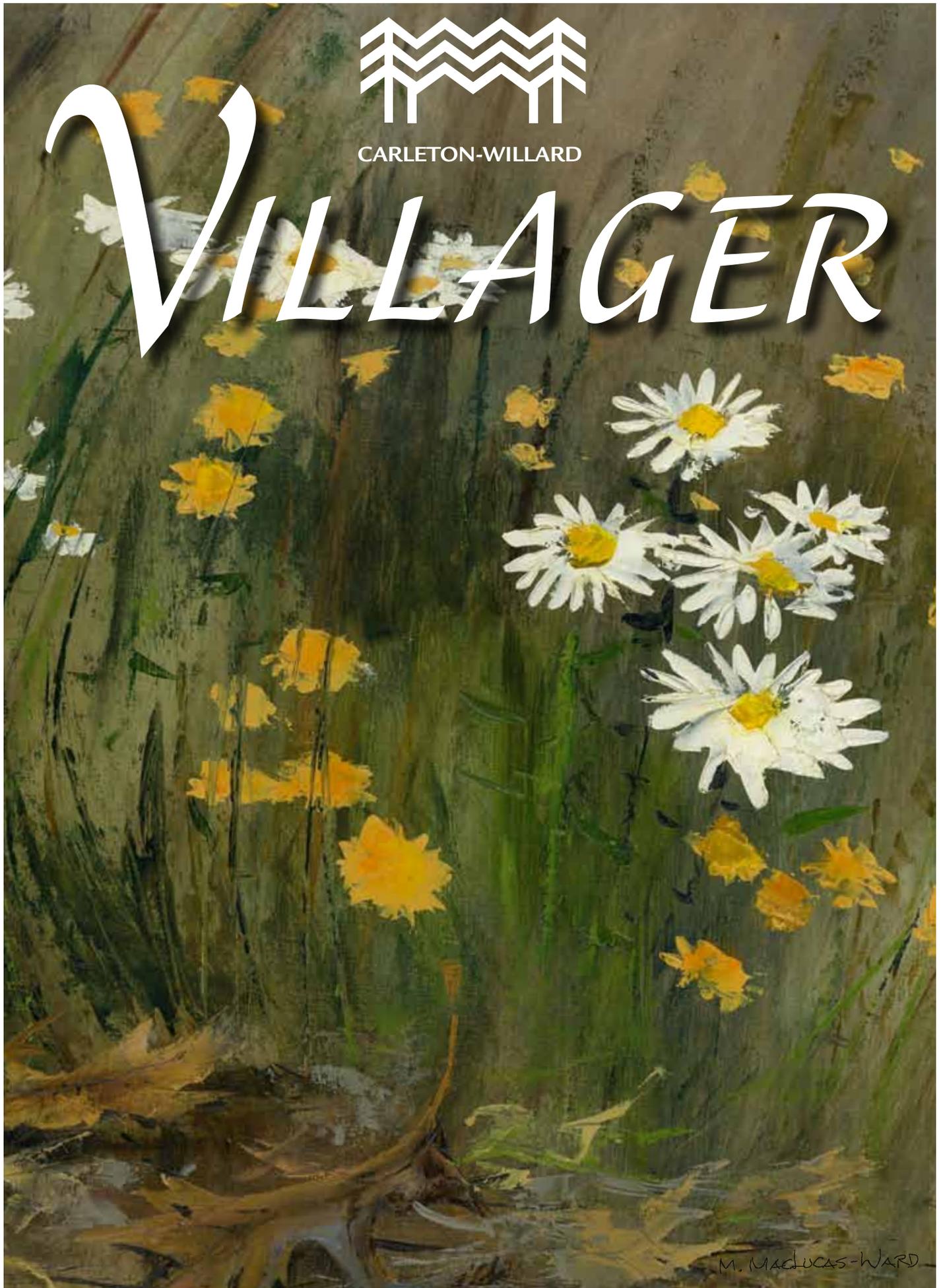




CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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Co-Editor's Corner



Contributors to this issue of the Villager have surprised and delighted the editors with their variations on the theme of "Breaking Ground". Starting with the breaking up of rock to make way for a garden, articles touch on innovation or reinvention in the classroom, architecture, and medical practice to name a few. Breaking with tradition, "thinking outside the box" infuse these pieces and their authors.

As always, we have also welcomed articles and poems unrelated to the issue's theme, and are particularly happy when authors new to us submit their work.

This issue has particular significance because after nine years on the Villager Board, Mary Cowham is stepping down as Editor. For eight productive years she was Jim Stockwell's invaluable Associate Editor. Following Jim's untimely death last summer, she agreed to lead the *pro tem* triumvirate of Co-Editors for the December 2014 and March 2015 issues. In mentoring her neophyte Co-Editors, Mary has been generous in sharing her experience, skills and wisdom. It is a bonus that her wit and humor have often made our sharp learning curve a laughing matter.

We, the remaining Co-Editors, feel special gratitude to Mary, who through her years on the Villager has made a unique contribution to the quality of life in the community. We thank her for that, hope she will rest on her laurels and finally get back to her long put aside family stories promised to relatives around the world.

Onward now to springtime and to future Villagers. We'll be letting you know soon what the theme of the June issue will be, and will eagerly anticipate your submissions on that or any subject which takes your fancy.

Alice Morrish *Peggy McKibben* Co-Editors



C o n t e n t s

Cover – *Early Spring Flowers* by Mariwood (Woody) Ward

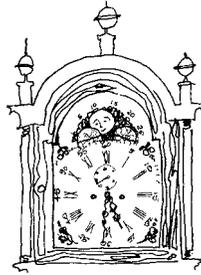
Sketches – by Anne Schmalz and Connie Devereux

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From the Chief Executive Officer



“Every new beginning comes from some other beginning’s end.” – Seneca the Younger

New Year’s resolutions are strange things indeed. Many of us make them. Most that do fail to keep them. And one year down the road, we’re making many of the same ones again.

This year was no different. I enthusiastically greeted January 1 with a freshly-minted set of resolutions. And this year, of course, I have every intention of sticking to my resolve!

Just what is this power that resolutions (more accurately, the *promise* of a resolution) has over us? I think it’s the idea of making a fresh start. There is nothing greater than the notion that one can reinvent one’s self, that it’s never too late to start anew.

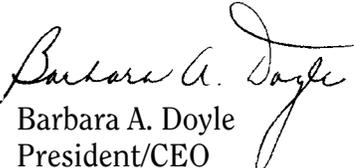
The great philosophers called this *tabula rasa* – literally, Latin for “blank slate.” Tabula rasa means we get a clean sheet upon which to write the next chapter of our lives, and without any attachments to the past.

When we were kids, we called this a “do-over.” That’s what resolutions really are, aren’t they? A brand new beginning on our personal timelines.

But oh, keeping them – that is another thing altogether, isn’t it?

Not to worry. New beginnings never really “end”; they simply usher in another new beginning. Resolutions we don’t keep are less a setback than they are one more step on our personal journeys. Much more important than keeping a resolution is keeping the desire to turn over that fresh page and break new ground. Eventually the successes come, some occasionally life-changing.

So here’s my wish to you all: Keep turning the page. And may 2015 be your best year ever!


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Breaking Ground



Seeking a larger home for our four sons, ages thirteen to toddler, we found a comfortable home in Bedford and were welcomed by neighbors with families.

Our lot was nearly double in size, bordered at the rear by an old stone wall and real woods. The backyard had a large stone outcropping which we later learned was a remnant of a prehistoric volcano – very exciting for the boys.

I claimed a sizeable corner of the backyard for a new vegetable garden. But – oh, my! There were so many rocks visible through the sod that I knew a rototiller couldn't do much. Maybe, just maybe a big, old plow horse and a plow could break that ground for my garden?

Being an ignorant newcomer to town, I didn't know whom to call – so I called Mrs. Brown, the Town Historian, assuming that she knew everyone in town. I explained my problem and Mrs. Brown said she thought that old Mr. Wayne, on Concord Road, still had a plow horse. He must have been shocked and amused when he got my call, but he agreed to come over with his horse and plow on a sunny morning the next week.

The morning arrived, bright and beautiful. I alerted my neighbors with small children and they arrived in my backyard. Soon we heard it – coming up Wildwood Drive from North Road – “clippety-clop, clippety-clop.” There's no other sound like *that*, and the horse looked *HUGE!*

Eventually, we had a nice little garden area cleared, plowed, and planted. We enjoyed it for years, and my sons learned the joy of growing things.

Sometimes, even now, on one of those perfect mornings in May, I like to stand outdoors and remember “clippety-clop, clippety-clop. Whoa!”

Donna Argon

Breaking Ground in a New Country

We had left our home in Altadena, California on Labor Day 1965. Now we were in the Border Crossing Office in Blaine, Washington/Surrey, British Columbia with our sons, Bill, still four, and Tommy, two. We had had a wonderful time traveling up the West Coast, seldom using freeways, stopping at places my husband, Gordon, and I both loved and wanted our boys to know, finally arriving in Seattle where we spent happy days with Gordon's parents, brother and sister and their families.

It had been a splendid journey and now the Trans-Canada beckoned us on to Toronto where Gordon had accepted the transfer to Canadian Bureau Chief for *Business Week*.

But first we had to be accepted into this new country. Gordon had all our paperwork ready for presentation. We also had our boys. Bill kept announcing to the agent that we were “Going to Kinida” in a sing-song voice that made me think of the yellow brick road to Oz. Tommy, our usually well-behaved son, immediately crawled under the agent's desk and refused to budge.

The poor agent tried to remain calm and go over his long list of questions: “What is your ancestry?” “Well, both our families have lived in the United States for several generations.” “Yes, but I need your ancestry.” “Oh,” said Gordon, looking surprised, “Scotch-Irish, I guess.” “Can't be both. Scotch or Irish?” “Well, Scotch”. “And you?” I, too, had been ready with the Scotch-Irish answer but quickly switched to “English”, which I thought was partially true.

After further questions to Gordon about where he had previously worked, lived, studied, the agent shifted his chair, turned to me and said “Well, you will receive a cheque for \$24.00 Canadian each month -- \$12.00 for each child. I assume these two are your only children?” “Well, yes,” I replied in surprise adding confessionally, “I don't know if we really need . . .” “Oh, you will get the cheque; all mothers in Canada get the ‘baby bonus’,” he responded with a smile. (Later when we learned how expensive everything was in Toronto I greeted the cheque with joy, frequently using it in part pay-



ment for shoes for growing young feet).

With that we were issued our Green Cards. We hauled Tom from under the desk and were welcomed into the land of the Maple Leaf.

What followed was a splendid unforgettable trip full of adventure, followed by five years in booming Toronto where the boys started school, learned to ice skate and to sing all the verses of “O Canada”, where we all got used to “eh”, watched the political rise of Pierre Elliot Trudeau, were comforted by kind Canadian friends over the loss of Robert F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, celebrated Canada’s 100th birthday, had a wonderful time at Expo ’67 and enjoyed vacations in the Maritime Provinces and the Gaspé Peninsula.

Five years later when the time came for another move, both the boys were distraught. Each of them had good pals, teachers they loved, their driveway hockey games, a college-aged baby-sitter who was like a young aunt, the nearby ravine splendidly named Serena Gundy Park where they loved to toboggan.

Gordon had greatly enjoyed his work which coupled international politics with business reporting. I had made many friends among neighbors and volunteers. For all of us it was a real wrench to leave. Gordon later said that one of the hardest things he had ever had to do was to watch through the rear-view mirror as Bill’s best friend, David, ran down the street after us, Bill kneeling on the back seat, both boys waving valiantly till we turned the corner.

Once again we had our papers ready when we got to the border crossing, expecting to be directed to an agent’s office for re-entry. We told the guard we had lived in Canada for five years and were returning for Gordon’s transfer to Boston. “Well,” he said, “Bet you’re glad to be back. On your way.”

That wouldn’t happen now but even then we drove on in amazement. The guard was a nice young man with a warm smile, but to have him refer to five tremendous, tumultuous years in such a manner left us stunned. Of course we love the United States, our country and our home. We had always planned to return to the USA but to each of us our years in Canada were a gift for which we would always be grateful.

Peggy McKibben



Welcome New Residents

Caroline Palmer,
from Bedford, 11/9/14

Elizabeth (Bettina) Peabody
from Hancock, New Hampshire, 11/21/14

Lila Hexner,
from Cambridge, 12/12/14

On Imitation Vegetation

Aligned upon my window sills
are plants susceptible to ills,
to many kinds of fell disease,
including blight and botts.
I’ve got a little lemon tree
that isn’t what it used to be
– the same, alas, applies to me –
I own a nervous ivy that is coming
out in spots.

My tuberous begonia has something
like pneumonia,
the philodendron lost its leaves, the
coleus is spastic.

Abundant tiny insect life
increases stress, and even strife,
but not a plant is plastic.

Though leaves of polyethylene
remain forever fresh and green,
I would rather take my chance,
with my motley group of plants.
Something potted when I’ve got it,
may (or may not) often thrive,
at the least it is (or was) alive.

Edith Gilmore



Eye to Eye with a Bandit



The shrubs sure liked the “super” fertilizer we’d spread last autumn. So did the weeds.

Because of my tight work schedule, I had little time to tend a garden, but nature must have designated this very day for weeding.

The bright sun warmed the soil, the breeze was balmy, and the ancient plastic tablecloth (saved for such an occasion) prevented my sitting on the damp earth. Add the quiet and the day was perfect. But the weeds flourished and they had to go, so chores ruled the day.

What was that sound? Was that singing? Only a tiny current of air caused me to look up. On a delicate twig, still bouncing, was a bird, hardly more than ten inches from my nose.

The black band across his eyes inspired the name Bandit. He was examining me as intensely as I studied him. I wondered what he thought of me. I guess he decided I was harmless. He cocked his head, that beady black eye visible in the black band. He flicked his tail, allowing me to see his plumage, mostly yellow with flecks of green. His black mask was as smooth as velvet, a dramatic contrast.

That evening I opened Peterson’s *Field Guide to Birds* and found a yellowthroat warbler. Bandit never warbled for me!

This brief encounter with nature has been treasured for more than fifty years, just as clear in my mind as that summer day so long ago.

Juliette M. Hill

Reinventing the Past

In the late 1950s, Chairman Mao Tse-tung encouraged the resurrection of ancient Chinese medicine, which includes the use of acupuncture but neither a foundation in science nor the sophisticated paraphernalia we consider indispensable. Chinese healers promptly complied. This form of treatment was brought to the attention of the West in 1971 when James Reston, a respected NYT journalist, wrote about his emergency appendectomy while covering the international ping-pong games held in China. The operation was performed by Chinese surgeons with scant exposure to Western medicine and the English language. For many readers, the most interesting part of his article was about the successful control of his postoperative abdominal bloating by means of Chinese acupuncture. This consists of inserting very fine needles into specific points along “meridians”, empirically determined lines over different parts of the body. The points chosen for needling are not necessarily near the location of the pain or the organ being treated. In Reston’s case, one needle was inserted in an elbow, two others below each knee.

“Acupuncture” is a 17th century English word meaning the insertion of a needle into the body as a form of treatment. Initially recommended for “the gout”, the needle was inserted into the swollen, painful joint. Anyone who has ever had an attack of gout will see this is torture, not treatment. However, in those days, the name gout was often applied to a swollen joint whatever the cause. It was not until 1848 that gout was recognized as distinct from other forms of arthritis. There were a few reports of needling for various conditions, but there was not much enthusiasm for its use by either patients or practitioners in the West.

Totally ignorant about acupuncture and intrigued by Reston’s experience, I set out to learn more about it, thinking it might help patients with rheumatic disorders. I was surprised to learn that in the 1890s, Dr. William Osler (1849-1919) in his textbook *Principles and Practice of Medicine* recommended acupuncture for the treatment of “lumbago”, an old term for chronic low back



pain. He called it the most efficient treatment and said that in many cases relief was “immediate and extraordinary”. He used a sterile solid needle 3 to 4 inches in length, which he inserted into the painful spot in the back to a depth of about 2 inches and kept it in place for a few minutes. He stated that a sterile hatpin would do nicely. In resistant cases he added “blistering”, a traditional Chinese treatment often used with acupuncture or by itself. It consists of producing a blister by burning a small cone of leaves on the skin over the painful area, or by applying a heat or mustard plaster to the area, procedures called “moxibustion”.

Osler wrote that he learned of acupuncture from Dr. Sydney Ringer, a noted physiologist while studying with him in England. It is not known whether Ringer and Osler knew about Chinese traditional medicine, but their use of two forms of Chinese treatment suggests that they might have. Osler’s reputation earned him many referrals. Peter Redpath was a wealthy Canadian and potential donor to McGill University Faculty of Medicine in Montreal where Osler worked at the time. He had suffered from lumbago for years so he arrived hopefully at Osler’s office. The latter thrust his needle into the painful spot repeatedly, each time eliciting “a string of oaths” from the patient, who soon took off in a huff and probably in more pain than when he arrived. Osler was sure he’d lost “a million for McGill”— he was correct. At some time after this experience Osler gave up the practice of acupuncture, and needling in general entered a fallow period for about fifty years.

Dr. Janet Travell changed all of that. An American physician, she had discovered that needling “trigger points” she could feel in the patient’s back resulted in relief of pain in the area. At first she injected the points with a local anesthetic, but she found that a salt solution or even dry needling worked just as well. Her reputation led her to Senator John F. Kennedy’s painful back in 1955 and her results were so good that, when he became President, Kennedy appointed her as his personal physician, a position she also held during the first sixteen months of Lyndon Johnson’s presidency. “Trigger points” proved to be controversial and ephemeral and, while Oslerian needling ended up as an historical footnote, traditional

Chinese acupuncture has flourished throughout the world despite our ignorance of how it works when it does.

Each spring as we break the ground in our gardens, we reinvent the past. Medical lore does also.

Luis Fernandez-Herlihy

Combat



Outside the kitchen window
nearly straight overhead
a thumb-print-sized helicopter
preceded by its sound
bursts
out of the treetops and
whicker whicker whickering
slowly descends and grows
beating and threatening
everything around.

But here on the kitchen sill
domestic and close
a potful of narcissus
miniatures a house gift
lifts
bravely in our defense
ten brilliant yellow trumpets
that in silent concert
blaring fortissimo
drive it snarling hence.

Craig Hill



Break A Leg

Long-time residents of this area will know the Brattle Theater in Cambridge, where many have seen classic films and cartoons, Bogart festivals and other shows. Actually it has had many roles in the past, changing ownership over the years.

In the late forties and early fifties, three Harvard students acquired the building, remodeled it as a playhouse, called it the Harvard Veterans' Theatre, and presented productions of Shakespeare, Shaw, Chekov, and other playwrights. It was supported by students, faculty and play lovers of Cambridge. Well-known actors, including Zero Mostel, Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, were brought from Broadway or England to play the leads.

My late husband, Peter, was one of the partners, and because he was at the Harvard Business Graduate School he was made General Manager.

As sometimes happens, ill feelings can erupt and can influence decisions and actions. One night the group was presenting "King Lear". Peter was in the part of the Duke of Kent, Lear's good friend and defender. Near the end of the scene he was to fence with an opponent of the king, played by an ill-tempered apprentice who was resentful of the fact that Peter would not pay for rehearsal time.

As the group's choreographer, I had carefully rehearsed the two fencers so the blows would look dangerous but, in reality, would be quite harmless. At the very end of the scene, Kent has a beautiful speech before he is put into stocks. On this night the apprentice ignored the choreography and actually struck Peter a hard blow near the knee. Blood gushed forth onto the stage but Peter delivered the speech splendidly and fell into the stocks as he was supposed to do.

The curtain closed, the stage hands came on stage, and realized Peter was bleeding profusely.

One of the partners dashed in front of the curtain and shouted, "Is there a doctor in the house?" Two debonair young men rushed forward and ran backstage. The first looked at the

gory scene and said, "Oh, I can't possibly help here; I'm a psychiatrist!" The second, turning ashen and clutching the curtain, stammered, "I haven't yet learned to deal with blood," and both rapidly exited stage left!

Someone managed to get a tourniquet on Peter's leg to staunch the bleeding and the British actor portraying Lear got Peter into his car and rushed him to Mt. Auburn Hospital where he spent over two weeks in recovery.

Ironically, because no one wanted to cause a sensation that would jeopardize the future of the playhouse, the errant fencer was allowed to continue in the role during the run but was never hired again.

Only in Cambridge!

Gigi Temple

Outer Spaced

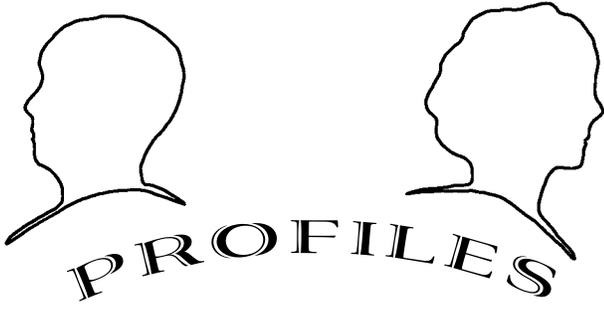
Dismayingly the planets spin
around a sun that's flying in
the cosmos.

Even worse –
as grim astronomers can prove –
the galaxies in billions move
apart, diluting, sinister,
a transient universe.

Those traitor light years – someone hints –
are slipping by us faster –
Those hungry holes – the rumor goes –
are growing blacker, vaster.

Won't someone please retrieve
my head, that planetoid?
It's floating south of Vega in
the interstellar void.

Edith Gilmore

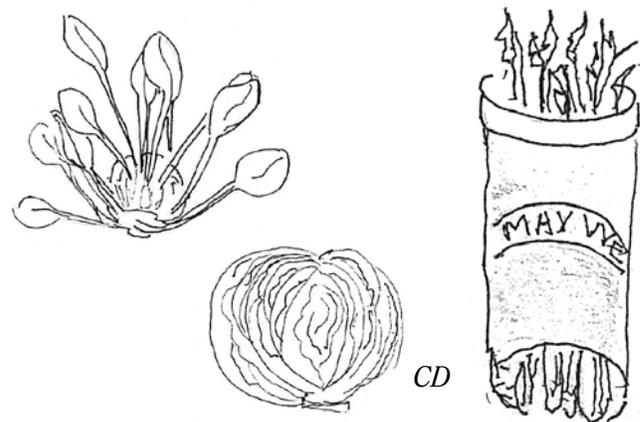




Kohlrabi for the War Effort

During World War II my father, who was General Manager of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, was given the government assignment of allocating the supply of copper wire around the nation. Since that assignment kept him out of the armed services, he decided it would be great if we had a Victory Garden.

There was an empty field a block from our house so off we went with rake, wheelbarrow and seeds. I don't recall what seeds we planted but I do remember that the only things that came up were kohlrabi, cabbage and celery.



Where were the usual beets, carrots, and onions, I wonder now. Who knows! I do remember funny round kohlrabi which I had never seen before. Then there was cabbage which came to our table as coleslaw or sauerkraut and you don't need to eat those very often, but we did. Finally, we had celery which, as it grew taller, we surrounded with two pound coffee tins so it would blanch white.

I'm not sure we helped the war effort with our Victory Garden but we were very pleased with ourselves and our work together.

Connie Devereux



Chorus Angelorum

I was ten years old when my beloved Shirley Temple movies gave me the idea that I should become an actress. I took elocution lessons and practiced hard. Best effects were achieved in the bath tub at night with both faucets running to provide a crashing accompaniment to my small voice. Now I needed an entrée into the artistic life. At Christmas the family was going to London to see a special production of a Nativity play, *Chorus Angelorum*, written by my uncle, Dermot Morrah, with music by Sir Walford Davis, Master of the King's Music. It was to have only one Sunday charity performance at the Duchess Theater in aid of a large children's hospital. It starred several big theater names, with various small roles played by children. And then came the miracle. The night before we were to go my aunt phoned my Mum to ask if I would stand in for someone who had come down with chicken pox. She said that this was a speaking part, and dictated it for my mother to give it to me. I was to say, "Greetings and peace from Balthazar the King, Lord of the Wilderness to you I bring."

All the way to London I practiced "my lines," and Mum threatened my siblings with "Not a word from you two." I was dropped off at the theatre where "Liz" would be in charge of me. First wardrobe, then makeup, and then meet the Director. He greeted me with "Hello Sonny," and told me to speak loud and clear to reach the Upper Balcony. He pointed to the empty house. Try as I might my words were scratchy and fell into the orchestra pit. For Curtain Call I would tag along with the angels right downstage by the footlights. "MOVE FORWARD," emphasized the Director. Liz then took me to a huge room upstairs and said, "Wait until I call for you." A lot of kids were there, all giggly as they went on to play their parts. They ignored me. I just sat ... and sat. Finally Liz appeared. "You're on," she said and left. I climbed downstairs, as far as I could go. Whoops, too far! I was in the orchestra pit. Panic stricken, I forced my jellied legs to take me up one flight. Hands grabbed me and pushed me on stage. I saw the scenery was still

set for the weekday scheduled play, "Murder in the Cathedral", by T.S.Eliot. There were lots of actors on the stage, but I didn't know which one was my "Lord of the Wilderness." When I felt a poke in my back, I turned toward what I thought might be a bunch of kings and in a trembling voice I shouted out my lines. Perhaps I reached a few front rows of the audience, but in an era where microphones were not used I had no help. Liz found me and said I should wait backstage for the curtain call. In the dark I leaned against a pile of ropes and tried not to throw up.

At the final moment, I joined the angels on stage and, as instructed, I moved FORWARD – all the way to the bright footlights. But when the applause died down and the audience was gone I turned to leave. It was a shock to find I was all alone. The show was over. The rigid fire curtain had come down behind me and was locked tight into the track that held it against the proscenium arch. No spark or flame could move between the front of the house and the stage, and neither could I. It was a complete shut out. A house usher beckoned to me and told me to jump off the stage. When I fell on the floor she picked me up and dusted me off.

That was my ground breaker. I believe *Chorus Angelorum* was performed again at the Vaudeville Theatre the following year. I guess they managed quite well without me.

Stephanie Rolfe

Graces

My family of five moved from a small, downstate town of 5,000 to Chicago when I was three years old. Luckily I found a playmate right away living right across the street. Grace also had two older brothers but hers were already in college while mine were only five and six. (Grace once gave me a small beautiful silver miniature horse because I had always admired it when we went into her brother Jim's bedroom when he wasn't home.) When playing Cowboys and Indi-



ans, Grace and I were always the Indians and of course we were always captured.

It was fun to have Grace as my constant companion. She helped me pull up the next door neighbor's red tulips to give to my mother after I overheard my mother remark she wished she had some flowers as pretty as those tulips. Grace's mother just laughed about the incident and did not punish her, but my mother was very upset and gave me a spanking before marching me next door to apologize.

Grace and I were in the same classroom each year in grammar school though the teachers had wisely not allowed us to be seated near one another. One severe winter we decided to be mean to a girl Grace had taken a disliking to. At recess and on the way home, we'd snatch Jane's hat and run away with it. After a week or so, Jane was out of school with a severe cold, and Grace's parents and mine received harsh letters saying that our very bad behavior had caused their daughter's serious illness. Grace's parents replied that it was a childish prank and we had meant no harm. My parents took a sterner view. I did not leave my bedroom for a week except for meals and school.

The next year we decided we were old enough to take up smoking. As packs of cigarettes were always lying around Grace's house, it was easy for her to "borrow" one and bring it to a deserted garage I found about a mile from our homes. It was not a very satisfactory experience for me but Grace was a natural. This preceded my mouth being thoroughly washed out with strong bitter soap two days in a row. Not so for Grace.

Not long afterwards, Grace's parents announced they were moving to Evanston, Illinois to be nearer to Grace's grandmother following the death of her grandfather. I do remember "grandpa's" funeral; it was the first funeral Grace or I had attended. We sat at the front among her family and hugged each other throughout the service.

Thereafter we tried to keep in close touch. As we matured we were allowed to take a Rock Island suburban train and the "El" for our weekend visits. During our high school years, Grace became a cheerleader for her large subur-

ban school and, in her senior year, editor of the yearbook. I too kept busy on every high school committee that I led.

Eventually, Grace married a high school classmate, traveled with him to medical school and finally to his successful career in California. Many years later when I was living in New York state I received word from Grace's husband Bob that she had died that day. Later still, I was visited by Grace's youngest child, named Ruth. We agreed that her mother's move to Evanston was a blessing for us both. Who knows? We might have ended up in some reform school in our teenage years. My youngest daughter, named Grace, also agreed.

Oh, did I mention that Grace's brother Jim lovingly called her "little bandit"?

Ruth McDade

Early April

The sun speaks a language
the wind does not understand.

Gusts snap kindling
from leafless trees

and whip sand like tsunamis
off pavement.

Skim ice at dawning
is puddle by noon,

Sparrows flush fleas in its wash.

Robins chortle, crows tug at wattle,

Narcissi push blades through
winter's detritus.

Sun's warmth on my shoulder
is a beneficence.

Peggy Engel



Village

Icelandic Wonders

Bill Gette, Director of Audubon's Joppa Flats Center in Newburyport, presented an illustrated talk on his recent trip to Iceland. An isolated island in the North Atlantic, 40,000 square miles of mostly uninhabitable area, Iceland is home to 326,000 people, many engaged in the island's primary industry, fishing. Trees and flowers grow low to the ground, adapted to the high winds. Volcanos, glaciers, waterfalls and geysers create a spectacular, ever changing landscape. In his remarkable pictures, Bill introduced us to the Common and Thick-billed Murres, Black-legged Kittiwakes, Common Redshanks and the Red-necked Phalarope. Many birds on the island are similar to species seen here, but differ in color, size or markings.

A Friendly Snake

A group of residents, some comfortable, some cautious, and others just curious, greeted naturalist Maya Ruetzger-Cruciana and her friend Mouser, a three year old corn snake weighing under 5 ounces. Maya called her presentation "Snakes for People Who are Afraid of Snakes" and succeeded in converting most of the cautious into comfortable. Like most snakes, Mouser is smooth, dry, and cool to touch, and shy. There are just two species of venomous snakes in Massachusetts, and only a few hundred of them survive, on rocky outcrops high on mountains. We have nothing to fear from most snakes, while they have many good reasons to fear us.

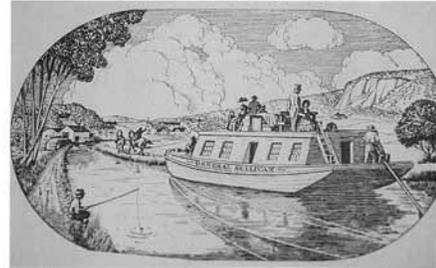
Wayside Quartet

Residents and friends gathered to hear the world premiere of resident Kay Barney's String Quartet in A minor, "Reflections", performed by Concord's Wayside Quartet. Each movement represents the unique nature of a season. One highlight arrived in the third movement, when we heard the sounds of a horse, a dog and a cow, all standing near as a sleeping *campesino* dreamed of his sweetheart. A CD of Kay's 35-minute work dedicated to his wife, Marian, is available in our CD library.

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

The Old Middlesex Canal

On a fall day, residents took a trip to sites along the old Middlesex Canal. The canal ran from the Concord River, in north Billerica, to Boston and operated from 1803 to 1861.



We enjoyed lunch at a restaurant in the Baldwin mansion in Woburn, the homestead of the prime mover in this project. A remnant of the canal was visible near the house. We visited the Middlesex Canal Museum in an old factory building near the start of the canal. There we had an introduction to its history and the many exhibits and murals. We ended with a serenade by the official canal troubadour, resident Paul Wiggin, "Haulin' down to Boston on the Middlesex Canal".

Communities for Restorative Justice

Carleton-Willard Trustee James Saltonstall led a presentation about a nonprofit organization in which he is active, Communities for Restorative Justice. C4RJ organizes partnerships between police and citizens of a community to foster understanding between offenders and those harmed by their actions. When police, offender and victim agree to the process, they gather with a "keeper" in a "circle" to seek agreement on a remedy, usually involving a letter of apology, restitution, and exercises on decision-making. Often, the offenders are youthful and the crimes involve property damage. When successful, the process keeps the offender from having the crime recorded on his/her record. Lexington, Bedford, and Concord are among the twelve participating communities.



Happenings

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

Shackleton's Endurance Expedition

Ed Webster, son of resident Dorothea Webster, offered an illustrated presentation on "Shackleton's Endurance Expedition: The Most Famous Survival Story of All Time!"



Sailing from England in 1913, Sir Ernest Shackleton led a group of twenty-seven men, who hoped to make the first crossing of Antarctica. Their wooden ship *Endurance* became trapped in, and eventually was crushed by, pack ice. Almost three years after they sailed, having survived the world's worst seas and trekking over uncharted islands while experiencing frost-bite and near starvation, Shackleton brought every man safely home. While the expedition failed to achieve its goal, it deservedly became known as "the most famous survival story of all time".

The War on Drugs

Resident Bruce Williams spoke at the Men's Breakfast on "Why does the U.S. imprison more of its citizens than other countries?" After citing the Declaration of Independence references to protection of life and liberty, he noted that the U.S. prison population began to rise dramatically in the early 1970's, following the start of the "war on drugs". He posed the question "Do our drug laws protect our liberties or violate them?" A discussion followed on the role of marijuana-related crimes and plea bargains in the disproportionate impact of the "drug war" on young African-American males. The succession of tragic interactions between this population and police made this discussion timely.

A Trip to the Concord Museum

Traveling under a grey sky that promised light snow, residents arrived at the Concord Museum in a holiday mood to enjoy the 19th annual Family Trees exhibit. Scattered throughout the museum were 39 Christmas trees, each decorated to match the theme of a children's book. Each book was near the tree, allowing us to enjoy the illustrations and the tree together. Parents and teachers in our group recognized many of the books, which were for sale in the museum shop. A private, decorated room awaited us at the Colonial Inn, where we enjoyed lunch, before returning home through the snow.

A Holiday Celebration

Two days before Christmas, the Village Thesians and Handbell Ringers presented a Holiday Celebration of seasonal songs and recitations. Familiar carols from the chorus were interspersed with solo and group performances, including "Oh Holy Night" and "The Sleigh Song". Recitations included "Twas the Night before Christmas", poems by Robert Frost and resident Craig Hill, and Dickens' "The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner". A reading of the 1897 editorial "Yes Virginia, There Is a Santa Claus" preceded Patricia Till's hilarious rendition of "A Nativity Play". The spirited holiday celebration closed with full cast and audience raising a cup to the New Year with "Auld Lang Syne".

The Boston Athenaeum

A group of residents was privileged to tour the Boston Athenaeum, a membership library on Beacon Hill. Founded in 1807, the Athenaeum continues to be a focal point of Boston's cultural life, housing nearly 500,000 books, including 100,000 rare books, an art museum and a research center. We visited elegant reading and meeting rooms, the "drum stacks", art galleries and working areas for the staff. Among the treasures we saw were a portion of George Washington's Mount Vernon Library collection, and the King's Chapel collection of 17th century theology manuscripts. Lunch at the Carrie Nation restaurant capped the day's pleasures.

Edwin Cox



Breaking Educational Ground

The first of my groundbreaking events surfaced just as I was pondering the next phase of my life when the children were all in school. From my PTA and Cub Scout experience, I had found that I loved working with children. I also needed to contribute to the family income as college loomed.

An announcement from Northeastern University miraculously solved my dilemma. It is difficult to think back to the early 1960s and realize that Northeastern University could be considered to be breaking ground with the offer of an “experimental” program “for mature adults”. Would there be enough “older” adults interested in furthering their education toward a graduate degree by meeting three hours one morning a week?

Since it was finally possible for me to be away from the house for several hours, I signed up. The first degree program offered was toward a graduate degree in education. If I played my cards right, I would be a certified teacher with a Masters in Education in six years, and could be teaching by the time the youngest was in sixth grade.

One of the first courses was in elementary school math, the so-called “New Math” which parents were puzzled by. Groundbreaking #2: learning an entirely new approach to teaching math to children of elementary school age. It was definitely a groundbreaking that I latched onto. It made so much more sense by emphasizing the structure of math and giving the students an understanding of why we compute as we do. I could hardly wait to teach it!

It was my good fortune to be hired by the Lincoln Public Schools, a progressive system which valued innovation among the teaching staff. It was the time when the baby-boom generation swelled the schools. Every bit of extra space was used to accommodate the massive enrollment, including one which had been set aside for a cafeteria. There, two teachers taught a double-sized group of fourth and fifth graders, by dividing the subjects they taught between them. That seemed so successful, another teacher and I

asked if we could do the same thing. During the summer about half of the wall between our two classrooms was removed and there we were with a huge space in which to organize the children’s time spent in the required subjects. Groundbreaking #3: a new way to organize schoolchildren from two grades of twenty-five each into one group of fifty children, where grade distinction was not important. This was enhanced by Groundbreaking #4: the Open Classroom. Our principal, who had just returned from a sabbatical in England, was eager to implement the British system in our school.

We no longer had rows of desks, but round tables for five or six, arranged in interest corners in our spacious room. One table was used for instruction with one of the teachers. A large rug was the gathering place for morning meetings for all fifty children. A couch and many large pillows in quiet corners around the room beckoned a child to curl up and read. For their books and supplies each child used a corrugated cardboard carton from the supermarket which he or she had decorated. They were kept in cubbies under the windowsills. There were shelves of books of all kinds and piles of games. Each child had a schedule showing when to meet with my teaching partner for reading and language arts or with me for math.

We met as a large group for science and social studies. In their unassigned periods, the children worked without supervision on assignments or read or played math games. Those first few years were amazingly successful. Children were able to be independent and almost always engaged.

As the years went by, it became apparent that children seemed less and less able to plan for themselves and needed more supervision. My teaching partner and I blamed it on television, a passive way of “learning”. We were aware how much more television each succeeding class of children was watching. I can only imagine what effect today’s electronic world would have had on our ideal classroom.

Esther K. Braun



Changes

My generation has seen much progress in women breaking ground in new fields of endeavor. We have gone from generations of women who were expected to stay at home being homemakers, raising children and taking part in community life as volunteers, to the women of today who are embedded in almost every part of business and commercial life. Although it is true that in many situations full membership in the business world is pending, for the most part women have broken ground and are making their way.

I have two daughters both taking part in business at levels never dreamed of while I was growing up. In fact I clearly remember as a teenager thinking that a girl could deliver mail as easily as could a boy. Having had the audacity to present myself for employment at the local Post Office, not only was I turned down because I was a girl, but I was reported to my family for taking extreme liberties, unbecoming in a girl. It was deemed inappropriate for me even to have asked, so I guess I was breaking ground.

Anyone who first attempts to do what has not been done before is breaking ground. Whatever the action, if it has not been done before it is unsettling for those for whom sameness has become safety. Change is often perceived as a threat and the reaction to change is so strong that it defeats progress.

Reflecting on the choices available to women today and contrasting them to those available in my teenage years is astounding. These days some women are making corporate decisions affecting thousands of people, investing corporate monies, advising, consulting, designing, managing health care and the like. One niece, a member of the Merchant Marine Corps, is currently mapping the ocean floor.

Part of the irony for many women is the reality that they are both raising a family and participating in the corporate world. Here again, breaking ground is thematic as the need for child care enters the equation in a very real way. For example, many corporations have child care



on the premises but some do not and employees must fend for themselves when seeking appropriate child care. For many that is an incredible challenge and is a field in which I worked prior to retirement. In all, it is a reminder that breaking ground in one area often calls for a chain of change up and down the line which in turn begets more change.

Ara Tyler



They Stop for Pigeons

I like birds; don't get me wrong. However, when my friend Barbie invited me to go with her on an Audubon trip to Morocco I wasn't sure I could spend two weeks with a bunch of birders. I asked a non-birding friend with a birding husband what I could expect. "You'll go places and see things the average tourist might not see," said my friend. With some trepidation I packed warm clothes, binoculars, hiking boots and boarded a plane with Barbie, destination Morocco.

Upon landing we drove immediately to Agadir, a popular resort for Germans and Belgians escaping the cold of the North Sea. We hardly saw Agadir. Instead we walked nine miles down a nearby river valley to look for birds and finally to lunch in a Berber tent overlooking the Atlantic ocean. There we were serenaded by two cooks, one with a drum, the other with a guitar, who sang in English with a thick Arabic accent "Chicken Tonight", a popular import from the USA.

We climbed on a chairlift and were transported to a peak in the high Atlas Mountains where, at an altitude of 9,000 feet, we were surrounded by even higher snow-topped mountains. We went to hunt for raptors, hawks, harrier, eagles, etc. It was too cold for birds and humans. The birds were nestled down in their craggy aeries and we huddled around a wood stove and drank hot chocolate and mint tea.

We also rode camels out into the Sahara to watch the sun rise over the sand dunes. We invaded farmers' fields, walked along borders of carrots, onions and beans in the hope of finding the nightingale we could hear singing among the olive trees. A little girl sold me a wilting bouquet of roses; a little boy unbuttoned his shirt to reveal a bright yellow lizard, a skink, to show or perhaps to sell to us. All the children offered us fava beans to chew as we followed our leader along the garden path.

Perhaps the usual tourist has not had the moving experience of hearing the prayer of the Muezzin chanted as we did by Ismael, our guide. He stood by the arched mosaic alcove

of a Koranic school in his pale blue *djellaba*, a hooded caftan, with his hand on his heart, and in the haunting tones that have been sung for a thousand years, sang the prayer from the Koran that is repeated five times a day. He and we were moved to tears by the love with which he chanted the words.

Of course we did the usual tourist things too. We saw mosques, minarets, the medinas and narrow passaged souks, whirling dervishes, red adobe walls of kasbahs. We were taken to restaurants owned by our guide's uncles and cousins, and to shops where he received *baksheesh* for luring his clients to haggle and buy leather goods, brass, handwoven rugs, Berber jewelry etc., and we were awakened at 4:30 a.m. by the call to prayer.

But we were there to see birds, any birds. Without warning our bus would lurch to the side of the road because someone, usually Chris, our leader, had identified the silhouette of a bird coasting above a cliff or flitting in the shrubs along the road. Some could hear a twitter or notice when in flight the wing tips turned up or down and know exactly the bird's identity. After two weeks of eye and ear strain, I was occasionally able to find in my binoculars the little brown horned lark among the twigs to the left of the fourth brown clump of grass. "It's right there. Don't you see it, Nancy?"



I was interested in observing the birders as well as the birds, and with something akin to awe. Their zeal and focus was extraordinary. They never tired. Their interest never flagged from eight in the morning until we pulled into our hotel at 6:30 p.m. In fact as soon as they



Coming Home to Modernism

entered their rooms they would rush to the window or onto the balcony, binoculars at the ready. One night while we were enjoying a cocktail on a terrace in Fez, a barn owl flew up and out of sight over the roof. It was a toss-up whether the drinking hand would reach for the glass or the binoculars. To prove that birders are in fact like other humans, the gin and tonic won out.

A birder is born not only with unusual powers of concentration and a fabulous memory, but also with keen eyesight and true pitch. Who but a birder could read the logo on a shepherd boy's cap a football field away. He was just a small figure tending his camels out in the maquis. We could see him and his cap, but Chris could read the logo, "Winterthur".

I would hesitate to use an ATM machine were a dishonest birder nearby. He or she could easily pick up the tones of my PIN as I punched in the secret letters, decipher the tune and remember it for possible future use. As for powers of concentration, a birder could stand enrapt for twenty or thirty minutes at the edge of a narrow road studying to determine the thickness of the bill of a colorless specimen, attention never diverted by traffic roaring by.

When I did see a perfectly magnificent bird in its bright plumage, like the brilliant blue, yellow and red of the bee-eater, or an odd Dr. Seuss-like bird called a hoopoe, and then began to identify a few, I became as excited as the birders. A moment of greatest excitement was the spotting of a bald ibis gliding on the thermals above the hillside along the highway. Again the bus jammed on its brakes and we leapt out, binoculars in hand. We saw three wheeling above us, about one third of bald ibises on earth. I can't remember why they are a dying breed but wouldn't be surprised if parents lost their desire to bring such homely offspring into the world.

As for me, I particularly liked the goldfinches with their scarlet faces, the rusty feathered, yellow headed shelducks and the chaffinch with its olive green mantle and pink breast. I don't think I would stop my car for a pigeon but maybe someday I will.

Nancy Smith

In 1935 my father drove out to Lincoln from his apartment in Cambridge to scout out land for sale. Climbing a high hill overlooking the sprawling Hobbs Brook Reservoir, he worked his way up a sturdy tree, turned and shading his eyes, gasped at the view blinding in the sun. This was it. For two acres he paid \$1,000.



As a child I wasn't aware that I was growing up in Lincoln's first modern house. Designed and built by my father as his first architectural project two years after buying the land on the hill, and one year before Gropius's iconic 1938 house three miles away, our house to me was simply home, taken for granted. Father spent his professional life arched over his drafting table in the study just off the living room. Mother had come north from Georgia to marry, cook, make friends, and raise three children. We kids celebrated birthdays, broke windows, ran hide-and-seek, licked the bowl, were praised and punished, and offered chilled hands to warm under mother's arms. Everything was there, as normal as her kitchen spoon banging the pot: "Dinner!"

As adults my identical twin sisters and I always looked forward to returning to what was always home. Our parents felt pretty good about us. "Well, Herb," I recall mother looking over at my father, "you know, I believe they think we're not so bad after all." Would that I fully



deserved that compliment! A good son finds time to ask his parents about their lives. What was it like growing up in Boise? In Cairo? How did you feel about leaving Georgia for Boston? What was it like having twins? Where did our first names come from? Why Lincoln, which had no modern houses? Trouble getting it approved? Finding someone to build it? Did they think you were putting up a filling station? How did you become a modern architect? Father started out as a landscape designer sculpting gardens for well-heeled estates. Suddenly he became a modern architect. The sun had set on a garden trellis and rose the next day on a flat-roofed house.

These things haunt me, as I sift through shards of memory for broken clues. Exasperatingly, when asked how he'd define a modern house, this man, who never wrote about himself or his work, replied, "Any house with indoor plumbing." But he could move. One day mother casually said something about a new kitchen some day. This taciturn man promptly rose and tore one third of the house apart, ripped up linoleum floors, threaded miles of copper piping for radiant heating beneath acres of flagstone, a man driven to creation. No plans; all in his head. I recall standing in dusty detritus of others of his house sites. He'd be over there, on knees or tip-toes, bending, peering, squinting, frowning, concentrating, convening carpenters to huddle over free-form sketches of how he's just now reconsidered this wing of the house. I said nothing.

When he died in 1989, three years after mother, I had to decide what to do about the house. I wasn't ready to retire from Information Technology at the National Security Agency in Washington. One sister was happy in her own Hoover house. The other sister was raising a family in England. Meanwhile renters kept the house in our name. But it was suffering. The renters had taken the special furniture he'd designed and stashed it in the basement. The evidence of his design was disappearing. Father was disappearing. I had to bring him back. I had to move. He began talking to me.

I was increasingly aware of what his designs were about, what he was saying to me about the light, about moving through his spaces, identifying with the landscape, the dramatic presentation of the Reservoir view. The Government nicely offered me an early retirement, so I packed my Subaru with everything that didn't fit into a moving van and after 63 years came home to modernism.

With my growing awareness of the house's architectural and historical significance, I asked about other mid-century modern houses. If moving into this house saved it from demolition, were not some others of like value also in peril? Walking through my father's spaces, I broke new ground: I became a modernist. With my sister I founded Friends of Modern Architecture/Lincoln (FoMA), a non-profit dedicated to increasing awareness of mid-century modern houses. My sister and I look forward to publication in mid-2015 of our book on our father.

Sure enough, soon after FoMA's inauguration, one of father's best houses was threatened with demolition. FoMA's David felled the Goliath of anti-modernism sentiment. With newly cut teeth, FoMA's presence and encouragement scared off the owner, attracting an enlightened new one.

My father believed that architecture was a means of improving quality of life and uniting man with the land. The hill still catches the breezes, the light still floods the rooms, the view still thrills.

But my father and I have really just begun to talk.

Harry Hoover



BREAKING GROUND in the WILDFLOWER GARDEN

"A bed of spring ephemerals under the white pine seemed like a nice idea."

Philip Kenney
Carleton-Willard
Landscape Gardener

MARCH



Winter Aconite



APRIL



Blood Root



Virginia Bluebells



Pagoda Lily



Epimedium



Hepatica



Spring Vetch

Wood Poppy



MAY



Foam Flower



Red Baneberry



Woodruff



Primrose

JUNE



Bowman's Root



Shooting Star



Day Lily

OCTOBER



Cyclamen

A Schmalz '15



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

Libraries Beyond Bedford

In our last column, Kay Graff offered information on how Carleton-Willard residents can make use of the Bedford Free Public Library. This column will provide information on sources of library materials available to us outside of Bedford - The Minuteman Library Network, the Boston Public Library, inter-library loan, and the Perkins School Library.

Minuteman Library Network

The Minuteman Library Network is a consortium of 36 community libraries and seven college libraries, all located outside of Boston but within Route 495, sharing their collections and on line reference services. Together, the members have 1.5 million different titles, and 6.5 million books, which are available to their 677,000 cardholders. If you have a card issued by any member library, including Bedford, you can have any of these books brought to the Bedford Library (and delivered to Carleton-Willard as described in the last column). Call the library (781 275 9440) or go on-line to www.min.lib.ma.us. The full catalogue of all members' collections is available at the website, where you can reserve any item. You can download e-books and audiobooks, using the digital media catalogue accessed at the website. You can also access a wide variety of on-line reference materials free of charge (paid for by the libraries in the network). These include newspapers, magazines, travel information, investment materials, medical information, census records, encyclopedias, films, music, and 8,000 scholarly journals.

Boston Public Library

Founded in 1848, the Boston Public Library is the second largest public library in the country, behind only the Library of Congress. Any resident of Massachusetts is entitled to have a card, go to the library and borrow from the library's collection of 23 million items. Any Massachusetts resident can acquire and use an e-card to access the library's on-line resources. An e-card is a "virtual card", meaning it exists only as an identifying code which you use on line to access materials via a computer or other on-line device. To establish your e-card on-line, go to www.bpl.org/general/circulation/ecards.htm. To access catalogues and electronic resources go to www.bpl.org/electronic/. An extensive variety of reference services and periodicals is available. E-books are available for download into your e-reader. For guidance in the use of the on-line resources, a call to Borrower Services (617-859-2321) is suggested.



Interlibrary Loan

Libraries want us to use their books, and go to great effort to help us do that. If you have not found the book you seek in the Minuteman Library Network, or the Boston Public Library, call the Bedford Library (781 275 9440) and speak to a reference librarian. They will search a wide array of sources to find the book somewhere in the country. If and when they do, an interlibrary loan can be arranged for you. The book will find its way to the Bedford Library, where you can collect it, or have it brought to Carleton-Willard.

Perkins Library

The library at the Perkins School for the Blind in Watertown offers a special service designed for those who are blind, have impaired vision, or a limitation that keeps them from using a physical book or magazine. Certification of eligibility from a medical or library professional is required to qualify for the service. Once an applicant is qualified, the Perkins Library will provide a free playback machine, if audiobooks are the preferred medium or braille materials if they are preferred. There are 70,000 audiobooks, 5,500 books in large print, and 17,000 books in braille. There are 100 magazines available in audio or in braille.

Materials are sent to the user, and returned to Perkins, postage free. For users who can use a personal e-reader, the library has 2000 downloadable books. The collection is catalogued on the internet, accessed at www.perkinslibrary.org. If a user prefers, a call to Perkins (617 972 7240) will connect to someone who will assist using the catalogue on the phone. The Newslines service permits a user to have newspapers and magazines read to them over the phone. The service can be arranged with the help of Perkins staff.

Edwin Cox



Among the Newest

Deep Down Dark by Hector Tobar
The untold story of 33 men buried in a Chilean mine and the miracle that sets them free.

Gray Mountain by John Grisham
A downsized Wall Street lawyer shifts her legal concern to a small town in the coal fields of Appalachia.

The Boys in the Boat by Daniel James Brown
Exciting tale of the University of Washington rowing team which won the 1936 Olympics to Hitler's chagrin.

Lila by Marilynne Robinson
Powerful story of two lonely people who find meaning in life together amid a debate that shapes their lives.

On the Run: Fugitive Life in an American City
by Alice Goffman
A sobering account of the thousands of young black men with criminal records chased by the police in American cities.

The Handsome Man's DeLuxe Café by
Alexander McCall Smith
The No.1 Ladies' Detective Agency in Botswana takes on several problems and predicaments.

The Charles River: A History of Greater Boston's Waterway by Ted Clarke
Clarke describes the key role of the Charles as it flows through history and 23 cities and towns today.

Unlikely Friendships by Jennifer Holland
47 short stories of cross-species friendships in

the animal kingdom, illustrated with charming photographs.

Life in Motion: An Unlikely Ballerina by Misty Copeland
An African-American of humble background discovers ballet and dances her way to stardom through harsh realities.

The Moor's Account by Laila Lalami
Historical novel about early encounters between Spanish conquistadors and native Americans, told by a black African slave.

Being Mortal: Medicine and What Matters in the End by Atul Gawande
The author explores a real dilemma as physicians seek to keep people alive when patients are often ready to die.

Boston Girl by Anita Diamant
A novel about family ties and values as a young Jewish woman grows up in Boston in the early 1900's.

The Boston Raphael: A Mysterious Painting, an Embattled Museum, A Daughter in Search for Truth by Belinda Rathbone
Riveting true story of MFA director Perry T. Rathbone, who was involved in local and international intrigue while pursuing a Renaissance painting.

The Escape by David Baldacci
U.S. Army Special Agent faces a challenge when his older brother, a convicted traitor, escapes from a high security prison.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Art

Rathbone, Belinda	The Boston Raphael
Vrettos, Theodore	The Elgin Affair

Lamott, Anne	Small Victories (*)
Lamott, Anne	Small Victories

Autobiography/Memoir

Copeland, Misty	Life in Motion
Menino, Thomas & Beatty, Jack	Mayor for a New America
Varty, Boyd	Cathedral of the Wild (*)

Fiction

Airth, Rennie	River of Darkness
Backman, Fredrik	A Man Called Ove (*)
Baldacci, David	The Escape
Butcher, Amy	Paws for Consideration
Chamberlain, Diane	The Silent Sister (*)
Connelly, Michael	The Burning Room
Cornwell, Patricia	Flesh and Blood
Cornwell, Patricia	Flesh and Blood (*)
Crichton, Michael	Pirate Latitudes
Diamant, Anita	The Boston Girl
Diamant, Anita	The Boston Girl (*)
Flanagan, Richard	The Narrow Road to the Deep North

Biography

Dudgeon, Piers	Maeve Binchy (*)
Ellis, Joseph	His Excellency George Washington
Hobbs, Jeff	The Short and Tragic Life of Robert Peace
Kinzer, Stephen	The Brothers
Larson, Edward J.	The Return of George Washington
Wilson, A. N.	Victoria

Ford, Richard	Let Me Be Frank With You
Francis, Felix	Dick Francis's Damage (*)
French, Tana	The Secret Place
Gerritsen, Tess	Ice Cold
Grimes, Martha	Vertigo 42 (*)
Grisham, John	Gray Mountain
Jin, Ha	A Map of Betrayal
Lalami, Laila	The Moor's Account
Lovett, Charlie	First Impressions (*)
Malik, Tania	Three Bargains (*)
Margolin, Phillip	Woman With a Gun (*)
Mayor, Archer	Proof Positive
McEwan, Ian	The Children Act (*)
Page, Katherine Hall	The Body in the Piazza
Pearlman, Edith	Honeydew
Perry, Anne	A New York Christmas (*)
Perry, Anne	Blood on the Water
Perry, Anne	Slaves of Obsession
Perry, Thomas	A String of Beads

Current Affairs

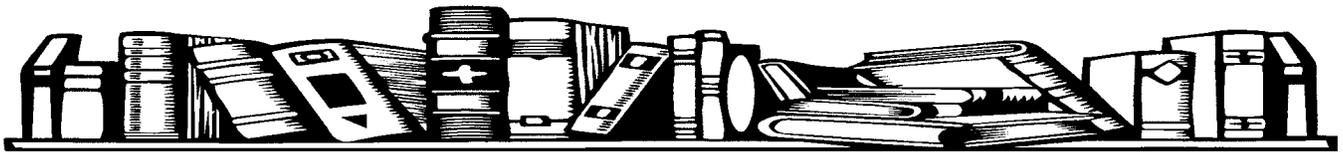
Goffman, Alice	On the Run
Keay, John	Midnight's Descendants
Kissinger, Henry	World Order
Kristof, Nicholas & WuDunn, Sheryl	A Path Appears
Stevens, John Paul	Six Amendments
Tobar, Hector	Deep Down Dark

Environment

Ackerman, Diane	The Human Age (*)
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Essays and Letters

Binchy, Maeve	Maeve's Times: In Her Own Words
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Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Picoult, Jodi	Lone Wolf	Nature	
Rendell, Ruth	The Girl Next Door	Chamnovitz, Daniel	What a Plant Knows
Robinson, Marilynne	Lila	Heavey, Bill	You're Not Lost If You Can Still See The Truck
Robinson, Marilynne	Lila (*)		
Semple, Maria	Where'd You Go, Bernadette?	Holland, Jennifer S.	Unlikely Friendships
		Holland, Jennifer S.	Unlikely Loves
Sendker, Jan-Philipp	The Art of Hearing Heartbeats	Jans, Nick	A Wolf Called Romeo
Smiley, Jane	Some Luck (*)	Poetry	
Smith, Alexander McCall	The Handsome Man's De Luxe Cafe	Kennedy, X. J.	Fits of Concision
Smith, Alexander McCall	The Handsome Man's De Luxe Café (*)	Science	
Taylor, Patrick	An Irish Doctor in Peace And At War (*)	Isaacson, Walter	The Innovators
		Johnson, Steven	How We Got To Now
Todd, Charles	A Fine Summer's Day	Travel	
Toibin, Colm	Nora Webster	Keahey, John	Hidden Tuscany (*)
Woods, Sherryl	The Christmas Bouquet		

Health and Wellness

Gawande, Atul	Being Mortal
Huddleston, Peggy	Prepare for Surgery, Heal Faster

(* indicates Large Print)

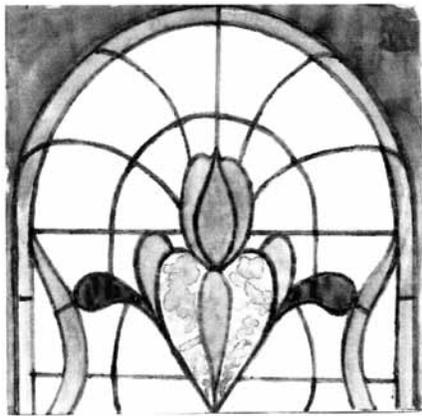
Katherine F. Graff

History

Clarke, Ted	The Charles River
Lewis, Damien	The Dog Who Could Fly (*)
Perry, John Curtis & Pleshakov, Constantine	The Flight of the Romanovs
Sarotte, Mary Elise	The Collapse
Seaburg, Carl & Alan & Dahill, Thomas	The Incredible Ditch

Miscellaneous

Brown, Daniel James	The Boys in the Boat
Cleese, John	So, Anyway





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