



CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER



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THE CARLETON-WILLARD

VILLAGER

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Co-Editors' Corner



We thought that there was something affirming and hopeful about our September theme of "Looking Up". One writer looks up at clouds in a blue sky and finds her imagination kindled. Another is awed when looking up to the tops of the giant white pines along our Pine Path. Looking up an old friend makes possible a kind of renewal. And our CEO reminds us of the richness of life all around us if we but look up from our "devices". We value the thoughts of all our contributors be they theme-related or far afield.

In this *Villager* you will find six profiles! We have enjoyed a splendid intake of new residents, all with rich life experiences and many tales to tell. Your editors very much hope our new friends will put pen to paper and allow us to publish their stories or reflections. We always welcome new contributors (Robert Anderson this month) hoping that they will morph into regular contributors! Questions? Any member of our Editorial Board will be happy to help.

As always, it feels odd to be writing this many weeks in advance of our publication date. In July's sweltering heat and humidity we anticipate the freshness of September. Our lives as youngsters, and later as parents of youngsters, are largely shaped by the academic year. Thus, September can seem more like the New Year than the New Year we celebrate in January. Along with the fresh breezes come fresh starts, new mentors, opportunities and challenges. Perhaps this year we'll achieve a new excellence, grow in confidence, overcome a limitation. The possibilities seem limitless!

We wish all our readers an energizing September, a kick-start to a happy autumn season.

Co-Editors

Alice Morrish Peggy McKibben



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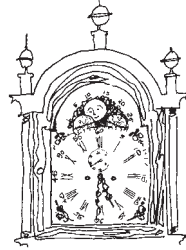
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From the Chief Executive Officer



"I invent nothing. I rediscover." - Auguste Rodin

I had an art instructor who would regularly tell us that being an artist was not so much creating something new, but rearranging the old in a new way. Everything we needed to draw, she insisted, was present all around us and readily available. That is, if we could only "tune it in."

Like everyone in the class, we took this as an obvious attempt to coax us beyond the dreaded - the insurmountable - blank white page. Nothing was more daunting than making that first mark! Besides, creativity could not be a simple matter of focus, like picking out the prettier rocks while strolling along the beach. . . could it? No, true artists were the chosen few, the divinely inspired.

I looked down at my sketch pad: luminous, betraying not one hint of a stroke. My teacher's motivational trick was clearly not working.

Fast-forward to a few weeks ago. I was sitting at the airport waiting to board my flight home. Looking up from checking my email, I realized there wasn't an empty seat at the gate. Wall-to-wall people. And curiously, I noticed that just about everyone - young, old, businessperson, student, parent, child, even the gate agent - was staring down at a phone.

I don't know about you, but I just love "aha moments". And this was one of them.

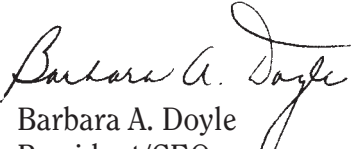
The great composer Igor Stravinsky once said that music was not the black squiggles on a page, but something that lived outside the score, "in the spaces between the notes, in the air." And the writer, William S. Burroughs considered poetry more than words in a book; to him, language was literally "a virus": alive, infectious, evolving.

That is what my teacher was hoping we'd realize all those years ago. Art isn't created on the page; it's happening all around us. The artist engages, records, interprets, and then passes something on. The process is the thing.

You could say life works the same way.

What were we here at the gate missing by not looking up from our tiny screens? So many moments missed and connections unmade. All those future memories just waiting to be built. They're all happening, just out there.

Hello. Flying to Boston today?


Barbara A. Doyle
President/CEO



Looking Up

Moving away from the Connecticut shore and then, several years later, from the New Jersey shore was a wrench. Watching and experiencing the changing tides, the incredible strength of the waves' flow, the picturesque shine of the sun and the moon reflected in the water added to the natural beauty of the area in which I lived. Often an element of excitement was added when storms were experienced. I wondered how was one to replace this as I moved inland?

Purposefully, I choose to look up to the sky for environmental replacement. There the changing weather patterns created color, shape and mood patterns that rivaled those of the ocean.

Then too when one becomes a cloud watcher the artistic shapes of the various cloud types begin to fascinate one's imagination. All kinds of shapes, textures and coloration attract attention. The daily cloud drama floating above, to some is a weather forecasting map, to others a stimulation to imagination.

It used to be fun to take an elementary school class out on the schoolyard to lie on their towels on the playground turf, looking skyward, watching the floating clouds. Then, using their "who, when, what, where and why" formula, they would write a story to reflect what they had just seen. My guess is that these now adults still look upward and invent stories. I know that I do.

Looking up has become a way of life.

Ara Tyler

Big Sky Beauty

Look up, look up, friends

Whilst exiting our main door

BEHOLD clouds on blue!

Dorothy Ellis



*Welcome
New Residents*

George and Julia (Julie) Hibben
from Lincoln, 5/15/18

Charles and Lorna Tseckares
from Winchester, 5/29/18

Wilma Johnson
from Bedford, 6/14/18



Algeria – On the Edge of Revolution

In the early 1950s I served three years on active duty in the Navy. In 1953 my ship visited two ports in Algeria, Oran and Algiers, shortly before the Arabs revolted and overthrew the French.

Oran appeared magical as we approached at sunrise from the North with gleaming minarets poking through the low hanging fog. That was the best part. The city of Oran was dry, dusty and dirty. The only positive memory was seeing three camels and their riders on a distant sand dune looking like the pictures of the three magi.

Algiers was very different. It was a very large metropolis. I had some memorable experiences there.

Another officer from the ship and I visited an exclusive tennis club, courtesy of the French Government, and enjoyed playing on beautifully maintained red clay tennis courts. After our tennis match, we had a long chat with the ball boys, nice young Arab kids. What we heard from them was that they had no future to look forward to. Their lives were dead-ended right at the tennis club. No hope for the future.

I was assigned Shore Patrol duty and reported to a French Police Station with six sailors. We were assigned to ride a pickup truck to cruise areas dangerous for sailors. I was riding in the front seat and was warned not to ride with my arm out the window because the watch I was wearing would be stolen in no time. Our mode of operation was that if I saw a problem I would rap on the top of the cab and the six sailors would jump out and follow me. So much for theory!

One night we saw a sailor surrounded by young Arabs cutting his wallet from his pants with a switch blade. We stopped and I rapped on the roof for everyone to follow me. I sprinted down a pitch black alley chasing the man with the wallet when I realized there were no footsteps behind me. No support. I did a quick 180 and escaped the black alley and then had some words for my “followers”.

In the police station I saw the retaining cells for the Arabs who were picked up. Very plain



with a sloped wooden ramp for a bed. No toilet, chair, blanket or pillows. Often I would hear the beatings that were being administered by the French Police to the prisoners in their cells. Pretty brutal.

I took a bus tour to Sidi Bel Addes, headquarters of the French Foreign Legion, about a thirty mile drive into the desert from Algiers. Very romantic implications. (It was also the home of Marcel Cerdan, a champion heavy weight boxer who had a cast iron stomach. In boxing matches he did not protect his stomach, just concentrated on knocking his opponent out. He was a tough man from a very tough environment.) We arrived there about noon - thirty or so sailors and officers. In most Navy tours, we would sightsee in groups of two or three, but here we toured in groups of twelve to fifteen because of the menacing atmosphere. The natives were very hostile looking.

When our tour bus went to leave at about 2 p.m., a large group of mean looking Arabs blocked the bus from leaving. The French Foreign Legion was called out to clear a path for the bus to leave. Bless the Legionnaires!

My thought after we sailed from Algiers was that Algeria was ripe for revolution. And it was. The obvious factors were the hostility of the Arabs, their harsh treatment by the French Police, and their lack of any future.

The Algerian Arabs started revolting against the French a few months later.

Bob Anderson













Facing Reality Can Be a Shock

On a drizzly blackout evening I pushed my bike at dynamo activating speed across the dual carriageway to attend evening art class at Spring Grove Polytechnic. My father had abruptly removed me from school the previous Good Friday. I was informed by my mother on the way home from the train station that I would not need to have my luggage picked up at the end of Easter vacation for return to Acton Burrell, Shropshire, England. On arriving home, the few words I remember my father speaking were an emphatic statement: “You are going to be a secretary. One can always use a good secretary.” By Easter Tuesday I had made the difficult decision to opt for Pitman’s rather than Gregg’s shorthand and began attending secretarial school the same day, with my father’s comment, “Anyone who can’t learn shorthand and typing in three months is an idiot” ringing in my ears.

Having landed my first job as a typist a few weeks later, I felt at least somewhat vindicated. To console myself, I enrolled in an evening art class, learning to draw nude figures from live models, something we had never done at Our Lady of Sion. There the Sisters had been actively preparing me to enter Oxford University for Architecture; mathematics and languages had also demanded my attention.

Each evening art class, the teacher lit a lively fire in the room to keep the model from shivering, but this time no girl came. To my surprise,

the model was a thoughtful old Brother in his brown Franciscan habit, posed in a deeply studious attitude, oblivious to his surroundings. A few softly spoken words from the teacher suggested how to render the rich folds of his garment most effectively in charcoal.

I was still deeply involved in my attempts to do this holy subject justice when class ended too abruptly for my feelings, so it took me a while to pack up my things onto the bicycle and head home in the dark night. Suddenly an image emerged at close range, with something strangely familiar about it. A flash of instinctive recognition identified the man as our model.



But he was not a holy monk at all. There he was, standing close to his iron brazier, roasting chestnuts, hoping to sell them in a newspaper cone, four for twenty-five pennies, to students escaping from school into the drizzly darkness.

The teacher had asked him to model and he had welcomed the windfall of an evening's pay for a few hours in front of a lively fire. Never before had I felt such a fool as when I realized that my meditations upon the holy man's spirit were a figment of my imagination. Coming face to face with reality was a shock. However, back at home a peaceful sweet childhood memory crept into my thoughts: I remembered the "Maroni Brater", a vendor of hot chestnuts with his iron brazier -- a well known street character in my native Vienna.

Daisy Illich

Things Are Looking Up

Last December the *Villager* published an article by me with the title *Perennial Entertainment*. In it I described the pleasure I had watching the insect and bird activity in the unusually tall perennials. Their extraordinary height stemmed from their struggle to find the barely existent sun. If only those oak trees would disappear, thought I, maybe there would be more sun for my flowers. It wasn't just one oak. It was three. Their magnificent height blocked the sun as it moved behind them most of the day. I even spoke to the Director of Facilities to see if Carleton-Willard would consider taking the one behind me down. My next door neighbor at that time, who would be affected by its removal, would not agree to it, so that ended the discussion.

Don't get me wrong! I do not hate trees. I admire them and lived closely with them in wooded Lincoln for forty-one years. Sometimes, through no fault of their own, they end up growing in the *wrong* place. These oaks deserved a space of their own instead of in a border planting, where they not only caused shade, but also created a hazard for residents when they dropped their acorns on the sidewalks. The decision was made by the Administration to remove the hazard before it caused a major disaster. Many residents were understandably upset to see those beautiful oaks come down, as I was, too, but, after they were gone, I silently watched with great glee as the sunlight flooded my garden area. I could only imagine what it would be like in spring and summer.

Now, in a hot July, I have watched that scrawny perennial garden become a jungle of happy, flourishing plants. I can still enjoy the greatly increased activity as I rest on my bed. I miss the privacy my oak tree provided, but instead I have a welcoming entrance to residents as they walk by with (or without) their dogs. Please drop in.

Esther K. Braun



Village

Moakley Courthouse

A large group toured the magnificent John Joseph Moakley Courthouse facing the Boston harbor on Fan Pier. Designed by Henry Cobb, and completed in 1998 for \$170 million, the dramatic building is home to the U.S. District Court for the District of Massachusetts and the U. S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit. We gathered in one of the twenty-seven courtrooms to hear a description of the daily activities in the building, presented by a retired lawyer who had appeared before the court. Following a walk through the building, we moved on to the Tuscan Kitchen restaurant for a marvelous lunch.



Eine Kleine Hausmusik

Residents Peter and Hildegard Fritze celebrated Peter's 80th birthday by offering a chamber music concert performed in the Auditorium by close family and a high school friend. Before launching a spirited performance of Mozart's String Quartet, K.426, Peter disarmingly allowed, "We are not professionals. We've never all played together. We play for fun and, yes, we may get stuck!" The first movement of Mendelssohn's Piano Trio No. 1, played at the Fritze's wedding, resonated with warmth and vigor, while Peter returned to his first violin, joining son, daughter and friend to conclude "A Little Housemusic" with Beethoven's String Quartet Opus 18 Number 1.

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

Youth Ensemble of New England

A fanfare of trumpets and drums heralded an inspiring evening of Baroque, Classical and Romantic selections offered by over thirty young orchestral musicians hailing from Thayer Performing Arts Center of nearby Atlantic Union College. As brilliantly led by conductor and pianist Connie Drexler, the program gave many opportunities for soloists to shine. The two most ambitious were the opening movement of Grieg's robust Piano Concerto, contrasted with Cecile Chaminade's charming Concertino for Flute. The richly varied program also featured oboe, trumpet and, amusingly, wooden blocks tapped to simulate Leroy Anderson's "Syncopated Clock". To wrap up, all hands were on deck for Sousa's rousing "Washington Post March"!

Diego Rivera: "Man at the Crossroads"

Rivera's Rockefeller Center mural was the subject of a fascinating presentation by art historian Lucretia Giese, sister of resident Harry Hoover. A one-time member of the Mexican Communist Party, Rivera was selected by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. to do a massive mural in Rockefeller Center, then under construction. When the artist refused to remove a portrait of Vladimir Lenin from a prominent place in the work, Mrs. Rockefeller's son Nelson had it destroyed. Rivera later recreated it in Mexico City. Richly illustrated, Mrs. Giese's remarks gave us an understanding of the life and work of this giant among twentieth century artists.

A Seminar on the Middle East

Led by Andrew Hertig, retired from a forty-five-year career as an historian at Philips Exeter Academy, sixteen residents took part in a four session seminar on the Middle East. Each session focused on one or two countries, with readings assigned to provide an understanding of the current issues. Mr. Hertig offered a background introduction for the session, and vigorous discussion followed. Predictably, there seemed to be agreement only on the fact that the problems in this area of the world are ancient, long-lasting, and may be eternal.

Happenings

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

Religion in Roxbury

Visits to two religious sites provided an informative and inspiring day. Located in the historic 1804 First Church of Roxbury, the Unitarian Universalist Urban Ministry has served the community for 190 years. Among current programs, one assists victims of domestic abuse, while another serves the LGBTQ community. Following our tour and presentation, we enjoyed lunch at the church. Opened in 2009, the nearby Islamic Society of Boston is home to New England's largest mosque and an active cultural center with the mission to teach and live Islam in America, engaging with the community and encouraging diversity. Our many questions were warmly welcomed and addressed.

Village Garden Tour

On a beautiful sunny and warm morning in June, residents and guests enjoyed visiting seventeen residents' gardens throughout the village, as well as the many common garden areas maintained by our beloved landscape gardener Philip Kenney. A feature new to this year's tour was a display on Main Street of orchids grown by resident Dr. Alan Kaitz. Jitneys provided transportation as needed, and a slide show was offered in the auditorium for those who preferred to see the gardens that way. Visitors could enjoy lunch indoors or on the several outdoor patios.

Memories of the 1960s

Using a remarkable variety of visual images, and spoken and sung sounds, The Village Thespians brought alive the decade of the 1960s. Mike Nichols and Elaine May (David Hathaway and Arlayne Peterson) and Hollywood Squares (Anne Larkin) recalled the comedy, while Camelot (Stefan Schatzki) and popular songs (Harry Hoover and Ara Tyler) brought back the music. Video of John Kennedy and the speeches of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy recalled the personal tragedies of the era. Areas of progress and change were remembered, including the war on poverty and the moon landing. We all lived through this memorable decade, which seems so long ago!

A Visit to Tower Hill Botanic Garden

A sunny, cool day was ideal for a trip to Tower Hill in Boylston, with a distant view of Mt. Wachusett. Our visitor's map guided us south to a charming cottage garden and a lawn sloping down to two pergolas. To the north the Systematic Garden was laid out in square raised beds each planted in a different plant family, pea, buttercup, rose, etc. An allée of oakleaf hydrangeas led to Pliny's fountain and a welcome bench, while pathways circling through woods and fields led to the Temple of Peace and a rustic pavilion. After two hours of discovery we left to lunch at the Clinton Bar and Grille.



"Winter Seashore," by Rebecca

SNAP Art Exhibit

The goal of Special Needs Arts Programs, founded in 1981 and based in Lexington, is to enrich the lives of individuals with developmental disabilities through direct involvement in the arts, both visual and musical. Through a large number of photos, we were privileged to see a display of the artistic work of these creative people. Many were represented by richly colored and ornamented masks. Others used a combination of varied plant materials and ceramics (a vase and a bird) to create graceful and brightly colored drawings. The warm colors of the exhibit brought a lively glow to our gallery during the summer months

Edwin Cox



Joe Valentine

Hey! Whenever I hear the words “look up” I think of my old pal, Joe Valentine, one you could really look up to. I hadn’t seen him since last year, so it was great to know he was back in town. I really wanted to introduce him to Marian, so shortly before the middle of February I picked him up at Stop and Shop, and we greeted each other as old friends. I remember now how enthusiastically he bounced along with me in the mild breeze on the way home.

When we reached our place, it was a pleasure to introduce him to everyone we met on the way in. He had a big-hearted appearance and a very friendly way which put everyone he met at ease. He was wearing something across his chest that said “Got my mind set on you”. Underneath were some hearts and a small note that said “I sing if you punch me”. Now I know he was just kidding about that. I wasn’t about to ruin a friendship by punching him just to find out if he was bass, baritone or tenor. I do admit there were times I really wanted to punch him just to find out his secret. But I just couldn’t do it because he was such a mild-mannered guy.

On coming back from dinner in the evenings, we liked to turn on the news -- after the part about stabbings, fires, auto accidents and similar things people get involved in that they shouldn’t -- was over. Joe always paid close attention. He got a kick out of hearing all about the things the politicians were saying and doing. I think though that he was staying with us because he liked a more reasonable and rational environment than what appears on TV. We felt it was great to have someone around who didn’t disagree with us about politics or talk about medical problems.

I think Joe was also interested in the biographies Marian and I read to each other on my laptop and to listen to our discussions about each one. We all learned a lot about Jimmy Stewart, Ike Eisenhower, Nixon, Reagan and many others. And he never seemed to sag in the evening - until just recently.

It was just a few days ago. Mary came in to help Marian and said, “Take a look at Joe. He looks tired.” It was true. He wasn’t straining to be up and at ‘em like he usually would be. His interest in the news seemed to be flagging. He’d sunk somewhat in his favorite chair.

We decided that Joe needed a change in scenery and should come down to my place. As we made our way to my apartment, I hoped he wasn’t taking this the wrong way. I encouraged him to be thinking all sorts of good thoughts along the way. Once there I told him to make himself comfortable wherever he wanted and I’d put him up for the night or as many nights as he would like to stay.

Joe was free to hang around the place and he was a joy to have around. Once I found him hovering over my desk, probably marveling at the pile of unpaid bills on display. Another morning I found him next to the glass door looking out onto the small patio. It was cold and he appeared to be about half-height but by the time breakfast was over he was three quarters height and looking much more interested and energetic. He actually wandered over and hung above the music stand while I practiced, catching wrong notes, sharps, flats, appoggiaturas as they floated by. We would talk about everything. He was a good listener and a great sounding board. He seemed to have renewed interest in all that was going on.

Then one morning I had to go out on an errand. When I returned, Joe was nowhere to be found. I guess he slipped out the patio door when the cleaning person was airing the place. I figured he probably decided it was just time to go along. He had become more than a great friend, and I am sorry that he left. If you see him around, tell him goodbye for me. You can’t miss him. He’s got a big heart and is wearing something that says “Got my mind set on you”, with a bunch of hearts beneath.

Kay Barney



A Glimpse Into Another World

Some years ago, just after the war, I went to visit a friend on the Cape whose sister, Sky, had recently become a spiritualist.

The day I arrived Sky, a name she had chosen for herself, had also arrived from Toronto with her husband, Harry, two daughters, an infant and a two-year old. They brought with them recordings of séances they had attended.

No one had stereo systems then so the records were played on a record player with a single speaker system. Along with Sky and Harry, my friend, her doctor husband, her mother and I gathered in the living room to listen. Suddenly out of the speaker burst forth a deafening war whoop. The séance had begun.

I learned several things about séances. This one was led by a middle-aged Canadian housewife, the Medium. She had in her spiritual entourage a band of Native Americans and a “colony of spirits” such as King George V and Winston Churchill who had recently passed, Dr. Jackson who earned his MD in 1800, and Sky’s father. We earthlings have a spiritual guide; in the case of Americans they are Native Americans. Sky’s was called Blue Stone. The medium can call on the guide who in turn can call on someone from “the colony” who can answer questions or offer suggestions. An important thing to know is that they have no sense of time so it is no use to ask for a tip on the Stock Exchange.

The war whoop died down and Blue Stone, the perpetrator, told Sky that someone wanted to speak to her. After a pause, Sky’s father spoke, “Will you tell your mother I like her new Mercury?” The widow was quite upset. After all she hadn’t heard from her husband for fifteen years. I presume she had hoped for a more consoling message.

Asked by Blue Stone if she had any questions, Sky asked to speak to Dr. Jackson. “Dr. Jackson”, she said, “I want to thank you for your advice. I bought a potty chair, as you suggested, and it has worked beautifully.”

Following that, Harry asked to speak to Dr. Jackson too. He wanted to thank him for the

leather wrist bands he had suggested for Harry’s weak wrists. On and on the questions continued about inconsequential decisions that Sky wanted someone else to make, such as whether she should fly separately to Beirut or accompany her mother on the same plane.

Though this account may appear nutty, both Sky and Harry had graduated with honors from Ivy League colleges and at least one of them was sane.

Nancy Smith

Balancing Act

I mourn the day my sense of balance went!
That sense of where the body is in space.
At first I did not realize what it meant
Or everything I needed to replace.
A baby learns to crawl and tries to stand.
It totters briefly, and then attempts again
To walk, is rescued by its mother’s hand.
Success for all! Encountering no pain!
As adults we now can enjoy all sports.
We ski on winter’s lofty, snowy hills
And play in summer on the tennis courts.
We run, we dance, there is no end of thrills.
Now, standing up I feel a child once more
And need some help - or will end up on the floor!

Sue Hay



The Sailboat “Wings”

“Wings” was built about 1890 for a twelve year old boy living on Great South Bay, Long Island, New York. He had a Sailing Master for his mentor. The boat was about 32 feet long with a short waterline and overhangs at each end. It had a lot of sail area, 500 feet in the mainsail. The rigging was old fashioned blocks and tackles. It had no winches. It drew five feet of water through a heavy steel keel and nine feet with the centerboard down.

My friend, Walter Skinner, an architect and designer of sailboats, was owner of “Wings” in the 1950s. The owner before Walter was scared of sailing the boat which was a real racehorse.

Walter and his wife and my wife and I had sailed together for years in much smaller boats. “Wings” was moored in the Milford River, near Bridgeport, Connecticut. When visiting them we decided to sail to Port Jefferson, Long Island and stay overnight. The boat had a small cabin with two bunks where the women would sleep. Walter and I would sleep in the cockpit with a tarp over the boom.

We had an uneventful trip over and enjoyed a great lobster dinner at a restaurant. We woke up Sunday morning to calm weather in the three mile long harbor. When we sailed out into Long Island Sound, the weather changed dramatically. There were gale force winds and high breaking seas. We were committed. There was no way we could turn and go back. We decided to set sail for calmer seas on the Connecticut side of the Sound. We had to avoid the shallow water of Middle Shoal. This meant sailing close to the wind and carrying a large luff in the sails which would slow the boat down. It had to be done carefully -- a mistake would have been a disaster.

The women were in the cabin scared to death -- as were we.

We made it across and started sailing eastward. The only boat we saw was a Sedan Cruiser taking every wave over the bow.

The Milford River is protected by Charles Island on the west and large hills on the east. We knew the wind would die down when we

entered the harbor and it did, but we were still sailing fast. We interrupted a sailing race. Boats scattered on seeing this large sailboat coming at them full speed. In the river there were many small boats moored fore and aft like cars in a parking lot.

Our plan was to go up river, make a controlled jibe, which is turning around downwind. Our moorings were in the middle row of the mooring area. Picking up the moorings was like driving an eighteen wheeler with no brakes. But somehow we did it, and were sitting up on the cabin top eating our lunch while drying out the soaking sails, when five motorboats came up from the Yacht Club with the passengers staring to see if we had actually made it after our roaring entrance.

The next day when Walter checked the boat he found it half full of water. We had shaken the caulking out of the seams. The boat had to be hauled and re-caulked. He sold the boat shortly thereafter and bought a fifteen foot catboat named “Hitty”, a real pussycat.

Robert B. Sawyer

On a Word's Worth

I've been accused of being wordy
And, equally, of being nerdy.
But, being so, I like to dabble
in games like Up Words
and like Scrabble.
The dictionary is my friend,
Study it from start to end.
And noun or adverb for a rhyme,
The word's there almost every time!

Lois Pulliam

Whose Duck Is It Anyway?

My wife was going away for a few days and I had brought her to the bus stop on Huntington Avenue in Boston near Symphony Hall. It was early in the morning before most businesses had opened. Since she had retired she had been taking charge of a small group of young Girl Scouts. She asked me if I would return this little duck to the pet shop nearby. I guessed that this related to one of the troop's activities. After all these years I was used to doing odd things and said "All right". The bus arrived pretty much on time and she got on and left me.

The duck was relatively small. Not a baby but not full grown either. I could just about hold it in my cupped hands. It seemed clean and white and kind of cuddly. I had a big inside pocket in my jacket, so I carried it around with its head peeking out until the pet shop opened. When I went inside I told the owner I was returning this duck my wife had borrowed. He went into a room in the back to get the record. After what seemed a long time he returned. There was no record of their loaning a duck to anyone. You got to be kidding!

I said to him, "Can you see if there is another pet shop around here that might have loaned out a duck?" Reluctantly he went out back again and shortly returned. There were no other pet stores in the area.

What the heck am I going to do with a duck? The Christian Science Church at that time still had a big reflection pool nearby. Maybe I could go down there and . . . Oh no, better forget that one. I wandered around for a while wondering how I was going to look on the subway back to Alewife carrying a duck.

And then the sun came in my bedroom window and woke me up. I can't tell you how relieved I was to find out it was all a dream. It's funny how real something like that can be. I guess the duck just had to figure out something to do on its own.

Wally Campbell

<i>In Memory</i>	
Robert Mancuso	April 30
Eleanor Kalem	May 6
Emilia Honig	May 7
Barbara Paul	May 14
Richard Harding	May 20
Mary Cady	June 8
Frances Smith	June 13
Ruth Custance	June 16
Anne Ash	June 23
John Fandel	June 26
Pauline Eaton	July 3
Joe Lemon	July 12



White Pines and a Royal Prerogative

When walking down our Pine Path, I have often been impressed by the feeling of being in a cathedral. The straight tree trunks soar overhead, lifting my spirits aloft.

The white pine, *Pinus strobus*, is unique to northeastern North America and is the tallest of the pine trees. Where it grows thickly it has few branches near the ground, whereas growing in the open it may branch and spread close to the ground. There are white pines like that between Badger Terrace and Concord Court.

England had used up its forests by the seventeenth century and depended on developing a network of colonies to obtain raw materials for many things, including its burgeoning navy. Of course a navy needed a supply of wood for masts and spars and white pines were ideal for this.

Slow-growing, white pines are light in weight, resistant to rot, and yet very strong. The wood is easily worked. Harvesting these trees required many men and oxen - as many as forty yoke of oxen - to haul a tree from where it was felled to a river where it could be floated down to waiting ships in the Atlantic. Such ships were constructed to be loaded from the stern. As many as forty to fifty trees at a time could be transported. It is hard to imagine how this was managed in the early days of settlement.

This necessitated the appointment of agents of the Crown to select the trees, to mark them with the "King's Mark", get enough local labor and yoke of oxen and use the snow of winter to cushion the log on its trip.

Of course the colonists also saw the white pines as a source of building material and of wealth in trade. As the King's Agents went around the countryside marking likely trees with the "King's Mark", they were confronted by local resistance. Large fines were enacted by the Crown for milling the marked lumber. The ownership of white pines was a significant factor in stirring up rebellion in rural New England - as much as taxation on tea perhaps. In fact, the pine tree as a symbol appeared on colonial flags

in New Hampshire, at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and later in the state flags of Maine and Vermont. Because trees over twelve inches in diameter were declared the property of the Crown, to have floorboards that width or more became a fashionable statement of resistance.

the
King's Mark 

In April 1772 there was a Pine Tree Riot in Weare, New Hampshire. A sheriff and deputy were beaten from their lodgings at the Pine Tree Tavern by a large group of townspeople after they tried to arrest a local miller. This may even have inspired the Boston Tea Party eighteen months later.

Having learned this much about white pines, I began to look at those along our Pine Path with new eyes. Not far below the path there is a big one without side branches far up its length. My husband and I measured its circumference at almost nine feet. Dividing that by pi or 3.14 gave us a diameter of about 31 inches. I read that for every inch in diameter the tree puts on three feet in height so our tree might be almost a hundred feet tall. The mainmast of the USS Constitution, "Old Ironsides", is 172 feet tall so one can only imagine the huge size of the tree from which it came!

Because the old forests have been cleared, it is unlikely that we would ever see one of these giants, but the ones we have are quite large enough to create the sense of awe that we feel as we walk down the aisle that is our Pine Path

Anne P. Schmalz



the WHITE PINE

Pinus strobus

pine needles are adapted leaves

white pine needles are in
bundles of 5



"How few attend to the ripening and dispersing
of the white-pine seed!"

Henry David Thoreau - FAITH IN A SEED

year one



Pollen



female
flowers

year two



green female
cone
2 seeds
under
each
scale

a dry cone
opens
releasing
its
seeds



year three



seedling

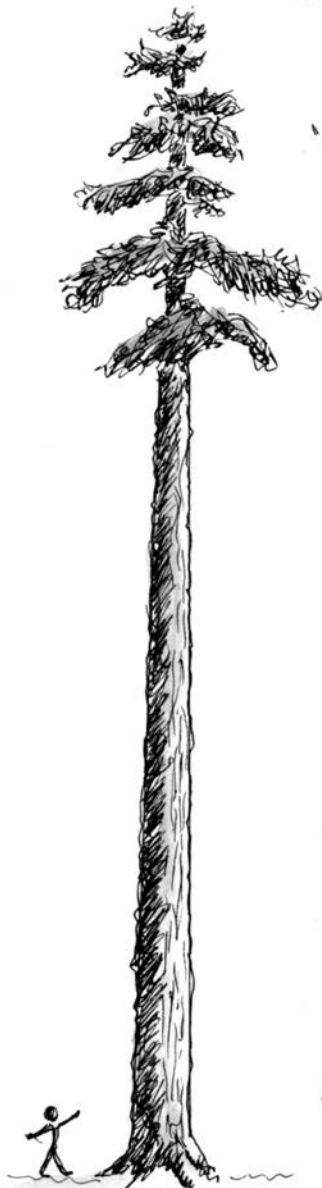


seed actual size



grown in the open

A. Schmalz '18



forest grown



- at home
along the pine path.



Enjoying What's Up

One thing I've never understood – why people say “It was a perfect day ... not a cloud in the sky!” Hearing that, I always think, “Well then, not really perfect”.

Clouds, to my mind, add both delight and dimension to the sky. No authority on types of clouds...cumulus, cirrus, nimbus, I think of them as fluffy, wispy, dark and threatening, always beautiful, always interesting, adorning the sky with an ever-changing panorama of exciting movement.

I have never seen a tornado cloud and I really don't want to but I have watched storm clouds form in a canyon in Colorado and move powerfully toward the cabin porch where we watched with awe till we finally raced to get inside as the storm hit with fury. Frightening of course, but oh, so wonderfully exciting.

John Constable, an English painter I admire, depicted clouds gloriously. One wonderful afternoon in East Anglia my husband and I strolled on a path along the River Stour toward Constable's father's mill. We felt like we were walking through one of his paintings: cows to chat with as we ambled along under splendid, billowing clouds. Even though I have seen Salisbury cathedral, my memory of it stays as Constable painted it silhouetted against a magnificent cloud-bank.

The poet Billy Collins has written best about Constable in his poem, “Student of Clouds”.

The second stanza reads:

“Outdoors he must have looked up thousands
of times,

His pencil, trying to keep pace with their
high voyaging

And the silent commotion of their eddying
and flow.

Clouds would move beyond the outlines he
would draw

as they moved within themselves, tumbling
into their centers

and swirling off at the burning edges in
vapors

to dissipate into the universal blue of the
sky.”

One July evening this summer, I returned to my apartment after dinner, looking forward to some reading. But, as I glanced out the east-facing window, I was startled to see a huge dome of clouds apparently reflecting the sunset in the west, piling up over and over in shades of peach and coral and gold in the evening sky. I must have watched that astounding light show for well over an hour till darkness settled in. My whole being was filled with joy and gratitude.

Night skies can be enlivened by clouds racing past the moon and stars as though they were all playing celestial hide and seek.

Look up, dear friends, look up, enjoy and appreciate all this billowing, breathtaking beauty in the sky.

Peggy McKibben

U'll Never No

When we're gone, who'll come here,
A cellphone buried in his ear?
He'll walk the path that we have trod
Texting a message with his ipod.
The twitter he hears won't be a bird
But his girlfriend sending him a word.
To peace and quiet he'll be numb -
Too busy pecking with his thumb.
The only scenery he will know
Is etched for good on his torso.
The path will soon disappear from sight.
He can't leave home either day or night.
Saplings and weeds will obscure from view
The way our feet once led us through.

Nancy Smith



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

Summertime Weeding

Today is the first of July. The temperature outside is in the mid 90's, but inside the house the air conditioner is purring and all is cool and comfortable. As I sit at my computer, I look out at our garden and can see the flowers and the birds happily feeding and splashing in the bird bath. After a bout of heavy rain our garden is lush and I can clearly see that some serious weeding needs to be done. That will have to wait for the cooler weather.

Similarly, it is also time to weed the shelves in the library. Our collection grows by 360 books over the course of a year, so every summer we need to remove the same number from the collection to make room for new titles. This daunting task is approached in three different ways: statistically, cosmetically, and subjectively.

Throughout the year a dedicated group of volunteers enters the circulation into the library computer. This enables us to run monthly reports, six month reports and, every May, a three year report, which we use for weeding purposes. Working in teams, the members of the Library Committee check each shelf to identify titles that are candidates for removal.

Some books need mending, some have subject matter that is out of date or print that is too small and some just don't seem to appeal to our residents and have not been taken out over our three year test period. Each book gets individual attention and each decision to remove a book is made subjectively.

Once the decision to remove a book has been made, the cards for each book are removed from the card catalog, the title is removed from the computer catalog and the book is ready to be donated. Regular print books are taken downstairs for the staff or given to the Bedford Public Library. Large print books are taken upstairs to the Health Center or given to the Bedford Council on Aging. Every book finds a new home.

By mid July we have usually completed the weeding of the large print books and the regular print fiction. These are the two areas that always need the most work. To date in 2018, 315 books have been removed from the collection and we are now ready to turn our attention to the non-fiction areas. By early September we will be ready to begin our "new year", with lots of room for new and interesting books.

Keeping the library interesting and up-to-date is our primary goal here at Carleton-Willard, and we always welcome any suggestions from our book loving residents. Happy reading!!

*Katherine F. Graff
Chair of the Library Committee*



Among the Newest

The Overstory by Richard Powers

A series of stories about trees and people and the interaction between them.

My Patients and Other Animals by

Suzy Fincham-Gray

A veterinarian's stories of love, loss and hope.

Force of Nature by Jane Harper

A group of women executives goes hiking in the Australian bush, and one goes missing.

Barracoon by Zora Neale Hurston

An American slave, brought here in the last slave ship from Africa, tells his life story to the author in 1928.

Eunice by Eileen McNamara

The life and times of Eunice Kennedy Shriver, founder of the Special Olympics and a force behind her politically-minded brothers.

The Shadow Killer by Arnaldur Indridason

He is a murderer in Reykjavik, Iceland, when U.S. troops are billeted there during WWII.

The Death and Life of the Great Lakes

by Dan Egan

The Great Lakes, holding 20% of the world's fresh water, are under a growing threat.

A Shout in the Ruins by Kevin Powers

The tale of a Virginia plantation from Civil War days to its ruin by an interstate highway.

In Full Flight by John Heminway

A member of the Flying Doctors Service treats thousands of people in rural Kenya, trying to redeem her troubled past.

Finding Gobi by Dion Leonard

The author, while running in the Gobi Desert of China, is adopted by a stray terrier and has problems getting her to his native Scotland.

The Rise and Fall of the Dinosaurs by

Steve Brusatte

A 200 million year story of the pre-historic ancestors of modern birds.

The Madonna of the Mountains by Elise

Valmorbida

The saga of a young Italian woman who navigates her family through the hardships of fascism and war.

Stay Hidden by Paul Doiron

A game warden investigates a death on an island twenty miles off the coast of Maine.

God Save Texas by Lawrence Wright

A journey into the soul of the Lone Star State, a mixture of autobiography and tourism.

Louis W. Pitt, Jr.



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Autobiography/Memoir

Cantu, Francisco	The Line Becomes a River (*)
Carter, Jimmy	Faith (*)
Comey, James	A Higher Loyalty (*)
Fincham-Gray, Suzy	My Patients and Other Animals
Kuusisto, Stephen	Have Dog, Will Travel
Leonard, Dion	Finding Gobi
McCain, John	The Restless Wave
McCain, John	The Restless Wave (*)
Steel, Danielle	Pure Joy

Biography

Brower, Kate Anderson	First Women
Dean, Michelle	Sharp
Heminway, John	In Full Flight
Hurston, Zora Neale	Barracoon
McNamara, Eileen	Eunice
Munson, Richard	Tesla

Current Affairs

Albright, Madeleine	Fascism
Albright, Madeleine	Fascism (*)
Comey, James	A Higher Loyalty
Dowd, Maureen	The Year of Voting Dangerously
Farrow, Ronan	War on Peace
Greenblatt, Stephen	Tyrant: Shakespeare on Politics
Hayden, Michael	The Assault on Intelligence
Landrieu, Mitch	In the Shadow of Statues
Meacham, Jon	The Soul of America
Wright, Lawrence	God Save Texas

Environment

Egan, Dan	The Death and Life of the Great Lakes
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Fiction

Adams, Alice	Invincible Summer
Allnut, Luke	We Own the Sky
Atkins, Ace	Robert B. Parker's Old Black Magic
Baldacci, David	The Fallen
Basu, Diksha	The Windfall (*)
Beaton, M. C.	Death of an Honest Man
Black, Cara	Murder on the Left Bank
Bowen, Rhys	Her Royal Spyness
Bradley, Alan	The Sweetness at the Bottom of the Pie (*)
Carroll, James	The Cloister (*)
Clark, Mary Higgins	I've Got My Eyes on You
Cleeton, Chanel	Next Year in Havana (*)
Darznik, Jasmin	Song of a Captive Bird (*)
Doiron, Paul	Stay Hidden
Evison, Jonathan	Lawn Boy (*)
Finn, A. J.	The Woman in the Window
Forna, Aminatta	Happiness
Frazier, Charles	Varina
Fredericks, Mariah	A Death of No Importance
Genova, Lisa	Love Anthony
Goodrich, Jane	The House at Lobster Cove
Greer, Andrew Sean	Less
Grimes, Martha	The Knowledge (*)
Haig, Matt	How to Stop Time (*)
Halpern, Sue	Summer Hours at the Robbers Library
Harper, Jane	Force of Nature
Harwood, Clarissa	Impossible Saints (*)
Hayes, Samantha	The Reunion
Indridason, Arnaldur	The Shadow Killer
Kalogridis, Jeanne	The Orphan of Florence
King, Laurie R.	Island of the Mad (*)
Koryta, Michael	How It Happened



Recent Library Acquisitions

(* indicates Large Print)

Leon, Donna	The Temptation of Forgiveness (*)	Woods, Eva	Something Like Happy
Mangan, Christine	Tangerine	Health/Wellness	
Miller, Madeline	Circe	Li, Dr. Qing	Forest Bathing (*)
Mirza, Fatima Farheen	A Place for Us (*)	Litin M.D., Scott C.	Mayo Clinic Family Health Book, 5th Ed.
Moriarty, Liane	Truly Madly Guilty	Pollan, Michael	How to Change Your Mind
Nesbo, Jo	Macbeth	Tisdale, Sallie	Advice for Future Corpses
O'Nan, Stewart	Songs for the Missing	Winter M.D., W. Chris	The Sleep Solution
Ondaatje, Michael	Warlight		
Patterson, James	Private Paris	History	
Patterson, James & Clinton, Bill	The President is Missing	Berenson, Barbara F.	Massachusetts in the Woman Suffrage Movement
Perry, Anne	Twenty-one Days (*)		
Perry, Thomas	The Bomb Maker	Dunbar, Erica	Never Caught
Powers, Kevin	A Shout in the Ruins	Armstrong	
Powers, Richard	The Overstory	English, Charlie	The Storied City
Rosenfelt, David	Fade to Black	Gessen, Masha	The Future is History (*)
Sandford, John	Twisted Prey	Sammarco, Anthony	The Baker Chocolate Company
Scottoline, Lisa	After Anna		
Scottoline, Lisa	Exposed	Weiss, Elaine	The Woman's Hour (*)
Steel, Danielle	The Cast		
Steel, Danielle	Fall From Grace	Nature	
Steel, Danielle	Power Play (*)	Brusatte, Steve	The Rise and Fall of the Dinosaurs
Steel, Danielle	Precious Gifts (*)		
Steel, Danielle	The Right Time	Stone, Daniel	The Food Explorer
Sullivan, Mark	Beneath a Scarlet Sky		
Trevor, William	Last Stories	Poetry	
Tyler, Anne	Clock Dance	Oliver, Mary	Felicity
Valmorbida, Elise	The Madonna of the Mountains	Oliver, Mary	Devotions
Ware, Ruth	The Death of Mrs. Westaway		
Ware, Ruth	The Death of Mrs. Westaway (*)		
Ware, Ruth	The Lying Game		
Wolitzer, Meg	The Female Persuasion		
Wolk, Lauren	Beyond the Bright Sea		

(* indicates Large Print)

Katherine F. Graff





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