



CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

# VILLAGER

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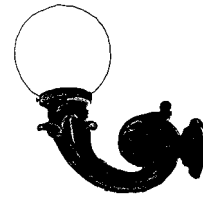
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## Editor's Corner



“Wait till next year” won’t be the words coming from Higgins House. With the arrival of spring, the bulldozers and front-end loaders will not be far behind as construction of new parking spaces and preparations for the new activities pavilion get underway. The process may be a bit painful, but we live in such a manicured environment that a modest interruption in our daily schedules may be a good thing.

The last four pages of the Villager are traditionally reserved for the library. In his Facts from the Stacks article, Louis Pitt recounts the history of the library and its key role in “making Carleton-Willard a creative and inter-dependent place as it has done since 1982.” Resident involvement in activities is truly amazing and special credit goes to those who work tirelessly in the library and General Store to gratify our thirst for fact and fiction.

Another winter is almost behind us and we are ready for the arrival of spring and the explosion of color from Philip Kenney’s gardens. I can’t wait to walk out my front door and be greeted by the fragrance of Viburnum carlesi coming from a neighbor’s front yard. After all the freezing and thawing, we’ll all be curious to know which bulbs, flowers, and vines in our gardens have made it through the winter to bring us yet another gift of fragrance and color this spring and summer. Don’t call Facilities Management. Instead, get your rake and trowel out from behind the snow shovel and get ready once again to dig in and start the “growing” season.



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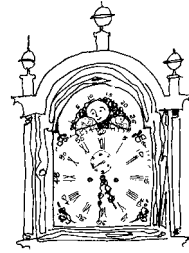
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## *From the Chief Executive Officer*



*"I do not like to repeat successes. I like to go on to other things."* --Walt Disney

I've been reading a fascinating book, *The Genius of Dogs*. It presents an interesting proposition that recasts one of the longest-held theories about how man's best friend came to be.

Conventional thinking has held that ancient humans tamed the menacing wild wolf to somehow be not-so-wild. We offered them scraps of food, and in exchange, they helped us hunt saber-toothed cats and giant antelopes. Forty or fifty millennia later, presto, Fido is bringing us our slippers.

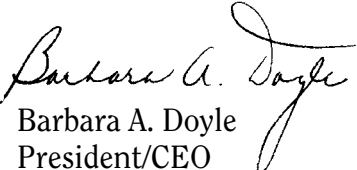
The trouble with this theory, heartwarming as it may be, is that there's no science to back it up. For one thing, wolves are pretty ferocious hunters—so much so that ancient humans would have considered them a threat to their own ability to find enough food for the tribe. More to the point, most wolves wouldn't hesitate to turn their terribly elegant but dangerous noses up at the prospect of humans on the dinner menu. (*"What big teeth you have, Grandma!"*) No wonder civilizations have tried to eradicate wolves all throughout history. So what gives?

According to the book, it appears dogs domesticated us.

Scavenging around garbage heaps on the edge of early human settlements, wolves that were bold and aggressive would have been killed by humans. Only the ones that were bold and friendly would have been tolerated. To boldly go where no wolf had gone before was a big gamble. But in only a few generations, those wolves became very distinctive from their aggressive cousins, with floppy ears, wagging tails—and a highly sophisticated level of intelligence and communication, able to read human gestures and emotions as subtle as a shifting eye glance, facial expression or tone of voice.

I can't help but think: What was going through the mind of that "first dog?" The one that was perfectly content in the forest with his wolf-buddies, but thought, "I wonder..."

One never knows which bold (and friendly) step into the unknown ultimately changes everything, and for everyone. Again, I think of the great Walt Disney. When asked if Disneyland would ever be completed, he replied, "Never! It will continue to grow as long as there is imagination left in the world."

  
Barbara A. Doyle  
President/CEO



## A Breath of the Tropics

*I am sure it comes as no surprise to any C-WV residents that growing plants, both indoor and out, has been a life-long passion of mine. I still belong to a greenhouse club and attend their monthly meetings or field trips. Below is a report I wrote after we visited Water Fresh Farm, an almost completely organic hydroponic farm in Hopkinton.*

When arriving at Water Fresh Farm one sees only a large, rustic-looking wooden building. No greenhouses are visible. There is a spacious, high ceilinged rustic store inside, which carries produce and high-end groceries and specialty items, as well as a café and a section with freshly made dishes and sandwiches. In the center of the back wall, there are two doors with windows which look out onto the “Farm.” Step through those doors and you will be on a deck, a story above the floor of a massive, exceptionally clean greenhouse. It was as though one had suddenly been dropped into the tropics. The air was humid and fresh and the natural light was bright, even though there was no sun. It was truly another world, especially on a cool, grey November day.

Jeff Barton, co-owner of the Farm with Phil Todaro, gave a presentation describing the history of his hydroponic farm. The owners, friends from seventh grade, became interested several years ago in growing food hydroponically, in ingredient enriched water rather than in soil. (The nutrients are inorganic, such as nitrates and sulfates found in regular fertilizers. Using organic, natural ingredients would have been much too difficult.) After taking courses in hydroponics, they constructed their first greenhouse in 1997 in Hopkinton. The Farm now has seven greenhouses, each measuring twenty-two feet by one hundred and twenty feet (almost half a football field long). The polycarbonate side walls are ten feet high. Rising up from them is a massive

hoop-shaped roof made of an aluminum frame covered with a double layer of heavy plastic. The air in between the layers acts as insulation. It is twenty feet high from the ground to the top, which is as high as at least two house stories. Lamps and fans hang from the rafters. The long axis of each greenhouse is north to south. Temperature ranges from the seventies in the summer to the sixties in the winter and the humidity averages seventy percent.

On the floor below is a variety of growing containers, neatly arranged and divided by cement paths. The largest rectangular pools are made of stainless steel, filled with nutrient rich filtered well water, which is replaced weekly. There are smaller tanks and a “tree” of hanging buckets. Floating on the water in the smaller tanks are specially designed trays of seedlings growing in rockwool plugs. When the seedlings are larger, they are placed in wider spaced holes in larger trays and set in the larger tanks, until they are mature enough to sell. In this greenhouse there were tomato, cucumber, lettuce, spinach and basil seedlings, all growing from organic seeds. Mature lettuce and basil plants were growing in the large tanks in this greenhouse. Spinach was growing in the tree of hanging buckets. Tomato plants and cucumber vines were in other greenhouses, which we could barely see through the side walls.

When asked if the inorganic chemical nutrients were polluting the water table, Jeff replied that they have been taken in by the growing plants, so there are no chemicals left in the water when it is removed.

Pollination is done by bumblebees which live in a queen-less hive in the greenhouse. Fortunately, bumblebees are not aggressive and they are efficient pollinators. Insect control is entirely organic. Specific pest predators of whiteflies, bane of tomato growers, and thrips, a cucumber pest, are imported and released in the greenhouses where those plants are growing, and do a good job of control.

All the produce has been sold in local grocery







stores for several years. Last January they opened their own store. It has been very successful. As we were listening to Jeff, an employee came through to get a tray of lettuce to refill the case in the store. We could see the long roots hanging down as he went through. They couldn't be fresher than that. After many questions we spread out in the store where almost no one resisted temptation to buy, especially the three quarter pound tomatoes.

I am a dirt gardener. I like the feel of digging in the dirt. I build up the soil with manure and natural organisms. It is very therapeutic to spend time working in my garden. I doubt that I could be happy working in Water Fresh Farm. Yet, that setup has much to be said for it, especially on a cold, grey day. It is worth a trip in the winter. Gardeners and engineers would find it interesting, and that humid air is intoxicating

Learn more at [www.waterfreshfarm.com](http://www.waterfreshfarm.com)

*Esther K. Braun*

## Growing—An Old Rhythm

Growing up on a midwestern farm, most kids had close attachment to the age-old rhythm of plant, cultivate, harvest, and rest a bit. The animals, of course, were a constant responsibility. They depended on us for their lives and we did what had to be done. When we were little we did chores because we had to do them, but gradually we understood that we could handle some responsibility and it made us proud and, hopefully, our families proud.

In addition to a fine herd of registered Black Angus cattle, we had a forty acre woods and some pastures and several fields to plant wheat, oats, corn, or soybeans. My chores, other than housework, were taking care of chickens (which I hated except when cooked) and the yard and garden full of flowers which I loved. There was a sort of rhythm the year round. After the holidays were over, and the ice and snow abated, the seed catalogs were the best reading. While we studied the new and old varieties of veggies, nature was

freezing and thawing our huge “truck patch” south of our small orchard. My father would have the hired man who lived across the road check when the soil and old debris were ready to be plowed. Of course our cattle had been building up a good supply of “black gold” all winter and it would be plowed into the fields and garden. It took some time for sun, wind, and garden to get the soil ready. Old seeds in the ground, weeds and such, would get a head start and poke up little green spears. But that all got turned under as the wheel of the season rolled around.

My Dad bought me a little spade, hoe, and rake before I was in kindergarten so I could “help” him plant in spring: lettuce and radishes and onion sets, the best ones in the WORLD! It was magic to my eyes: how did those tiny seeds know what to do? I was hooked and never recovered. There were years of 4-H Club and blue ribbons treasured for a variety of projects, but my garden was the best. Daddy showed me where and when to plant. When the ground was warm enough we planted what I later learned the Indians called “The Three Sisters”: corn, squash, and beans.

It touches me that almost eighty years later I can see in my mind's eye my father's hands showing me in the rich, crumbling soil how to make the hole in the middle of the spot for three or four grains of corn, then draw a circle a hand's breadth around it and plant some Kentucky Wonder Pole beans. Then came a broader circle with three spots for “punkin” seeds. The corn grew tall, the beans climbed the stalks, and the pumpkin vines spread around the base saving some of the soil moisture. It worked.

We ate, we canned, we dried and later on we froze our vegetables and fruits. We shared with neighbors. We had worked very hard at times and fought pests and weather, but we kept at it and the truth is we grew, too.

*Donna E. Argon*



## A Growing Friendship

As a future resident of Carleton-Willard, I wanted to inspect my new home in Concord Court in preparation for my arrival. I was excited; I'd heard many good things about Carleton-Willard. One thing stood out: everyone here is so friendly, eager for your friendship, eager to be your friend. I was overjoyed, but a bit apprehensive. Retiring by nature, I asked myself: will it be easy to fit into my new community?

I returned to my car when, starting to back out, a gentleman approached. Waving and smiling broadly, he stopped about ten feet away as I opened the car window. Was he asking for directions or mistaking me for someone he knew? No. Instead, a clarion "Welcome! Are you my new neighbor?" I smiled back. "I'm over there, in number 35." I thought again, adding, "or will be in two weeks." He saluted. "Looking good!" We exchanged names, unintelligible in the excitement, waved again, and I drove off. I then thought, "You know, I really didn't get a good look at this man," I thought to myself, "but I'll meet him soon. Yes, this IS looking good."

Three days later, a copy of C-W publication, *The Experience of Our Years*, appeared in my Lincoln mailbox. Idly leafing through these personal stories and reflections of forty-seven C-W residents, one caught my eye. "I think I may know this person." I continued to skim the pages. Clues popped out: schools, residences, dates, family names. In ninety seconds I had my man. I called the reception desk and asked for his phone number. I dialed the number. A woman answered. "No, he's not here at the moment, but may he call you?" Thirty minutes later, my phone rang. Each sentence brought another exclamation point. It had been fifty-five years. I'd "look you up" when I came on board. I hung up in disbelief.

Back in 1957-1958 Paul Wiggin and I had been music students at Longy School of Music in Cambridge. He was a fledgling tenor; I was an intermediate-level pianist. I became his accompanist. He was embarking on a singing career; I was preparing to enter an advanced degree pro-

gram in musicology at Harvard. We sang wherever there was a free piano to whomever would listen to us. We performed Schubert's song cycle, *Die schöne Müllerin*, in a concert room filled with Vermont residents.

We ran into each other occasionally, pals under the same career roof, seeing little of each other except to make joyous music. We were friends, but not deep friends. We had a mutual interest, depending to some extent on each other for the chance to exercise our hopefully burgeoning musical talents. In June of 1958 we shut the song book and closed the piano lid, shook hands, wishing each other the very best. Ships that passed in the night, we happily shared a port for a year before edging separately out to sea.

Soon it was the day of my move. The mercury that early September morning hit ninety. Still several nice people, my new neighbors, braved the heat to walk over and introduce themselves. Happy but exhausted, I looked forward to enjoying the many new people in weeks to come. By then I wanted to sink into the goose down and close my eyes. But first I had to get something out of the car. Walking back, someone called over to me. I looked. As he came nearer, I knew who he must be: the same gentleman who had called out to me in the parking lot those many weeks before. An exchange of names ensued, followed by a handshake and broad smiles. A full circle was finally closed. It had been more than a half-century.

The circle of friendship between Paul Wiggin and me has not closed; it has sprung open, wider and fuller than those halcyon Cambridge days, into genuine companionship. I wept at Paul's singing at his eighty-fifth birthday party, joined his music group that brings the joy of music to elders, led holiday carols on a snowy afternoon with Paul and our Llewysac friends, savored the company of his lovely daughter, Margie, sweated on exercise machines across the room from Paul, met his cousin, also a C-W resident, and said hello countless times whenever that inimitable red hat bobbed up and down as it passed my door. Perhaps most tellingly, independently of each other, we decided to retire to the same place.



Now it is not a small piano room, forty-five minutes of song in free time, or another tossed-off “see you Tuesday.” We’re spending the rest of our lives here, our homes on opposite sides of Concord Court, in a community teeming with activity, involvement, and personal enrichment. It is a community where friendships are made, nurtured, and deepened. Paul’s and my friendship, rekindled and replanted here, shows every sign of growing.

*Henry B. Hoover, Jr.*

## My Dad’s Unique Garden

The year was 1943: a couple of years into World War II. The town of Arlington had Victory Gardens located at Robbins Farm on Eastern Avenue. The farm had been given to the town when “Old Farmer” Robbins had decided it was time to retire.

My father was a practical man who decided that growing food was a good way of doing something he loved to do and being able to eat the results. He obtained a plot (forty feet by forty feet) and sent away for seed catalogs. While checking over the catalogs he realized that if he bought a dozen tomato plants they would cost more per plant than if he bought one hundred plants. So he bought one hundred tomato plants, one hundred onion sets, and also some large bags of seeds.

The summer of 1943 was my first summer after graduating from high school and I was working as a waitress at Poland Spring House, Poland Spring, Maine. I was not at home to help with the gardening, but heard all about the hard work through letters from Mom and Dad.

The garden was located more than a mile from home and since we didn’t have an automobile in those days Dad and Mom had to walk. Fortunately, most of that walk was not as hilly as Arlington Heights suggests. The garden flourished and at harvest time Dad would put a long-handled hoe and a long-handled rake across his shoulders, then hang a bushel basket from each end, and



carry the heavy load of vegetables home.

Toward the end of July the tomatoes started to ripen. One evening Mom and Dad began to walk to the garden when one of our neighbors asked if she could have some tomatoes if there were any extra. Dad said he thought they would have plenty. I now quote from Dad’s letter to me.

“After we left our neighbor Mother jumped on me a bit. Thought I was making promises which I might not be able to keep and we might not have enough for ourselves. However, if we got one tomato from each plant we would have one hundred, and if two from each, two hundred, and if three, three hundred. She sort of changed her mind.”

Dad kept up his gardening for a number of years after the war and we continued to have an abundance of delicious vegetables.

*Trish Gately*

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## Swine Line

A nice little car in the street  
Has a pig in the passenger seat.  
The pretty young girl at the wheel  
Is enjoying his rapturous squeal.  
Says she, “It’s his favorite treat.  
He also likes waving to cops as we pass,  
And he handles the pump for my self-service  
gas.”

*Edith Gilmore*

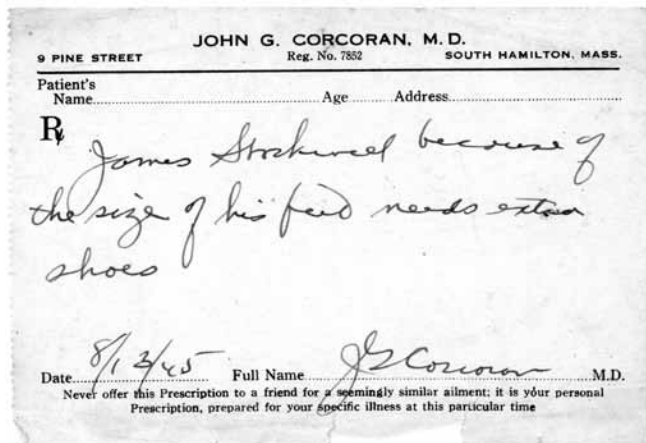




## How's The Weather Up There?

I often shop for the week's groceries on Sunday morning when the stores are not crowded and traffic is light. "Can you hand me down that box of cereal from the top shelf?" Almost without fail, my long reach comes into play as it has since childhood. Although we were in no sense giants, my three brothers and I all topped out above six feet and like my father I ended up at six feet, six inches, now diminished by an inch or more. On balance, I feel comfortable with what the genes did for me. Those of more average height have escaped a lifetime of challenges.

Between the ages of ten and fifteen I grew like a tomato plant, putting about twelve inches on an already fragile frame. My "new" pants were too short, sweater sleeves fell well short of my wrists, and shoes frequently needed to be upgraded to the next size. A wartime restriction on purchase of shoes necessitated a doctor's prescription authorizing purchase.



My favorite clothing source, LL Bean, does not carry my current size footwear and these days I have to depend on stores like Marshalls where slow moving size fifteen sneakers show up on the marked down shelves.

There are very few environments that do not present new challenges. When called upon to stand and recite in grade school, I struggled to climb out of combination chair/desk seats and drew snickers from classmates before stammer-

ing my responses. At dancing school I was always matched with the tallest member of the opposite sex, not the short, cute blonde I had my eye on. I liked sports and played soccer, basketball, and lacrosse, but never with the poise and deftness of my teammates. Upon graduation from high school, editors of the yearbook honored my performance by naming me the most "uncoordinated" member of the two hundred and fifty person class.

"How tall are you?" "How's the Weather up There?" "Watch your head." How many times have I heard those salutations? The latter warning applies when entering a low ceiling living room, boarding a standard size jet, or even walking around Carleton-Willard where the sconces around the next corner are waiting to score their mark.

When it comes to theater seats, airplane seats, car seats, or pull-down beds in a train, members of the six foot, six inch club have been ignored. If you end up in a crowded center row seat at the theater, there is no place to put your legs without pushing your neighbor's feet out of the way. Aisle seats are much preferred. Now you can put your feet out in the aisle after the lights are dimmed, risking a tripping hazard for late comers. Try squeezing into a commuter plane or small or midsize car. There is no room to push back the seat and you end up in a fetal position. Years ago my wife and I took a train from Boston to Los Angeles. There's not much joy in trying to sleep in an upper pull-down bunk when your legs have to hang out overboard all night.

Over the years I have learned to avoid most hazards, but I have lost count of the number of times it has been "Oh ..... (expletive deleted)" when the bruised and gnarled noggin gets nailed again. If I happen to step into an elevator with a few members of a team like the Celtics, the experience is a bit disconcerting. How many times have I ever had to look up to someone? I take some comfort with my now diminished stature in this heady environment and am tempted to say "How's the Weather up There?"

*Jim Stockwell*



## Learning and Growing

When I entered the world of education as an aspiring teacher, I took with me the advantage of knowing a great deal about human growth and development gleaned from years of immersion in the field of Health. My background area included human development studies of infants, young children, adolescents, and adults. This information was to guide my practice as well as involve me in many side adventures when I worked with the children with whom I was involved.

What I was to learn included the political aspect of introducing good practice into a public school system whose motto might have been “We want to continue as we are without change.” To have succumbed to that notion would have meant practicing in a manner that made it more difficult for many of the children to learn. I was too young and idealistic to succumb to what to my mind would constitute poor practice. I started out to effect positive change so that the youngsters in my charge would each have a chance to learn to read and write and that we would have a good time in the process.

Room design has a lot to do with the learning process. Designing a classroom that allows for the maximum amount of movement while at the same time advantaging the learning process is an art form, as important as designing one’s own home. Traffic patterns count. While they permit movement, they also restrict the urge to run, as youngsters are wont to do. Interest areas that reflect the curriculum need to be constructed to insure that actual learning takes place specific to the curriculum needs of the grade. There need to be active and quiet places within the classroom. It takes much planning and designing to bring about an active room environment that enhances learning and self-discipline concurrently.

While each person is an individual and each person has been raised with specific differing family values, the basic development of a human being follows the same growth patterns. We sit before we stand, we babble prior to speaking, and we walk before we run. The progression is



the same but the manner and speed may differ. Our knowledge of human development speaks to how we can successfully interact with helping children learn. Unfortunately, many schools both public and private have modeled themselves after a factory model, almost an assembly line production: rows of seats, enforced silence, and an assumption that everyone learns in the same manner at the same rate. Silence is valued while speech is developing and children are asked to sit still when large muscles crave movement. Tension symptoms, headaches, and digestive upsets frequently develop as children are asked to live in a school environment that fails to respect their growth patterns.

I was unaware at the time of my great adventure in the field of education that in order to be successful I would have to grow in many directions. It was necessary to find fellow entrepreneurs, both in the field and in the world at large with whom to work. Parents were an integral part of the learning process. We learned from and with each other what would benefit the children and sharpened each other’s skills.

In order to gain support for what was ostensibly “going up the down staircase” it was necessary to become comfortable speaking in public. Gaining parental support was important to being able to continue practicing differently from the majority of teachers. In addition I had to network and find others, both practitioners and researchers, who could and would offer support and help facilitate a growing interest in a developmental approach to learning.



Writing a weekly newspaper column on parenting issues added to my own growth, as well as offering an opportunity to engage in Adult Education. When the methodology was successful, the challenge became how does one pass along what has been learned to other professionals wanting to emulate that style of teaching. This led to experimenting with filming, lectures, and writing. The final analysis reached after much experimenting was that an internship program offered the best way to teach teachers what developmental learning was all about. So my own growth had to encompass active mentoring on site of experienced staff members wanting to learn a new way to engage students in active learning.

In all, not only did the parents and children learn, but my own growth was vastly enlarged by the entire experience. Learning and growing became a way of life which I still embrace. Here at Carleton-Willard there is much to learn about end of life issues as we experience them with our peers. Growing never ceases and that makes life an adventure, one which I enjoy each day.

*Ara Tyler*

## A Tale of Two Candlesticks

Once upon a time there was a happily married young couple who lived together with their three young children. This couple spent much of their free time shopping for antiques. On one of these expeditions they fell in love with an extraordinary pair of very tall, antique brass candlesticks.

The couple pooled their hard earned resources, purchased the candlesticks, and brought them home to reside on their dining room table, where they remained for over forty-five years.

Sadly, when the couple could no longer live together and agreed upon a separation and subsequently divorced, these candlesticks became the only “bone of contention” between them. Finally, however, the couple agreed that they belonged in the home where they had witnessed

their family life for so many years.

Just recently, the former wife, who had continued to live in their home, made the decision to move to much smaller quarters. There was much to be done in preparation for this move. One task was to invite her former husband for a visit so that he might have the opportunity to choose what he would like to have, representing “the old days.” Together they toured the house, reliving many episodes and stories and sharing their memories.



Ah, yes, the candlesticks. They were in their usual place on the dining room table, but badly in need of polishing. The former wife turned to her former husband and said, “I would like you to have these now. It is time. However, I am sorry that they are so badly in need of polishing.”

He turned and with a delighted grin replied, “Oh I can polish those up in no time.” Later, as he walked down the driveway toward his car, one could swear that he raised both his arms up towards the sky as the candlesticks gleamed in the morning sun.

No other words are necessary to express the former wife’s feeling of joy, love, and completeness, for indeed her life had come full circle.

*Janet Lovejoy*





## Trees Near and Far

Plants contain ninety-nine percent of the biomass on earth while humans and all other animals are just a trace. While we may think that “growing” is about our own age or waist-line progression, plants (including trees) have been growing old ignoring the calendar. Typical sugar maple trees live one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy five years and our own Black Maple had an estimated life of one hundred and seven years. There are trees near the summit of Mt. Wachusett that are three hundred and fifty years old, and the oldest known tree is an olive tree in Lebanon with an estimated age in excess of six thousand years. How these trees achieved this longevity is more of a story of what goes on underground than above ground.

Trees cannot get up and move when threatened by predators, blight, or invasive species and have to find everything they need while staying in a fixed location. The leaves of some trees are targets for four legged animals (think Giraffes), birds, and insects, but a tree can lose ninety percent of its leaves and still survive. The trees have developed between fifteen and twenty senses including the ability to respond to certain chemicals in the air. They react differently to light, shadow, and magnetic fields. One species points half of its leaves towards the South Pole and the other half to the North Pole. Underground they use their root system to find and access chemicals and water critical to their growth. The very tip of a root can detect moisture, light, pressure, nitrogen, phosphorous, salt, and chemical signals from other plants. Using this information the roots of like species in a grove of trees do not fight for space. They share the space and somehow the dominant tree looks after its neighbors and lets the roots of nearby trees have a clear path to mineral sources most needed by those trees.

Our Christmas trees are truly dwarfs when compared with the tallest tree in the world. This is a three hundred and seventy-nine foot (and four inch) Redwood located in an undisclosed location in the Redwood National Park in California. After being discovered by two hikers, a team

of scientists from Humboldt University climbed to the top, dropped a tape measure to the ground, and recorded the feat by camera. (The video is available by Googling “The World’s Tallest Tree.”) For a visual comparison, think of a tree about thirty stories high or half the height of the Boston John Hancock Tower. While this tree has the height, it pales in volume compared with another Redwood whose mass is equivalent to fifteen adult blue whales. Each year the tree produces enough new wood to make a ninety foot tall tree with a trunk twelve inches in diameter.



While trees are an example of nature’s skill and fortitude, growth stories about plants that are in our backyard gardens are equally fascinating. Many of us have raised string beans or peas in our gardens. They are easy to plant and harvest. What may come as a surprise is that as vines

begin to grow from the planted seed they do not make a random search for a place to grow on like a wooden support or a corn stalk. Somehow the plant knows exactly where the pole or stalk is located and will direct the vine straight to it, even if it means taking a small detour around an obstacle in its path.

The next time you look out the window at our plant neighbors here at Carleton-Willard Village, think about what is going on below the ground. We should not be surprised to discover that the trees have their futures all planned out, while we thought we had all of the answers.

*Jim Stockwell*

*Author’s Note: In addition to internet sources, The Intelligent Plant article in a December 2013 New Yorker was an important source.*





## Sibling Rivalry

This year it's Amy's turn to do Thanksgiving and she's making some new kind of dessert. Like a fool, when Bob called from California, I told him she's ordering a special dessert wine to go with it and he started quizzing me about the kind of wine she's picked out. I should've known better! I forget the name now, but whatever it was I told him she said it was he got all excited. How am I supposed to know that special desserts have to have special wines to go with them? All I can say is whatever it is that she and Tom get it's sure to be good—and like as not expensive too—so I tried to tell him not to spoil his sister's party by fussing about the wine when he gets here.

A half hour later Amy calls me, all bent out of shape. Bob's had the nerve to tell Tom what he should be ordering. True to form, Tom says nothing, not wanting a fight with his brother-in-law, or having an argument with Amy for that matter. So Bob's rattling off a whole list of California wines they ought to be serving with each course and Tom's patiently writing it all down. Then Amy picks up the extension and explodes. "I don't care," she says, "if it only goes with lemon snow—and what makes you think you'll be getting pumpkin pie, or even turkey?" Next she wants to know which, if any, of his famous Hollywood girl friends he's bringing this time, and slams down the phone.

Another ten minutes and Amy calls again. The quiet way she says "Ma" I know something's bothering her. But I kinda know it isn't me. This time all she wants is to make sure, if Bob calls again before whatever-the-hell-time-he-thinks-he's-going-to-show-up, that I don't tell him what she's cooking. Children get so competitive. Sibling rivalry they call it these days but kids never change—no matter how old they get.

She hasn't asked, but I guess I'll do my scalloped potatoes—the way Charlie always used to like them—and I've half a mind to call Bobby to ask if there's some special wine that goes with potatoes. But maybe it's better that I don't!

*Mary Cowham*



## *Welcome New Residents*

**Anne Winslow,**

from Concord, 11/22/13

**Joan Reddy,**

from Lexington, 11/27/13

**Jeanne Fischer,**

from New York City, 11/30/13

**Faye Gold,**

from Brookline, 12/17/13

**Stefan Zolnay,**

from Bedford, 1/2/14

**Ruth McLaughlin,**

from West Newbury, 1/2/14

**Richard Cohen,**

from Dover, 1/18/14

**Ruth Custance,**

from Lexington, 1/23/14

**James Freeman,**

from Lexington, 1/23/14

**Zynek (Joe) Zagaja,**

from Concord, 1/27/14

**Jennifer Price,**

from Lexington, 2/1/14

**Martha Maloney,**

from Bedford, 2/14/14



# Village

When the snow turned our campus white and the temperatures dipped below zero, we were treated to visits to Cuba (pictured) by Bill Gette and Morocco by Barry Pell. Off-site trips took us to the Gardner Museum, the Boston Public Library, and to Harbor Sweets for those who salivate over anything chocolate. Holiday events on campus included parties for one and all, concerts by visiting artists, and art and history lectures.

## **Cuba and Montana**

Bill Gette rarely disappoints us with his slide lectures rich with birdlife and local color. Few of us have been to Cuba, but Bill, Sanctuary Director of Mass Audubon's Joppa Flats Education Center, took us there in October where we were shown many historic sites such as Old Town Havana, and a variety of endemic species of birds at different island sites. In December, Bill recapped a trip to Montana to locations such as Glacier National Park where many of us were on more familiar ground. Red-eyed Grebes, Magpies, and Godwits were on display in rivers, ponds, and shore locations before he took us up to some of the higher peaks with pronghorns en route and close-ups of sure-footed mountain goats on impossibly steep terrain.

## **Piano and Cello Concert**

In early January, two young musicians, Yong Murray and Tricia Ho, shared their talents with us in a marvelous concert of classical selections. Mr. Murray performed works for the piano by Bach, Beethoven and Chopin, and Ms. Ho performed pieces for cello by Cassado and Chopin, accompanied in the latter by Mr. Murray. We are grateful that these young people, students at Columbia University and Williams College, took time from their winter breaks to bring their artistry to Carleton-Willard for our enjoyment.

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



## **A Year in Morocco**

A year in Morocco was world traveler Barry Pell's subject for a December program which was interesting for both eye and ear. Barry and his wife taught English and found part-time jobs in Casablanca, the country's largest city, and spent a year exploring this ancient country's varied landscapes and residents. They met people of all walks of life, in small villages and in busy cities, and marveled at the many topographical changes from the snow covered Atlas mountains to the dry, stony Sahara Desert. Many beautiful slides accompanied his talk and left us wanting to know more about this fascinating country.



# Happenings

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

## **Boston Public Library**

The Boston Public Library on Copley Square is the nation's oldest free public library. Housed in the original McKim Building and the newer Johnson Building, the library is an architectural masterpiece and home to some of the city's most magnificent spaces. Our guided tour took us from the grand marble-clad entrance hall, through the rare book collection and the Sargent Gallery where we viewed the *Triumph of Religion* murals, into Bates Hall, the 218 foot long, barrel vaulted reading room modelled on a Roman basilica, and the Abbey Room, highlighted by murals depicting *The Quest of the Holy Grail*, ending in a gallery featuring murals showing *The Muses*. Some of us also enjoyed a visit to the Leventhal Map Center, where we saw the first map printed in the colonies, a 1677 map of New England. After feasting on art and architecture, we gathered in the Courtyard Restaurant for a delicious lunch.

## **Harbor Sweets**

A happy group of residents visited the home of Harbor Sweets in Salem, where our tour guide showed us how this delicious chocolate candy is made entirely by hand. The retired founder, Ben Strohecker, paid a special visit to greet several of his good friends in our group, and to autograph his new children's book, *The Day the Ocean Changed to Chocolate*. We enjoyed generous numbers of sample chocolates, and purchased much candy for gifts or eating back home. Lunch at Capt.'s Harborside restaurant in Salem was enjoyable, though our appetites were somewhat curbed by our earlier visit to the candy factory.

## **Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum**

The tour of the museum was a blend of the treasured old and the wonderful new section. After lunch in the new café, we visited the new concert area, Calderwood Hall, with its unique shape: a square performance stage surrounded by single rows of comfortable seats at four levels. Great sight lines—and the acoustics are excellent. Treasuring the old as well as the new, we also visited the former music room. The tapestries were “at home” again after their trip to Belgium for much needed cleaning and care. The Room is now spacious and elegant. We also had time to explore on our own and revisit old favorites and the always blooming courtyard, with many thanks to “Mrs. Jack.”



## **Sargent Watercolors**

Each visit by Miriam Braverman, a lecturer from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is keenly awaited by Carleton-Willard residents. Her most recent talk highlighted the MFA's spectacular exhibit of ninety-two watercolors by John Singer Sargent. She emphasized his mastery of light and color, especially white, as illustrated in works done in Italy, the Swiss Alps, and the Middle East.

*Donna Argon*



## How Long Is A Hundred Years?

From the age of nine I was the eldest of five cousins and therefore stuck with responsibility for all of them, especially in vacation time. Pauline was much too small to join in most of our games, but my aunt was always insisting that I must include her in everything we did. One day I came up with what I thought was a great idea, and a very safe one for my four-year-old cousin.

After telling her she was Princess Pauline I successfully persuaded her to lie on the drawing room sofa and sleep for a hundred years. After which, I promised faithfully, Christine, Hugh, Michael, and I would come to her rescue—as soon as we had finished waging a battle royal with bows and arrows in the back yard. Alas, my nifty scheme backfired as it didn't take long for Pauline to find her way to the kitchen where she tearfully asked "How long is a hundred years?"

Needless to say I was in the doghouse. The battle royal was abruptly terminated and my aunt sent me to the freezing scullery to peel enough potatoes, in cold water, for all the family to eat at lunch that day. The job was done within an hour but my hands and feet felt like blocks of ice, and I simmered in silent fury at the unfairness of being the eldest when I wasn't even old.

*Mary Cowham*

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## Red Sox Triumph

Have you heard  
The latest word  
Above the din?  
If you want to win  
(And it's weird!)  
Just grow a beard!

From field to screen  
And in between,  
It's all the rage  
With every age.  
But take a care  
With all that hair!

*Sue Hay*

<i>In Memory</i>	
Anthony Capabianco	Nov. 18, 2013
Ursula (Sally) Moore	November 18
Eleanor B. (Eastman) Spinney	December 9
John R. Mannarino	December 15
Kathleen Russell	December 16
Ruth Davis	December 21
Rose Craven	December 25
Marjorie B. Healey	December 25
Rosalind Dickinson Kingsbury	December 26
Barbara (Beach) Meek	Jan. 1, 2014
Lawrence Doyle	January 4
Alfred G. Berwick	January 6
Margaret (Carter) Colony	January 12
Mary G. Holliday	February 7
Elizabeth Patchell	February 10





## A Dozen of Dogs



I don't know whether you have noticed, but the population at Carleton-Willard is expanding. It's not that we're packing them in at the cluster homes or facing an overflow in Badger Terrace, but rather that our four-footed friends have, with little notice, become a whole new sub-group here in the Village. Their owners have become a rather special, and especially sturdy, bunch of heroes and heroines who face early weather of all types in order to accomplish the necessary "morning walk" for their pets. And it's not just in the mornings; these folks meet their fitness requirements by hiking out with their four-legged family members through every kind of weather, from scorching heat and oppressive humidity to the rain, sleet, snow, and fierce cold which we've had this winter. Cheers to them all, and mentally give them a high-five when you see them strolling along the paths and roads on this campus.

As to the dogs themselves, they are a wonderful and varied crew, from the tiniest (I'm picturing Maddy, TinTin, and Toby, three small, white and fluffy dogs with backgrounds of exotic mixed breeds, each of whom could easily fit in your shopping bag), to the imposing pair of golden retrievers, Boomer and Carly, who are remarkably silent and very stately as they patrol our acreage. But orderly walking is not all they do. Behind Ross-Worthen and above the garden plots there is "The Dog Patch," a place where owners can take their pups for a romp off leash. As the weather improves this spring, you will probably catch a glimpse of them en route to the patch when you are on the croquet court or the putting green or having lunch on the terrace. They

are indeed lucky canines to have such a pleasant playground, and to belong to humans who worked to obtain that space for them. The "field of dreams" is a place where you may see our dogs, and there are those who take the long road with some of our residents who circle the Village on a daily basis.

Having passed a sort of exam, when they were interviewed along with their particular prospective residents before coming to Carleton-Willard, our dogs are allowed to come up to the "Big House" and walk along Main Street where they receive a great deal of attention from passersby, as long as they stop short at the end of the brass rail. According to state health mandates dogs are NOT allowed in the Victoria Café or any area where food is served, but that doesn't seem to bother our pooches who receive their treats in terms of affectionate words and kindly pats from those they meet on Main Street.

I remember my mother, when she was listing the groceries she needed, saying, "...and I'll need a dozen of eggs." Not a phrase that you



*Toby*

hear often nowadays, but one that came to mind as I counted up our dog population and found it had come to what we used to call "a round dozen." So with this substantial number of dogs in our midst, I'd like to hail them all and commend them to your attention. The origins of their interesting names is another whole story, so for now I'll just list and welcome Corey, Diego, Maddy, Katie, Poppy, Boomer, Ralphie, Oliver, Carly, Dover, TinTin and Toby, the first of our own "dozen of dogs."

*Neela Zinsser*













## Creditability

I have never yet had a scary note from the Internal Revenue Service or even the Mafia, but the leaflet from my credit card company is definitely intimidating. The print, single spaced, is teensy, of course.

I brewed tea and began to make my safari through the twenty-six numbered sections of stipulation, exhortation, and, purportedly, explanation.

A preamble tells me I must file the leaflet. Also, that if by a certain date I haven't instructed the company to drop my membership, the terms are binding "along with those of your other account materials for the full terms and conditions of your account." What "account materials" I wondered and read sadly on. Some of the meaning seemed hopelessly buried in the lawyerly style and vocabulary. But even I can figure out that it's mostly bad news. My status is wretchedly precarious and vulnerable. The company really does hold all the cards.

"Are they planning to dump me?" I wondered. "They don't like me anymore?" But after all, they had enticed me into membership with warm letters and offers that sounded very generous. Perhaps their staff had loused up when I was coaxed to join. My credit record is respectable, I thought, but not exciting. Perhaps it's as we say, "too Mickey Mouse?" I suppose a firm prefers a major rodent background: the kind of client who wanders into the boat show and impulsively charges a yacht, living quarters paneled in teak, including the computer room. The person who orders the yacht cannot, or anyway does not, pay cash down. He uses his card and gradually forks over enough dough in interest charges to subsidize at least a thirty-five foot Chris Craft, with cabin in polished pine? Probably, I reflected, they know I'm not likely to buy anything more pretentious than a rowboat.

The leaflet went on to explain that it was almost the same, except for one portion, as the agreement I had "originally signed." I was guiltily aware that I had probably never read that agreement. I assured myself defensively that no

lay person bothers to hack a path through such verbal jungles, but pictured myself out on the sidewalk in the rain with a few pathetic belongings, including my chaotic files.

If your card is refused when proffered, the company is not liable. This is not because your record with them is marked with a small skull and crossbones. You are not a deadbeat, or heavens forbid, trying to exceed your credit limit. Never do that. They come by at night to take you to the echoing vault where they keep the bear hungry. Also, take care not to "default." I don't know what it means, but I think the penalties include beheading.

Extra infuriating: "Even if you have funds available we may be unable to authorize credit due to operational difficulties or mistakes." Unable? But it's their fault when the poor chap at the checkout innocently tries to charge his yacht and is turned down!

"Finance charges" are defined in one hundred and thirty lines of print. I counted them, but I did not read them. Enough is enough, or too much?

It's hard to tear up a small plastic rectangle, but I managed. From now on I save up for that timeshare in Tahiti: pay cash, trust my bank. Or did I once sign an "agreement" with them?

*Edith Gilmore*

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## Leap Sweep

If all the brooms in all the world  
Were turned to kangaroos,  
I hope we'd cope politely and  
Respect all kangaviews.  
The media would stress, I guess,  
The latest kanganeews.

If there arose a problem or a failure,  
We could email Australia.

*Edith Gilmore*



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

Many residents express appreciation for the library without knowing how it began or evolved. I did some research into its history and learned that it played a formative role in the life of the Village from the very start.

A merger of two former homes for the elderly, Carleton-Willard was built in 1982 and the library was an essential part of its plan. With a key location along the passage between Main Street and Llewysac Lodge, it consisted of a single room (the reading room came later) with bookcases along the walls only. It was a multi-purpose room for six years. Until the auditorium was built in 1988 the only meeting spaces in the whole Village were Main Street and the library; larger meetings were held right on Main Street and smaller ones in the library. This was a challenge, but the library had its own life, resident driven from the start.

In point of fact it pioneered in resident involvement. From the beginning management sought resident leadership and participation in order to build community, but there was initial resistance. Volunteerism was a new idea to many. Seniors expected a passive role, to be provided for and waited on, with the notable exception of the library. Residents got involved in its formation from the outset. One resident, Dorothy Walker, and her sister assumed the leadership. All the first books were donated by residents. A committee was formed and the library was on its way. That was the beginning of the resident involvement which makes the Village what it is today. As Barbara Doyle puts it, “It all started with resident enthusiasm for the library and went on from there.”

When the auditorium was built in 1988, the library was no longer compromised. More bookcases would be acquired through the years and more books constantly purchased. One remain-

ing problem was the lack of a comfortable space to sit and read. This was widely recognized, so when Winthrop Terrace was built in 1993 the reading room was added and properly furnished. A glass entrance to the library was created, old bookcases were replaced, and the library had a new, relaxed identity.

In 1998 the bookcases in the middle of the room were added to make room for a growing collection of large print books. An oriental rug was also purchased for the reading room. The entire library committee went to Gregorian’s to select it. (Carleton-Willard has always paid for furnishings.) In 2008 a bookcase was bought for the exclusive display of brand new books. An important move has been the use of profits from the General Store to fund the library through the Residents’ Association. This is an impressive joining of resident effort, not only to run the library but to fund it.

Your library continues to make Carleton-Willard a creative and inter-dependent place, as it has done since 1982. A lot of resident labor and love go into it. There have been only six chairpersons in thirty-two years: Dorothy Walker, Douglas Krumber, Janet Buckingham, Gene Odell, yours truly, and now Kay Graff. Each has had a thoughtful library committee and many other volunteers. About thirty people keep the library running today and enjoy doing so—exemplary resident involvement. We can be deeply grateful for this history and for the opportunity to serve so many residents every day.

*Louis W. Pitt, Jr.*  
Library Committee



## Among the Newest

*Being a Rockefeller* by Eileen Rockefeller  
Eileen writes carefully and skillfully about the advantages and disadvantages of being born a Rockefeller

*The Round House* by Louise Erdrich  
A coming-of-age story set on an Indian reservation, told with deep understanding of Indian mores and ethical struggles

*My Promised Land* by Ari Shavit  
A new look at the triumph and tragedy of modern day Israel, offered by an amazing Israeli journalist

*The Death of Santini* by Pat Conway  
A family struggles with its father, a man you would love to hate but have to love

*Cat Sense* by John Bradshaw  
How the new feline science can make you a better friend to your cat

*Eleven Days* by Lea Carpenter  
A debut novel about a mother who awaits news of her Navy Seal son missing on an overseas mission

*Ties That Bind* by Dave Isay  
Ordinary people tell extraordinary life stories which were aired on NPR in ten years of StoryCorps

*The Pursuit of Mary Bennett*  
by Pamela Mingle  
A woman's search for identity and a man's quest for her affections—a romantic charmer of a book

*The Good Lord Bird* by Jim McBride  
A brilliant historical novel about abolitionist John Brown, narrated by a free slave boy who passes as a girl

*Harvest* by Jim Crace  
The inhabitants of an English village grapple with ominous events threatening their idyllic harvest festival

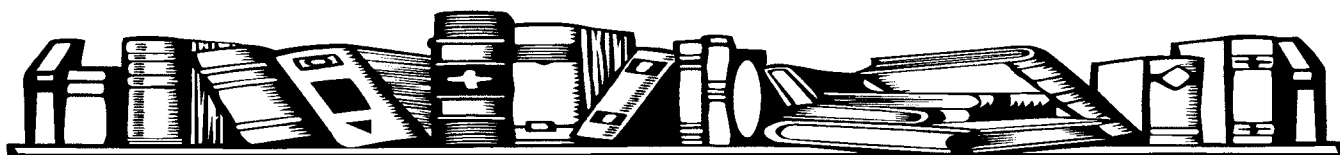
*The Faithful Scribe* by Shahan Mufti  
A Pakistani-American relates his family history to reveal the complex relationship of his two homelands

*Just One Evil Act* by Elizabeth George  
This is more than a typical kidnapping so Barbara Harris takes matters into her own hands

*David and Goliath* by Malcom Gladwell  
Fascinating, true stories of underdogs and misfits who overcome difficulties to become wildly successful in their different settings

*Ninety Percent of Everything* by Rose George  
All you want to know about the commercial shipping business, as the authoress travels worldwide on a container ship

*Louis W. Pitt, Jr.*



## Recent Library Acquisitions

(\* indicates Large Print)

### Art

Smith, Patti	Just Kids
Wilkinson, Philip	Great Design
(Smithsonian)	

### Biography

Campbell, Lady Colin	The Queen Mother
Isay, Dave	Ties That Bind
Katz, Jon	Second Chance Dog (*)
Mitford, Deborah	All in One Basket
Patchett, Ann	This Is the Story of a Happy Marriage
Perenyi, Ken	Caveat Emptor
Rockefeller, Eileen	Being a Rockefeller, Becoming Myself
Rosenblatt, Roger	The Boy Detective
Solomon, Deborah	The Life and Art of Norman Rockwell

### Current Affairs

George, Rose	Ninety Percent of Everything
Gladwell, Malcolm	David and Goliath
Mayer-Schonberger, V. & Cukier, K.	Big Data
Nawaz, Maajid	Radical
Omar, Qais Akbar	A Fort of Nine Towers
Shavit, Ari	My Promised Land
Stone, Brad	The Everything Store

### Drama

Kronenberg, Louis, Ed.	Cavalcade of Comedy
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### Environment

MacKinnon, J. B.	The Once and Future World
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### Fiction

Baldacci, David	The Christmas Tree
Baldacci, David	The Innocent
Beaton, M. C.	Something Borrowed, Someone Dead (*)
Carpenter, Lea	Eleven Days
Chiaverini, Jennifer	The Spymistress (*)

Coben, Harlan	The Innocent
Connelly, Michael	Chasing the Dime
Conway, Pat	The Death of Santini
Crace, Jim	Harvest
De Waal, Elisabeth	The Exiles Return
Drabble, Margaret	The Pure Gold Baby
Dubus, Andre III	Dirty Love
Faulks, Sebastian	Jeeves and the Wedding Bells
Flagg, Fannie	The All Girl Filling Station's Last Reunion (*)
George, Elizabeth	Just One Evil Act
Grisham, John	Sycamore Row
Harris, Tessa	The Devil's Breath
Kidd, Sue Monk	The Invention of Wings
Koontz, Dean	Innocence (*)
Lahiri, Jhumpa	The Lowland (*)
Lambkin, David	The Hanging Tree
Leon, Donna	Death at La Fenice
Lovett, Charlie	The Bookman's Tale (*)
MacNeal, Susan Elia	His Majesty's Hope
Mankell, Henning	A Treacherous Paradise
Martel, Yann	The Life of Pi
McBride, Jim	The Good Lord Bird
McBride, Jim	The Good Lord Bird (*)
McCarthy, Cormac	Cities of the Plain
McDermott, Alice	Someone (*)
Mingle, Pamela	The Pursuit of Mary Bennett
Moriarty, Liane	The Husband's Secret (*)
O'Flynn, Catherine	Mr. Lynch's Holiday (*)
Orner, Peter	Last Car Over the Sagamore Bridge
Orr, Elaine Neil	A Different Sun (*)
Patterson, James	Cross Country
Patterson, James & Karp, Marshall	Kill Me If You Can
Patterson, James & Ledwidge, Michael	I, Michael Bennett

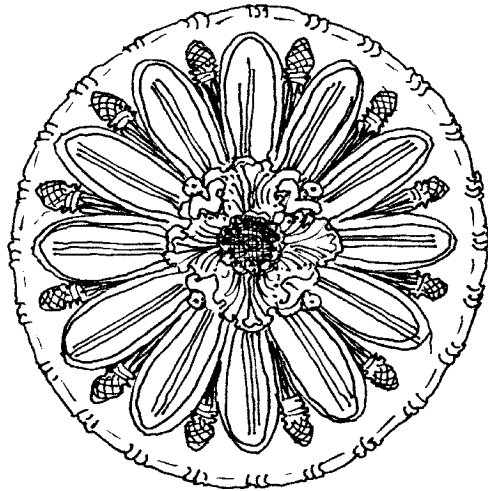




Patterson, James & Roughtan, Howard	Don't Blink	<b>Nature</b>	
Perry, Anne	The Face of a Stranger	Bradshaw, John	Cat Sense
Perry, Anne	A Christmas Hope (*)	<b>Poetry</b>	
Quindlen, Anna	One True Thing	Collins, Billy	Aimless Love
Segal, Lore	Half the Kingdom	Hildebidle, John	Signs, Translation
Shreve, Anita	Stella Bain	Keillor, Garrison	Good Poems
Smith, Alexander	The Minor Adjustment	Kinnell, Gallway & Liebmann, Hannah	The Essential Rilke
McCall	Beauty Salon (*)	Lindsay, Vachel	Collected Poems
Smith, Alexander McCall	The Minor Adjustment	Milosz, Czeslaw	New and Collected Poems (1931-2001)
	Beauty Salon	Ricks, Christopher, Ed.	The Oxford Book of English Verse
Smith, Martin Cruz	Tatiana	Todd, Mabel Loomis & Higginson, T.W., Eds.	Collected Poems of Emily Dickinson
Spann, Susan	The Claws of the Cat (*)	Vendler, Helen	Poems, Poets, Poetry
Sparks, Nicholas	The Longest Ride (*)	Wilbur, Richard	Collected Poems 1943-2004
Taylor, Patrick	Fingal O'Reilly, Irish Doctor (*)	<b>Resident Authors</b>	
Varley, John	Slow Apocalypse	Boot, John & Cox, Edwin	Statistical Analysis for Managerial Decisions
Vickers, Salley	The Cleaner of Chartres (*)	Cox, Edwin et al	The Bank Director's Handbook
Wagner, Bruce	The Empty Chair	<b>Religion</b>	
<b>Health and Wellness</b>		The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints	The Book of Mormon; The Doctrine and Covenants; The Pearl of Great Price
Benaji, M. R. & Greenwald, A. G.	Blindspot	Lamott, Anne	Stitches (*)
Butler, Katy	Knocking on Heaven's Door	<b>Science</b>	
Pollan, M. & Kalman, M.	Food Rules	Gleick, James	Genius: The Life and Science Of Richard Feynman
<b>History</b>		<b>Travel</b>	
Bryson, Bill	One Summer	Blauner, Andrew, Ed.	Our Boston
Cooke, Alistair	Alistair Cooke's America	Bublitz, Siv, Ed.	The World of Rosamunde Pilcher
Edsell, Robert	Saving Italy	Leon, Donna	My Venice and Other Essays
Goodwin, Doris Kearns	The Bully Pulpit	Thubron, Colin	To a Mountain in Tibet
Kanigel, Robert	On an Irish Island	Vaughan, Jon	Coastal Effects
Matthews, Chris	Tip and the Gipper (*)		
Mufti, Shahan	The Faithful Scribe		
New York Times	Page One		
Suarez, Ray	Latino Americans		
Torricelli, Robert & Carroll, Andrew, Eds.	In Our Own Words		
<b>Miscellaneous</b>			
Mah, Ann	Mastering the Art of French Eating (*)		

(\* indicates Large Print)

*Katherine F. Graff*





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