



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



MARCH 2013 ❁ VOLUME 31 ❁ Number 1



THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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

EDITOR

James I. Stockwell

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Mary M. Cowham

ART AND COPY EDITOR

C. Stuart Grover

EDITORIAL BOARD

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy • Audrey F. Fletcher
Edith F. Gilmore • Katharine Lawrence
Peggy McKibben • Alice B. Morrish
Mary E. Welch

PRODUCTION STAFF

Alan Frazer

CIRCULATION

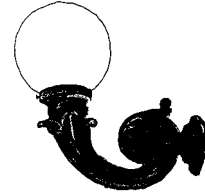
Ruth Y. McDade, Chair • Marilyn Hamilton
Ardelle W. Janes • Edith C. Noyes
Mary Waters Shepley

CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE ADMINISTRATION

Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Editor's Corner



How lucky we are to be in an energetic community where the landscape always seems to be changing. With the excitement of the holidays behind us, Barbara Doyle presented some exciting new plans now on the drawing board for a substantial upgrade of our facilities including the addition of an activities pavilion with a painting studio, arts and crafts center, spa, and dance and aerobics room; modification and expansion of our central dining facilities; and the addition of additional parking spaces for residents, staff, and guests. We can hardly wait.

Some say you have to make your own luck. Although most of the stories in this issue show how we were beneficiaries of good fortune, there is a lot we can do to shape the future. With thirty different committees and interest groups at Carleton-Willard, nearly every resident can find a new challenge that leads to growth. I guess that might be called "managing your luck."

I am currently reading Jon Gertner's story about Bell Labs and the Great Age of American Innovation including the birth of semi-conductors and satellite communication in the fifties and sixties. Although I was active in the electronics field in those years, I simply cannot keep up with the accelerated rate of change in computers and communications.

Seventy years ago I learned how to sew on a button with a needle and thread. The other day I sewed on another button the same way. Are we moving too fast with new hardware and software or should I just relax and leave the future to the grandchildren? Maybe they will be lucky, but then again?



Contents

Cover – flowers by Donna Argon, photo by Stuart Grover

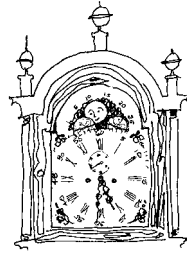
Sketches – Stuart Grover

Inside Front Cover Editor's Corner

- 2 **From the Chief Executive Officer** • Barbara A. Doyle
- 3 **Our Lucky Day** • Luis Fernandez-Herlihy
- 4 **My Lucky Day** • Ara Tyler
- 4 **Our Lucky Day with Ike** • Bard S. Crawford
- 5 **A Surprise Telephone Call** • Mary Cowham
- 6 **Lucky Me** • Nell Johnson
- 6 **Tolerance** • Mary Cowham
- 7 **The Lucky Ring** • Stuart Grover
- 7 **Appetite, Right?** • Edith Gilmore
- 8 **Caught in Europe** • Sue Saunders
- 8 **Grounded** • Jim Stockwell
- 9 **The Last Time I Saw Paris** • Peggy McKibben
- 10 **A Life or Death Moment** • Esther K. Braun
- 11 **Welcome New Residents**
- 12 **Village Happenings** • Stuart Grover
- 14 **Not This Year** • Jim Stockwell
- 15 **The Tragedy at Coconut Grove** • Shea Smith
- 16 **My Lucky Life** • Grace Stergis
- 18 **Profiles** • (profiles are not made available in this edition)
- 21 **In Memory**
- 22 **Facts from the Stacks (Choosing New Books)** • Louis W. Pitt, Jr.
- 23 **Recent Choices** • Louis W. Pitt, Jr.
- 24 **Recent Library Acquisitions** • Katherine F. Graff



From the Chief Executive Officer



“A person does not seek luck; luck seeks the person” – Turkish proverb

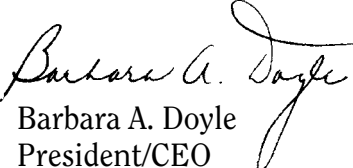
I was at a luncheon, sitting across from a gentleman who heads a multi-million-dollar biotech company. During the course of conversation, he accidentally knocked over the salt shaker. Without pausing, he casually scooped up some of the spilled salt and cast it over his left shoulder. He saw my quizzical expression and reached into his jacket pocket, “Oh, that’s nothing,” he said, revealing a well-worn 1964 Kennedy half-dollar in a clear plastic pouch. “I never leave home without this:” PhD from Georgetown, award-winning scientist, holder of three international patents in biochemistry, but salt over the shoulder and a lucky charm?

I think people pretty much fall into two groups when it comes to luck. There’s the logical, scientific view that random events are just that. No mystical forces behind the scenes influencing our lives. No jinxes or magic spells determining our fortunes. Good luck, bad luck, it’s all superstition. And then there are those who unapologetically cross fingers, knock on wood, and toss pennies into wishing wells. Don’t dare mention “black cat” or open an umbrella indoors around these folks. Luck is something to be taken seriously!

So who’s right? Well, it appears a team of German scientists has determined that if you don’t believe in luck, then it doesn’t exist. But if you do...oh, if you do! In one experiment, the researchers took participants to a golf course to shoot putts. Half were given balls which, they were told, had been used by golf pros that had “good luck using them.” Those participants sank thirty-five percent more putts than those who were given “ordinary” golf balls. In another experiment, participants were told to bring their own personal lucky charm to a memory test. Right before the test, half had their charms taken away “to be photographed.” Sure enough, those folks performed far worse than those who kept their rabbit feet and four-leaf clovers. Interestingly, the researchers also found that simply telling someone you were “keeping your fingers crossed for them” positively affected outcomes.

I guess the playwright Tennessee Williams had it right when he said, “Luck is believing you’re lucky.”

May you have the very best of luck in 2013!


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Our Lucky Day

Fifty-eight years ago I received orders to report to Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas, home of Brooke Army Medical Center (“BAM-see”). I was one of a group of doctors who, with just a few weeks of training, were to become part of the U.S. Army Medical Corps. Besides learning the basics of military customs and life, we would be taught how to use personal weapons such as pistols, rifles, and even grenades, in order to protect our patients and ourselves if attacked.

One sunny morning, decked out in helmets, combat fatigues and boots and weighed down with weapons, we were bussed to Camp Bullis, Fort Sam’s military training grounds. Depending on how long we had been MDs, a few of us were Majors, several Captains, and many First Lieutenants. We were randomly divided into platoons, each one under the command of a high-ranking infantry Sergeant. We were advised not to shoot each other with our live ammunition, and to expect to find rattlesnakes under every rock.

Strung out across in a line, we advanced warily over level terrain, shooting our rifles at humanoid targets that popped up unexpectedly ahead of us. We found no snakes, and soon we lost our anxiety and began to have fun. Next, we advanced through thick woods, encountering strategically placed physical hazards which we surmounted under vigorous exhortations from our Sergeant, a very large man with obvious expertise in this milieu. He ordered us to maintain silence, to advance slowly and cautiously until we reached the edge of a clearing in the woods, and there to halt. One of us would be picked to throw a grenade at a target. The rest would crouch in place, silently. Perhaps fifty feet in front of us, there was a small wooden shack. Quietly, the Sergeant came up behind me and whispered, “Cap’n, take out that enemy position with your grenade.” My grenade was a training device, which would emit some smoke and a loud “pop” a few seconds after the pin and handle were released. We had previously been

taught how to recognize and activate this type of device—it held no fear for me. This was the high point of our operation and my big moment. After carefully surveying the terrain before me, and estimating the distance to the enemy shack, I pulled the pin and threw my grenade. To my great surprise, the grenade hit a tree, just ten feet in front of me, that I could swear was not there before, bounced back to where we were crouched, and with a puff of smoke made a loud “pop.” Our Sergeant rose to his full height and began bellowing at me, “Sir, you just wiped out your entire (choice Army expletives I’d never heard before) platoon! Sir, I’ve never seen such a (more Army expletives) performance in my life!



Sir, I do not understand why they commission such (still more previously unknown expletives) people in the U.S. Army.” Amid general snickers, I apologized weakly to the Sergeant and to my theoretically no-longer-existent platoon. I thought how lucky our platoon was that this was just a game gone astray due to a bumbling pitcher, and why perhaps, in the old days, military medical personnel went unarmed.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy



My Lucky Day

It was a rainy day, the kind of day that wets you through and through. No debating the need for a raincoat, you'd be taking a vertical bath without one, and the coat needed to be waterproof; no timid rain resistant fabric would work. My destination was the local animal shelter, and the mission was to come home with a cat.

The local shelter was nestled in amongst trees down a winding roadway half the way to the next town. Surrounding the long, low, one-story building was a chain link fence with a wide open gate into its parking lot. The door to the shelter was approached by a stone pathway. After several low steps I opened the door to the reception area where a volunteer inquired about my interest. After stating that I wanted to adopt a cat, I was ushered into the cat boarding area. Cages lined the hallway, each with a different cat, and all colors were represented. I was interested in getting a declawed kitty, as destroying furniture was something I wanted to avoid.

The declawed cats were big, seemingly overweight, and displaying no interest in my attention. Then there was an upper cage with a long haired kitty with blue-green colored eyes who looked down on me with an imploring message, "please take me home." She simply followed me with her beautiful eyes, and I succumbed. Her history made her even more attractive. The family who had raised her and nurtured her over her growing years had surrendered her to the shelter because they no longer could afford to feed and care for her. Their choice was the children or the cat; obviously the children came first, and they turned in the kitty as one way of saving money.

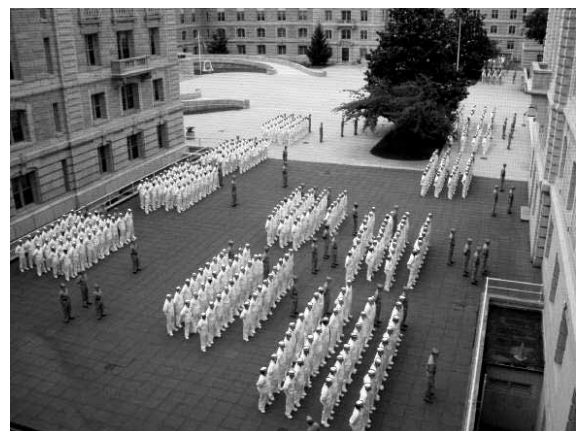
When she was taken out of the cage, she was gentle and purred when patted. She was my choice, and seemingly I was hers, so she came to Carleton-Willard with me. Shadow, as she is called, not only looks pretty, she is sensitive to my emotional needs and willing to cuddle, purr, and be a kitty companion. If she wants attention she will jump into my lap, reach out with her paws and pat me, keeping her claws withdrawn so as not to scratch. She will come when called and seems to enjoy human company.

Having recently had my knee replaced, I feel that a companion kitty has been a real help. One can cry into that soft fur and hug away some of the intense pain that goes with this particular operation. Shadow simply pats me, purrs, and jumps down when enough is enough. She is very savvy. Choosing Shadow from amongst the array of caged kitties at the animal shelter was my lucky day and the pleasure she gives keeps multiplying.

Ara Tyler

Our Lucky Day with Ike

Our high school soccer team had several reasons to feel lucky one day in the fall of 1949. First, we were excused from a full day at school. Second, we were taken by bus from Ridgewood New Jersey High to the United States Military Academy at West Point, where we were given a guided tour of the academy on a beautiful autumn morning. Third, we were invited to lunch in the main dining hall. We sat in a balcony and looked down at the entire Corps of Cadets, while the plebes (freshmen) had to sit at ramrod attention eating their "square meals." Each bite had to be lifted slowly in a straight vertical line to the level of the mouth, and then moved slowly in a perfectly horizontal line to the mouth before intake. The fork or spoon had to then return slowly in the reverse manner. My classmate, Jack, took some good natured ribbing because his hope was to be a plebe the following year; in fact he was.





After lunch we suited up for a game against the West Point freshman soccer team. At the end of the first half, the score was one to one. The score remained that way until about a minute before time ran out. I was playing right wing and had a chance to take the ball into the right forward corner of the field, where I made a centering kick into a swarm of players in front of the goal. The ball stayed within the swarm for what seemed like a long time, being kicked by at least several contestants from each side. Finally one of our guys knocked it into the net for a last minute victory.

Our streak of good luck was not yet over. Our coach now told us that we had been invited to dinner, and he had accepted on our behalf. So back we went to the dining hall balcony and more square meal watching. Following the meal, the plebes were finally told to be at ease so they could participate in a pep rally focused on an upcoming football game. Five minutes after the rally had begun, the cadets were told that a surprise visitor was about to appear and take part in the rally. It was a former West Point cadet who was at this time President of Columbia University: namely, General Dwight David Eisenhower. Ike came out with his sunny smile and led some cheers and reminisced about his days there, including the square meals. The cadets, of course, loved it, and so did we. We got back on the bus, a happy crew feeling very lucky indeed.

Bard S. Crawford

A Surprise Telephone Call

Not long after my arrival in New York City, I had a call one evening from a stranger with a Southern accent. With elaborate politeness, he asked to speak with Mr. M.M. Cowham, and for a moment I was reluctant to admit the name was mine. Why was he asking for Mr. Cowham? Should I slam down the phone, pretend he'd called a wrong number, or meekly confess that I had purposely entered only my initials in the Manhattan telephone directory? Sensing my

hesitation, the man hastily continued, "Lady, before you hang up, I want you to know this is *not* an obscene call. My name is Glenn W. Cowham, Jr. from Montgomery, Alabama. Should you need references there's a lot of folks in this town who'd gladly tell you I'm a respectable postal clerk." With a spiel like that, I was pretty sure he was genuine, and cheerfully answered,

"Well hello, Cousin Glenn, how very nice to hear from you. I'm Mary Cowham so maybe I am one of your long lost relations."

"Miss Mary, or Cousin Mary if I may, let me tell you why I am calling, as I'm so hoping you can help me." I could hear the emotion in his voice as he continued, "I'm real interested in knowing more about my English ancestors, and it seems like the first Cowhams came over from Old Leake in Lincolnshire, way back when."

I was fascinated to hear this, and told Glenn that as kids we had always known our family were yeomen farmers who owned a small farm in Old Leake for many generations, but lost it during the terrible drought in the 1840s—a decade known to historians as the Hungry Forties. "The story we heard was that my great-great grandfather, Frederick William, walked to London, and he found a job as a clerk in a lawyers' office in Lincoln's Inn Fields—but I never heard about any Cowhams going to America!"

"Would you believe it, Miss Mary, there are at least twenty Cowhams in the States, and probably more? How do I know, you ask? Well, now that my son-in-law works for one of them mail orders outfits, he gets to have access to the updated telephone books from all over the States. That way, whenever he sees a Cowham in a new directory—which isn't often, believe me!—but so far he's sent me the names, postal addresses, and telephone numbers of twenty Cowhams, including you!" Glenn was almost overcome as he finally ended his first conversation with me by saying, "Cousin Mary, when I hear your lovely English accent I feel truly blessed."



Thus began a regular, if intermittent, friendship over the phone that lasted for the next six or seven months. A few days later I received a large and tattered envelope that contained a number of faded photos of gravestones of various Cowhams from cemeteries in Florida, Minnesota, and Massachusetts. All of them had died in the last half of the nineteenth century, and I was intrigued to note that their names—Frederick, Henry, Robert, William, Susan—were very familiar on my side of the family. I promptly forwarded the photos to my father in England, along with Glenn’s copy of his family tree, which began with Frederick William’s arrival in Boston in 1848.

After digging through the few family papers my father had acquired from his uncle Fred, he discovered that Henry Cowham of Old Leake, the father of William Henry (my father’s great-grandfather) was also the father of Frederick William, the first Cowham known to have landed in Boston in 1848. Thus, it was quite likely that Frederick William was Glenn’s great-grandfather: if so, Glenn and my father, Gerard, were third cousins.

Before I got around to calling Glenn with this intriguing piece of news, I had an unexpected call from his daughter, Susan. Sadly, she told me of her father’s sudden death, but she also said how thrilled he had been to have heard from my father, who had beaten me to it by writing directly to Glenn. I was touched when Susan said her Dad, just days before he died, had felt so proud and blessed to have received a long letter from his Cousin Gerard, “who was not only a scholar and a gentleman but a reverend.”

Mary Cowham

Lucky Me

Shortly after I arrived at Carleton-Willard in February of 2008, two staff members came to see me. One was the Director of Fitness who told me she could provide any exercise program I needed. Sounded great! However, that never happened.

Then Debbie became Director. One day I discussed my chronic back pain with her and asked if she thought she could help me. Her response was immediate. She suggested I work one-to-one with Marcelo, who had just joined her staff. He thoughtfully prepared an exercise program for me, and we began working together. Frankly, I doubted that anything would help very much, but I was soon surprised. I started with easy activities that have grown in difficulty as my strength, flexibility, and balance have improved. For a period of some months I experienced much less back pain and today my pain is manageable.

Marcelo has been an understanding, patient, and compassionate trainer. He continues to push and encourage me as we set new goals. Exercise is repetitive and can be boring, but he is fun to be with. He is witty, intelligent, and imaginative. Now, I who never exercised, look forward to my sessions with Marcelo. He makes me want to try harder and do more.

Thank you, Marcelo. Thank you, Debbie. My days in training have been my Lucky Days.

Nell Johnson

Tolerance

Hard-edged truth,
 Unyielding in youth
 Now has sides – two,
 Three, or even four
 As harsh blacks and whites
 Of right and wrong
 Soften into shades of grey
 And needless fears just fade away.

Mary Cowham



The Lucky Ring

My first job after emerging from graduate school of music was at a radio station; not just any old radio station, but the first commercial station in New England to broadcast nothing but classical music over FM. FM was the new radio technology that matched the quality of LP records just introduced. My boss needed an announcer who knew what a symphony was. The ability to pronounce Tchaikovsky and Debussy was a plus. It was good that I knew that the mayor of New York was not the Wagner who composed the Ring Cycle, and that a capriccio was not an Italian coffee drink.

The difficulty was that FM radio was unknown to most people in 1951, in particular to businesses that had the money for advertising that we needed to stay on the air. Thus when I was not in the studio I was pressed into service as a salesman. But before I could convince a shop owner that he should reach his upscale customers by associating his advertising with Beethoven, I had to convince him that there really was such a thing as FM radio. To this end I carried with me on sales calls a rather clumsy radio, the only brand of table radio at the time that could receive FM signals. Excusing myself, I'd put the radio on his desk, look for an electric outlet, turn the dial, and hope reception was good that day. Need I tell you that sales were not overwhelming?

The day that I am remembering was a day in the office, on the telephone. For once a call came in from someone who, without prompting, was actually *asking* if he could buy time for an announcement on the air. I assured him that we would cooperate fully with that request. Then he asked, "Who will write the copy?" I practically threw myself at his disposal, inviting him to simply tell me about the message he wished to convey and the advertising copy would be created instantly.

What emerged was an invitation to anyone interested in joining a group of young marrieds who were planning to buy a tract of land cooperatively, subdivide it, and then build their own

homes, all at major savings over conventional home buying. The down payment to join the group was two hundred dollars. To a recently-married, apartment-renting, wife-working young grad who thought of home ownership approximately as we now think of colonizing Mars, that two hundred dollars was on its way before the announcement ever reached the airwaves.



We moved into our new house in 1958 and lived there happily for forty-four years. When the time came for Carleton-Willard, we sold the property for twenty-four times what it had cost. I think of that lucky telephone call as the reason I'm here today.

Stuart Grover

Appetite, Right?

Stanley chomps a pizza loudly,
smacks his lips and belches proudly.
Slurping soup should be unlawful.
Guess whose gulps are truly awful.
He can even make an utter
mess of bread. (Don't add the butter.)
If you rashly serve him gravy,
Stanley's sure to misbehave. He
can't be trusted with the honey.

Stanley's friends are few?
That's funny.

Edith Gilmore



Caught in Europe

My grandfather, John Henry Ernst, was born in Switzerland and came to the United States in 1877 as a sales representative for a manufacturer of bolting cloth (fine cotton cloth for sifting flour and sugar). Every summer he had to return to Switzerland to go over sales and marketing reports with the home office. In July of 1914 he took his whole family (wife, sister, and my mother and father) as a wedding present for mom and dad along with him on a business and vacation trip. Their first stop was Bad Homburg, a small spa town bordering Frankfurt, where my grandmother was treated for some knee problems. When they tried to leave Frankfurt for Switzerland on July thirty-first, the German border was closed by the Kaiser as he prepared to mobilize Germany for a possible war.

Fortunately my grandfather was able to obtain emergency passports from the American consul in Frankfurt. After he had made his reports to the home office in Switzerland, the entire family crossed the channel to England to prepare to return home. My mother and father had no difficulty getting through customs, but were detained. The other Ernst family members had no difficulty getting through customs, but were detained. The entire family was taken to Scotland Yard, strip-searched and released to cross the Atlantic under blackout conditions and the threat of German U-boats.



When the customs officers examined my grandfather's business papers, they interpreted his language and sort of cover-up for the Ernst family. Scotland Yard strip-searched him and released him to cross the Atlantic under blackout conditions and the threat of German U-boats.

Upon arriving in New York City, they read headlines in the newspaper announcing the capture of a German spy—with the same name as my grandfather. That solved the mystery of the ruthless customs search in England, but never erased the anxiety of the return trip from my

mother's mind, especially crossing the Atlantic in blackout conditions.

Sue Saunders

Grounded

I have flown round-trip to visit family in Sweden more than a dozen times with very few delays en route. December 28, 2012, was not one of my lucky days. After a week of wind, rain, and snow in Sweden I woke to a sunny day for departure. My son drove me from his home on the Baltic coast to the Copenhagen airport, and I looked forward to a smooth flight home, with one scheduled stop to change planes in Keflavik airport in Iceland.

There was an announced delay boarding the Friday afternoon flight from Copenhagen, and after we were comfortably seated awaiting takeoff, the pilot announced that weather issues in Iceland were causing traffic delays, and we would have to wait for permission to leave the gate. About a half an hour later the captain said that although we had been cleared to leave, if weather conditions in Iceland deteriorated we might be forced to stop en route, and the plane was too heavy to land in Glasgow, Scotland, the designated backup airport. Therefore, some of the passengers' luggage would have to be unloaded to allow access to commercial freight carried amidships, which would be removed to lighten the load.



I settled into a Ken Follett novel, selected by my daughter-in-law, as a page turner for the journey home. After about half an hour, the passenger on my right seated next to the window reported that luggage was piling up on carts next to the plane and he had spotted his two cases at the top of the pile. As soon as the pallets with the commercial freight were unloaded, the doors

were closed and we left the terminal—and left the luggage behind.

By then we were running about an hour late, and with further weather delays we were finally cleared for landing in Iceland. We descended through heavy cover, and I could not see the blue runway lights until the wheels touched the ground. I had never looked out at such thick fog, but within seconds recognized that it was not fog; it was snow. The plane rolled to a stop, and a fleet of six huge snowplows finished clearing the runway and a path to the terminal. Every passenger seemed to be in a state of anxiety, convinced that they had missed their interconnecting flights to Boston, New York, or points south. Those with the most agility and determination muscled their way to the exit door and ran up the runway, while I wobbled along willing to accept the inevitable further delays. I was not disappointed. When I reached the Boston departure gate I found a long line of bleary eyed passengers waiting for a departure delayed about an hour.

As soon as we were safely seated, the captain announced that there was a break in the weather and we would soon be on our way. However, we had to wait for the de-icing truck and crew to clear off the accumulated snow and ice, another half hour procedure. We collectively breathed a sigh of relief that we would not be spending the night or days in Iceland and settled in for our five and a half hour flight to Boston. After landing in Boston and clearing customs, I went to the baggage area hoping that my luggage had not been left behind in Copenhagen. The carousel was full of luggage, but mine had not arrived. I went to the Icelandair service desk where many others ahead of me were filling out lost baggage forms, completed my form, and finally had the easiest part of the trip, a taxi ride back to Concord Court, arriving at 10 p.m. after an eighteen-hour, door-to-door trip. As promised, my luggage was delivered on Sunday afternoon, and a courtesy call came from Icelandair to confirm that my frozen eye drops, toiletries, and chocolate candy had indeed arrived.

Jim Stockwell

The Last Time I Saw Paris

Mid July of 1989 was near the end of my husband, Gordon's two-year assignment as European Correspondent for The Boston Globe. It was also a time when President George H. W. Bush was making a tour of former Eastern Bloc nations followed by a stop in Paris for the two hundredth anniversary of Bastille Day. Gordon was on the press plane along with the Globe's Washington reporters.

Somewhere around the twelfth of July Gordon phoned me to say he had a hotel room in Paris on the fourteenth, and if I could get there I could be in on the Bastille Day celebration. Well. An opportunity not to be missed!

I was able to get a train seat to the Channel, on the boat for the crossing, and on the train again to Gare du Nord in Paris. I had packed a



fairly light suitcase but also a tote bag of guide-books. Was I out of my mind? On my arrival at Gare du Nord I faced what seemed to be millions of Parisians, but somehow I got a cab driven by a screaming Frenchman who nearly exploded when he learned I wanted to go to the Left Bank. Since I could understand practically nothing of what he said I was spared the profanity that I expect could have been quite educational. Slowly we wended our way through streets mobbed with crowds waving tricolors.

When we got to the Place de l'Opera the driver threw up his hands, shouted even louder, reached around and opened the back door of the cab and pointed OUT! I am not sure if I ever paid him; he just wanted to be rid of me and still



screaming pointed to a nearby underground station. I had ridden the underground many times but always with Gordon as guide. I was terrified. Never mind; no way could I even get close to the entrance.

There was only one thing to do: walk! I finally found someone who spoke enough English to assure me I was going in the right direction and started off, with the lyrics of Jacques Brel's "Lonely Frieda, Here She Comes With Her Valises" running in my brain. It was before the time when average people like me had cell phones, and the thought of using French pay-phones was daunting. I asked almost anyone who might possibly speak English (like the bellboy at the New York Hotel) if I was still headed for the Left Bank. "Yes" or "oui" and also often "long way" were my answers.

On I trudged. Why I did not jettison the guidebooks remains a mystery except that I have always been Frugal Peggy as well as Timid Frieda! Finally to my joy I recognized the Pont Neuf and crossed the Seine, knowing from an earlier stay at the same hotel where I was going. A few more blocks and I arrived late afternoon at the small hotel to be greeted by a fairly worried husband and a somewhat concerned innkeeper brandishing a bottle of champagne with which we all toasted my arrival.

After a rest and a shower, we were off in the evening to find a "great little restaurant" and following a fine dinner and *vin*, we joined young reporter friends from London and, while waving French flags and drinking champagne, watched

incredible fireworks from the right bank of the Seine. Though at times I had had my doubts, it did turn out to be My Lucky Day.

Peggy McKibben

A Life or Death Moment

Once my husband learned how to scuba dive, I knew I had a lot to worry about. He and David, one of our teen-age sons, were trained in a pool in Sudbury, Massachusetts. Unlike their fellow students, they had no interest in diving in the local cold, somewhat murky Atlantic seacoast waters, but could hardly wait for the family's next trip to the Caribbean. Snorkeling had given us all a glimpse of the wonders below there, but the rest of us preferred staying on the surface.

On our next family vacation, this time to the Virgin Islands, we took a boat ride down Drake's Passage, the waters between the US and British Virgin Islands and the site of numerous shipwrecks over the past few centuries. Our two divers knew approximately where a wreck was, and proceeded to dive down to search for it. This was quite reckless for neophytes without a guide, but there was no stopping them. They returned safely, having found the wreck, but at too great a depth for safety. They were exhilarated, of course, but I knew I had a problem on my hands. However, they actually behaved much more cautiously on the rest of the vacation. My husband privately agreed they had taken a great chance, but "at least we knew enough not to explore inside the wreck!"

On subsequent trips to the Caribbean, mostly by ourselves, my husband almost always sought out a guide, although once he did go down alone in a shallow bay on St. Martin while I sat in a small boat above. It was lonely and scary for me. My only clue as to where he was and if he was safe was the flash bulbs which popped up from his underwater camera. He really loved the whole experience. I have thousands of slides to prove it.




On one of our last trips to that glorious part of the world, we stayed on St. Thomas and sought out the guide with whom my husband had dived numerous times. The guide was gathering a group of about fourteen to dive right off a beach on the northern side of the island. The water was a passage between some small offshore islands and the main island, and a favorite diving spot. The current there is usually mild, but storms do suddenly erupt, and then it becomes dangerous.

I staked out a spot on the beach along with the other non-divers and watched as the adventurers donned their gear. They were told to pair off and always to stay within sight of their buddies. They were given a time when they were to reassemble on the beach and they walked into the beautiful, placid water, two by two, until it was deep enough to pull down their masks and submerge. The beach sitters chatted with each other, until one spotted a dark gray cloud, and we all felt the wind picking up. The chatter stopped as we each scanned the waves.



Gradually we could see heads bobbing in the distance, as pairs of divers emerged. It was not always easy to detect them as the waves swirled around them, but we were able to watch them struggling to make their way to shore either by swimming or walking across the current. As they slowly returned, I began to panic. Not one was my husband. Where was he? Where was his buddy? We all continued to stare out at the angry waters. When his buddy appeared—alone—my knees turned to jelly. After he caught his breath, he said that the water became so turbid that they no longer could see each other and the current where they were was very difficult to fight. He searched for him until he could no longer stay, and managed to make it to the beach.



*Welcome
New Residents*

Louise Bruno,
from Ashland, 11/28/12

Charlotte Magurn,
from Concord, 12/22/12

Jeanne Merkin,
from Burlington, 1/17/13

I was speechless and felt lost and so alone! How could I cope with losing him, just like that? The others, complete strangers, tried to comfort me. It was a nightmare come to life! The guide used his radio phone to call for help. I could not stop staring out to the area where everyone had emerged. I knew I would never leave.

While the group was discussing what to do, a few were scanning the water with me. No one had been looking far down the beach where the little bay ended in a pile of rocks. Suddenly we heard a faint yelling over the wind and the waves. We turned our heads and saw him in the distance, struggling against the wind. Of course, we all ran toward him. I collapsed in tears of joy.

I will never forget that helpless feeling and the enormous sense of relief. We definitely were lucky that day!

Esther K. Braun



Heavenly Harp



On the very morning of the solstice, the beginning of winter, we were warmed in a performance by Greta Asgeirsson, harpist, who chose classical selections from Bach to Faure. Perhaps her youthful freshness gave us to expect a student skill level, but Greta has been playing the instrument since she was

seven years old and is committed to her goal of a professional career as harpist in a major symphony orchestra. Her command of Bach's intricacies, including trills, was even more impressive than the sweeping glissandos of Faure's Impromptu.

Why did she take up the harp? "My mother (Cherie, our dietician) wanted an instrument to accompany her flute playing." So, not forgetting that Christmas was upon us, Greta closed the concert playing a delicate obbligato to Cherie's soft and rich flute rendition of Silent Night. I suspect there was more than one moist eye among the lucky listeners.

Chocolate Lovers Holiday

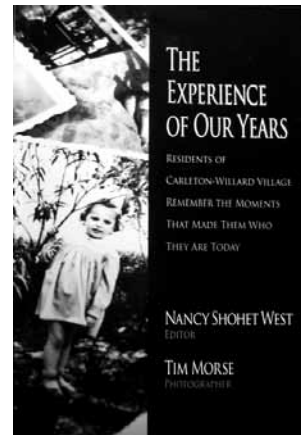
A group of chocolate lovers, controlling their anticipation admirably, toured the small but thriving Taza Chocolate Factory in Somerville. They discovered a company that uses only organically grown cacao beans, cane sugar, and flavorings, and grinds the beans between hand-incised granite wheels (beautiful objects in themselves). The result: a slightly gritty Mexican style dark chocolate. Tasty samples

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

were offered throughout the tour, including some surprises, such as chocolate flavored with orange, cinnamon, and, most startling, chilis. The factory store encouraged further indulgence, and we cooperated dutifully.

Our Histories Preserved

A large and ambitious project of personal interviews came to fruition in a book compiling forty-seven residents' memories of events that changed the course of their lives. The two-hundred-page book, "The Experience of Our Years," includes accounts from eyewitnesses to the Holocaust and the Blitz to women whose opportunities were opened by technically sophisticated war work, such as designing computers and torpedoes. In the words of the project spokesman, "They provide a ringside seat to the American story in the late twentieth century."



Chief Executive Officer, Barbara Doyle, observed, "This year Carleton-Willard celebrated thirty years as a continuing care retirement community, and in that time the world we live in is certainly different, but the residents whose home this is are still some of the most interesting people I have ever been privileged to know."



Happenings

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

What is WiFi?

A series of interactive talks is underway aimed at our age group, to help us take advantage of the internet and the various electronic devices that connect to it. Slava Heretz brings his skills and patience to those of us who are trying to learn how to use iPads, iPods, Facebook, YouTube, Wi-Fi, electronic book readers, and personal photos of everybody emailed to everybody else. Attendees bring their devices to the sessions and get hands-on help.

Slava, who brings this helpful experience to various retirement centers, says that seniors today are much more involved in electronic communication than they were only a short time ago, and Carleton-Willard serves this new interest with resident access within the Village to the internet.

Seasonal Music

It is difficult to recall the many ways that music soothed our spirits during the end-of-year holidays. Here are some worth remembering: Wayside String Quartet, Lexington Chamber Players, sing alongs, and especially our own Classic Music Singers in their premier concert after weeks of preparing music of the greatest composers of classical choral music. The Musicale included vocal and instrumental solos, Christmas readings, community singing, and refreshments for all.

To The Boston Waterworks



The Boston Waterworks pumping station was built at the turn of the twentieth century to supply the rapidly growing city with its expanding water needs. Its architecture, Richardsonian Romanesque style, is perhaps more celebrated than its ability to pump millions of gallons of water using three massive steam engines. As we gazed in awe at these towering iron structures,

pipes, and valves, a lecture of impressive length and detail was given to us by a man with clearly deep affection for the machinery. Behind this display of industrial achievement lay an equally impressive history of water resource development in eastern Massachusetts stretching back to Civil War times.



Stuart Grover



Not This Year

My lucky day! I didn't think so at the time. I had just returned from winter vacation while I was a student at Phillips Academy, Andover, to find a note in my mailbox requesting an immediate meeting with my history teacher, Dr. Darling, known to be one of the hardest markers at Andover. I met with him, and he was quick to point out that my first term performance in his American history course had been so poor that there was no way that he could give me a passing grade for the year.

Arthur B. Darling
Yale, A.B.
Harvard, A.M., Ph.D.
*Head of the History Department
and Instructor in History on the
Anni Wright Lancashire
Foundation*
Appointed 1917-18, Re-
appointed 1933



In a state of shock I responded, “For most of my life I have had clear goals: graduate from Andover, go to MIT to study materials and engineering management, and succeed my father, an MIT graduate, as head of the machine tool, foundry, and instrument company founded by my grandfather.”

“Stockwell, you are too immature. Set your sights on some other colleges with less challenging curricula that might accept you without an Andover degree. You are not going to graduate this year and not going to MIT.”

I left that meeting almost in tears convinced that this had been one of the unluckiest days in my life. Dr. Darling was correct in pointing out that I was a year younger than most of my classmates, but I had a respectable academic record in all other subjects and had been awarded some minor leadership positions in this very competitive school, played a varsity sport, and was vice-president of my fraternity. After unloading my grief on my father, I considered options and decided to return to Andover in the fall to repeat my senior year with another American history teacher and continue to pursue my goal of going to MIT. That decision set in motion almost perfect timing for the events that lay ahead.

I did graduate in the following year and went to MIT. The extra year at Andover allowed me to take advanced courses in math and the sciences that led to a fairly easy transition into the reputed “grueling first year” at MIT. By sophomore year I had been elected president of my fraternity, a literary fraternity of about thirty students including several veterans of World War II. We were a live-in fraternity acting solely on our own without academic supervision. Had I arrived a year earlier, I never would have been considered for such a position.

Graduating and commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Air Force, I received a stateside posting as the Korean War wound down. A year earlier I might have been sent overseas, and that would have cut the ribbons on a very important upcoming relationship.

By my second senior year in Andover I had fallen hopelessly in love with a girl from Philadelphia who was a student in a boarding school in Farmington, Connecticut. For my first three years at MIT, I regularly borrowed cars from fraternity brothers to commute to Farmington for a Saturday afternoon two hour “supervised” walk around the campus with her, followed by tea with the headmaster. After graduating she came to Radcliffe, and we soon developed a closer relationship with regular weekend dates. By Christmas of her freshman year and my senior year, we became engaged and we were married immediately after I graduated. Had I come to MIT a year



earlier, it is very unlikely that we would have gotten together, as I would have been posted somewhere away from the Boston area, and she would have had too many Harvard classmates in pursuit to remember me.

The timing story doesn't end there. After I completed my two-year tour of duty, I did go to work for my father, but unfortunately he died unexpectedly about six months after I joined the company. The Harvard Trust, the company's bank, called a meeting after his death and revealed that the company's assets didn't cover the liabilities, including an overdue loan at the bank. What a shock to me and my siblings who had no forewarning of his death or financial condition. My lifetime training and aspirations to run the company went up in flames. I have no idea whether or not the story would have been different if I had arrived a year earlier, but as it turned out the bad news turned out to be good news. I found a job in the emerging high-tech industry, cofounded a company with two other MIT graduates, and was able to craft challenging career choices not even considered in my undergraduate years. They set in motion a calendar that led to a fifty-two year marriage with the girl of my dreams.

Jim Stockwell

The Tragedy at Cocoanut Grove

After graduating from the Harvard Business School in 1941, four of us took jobs in the Boston area. I joined Arthur D. Little and Walter King, Gray Miller, and Everton Hosley went to work with Submarine Signal Corporation. We all lived in Marblehead for the summer of 1942 and then rented a house in Wellesley for the winter of 1942-1943. The Cocoanut Grove night club had become a favorite meeting spot for the four of us and we planned to meet there on the night of November 28. However Ev Hosley decided to go home to New Haven for the weekend and I invited Jean Chandler, a Wellesley graduate who lived in southern New England, to spend the

night with us in Wellesley. As coxswain with the Harvard crew, I had met Jean at Southern Club dances attended by the crew.

Instead of joining Walt and Gray, who were on their way to Cocoanut Grove, Jean and I went to the symphony. When we left the symphony we noticed some commotion but did not give it much thought. We returned to the house and at two thirty in the morning there was a knock on the door by two policemen who asked if Walt King lived there. I said, "Yes." They said that he had died in a fire at Cocoanut Grove. I asked about Gray Miller who was with him. They didn't know, but gave me a number to call in the morning which I did, only to discover that he had also died in the fire. It was tragic. Both Walt and Gray were very smart and attractive and would have had a great future had they lived. If I had not had that date with Jean, I surely would have been with them and lost my life on the night of November 28, 1942. Jean left the next morning and we lost track of each other for the rest of our lives—almost.

The "almost" was a great surprise. On May 29, 2012 I received a phone call from Jean's daughter, Caroline. She told me that Jean was not at all well and in the hospital. In this state she had reminisced about that evening in 1942 and asked Caroline if she would try and find out what happened to me. Caroline dutifully responded to her mother's request and ultimately called the alumni office of the Harvard Business School. After listening to her story, they gave her my phone number. Caroline told me Jean's status and gave me her email address. I used it to tell Jean the highlights of my life and how I considered her my savior, but being three thousand miles away in California, and both of us having some nonageneration ailments, the chances were zero of our ever seeing each other again.

I have had other lucky days when I could have lost my life, but this one is the most memorable.

Shea Smith



My Lucky Life

My Rhode Island School of Design classmate, Mary Mavor, and I came to Boston looking for work and I found a really nice job working for Rust Craft Greeting Card Company. We had heard that there were many places to learn international folk dancing, and Mary met Christos Stergiopoulos at a folk dance. He suggested that we join him and a group of about twenty friends for a bike ride to Plymouth, and he brought two bicycles for us to use. We were able to make it to Plymouth and took the train back to Boston. On the way back Chris told us many tales of his life in Greece, while I dozed on his arm.



Chris was a graduate student studying physics at MIT. He had a teaching position waiting for him at Temple University in Philadelphia. We became “best buddies.” He was wonderful, understanding, brilliant, and kind. Everyone loved him, especially my family. We were married in December, 1948 in my parents’ home

in Warwick, Rhode Island. We spent three years in Philadelphia where I learned to cook and love Greek food, and we hiked in many national parks and the Canadian Rockies. After three years in Philadelphia we and several other friends moved back to Boston, and we continued to go camping, skiing, and folk dancing. I still meet once a month with some of those friends to reminisce about the past.

Mary and her family joined us when we went to the mountain village in Greece where Chris was born. The whole village declared a holiday. We taught some American dances, and the girls went to a brook to wash clothes while the men told stories of Chris’s family. We returned to the village several times on subsequent trips and to Mykonos where Mary and I painted scenes that were exhibited at the Greek Institute in Cambridge.

Grace Stergis













In Memory

Ruth Lowe	November 26, 2012
Ruth Kent Davies	December 6
Helaine Dreyfus Gants	December 12
Ada (Robin) Smith Yates	December 19
Margaret M. Jenkins	December 31
Ivan T. Kaufman	December 31
Eleanor Fordham Voorhies	January 10, 2013
Jane Varnum	January 10
Rebecca Ann Woessner	January 17
Lucy Parker	January 20
Constance Schneider	January 25
Linda (LaBolteaux) Mosher Blum	January 27
John Salaris	January 27



Choosing New Books

Your library purchases about twenty new books every month for your enjoyment. We used to go to the New England Mobile Book Fair in Newton quarterly, but now we shop more conveniently and reasonably on Amazon.com every month. At least half of the books are fiction and the rest are biography, history, current affairs, and in a variety of other categories. Two-thirds are in regular print and one third is in large print.

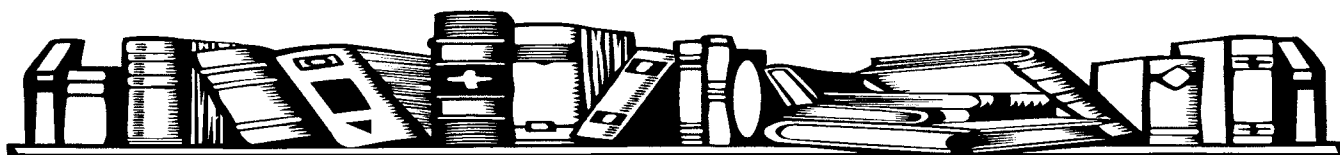
“How do we decide what new books to buy?” That question is frequently asked. “There are so many new books being published and advertised and reviewed all the time. How do you begin to choose which ones would interest residents of Carleton-Willard? Do you work directly from best-seller lists? Do you assign different people to research different books? Or do you have special sources of information about books for senior readers like us?” The answer to all these questions is no. We have our own method of selecting books and it seems to satisfy, providing a variety of reading for a variety of people.

At the monthly meeting of the Library Committee, members come with suggestion cards they have filled out as result of careful search. There are many places where book reviews can be found, and we subscribe to two magazines which contain nothing else. We on the committee spot books which we think you/we would find interesting or provocative or diverting. We write on each suggestion card the book’s title, author,

number of pages, cost, and a summary of what it is about. At meetings we go around the room, present our cards, and discuss and vote on them. Strangely enough certain books appeal instantly to our particular constituency with their interests and experience. Frequently there are duplicate suggestion cards. Within an hour we can choose books we think will interest a large number of our residents. We sometimes fail, of course, and buy a loser, but generally we succeed and have a happy result in book circulation. The books chosen are ordered right after the meeting and appear on the shelves the following week. Large print books are chosen by a sub-committee from a special catalog of such books, but with the same intuition of what our readers will welcome. A printed list of all the newest books is put out for you to pick up each month.

Needless to say, your suggestions of new books are always welcome. Suggestion cards can be found in the right-hand drawer of the library desk in front of the window. You may fill one out any time and leave it in that drawer to be considered at our next meeting. Please be specific if you do so. Don’t just say, “I hear it is a wonderful book,” but tell us exactly what it is about, how long it is, and why you think our readers would like it. We are talking here about new books only. With the space limitations of our library, we cannot buy or even accept donations of worthy books from the past.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr., Chair



Recent Choices

Mrs. Queen Takes the Train by William Kuhn
Queen Elizabeth leaves the palace in search of a little fun, to the dismay of anxious courtiers fearing a national scandal.

The Fall of the House of Dixie by Bruce Levine
A splendid, colorful account of the slow disintegration of the social order of the South amid the Civil War.

The Time Keeper by Mitch Albom
A compelling fable about the inventor of the first clock, who is banished to a cave for six thousand years of torment.

On a Farther Shore: The Life and Legacy of Rachel Carson by William Souder
A poignant, galvanizing, meaningful tribute to the lasting impact of the author of *Silent Spring*.

The Racketeer by John Grisham
Vintage Grisham about a black lawyer who is unfairly imprisoned, whose secretary is found murdered in a remote lakeside cabin.

I, Hogarth by Michael Dean
Dean imagines the life, spirit, and art of Hogarth, filled with the sights, sounds, and stink of Georgian England in 1697.

The Art Forger by B.A. Shapiro
Informative and exciting tale. An artist is asked to copy a painting by Degas stolen from the Gardiner Museum.

Mirror Earth: The Search for Our Planet's Twin
by Michael D. Lemonick

A science journalist describes today's quest for exoplanets along with the quirky lives of the planet searchers themselves.

This Is How You Lose Her by Junot Diaz
Nine stories about love as experienced by a macho young insider/outsider.

On Saudi Arabia by Karen Elliott House
An insightful report on this vital, enigmatic, menacing country—its people, past, religion fault lines, and future.

The Forgiven by Lawrence Osborne
A clash of cultures and values as English tourists in Morocco strike and kill a Moroccan boy.

Martha Jefferson Randolph by Cynthia Kierner
The life and times of the daughter of Monticello, close companion of her father, told from her point of view.

The Dead Shall Not Rest by Tessa Harris
In 1780s London unscrupulous doctors covet the body of Charles Byrne, an eight-foot tall Irish giant.

The End of Your Life Book Club by Will Schwalb
Inspiring true story of a mother and son brought close as they read books together at the end of her life.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Dean, Michael	I, Hogarth
King, Ross	Leonardo and the Last Supper
Sommer, Robin	Norman Rockwell
Langley	

Biography

Bennett, Tony	Life is a Gift (*)
Brown, Craig	Hello Goodbye Hello
Christie, Agatha	The Grand Tour
Jenkins, John A.	The Partisan
Kierner, Cynthia A.	Martha Jefferson Randolph
Marton, Kati	Paris (*)
Matthews, Chris	Jack Kennedy (*)
Reiss, Tom	The Black Count
Russo, Richard	Elsewhere (*)
Schwalb, Will	The End of Your Life Book Club
Soames, Mary	A Daughter's Tale
Souder, William	On a Farther Shore
Unger, Harlow Giles	John Quincy Adams
Welch, Wendy	The Little Bookstore of Big Stone Gap

Current Affairs

Brooks, Geraldine	Nine Parts of Desire
House, Karen Elliott	On Saudi Arabia
Owen, Mark	No Easy Day
Stiglitz, Joseph	The Price of Inequality

Drama

Vidal, Gore	The Best Man
-------------	--------------

Fiction

Albom, Mitch	The Time Keeper
Baldacci, David	The Forgotten

Beaton, M. C.	Hiss and hers (*)
Brandman, Michael	Robert B. Parker's Fool Me Twice
Coplin, Amanda	The Orchardist (*)
Diaz, Junot	This is How You Lose Her
Eng, Tan Twan	The Garden of Evening Mists
Evans, Richard Paul	A Winter Dream (*)
Follett, Ken	World Without End
Ford, Richard	Canada
Francis, Felix	Dick Francis' Bloodline
Grisham, John	The Racketeer (*)
Grisham, John	The Racketeer
Harper, Karen	Mistress of Mourning (*)
Harris, Joanne	Peaches for Father Francis (*)
Harris, Tessa	The Dead Shall Not Rest
Hollinghurst, Alan	The Stranger's Child
Joyce, Rachael	The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry (*)
Katz, Jon	Rose in a Storm
Keeseey, Anna	Little Century (*)
Kingsolver, Barbara	Flight Behavior
Kuhn, William	Mrs. Queen Takes the Train
Littell, Robert	Young Philby
Maron, Margaret	The Buzzard Table (*)
Mathews, Francine	Jack 1939 (*)
May, Peter	The Blackhouse
Mayle, Peter	The Marseille Caper
Mayle, Peter	The Marseille Caper (*)
McEwan, Ian	Sweet Tooth
McEwan, Ian	Sweet Tooth (*)
Moehringer, J. R.	Sutton
Moran, Michelle	The Second Empress (*)
Munro, Alice	Dear Life
Ning, Tie	The Bathing Women
Osborne, Lawrence	The Forgiven



Perry, Anne	A Christmas Garland (*)	Miscellaneous	
Ratner, Vaddey	In the Shadow of the Banyan (*)	Byrne, Robert	Treasury of Trick Shots
Roberts, Nora	The Witness (*)	Harris, Walter	The Billiard Atlas on Systems and Techniques
Shapiro, B. A.	The Art Forger	Lewis, J.	Billiards
Sloan, Robin	Mr. Penumbra's 24-Hour Bookstore	Smith, Bill	The Concise Book of Position Play
Smith, Alexander McCall	The Uncommon Appeal of Clouds	Nature	
Stedman, M. L.	The Light Between Oceans (*)	Coston, Bruce D.V.M.	The Gift of Pets (*)
Toibin, Colm	The Testament of Mary	Poetry	
Unger, Lisa	Heartbroken (*)	Share, Don and Wiman, Christian	The Open Door
Vine, Barbara	The Child's Child	Religion	
Walter, Jess	Beautiful Ruins	Johnson, D. Timothy	Finding God in the Questions
Wickersham, Joan	The News From Spain	Lamott, Anne	Help, Thanks, Wow (*)
Wiles, Will	Care of Wooden Floors	Swift, Daniel	Shakespeare's Common Prayers
Wolfe, Tom	Back to Blood	Resident Authors	
Health and Wellness		West, Nancy Shohet	The Experience of Our Years
Harvard Medical School	Harvard Health Letter (Publication)	Science	
Mannheimer, Eric	Twelve Patients (*)	Lemonick, Michael D.	Mirror Earth
Rosenblatt, Roger	Rules for Aging	Travel	
Sacks, Oliver	Hallucinations	Braynard, F. and Miller, W.	Fifty Famous Liners
History		Dendermonde, Max	Insight Holland
Curtis, Edward S.	The North American Indian		
Lepore, Jill	The Story of America		
Levine, Bruce C.	The Fall of the House of Dixie		
Macintyre, Ben	Agent Zigzag		
Makos, Adam and Alexander, Larry	A Higher Call		
Margolies, John	Roadside America		
Ross, John J. M.D.	Shakespeare's Tremor and Orwell's Cough		

Katherine F. Graff



CARLETON-WILLARD VILLAGE

100 OLD BILLERICA ROAD · BEDFORD, MA 01730

781.275.8700 · FAX 781.275.5787