, Jeff Adrenaline (*)

Adiga, Aravind Last Man in Tower (*)

Archer, Jeffrey Only Time Will Tell (*)

Baldacci, David Zero Day

Barnard, Robert A Fall From Grace

Barnes, Julian The Sense of an Ending

Barry, Sebastian On Canaan's Side (*)

Beaton, M. C. As the Pig Turns (*)

Bohjalian, Chris Secrets of Eden

Bolton, S. J. Now You See Me (*)

Brandman, Michael Robert B. Parker's Killing the Blues (*)

Cameron, W. Bruce Emory's Gift (*)

Cotterill, Colin Killed at the Whim of a Hat (*)

Delillo, Don The Angel Esmeralda

Desai, Anita The Artist of Disappearance

Diffenbaugh, Vanessa The Language of Flowers (*)

Edwards, Kim The Lake of Dreams (*)

Epley, Joe A Passel of Hate

Feldman, Ellen Next to Love (*)

Frazier, Charles Nightwoods

Ghosh, Amitav River of Smoke

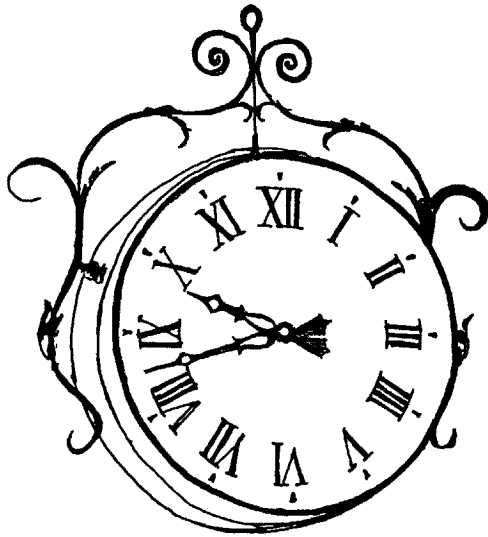
Ghosh, Amitav Sea of Poppies

Grafton, Sue V is for Vengeance (*)



Gregson, Jessica	The Angel Makers	<u>Nature</u>	
Grisham, John	The Litigators	Adlon, Jeanne & Susan Logan	Cat Calls
Grossman, David	To the End of the Land	Hessayon, D. G.	The House Plant Expert Book Two
Horowitz, Anthony	The House of Silk (*)	Orlean, Susan	Rin Tin Tin
Howle, Ed and Janet	The Long Road to Paris	Pearse, Emma	Sophie
James, P.D.	Death Comes to Pemberley		
Jin, Ha	Nanjing Requiem	<u>Poetry</u>	
King, Laurie	Pirate King	Pinsky, Robert	Jersey Rain
Leroy, Margaret	The Soldier's Wife (*)	Ryan, Kay	The Best of It
Lively, Penelope	How It All Began	Vendler, Helen ed.	The Harvard Book of Contemporary American Poetry
Mann, Thomas	The Magic Mountain	West, Allen C.	Beirut Again
McLain, Paula	The Paris Wife		
Mortimer, John	Forever Rumpole	<u>Reference</u>	
Nemirovsky, Irene	All Our Worldly Goods	Brabbs, Derry	English Country Churches
Perry, Anne	A Christmas Homecoming (*)	D'Oench, Nancy	Flower Arranging
	Sing You Home	Houghton Mifflin	American Heritage Dictionary of The English Language
Picoult, Jodi	Mozart's Last Aria	Santa Fe Art Auction	Santa Fe Art Auction
Rees, Matt	The Vault		
Rendell, Ruth	Tigerlily's Orchids	<u>Religion</u>	
Rendell, Ruth	One Dog Night (*)	Coburn, John B.	Holiness and Community
Rosenfelt, David	Please Look After Mom	Greene-McCreight, Kathryn	Darkness is My Only Companion
Shin, Kyung-Sook	Outwitting Trolls		
Tapply, William G.	The Submission (*)	<u>Science</u>	
Waldman, Amy	D. C. Dead	Wolfe, Nathan	The Viral Storm
Woods, Stuart			
		<u>Travel</u>	
		Kingsley, Mary H.	Travels in West Africa
			(* indicates Large Print)
<u>Health and Wellness</u>			
Petersen, Ronald M.D.	Mayo Clinic Guide to Alzheimer's Disease		
<u>History</u>			
Davis, Wade	Into the Silence		
deWaal, Edmund	The Hare With Amber Eyes		
Horwitz, Tony	Midnight Rising		
Woodard, Colin	American Nations		
<u>Miscellaneous</u>			
Holly, Michael	War Room		

Katherine F. Graff





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